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Dissolution of the Co-Partnership of LEONARD SCOTT & CO.

The Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers under the name of Leonard Scott & Co., has been dissolved. Either party may sign in liquidation.

May 18th, 1866.

Leonard Scott.
Edward Walker.
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The publication business heretofore carried on by the above-named firm will be continued by a Joint Stock Corporation under the name of "The Leonard Scott Publishing Company," of which the three partners of the late firm are for the present the only shareholders. No change has been made, nor is any at present contemplated, beyond that of the mere form from a Co-Partnership to a Corporation, which has only been done for the convenience of dividing the interests of the proprietors whenever the same may become necessary.

As Republishers of the Foreign Periodicals, the late co-partners take this occasion to tender their thanks to subscribers for their long-continued support; and to the Press, for the friendly notices which have given these valuable works an American reputation not surpassed by that which they bear in the mother country. Under their new organization, the Proprietors hope to give the reading public the same satisfaction in the manner of re-issuing their Periodicals as heretofore; and with the advent of peace, they look forward to a recovery of their former prosperous condition.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCIX. JULY 1866. Vol. C.

NINA BALATKA: THE STORY OF A MAIDEN OF PRAGUE.—PART I.

THE PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Stephen Trendellsohn,—*A Jew in Prague.*
Anton Trendellsohn,—*His Son.*
Karil Zamenoy,—*A Christian Merchant of Prague.*
Madame Zamenoy,—*His Wife.*
Ziska Zamenoy,—*Their Son.*
Josef Balatka,—*A Broken Merchant of Prague, also a Christian.*
Nina Balatka,—*His Daughter.*
Ruth Jacobi,— *Granddaughter of the Jew.*
Rebecca Loth,—*A Jewess.*
Father Jerome,—*A Priest.*
Rapinski,—*A Jeweller.*
Lotta Luxa,—*Servant to Madame Zamenoy.*
Souchey,—*Servant to Josef Balatka.*

CHAPTER I.

Nina Balatka was a maiden of Prague, born of Christian parents, and herself a Christian—but she loved a Jew; and this is her story.

Nina Balatka was the daughter of one Josef Balatka, an old merchant of Prague, who was living at the time of this story; but Nina's mother was dead. Josef, in the course of his business, had become closely connected with a certain Jew named Trendellsohn, who lived in a mean house in the Jews' quarter in Prague—habitation in that one allotted portion of the town having been the enforced custom with the Jews then, as it still is now. In business with Trendellsohn, the father, there was Anton, his son; and Anton Trendellsohn was the Jew whom Nina Balatka loved. Now it had so happened that Josef Balatka, Nina's father, had drifted out of a partnership with Karil

Zamenoy, a wealthy Christian merchant of Prague, and had drifted into a partnership with Trendellsohn. How this had come to pass needs not to be told here, as it had all occurred in years when Nina was an infant. But in these shiftings Balatka became a ruined man, and at the time of which I write he and his daughter were almost penniless. The reader must know that Karil Zamenoy and Josef Balatka had married sisters. Josef's wife, Nina's mother, had long been dead, having died—so said Sophie Zamenoy, her sister—of a broken heart; of a heart that had broken itself in grief, because her husband had joined his fortunes with those of a Jew. Whether the disgrace of the alliance or its disastrous result may have broken the lady's heart, or whether she may have died of a pleurisy, as the doctors said, we need not inquire here. Her soul had been long at rest, and her spirit, we may hope, had ceased to fret itself in horror at contact with a Jew. But Sophie Zamenoy was alive and strong, and could still hate a Jew as intensely as Jews ever were hated in those earlier days in which hatred could satisfy itself with persecution. In her time but little power was left to Madame Zamenoy to persecute the Trendellsohns other than that which nature had given to her in the bitterness of her tongue. She could revile them behind their back, or, if opportunity offered, to their faces; and both she had done often, telling the world of Prague that the Trendellsohns had killed her sister, and robbed her foolish brother-in-law. But hitherto the full vial of her wrath had not been emptied, as it came to be emptied afterwards; for she had not yet learned the mad iniquity of her niece. But at the moment of which I now speak, Nina herself knew her own iniquity, hardly knowing, however, whether her love did or did not disgrace her. But she did know that any thought as to that was too late. She loved the man, and had told him so; and were he gipsy as well as Jew, it would be required of her that she should go out with him into the wilderness. And Nina Balatka was prepared to go out into the wilderness. Karil Zamenoy and his wife were prosperous people, and lived in a comfortable modern house in the New Town. It stood in a straight street, and at the back of the house there ran another straight street. This part of the city is very little like that old Prague, which may not be so comfortable, but which, of all cities on the earth, is surely the most picturesque. Here lived Sophie Zamenoy; and so far up in the world had she mounted, that she had a coach of her own in which to be drawn about the thoroughfares of Prague and its suburbs, and a stout little pair of Bohemian horses—ponies they were called by those who wished to detract somewhat from Madame Zamenoy's position. Madame Zamenoy had been at Paris, and took much delight in telling her friends that the carriage also was Parisian; but, in truth, it had come no further than from Dresden. Josef Balatka and his daughter were very, very poor; but, poor as they were, they lived in a large house, which, at least nominally, belonged to old Balatka himself, and which had been his residence in the days of his better fortunes. It was in the Kleinseite, that narrow portion of the town which lies on the other side of the river Moldau—the further side, that is, from the so-called Old and New Town, on the western side of the river, immediately under the great hill of the Hradschin. The Old Town and the New Town are thus on one side of the river, and the Kleinseite and the Hradschin on the other. To those who know Prague, it need not here be explained that the streets of the Kleinseite are wonderful in their picturesque architecture, wonderful in their lights and shades, wonderful in their strange mixture of shops

and palaces—and now, alas! also of Austrian barracks — and wonderful in their intricacy and great steepness of ascent. Balatka's house stood in a small courtyard near to the river, but altogether hidden from it, somewhat to the right of the main street of the Kleinseite as you pass over the bridge. A lane, for it is little more, turning from the main street between the side-walls of what were once two palaces, comes suddenly into a small square, and from a corner of this square there is an open stone archway leading into a court. In this court is the door, or doors, as I may say, of the house in which Balatka lived with his daughter Nina. Opposite to these two doors was the blind wall of another residence. Balatka's house occupied two sides of the court, and no other window, therefore, besides his own looked either upon it or upon him. The aspect of the place is such as to strike with wonder a stranger to Prague,—that in the heart of so large a city there should be an abode so sequestered, so isolated, so desolate, and yet so close to the thickest throng of life. But there are others such, perhaps many others such, in Prague; and Nina Balatka, who had been born there, thought nothing of the quaintness of her abode. Immediately over the little square stood the palace of the Hradschin, the wide-spreading residence of the old kings of Bohemia, now the habitation of an ex-emperor of the House of Hapsburg, who must surely find the thousand chambers of the royal mansion all too wide a retreat for the use of his old age. So immediately did the imperial hill tower over the spot on which Balatka lived, that it would seem at night, when the moon was shining as it shines only at Prague, that the colonnades of the palace were the upper storeys of some enormous edifice, of which the broken merchant's small courtyard formed a lower portion. The long rows of windows would glimmer in the sheen of the night, and Nina would stand in the gloom of the archway counting them till they would seem to be uncountable, and wondering what might be the thoughts of those who abode there. But those who abode there were few in number, and their thoughts were hardly worthy of Nina's speculation. The windows of kings' palaces look out from many chambers. The windows of the Hradschin look out, as we are told, from a thousand. But the rooms within have seldom many tenants, nor the tenants, perhaps, many thoughts. Chamber after chamber, you shall pass through them by the score, and know by signs unconsciously recognised that there is not, and never has been, true habitation within them. Windows almost innumerable are there, that they may be seen from the outside—and such is the use of palaces. But Nina, as she would look, would people the rooms with throngs of bright inhabitants, and would think of the joys of happy girls who were loved by Christian youths, and who could dare to tell their friends of their love. But Nina Balatka was no coward, and she had already determined that she would at once tell her love to those who had a right to know in what way she intended to dispose of herself. As to her father, if only he could have been alone in the matter, she would have had some hope of a compromise which would have made it not absolutely necessary that she should separate herself from him forever in giving herself to Anton Trendellsohn. Josef Balatka would doubtless express horror, and would feel shame that his daughter should love a Jew—though he had not scrupled to allow Nina to go frequently among these people, and to use her services with them for staving off the ill consequences of his own idleness and ill-fortune; but he was a meek, broken man, and was so accustomed to yield to Nina that at last he might have yielded to her even

in this. There was, however, that Madame Zamenoy, her aunt—her aunt with the bitter tongue; and there was Ziska Zamenoy, her cousin—her rich and handsome cousin, who would so soon declare himself willing to become more than cousin, if Nina would but give him one nod of encouragement, or half a smile of welcome. But Nina hated her Christian lover, cousin though he was, as warmly as she loved the Jew. Nina, indeed, loved none of the Zamenoys—neither her cousin Ziska, nor her very Christian aunt Sophie with the bitter tongue, nor her prosperous, money-loving, acutely mercantile uncle Karil; but, nevertheless, she was in some degree so subject to them, that she knew that she was bound to tell them what path in life she meant to tread. Madame Zamenoy had offered to take her niece to the prosperous house in the Windberg Gasse when the old house in the Kleinseite had become poor and desolate; and though this generous offer had been most fatuously declined—most wickedly declined, as aunt Sophie used to declare—nevertheless other favours had been vouchsafed; and other favours had been accepted, with sore injury to Nina's pride. As she thought of this, standing in the gloom of the evening under the archway, she remembered that the very frock she wore had been sent to her by her aunt. But in spite of the bitter tongue, and in spite of Ziska's derision, she would tell her tale, and would tell it soon. She knew her own courage and trusted it; and, dreadful as the hour would be, she would not put it off by one moment. As soon as Anton should desire her to declare her purpose, she would declare it; and as he who stands on a precipice, contemplating the expediency of throwing himself from the rock, will feel himself gradually seized by a mad desire to do the deed out of hand at once, so did Nina feel anxious to walk off to the Windberg Gasse, and dare and endure all that the Zamenoys could say or do. She knew, or thought she knew, that persecution could not go now beyond the work of the tongue. No priest could immure her No law could touch her because she was minded to marry a Jew. Even the people in these days were mild and forbearing in their usages with the Jews, and she thought that the girls of the Kleinseite would not tear her clothes from her back even when they knew of her love. One thing, however, was certain. Though every rag should be torn from her—though some priest might have special power given him to persecute her—though the Zamenoys in their wrath should be able to crush her—even though her own father should refuse to see her, she would be true to the Jew. Love to her should be so sacred that no other sacredness should be able to touch its sanctity. She had thought much of love, but had never loved before. Now she loved, and, heart and soul, she belonged to him to whom she had devoted herself. Whatever suffering might be before her, though it were suffering unto death, she would endure it if her lover demanded such endurance. Hitherto, there was but one person who suspected her. In her father's house there still remained an old dependant, who, though he was a man, was cook and housemaid, and washerwoman and servant-of-all-work; or perhaps it would be more true to say that he and Nina between them did all that the requirements of the house demanded. Souchey—for that was his name—was very faithful, but with his fidelity had come a want of reverence towards his master and mistress, and an absence of all respectful demeanour. The enjoyment of this apparent independence by Souchey himself went far, perhaps, in lieu of wages.

"Nina," he said to her one morning, "you are seeing too much of Anton Trendellsohn."

"What do you mean by that, Souchey?" said the girl, sharply.

"You are seeing too much of Anton Trendellsohn," repeated the old man.

"I have to see him on father's account. You know that. You know that, Souchey, and you shouldn't say such things."

"You are seeing too much of Anton Trendellsohn," said Souchey for a third time. "Anton Trendellsohn is a Jew." Then Nina knew that Souchey had read her secret, and was sure that it would spread from him through Lotta Lura, her aunt's confidential maid, up to her aunt's ears. Not that Souchey would be untrue to her on behalf of Madame Zamenoy, whom he hated; but that he would think himself bound by his religious duty—he who never went near priest or mass himself—to save his mistress from the perils of the Jew. The story of her love must be told, and Nina preferred to tell it herself to having it told for her by her servant Souchey. She must see Anton. When the evening therefore had come, and there was sufficient dusk upon the bridge to allow of her passing over without observation, she put her old cloak upon her shoulders, with the hood drawn over her head, and, crossing the river, turned to the left and made her way through the narrow, crooked streets which led to the Jews' quarter. She knew the path well, and could have found it with blindfold eyes. In the middle of that close and densely populated region of Prague, stands the old Jewish synagogue—the oldest place of worship belonging to the Jews in Europe, as they delight to tell you; and in a pinched-up, high-gabled house immediately behind the synagogue, at the corner of two streets, each so narrow as hardly to admit a vehicle, dwelt the Trendellsohns. On the basement floor there had once been a shop. There was no shop now, for the Trendellsohns were rich, and no longer dealt in retail matters; but there had been no care, or perhaps no ambition, at work, to alter the appearance of their residence, and the old shutters were upon the window, making the house look as though it were deserted. There was a high-pitched sharp roof over the gable, which, as the building stood alone fronting upon the synagogue, made it so remarkable, that all who knew Prague well, knew the house in which the Trendellsohns lived. Nina had often wished, as in latter days she had entered it, that it was less remarkable, so that she might have gone in and out with smaller risk of observation. It was now the beginning of September, and the clocks of the town had just struck eight as Nina put her hand on the lock of the Jew's door. As usual it was not bolted, and she was able to enter without waiting in the street for a servant to come to her. She went at once along the narrow passage and up the gloomy wooden stairs, at the foot of which there hung a small lamp, giving just light enough to expel the actual blackness of night. On the first landing Nina knocked at a door, and was desired to enter by a soft female voice. The only occupant of the room when she entered was a dark-haired child, some twelve years old perhaps, but small in stature and delicate, and, as appeared to the eye, almost wan. "Well, Ruth, dear," said Nina, "is Anton at home this evening?"

"He is up-stairs with grandfather, Nina. Shall I tell him?"

"If you will, dear," said Nina, stooping down and kissing her.

"Nice Nina, dear Nina, good Nina," said the girl, rubbing her glossy curls against her friend's cheeks. "Ah, dear, how I wish you lived here."

"But I have a father as you have a grandfather, Ruth."

"And he is a Christian."

"And so am I, Ruth."

"But you like us, and are good, and nice, and dear—and oh, Nina,

you are so beautiful! I wish you were one of us and lived here. There is Miriam Harter—her hair is as light as yours, and her eyes are as grey."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Only I am so dark, and most of us are dark here in Prague. Anton says that away in Palestine our girls are as fair as the girls in Saxony."

"And does not Anton like girls to be dark?"

"Anton likes fair hair—such as yours—and bright grey eyes such as you have got. I said they were green, and he pulled my ears. But now I look, Nina, I think they are green. And so bright! I can see my own in them, though it is so dark. That is what they call looking babies."

"Go to your uncle, Ruth, and tell him that I want him—on business."

"I will, and he'll come to you. He won't let me come down again, so kiss me, Nina; good-bye."

Nina kissed the child again, and then was left alone in the room. It was a comfortable chamber, having in it sofas and arm-chairs—much more comfortable, Nina used to think, than her aunt's grand drawing-room in the Windberg Gasse, which was covered all over with a carpet, after the fashion of drawing-rooms in Paris; but the Jew's sitting-room was dark, with walls painted a gloomy green colour, and there was but one small lamp of oil upon the table. But yet Nina loved the room, and, as she sat there waiting for her lover, she wished that it had been her lot to have been born a Jewess. Only, had that been so, her hair might perhaps have been black, and her eyes dark, and Anton would not have liked her. She put her hand up for a moment to her rich brown tresses, and felt them as she took joy in thinking that Anton Trendellsohn loved to look upon fair beauty.

After a short while Anton Trendellsohn came down. To those who know the outward types of his race there could be no doubt that Anton Trendellsohn was a very Jew among Jews. He was certainly a handsome man, not now very young, having reached some year certainly in advance of thirty, and his face was full of intellect. He was slightly made, below the middle height, but was well made in every limb, with small feet and hands, and small ears, and a well-turned neck. He was very dark—dark as a man can be, and yet show no sign of colour in his blood. No white man could be more dark and swarthy than Anton Trendellsohn. His eyes, however, which were quite black, were very bright. His jet-black hair, as it clustered round his ears, had in it something of a curl. Had it been allowed to grow it would almost have hung in ringlets; but it was worn very short, as though its owner were jealous even of the curl. Anton Trendellsohn was decidedly a handsome man; but his eyes were somewhat too close together in his face, and the bridge of his aquiline nose was not sharply cut, as is mostly the case with such a nose on a Christian face. The olive oval face was without doubt the face of a Jew, and the mouth was greedy, and the teeth were perfect and bright, and the movement of the man's body was the movement of a Jew. But not the less on that account had he behaved with Christian forbearance to his Christian debtor, Josef Balatka, and with Christian chivalry to Balatka's daughter, till that chivalry had turned itself into love.

"Nina," he said, putting out his hand, and holding hers as he spoke "I hardly expected you this evening; but I am glad to see you—very glad."

"I hope I am not troubling you, Anton?"

"How can you trouble me? The sun does not trouble us when we want light and heat."

"Can I give you light and heat?"

"The light and heat I love best, Nina."

"If I thought that—if I could really think that—I would be happy still, and would mind nothing."

"And what is it you do mind?"

"There are things to trouble us, of course. When aunt Sophie says that all of us have our troubles—even she—I suppose that even she speaks the truth."

"Your aunt Sophie is a fool."

"I should not mind if she were only a fool. But a fool can sometimes be right."

"And she has been scolding you because—you—prefer a Jew to a Christian."

"No—not yet, Anton. She does not know it yet; but she must know it."

"Sit down, Nina." He was still holding her by the hand; and now, as he spoke, he led her to a sofa which stood between the two windows. There he seated her, and sat by her side, still holding her hand in his. "Yes," he said, "she must know it of course—when the time comes; and if she guesses it before, you must put up with her guesses. A few sharp words from a foolish woman will not frighten you, I hope."

"No words will frighten me out of my love, if you mean that;—neither words nor anything else."

"I believe you. You are brave, Nina. I know that. Though you will cry if one but frowns at you, yet you are brave."

"Do not you frown at me, Anton."

"I am one of those that do frown at times, I suppose; but I will be true to you, Nina, if you will be true to me."

"I will be true to you—true as the sun."

As she made her promise she turned her sweet face up to his, and he leaned over her, and kissed her.

"And what is it that has disturbed you now, Nina? What has Madame Zamenoy said to you?"

"She has said nothing—as yet. She suspects nothing—as yet."

"Then let her remain as she is."

"But, Anton, Souchey knows, and he will talk."

"Souchey! And do you care for that?"

"I care for nothing—for nothing; for nothing, that is, in the way of preventing me. Do what they will, they cannot tear my love from my heart."

"Nor can they take you away, or lock you up."

"I fear nothing of that sort, Anton. All that I really fear is secrecy. Would it not be best that I should tell father?"

"What!—now, at once?"

"If you will let me. I suppose he must know it soon."

"You can if you please."

"Souchey will tell him."

"Will Souchey dare to speak of you like that?" asked the Jew.

"Oh, yes; Souchey dares to say anything to father now. Besides, it is true. Why should not Souchey say it?"

"But you have not spoken to Souchey; you have not told him?"

"I! No, indeed. I have spoken never a word to any one about that—only to you. How should I speak to another without your bidding? But when they speak to me I must answer them. If father asks me whether there be aught between you and me, shall I not tell him then?"

"It would be better to be silent for a while."

"But shall I lie to him? I should not mind Souchey nor aunt Sophie much; but I never yet told a lie to father."

"I do not tell you to lie."

"Let me tell it all, Anton, and then, whatever they may say, whatever they may do, I shall not mind. I wish that they knew it, and then I could stand up against them. Then I could tell Ziska that which would make him hold his tongue for ever."

"Ziska! Who cares for Ziska?"

"You need not, at any rate."

"The truth is, Nina, that I cannot be married till I have settled all this about the houses in the Kleinseite. The very fact that you would be your father's heir prevents my doing so."

"Do you think that I wish to hurry you? I would rather stay as I am, knowing that you love me."

"Dear Nina! But when your aunt shall once know your secret, she will give you no peace till you are out of her power. She will leave no stone unturned to make you give up your Jew lover."

"She may as well leave the turning of such stones alone."

"But if she heard nothing of it till she heard that we were married——"

"Ah! but that is impossible. I could not do that without telling father, and father would surely tell my aunt."

"You may do as you will, Nina; but it may be, when they shall know it, that therefore there may be new difficulty made about the houses. Karil Zamenoy has the papers which are in truth mine—or my father's—which should be here in my iron box." And Trendellsohn, as he spoke, put his hand forcibly on the seat beside him, as though the iron box to which he alluded were within his reach.

"I know they are yours," said Nina.

"Yes; and without them, should your father die, I could not claim my property. The Zamenoys might say they held it on your behalf,—and you my wife at the time! Do you see, Nina? I could not stand that—I would not stand that."

"I understand it well, Anton."

"The houses are mine—or ours, rather. Your father has long since had the money, and more than the money. He knew that the houses were to be ours."

"He knows it well. You do not think that he is holding back the papers?"

"He should get them for me. He should not drive me to press him for them. I know they are at Karil Zamenoy's counting-house; but your uncle told me, when I spoke to him, that he had no business with me; if I had a claim on him, there was the law. I have no claim on him. But I let your father have the money when he wanted it, on his promise that the deeds should be forthcoming. A Christian would not have been such a fool."

"Oh, Anton, do not speak to me like that."

"But was I not a fool? See how it is now. Were you and I to become man and wife, they would never give them up, though they are my own—my own. No; we must wait; and you—you must demand them from your uncle."

"I will demand them. And as for waiting, I care nothing for that if you love me."

"I do love you."

"Then all shall be well with me; and I will ask for the papers. Father, I know, wishes that you should have all that is your own. He would leave the house to-morrow if you desired it."

"He is welcome to remain there."

"And now, Anton, good-night."

"Good-night, Nina."

"When shall I see you again?"

"When you please, and as often. Have I not said that you are light and heat to me? Can the sun rise too often for those who love it?" Then she held her hand up to be kissed, and kissed his in return, and went silently down the stairs into the street. He had said once in the course of the conversation—nay, twice, as she came to remember in thinking over it—that she might do as she would about telling her friends; and she had been almost craftily careful to say nothing herself, and to draw nothing from him, which could be held as militating against this authority, or as subsequently negativing the per-

mission so given. She would undoubtedly tell her father—and her aunt; and would as certainly demand from her uncle those documents of which Anton Trendellsohn had spoken to her.

CHAPTER II.

Nina, as she returned home from the Jews' quarter to her father's house in the Kleinseite, paused for a while on the bridge to make some resolution—some resolution that should be fixed—as to her immediate conduct. Should she first tell her story to her father, or first to her aunt Sophie? There were reasons for and against either plan. And if to her father first, then should she tell it to-night? She was nervously anxious to rush at once at her difficulties, and to be known to all who belonged to her as the girl who had given herself to the Jew. It was now late in the evening, and the moon was shining brightly on the palace over against her. The colonnades seemed to be so close to her that there could hardly be room for any portion of the city to cluster itself between them and the river. She stood looking up at the great building, and fell again into her trick of counting the windows, thereby saving herself a while from the difficult task of following out the train of her thoughts. But what were the windows of the palace to her? So she walked on again till she reached a spot on the bridge at which she almost always paused a moment to perform a little act of devotion. There, having a place in the long row of huge statues which adorn the bridge, is the figure of the martyr St. John Nepomucene, who, at this spot, was thrown into the river because he would not betray the secrets of a queen's confession, and was drowned, and who has ever been, from that period downwards, the favourite saint of Prague—and of bridges. On the balustrade, near the figure, there is a small plate inserted in the stone-work, and good Catholics, as they pass over the river, put their hands upon the plate, and then kiss their fingers. So shall they be saved from drowning, and from all perils of the water—as far, at least, as that special transit of the river may be perilous. Nina, as a child, had always touched the stone, and then touched her lips, and did the act without much thought as to the saving power of St. John Nepomucene. But now, as she carried her hand to her face, she did think of the deed. Had she, who was about to marry a Jew, any right to ask for the assistance of a Christian saint? And would such a deed as that she now proposed to herself put her beyond the pale of Christian aid? Would the Madonna herself desert her should she marry a Jew? If she were to become truer than ever to her faith—more diligent, more thoughtful, more constant in all acts of devotion—would the blessed Mary help to save her, even though she should commit this great sin? Would the mild-eyed, sweet Saviour, who had forgiven so many women, who had saved from a cruel death the woman taken in adultery, who had been so gracious to the Samaritan woman at the well—would he turn from her the graciousness of his dear eyes, and bid her go out for ever from among the faithful? Madame Zamenoy would tell her so, and so would Sister Teresa, an old nun, who was on most friendly terms with Madame Zamenoy, and whom Nina altogether hated; and so would the priest, to whom, alas! she would be bound to give faith. And if this were so, whither should she turn for comfort? She could not become a Jewess! She might call herself one; but how could she be a Jewess with her strong faith in St. Nicholas, who was the saint

of her own Church, and in St. John of the River, and in the Madonna? No; she must be an outcast from all religions, a Pariah, one devoted absolutely to the everlasting torments which lie beyond Purgatory—unless, indeed, unless that mild-eyed Saviour would be content to take her faith and her acts of hidden worship, despite her aunt, despite that odious nun, and despite the very priest himself! She did not know how this might be with her, but she did know that all the teaching of her life was against any such hope.

But what was—what could be the good of such thoughts to her? Had not things gone too far with her for such thoughts to be useful? She loved the Jew, and had told him so; and not all the penalties with which the priests might threaten her could lessen her love, or make her think of her safety here or hereafter, as a thing to be compared with her love. Religion was much to her; the fear of the everlasting wrath of Heaven was much to her; but love was paramount! What if it were her soul? Would she not give even her soul for her love, if, for her love's sake, her soul should be required from her? When she reached the archway, she had made up her mind that she would tell her aunt first, and that she would do so early on the following day. Were she to tell her father first, her father might probably forbid her to speak on the subject to Madame Zamenoy, thinking that his own eloquence and that of the priest might prevail to put an end to so terrible an iniquity, and that so Madame Zamenoy might never learn the tidings. Nina, thinking of all this, and being quite determined that the Zamenoys should know what she intended to tell them, resolved that she would say nothing on that night at home.

"You are very late, Nina," said her father to her, crossly, as soon as she entered the room in which they lived. It was a wide apartment, having in it now but little furniture—two rickety tables, a few chairs, an old bureau in which Balatka kept, under lock and key, all that still belonged to him personally, and a little press, which was Nina's own repository.

"Yes, father, I am late; but not very late. I have been with Anton Trendellsohn."

"And what have you been there for now?"

"Anton Trendellsohn has been talking to me about the papers which uncle Karil has. He wants to have them himself. He says they are his."

"I suppose he means that we are to be turned out of the old house."

"No, father; he does not mean that. He is not a cruel man. But he says that—that he cannot settle anything about the property without having the papers. I suppose that is true."

"He has the rent of the other houses," said Balatka.

"Yes; but if the papers are his, he ought to have them."

"Did he send for them?"

"No, father; he did not send."

"And what made you go?"

"I am so often going there. He had spoken to me before about this. He thinks you do not like him to come here, and you never go there yourself."

After this there was a pause for a few minutes, and Nina was settling herself to her work. Then the old man spoke again.

"Nina, I fear you see too much of Anton Trendellsohn." The words were the very words of Souchey; and Nina was sure that her father and the servant had been discussing her conduct. It was no more than she had expected, but her father's words had come very quickly upon Souchey's speech to herself. What did it signify? Everybody would know it all before twenty-four hours had passed by. Nina, however, was determined to defend herself at the present moment, thinking that there was some-

thing of injustice in her father's remarks. "As for seeing him often, father, I have done it because your business has required it. When you were ill in April I had to be there almost daily."

"But you need not have gone to-night. He did not send for you."

"But it is needful that something should be done to get for him that which is his own." As she said this there came to her a sting of conscience, a thought that reminded her that, though she was not lying to her father in words, she was in fact deceiving him; and remembering her assertion to her lover that she had never spoken falsely to her father, she blushed with shame as she sat in the darkness of her seat.

"To-morrow, father," she said, "I will talk to you more about this, and you shall not at any rate say that I keep anything from you."

"I have never said so, Nina."

"It is late now, father. Will you not go to bed?"

Old Balatka yielded to this suggestion, and went to his bed; and Nina, after some hour or two, went to hers. But before doing so she opened the little press that stood in the corner of their sitting-room, of which the key was always in her pocket, and took out everything that it contained. There were many letters there, of which most were on matters of business—letters which in few houses would come into the hands of such a one as Nina Balatka, but which through the weakness of her father's health, had come into hers. Many of these she now read; some few she tore and burned in the stove, and others she tied in bundles and put back carefully into their place. There was not a paper in the press which did not pass under her eye, and as to which she did not come to some conclusion, either to keep it or to burn it. There were no love-letters there. Nina Balatka had never yet received such a letter as that. She saw her lover too frequently to feel much the need of written expressions of love; and such scraps of his writing as there were in the bundles, referred altogether to small matters of business. When she had thus arranged her papers, she too went to bed. On the next morning, when she gave her father his breakfast, she was very silent. She made for him a little chocolate, and cut for him a few slips of white bread to dip into it. For herself, she cut a slice from a black loaf made of rye flour, and mixed with water a small quantity of the thin sour wine of the country. Her meal may have been worth perhaps a couple of kreutzers, or something less than a penny, whereas that of her father may have cost twice as much. Nina was a close and sparing housekeeper, but with all her economy she could not feed three people upon nothing. Latterly, from month to month, she had sold one thing out of the house after another, knowing as each article went that provision from such store as that must soon fail her. But anything was better than taking money from her aunt whom she hated,—except taking money from the Jew whom she loved. From him she had taken none, though it had been often offered. "You have lost more than enough by father," she had said to him when the offer had been made. "What I give to the wife of my bosom shall never be reckoned as lost," he had answered. She had loved him for the words, and had pressed his hand in hers—but she had not taken his money. From her aunt some small meagre supply had been accepted from time to time—a florin or two now, and a florin or two again—given with repeated intimations on aunt Sophie's part, that her husband Karil could not be expected to maintain the house in the Kleinseite. Nina had not felt herself justified in refusing such gifts from her aunt to her father, but as each occasion came she told herself that

some speedy end must be put to this state of things. Her aunt's generosity would not sustain her father, and her aunt's generosity nearly killed herself. On this very morning she would do that which should certainly put an end to a state of things so disagreeable. After breakfast, therefore, she started at once for the house in the Windberg Gasse, leaving her father still in his bed. She walked very quick, looking neither to the right nor the left, across the bridge, along the river side, and then up into the straight ugly streets of the New Town. The distance from her father's house was nearly two miles, and yet the journey was made in half an hour. She had never walked so quickly through the streets of Prague before; and when she reached the end of the Windberg Gasse, she had to pause a moment to collect her thoughts and her breath. But it was only for a moment, and then the bell was rung.

Yes; her aunt was at home. At ten in the morning that was a matter of course. She was shown, not into the grand drawing-room, which was only used on grand occasions, but into a little back parlour which, in spite of the wealth and magnificence of the Zamenoys, was not so clean as the room in the Kleinseite, and certainly not so comfortable as the Jew's apartment. There was no carpet; but that was not much, as carpets in Prague were not in common use. There were two tables crowded with things needed for household purposes, half-a-dozen chairs of different patterns, a box of sawdust close under the wall, placed there that papa Zamenoy might spit into it when it pleased him. There was a crowd of clothes and linen hanging round the stove, which projected far into the room; and spread upon the table, close to which was placed mamma Zamenoy's chair, was an article of papa Zamenoy's dress, on which mamma Zamenoy was about to employ her talents in the art of tailoring. All this, however, was nothing to Nina, nor was the dirt on the floor much to her, though she had often thought that if she were to go and live with aunt Sophie, she would contrive to make some improvement as to the cleanliness of the house.

"Your aunt will be down soon," said Lotta Luxa as they passed through the passage. "She is very angry, Nina, at not seeing you all the last week."

"I don't know why she should be angry, Lotta. I did not say I would come."

Lotta Luxa was a sharp little woman, over forty years of age, with quick green eyes and thin red-tipped nose, looking as though Paris might have been the town of her birth rather than Prague. She wore short petticoats, clean stockings, an old pair of slippers; and in the back of her hair she still carried that Diana's dart which maidens wear in those parts when they are not only maidens unmarried, but maidens also disengaged. No one had yet succeeded in drawing Lotta Luxa's arrow from her head, though Souchey, from the other side of the river, had made repeated attempts to do so. For Lotta Luxa had a little money of her own, and poor Souchey had none. Lotta muttered something about the thoughtless thanklessness of young people, and then took herself down stairs. Nina opened the door at the back parlour, and found her cousin Ziska sitting alone with his feet propped upon the stove.

"What, Ziska," she said, "you not at work by ten o'clock!"

"I was not well last night, and took physic this morning," said Ziska. "Something had disagreed with me."

"I'm sorry for that, Ziska. You eat too much fruit, I suppose."

"Lotta says it was the sausage, but I don't think it was. I'm very fond of sausage, and every-

body must be ill sometimes. She'll be down here again directly;" and Ziska with his head nodded at the chair in which his mother was wont to sit.

Nina, whose mind was quite full of her business, was determined to go to work at once. "I'm glad to have you alone for a moment, Ziska," she said.

"And so am I very glad; only I wish I hadn't taken physic, it makes one so uncomfortable."

At this moment Nina had in her heart no charity towards her cousin, and did not care for his discomfort. "Ziska," she said, "Anton Trendellsohn wants to have the papers about the houses in the Kleinseite. He says that they are his, and you have them."

Ziska hated Anton Trendellsohn, hardly knowing why he hated him. "If Trendellsohn wants anything of us," said he, "why does he not come to the office? He knows where to find us."

"Yes, Ziska, he knows where to find you; but, as he says, he has no business with you—no business as to which he can make a demand. He thinks, therefore, you would merely bid him begone."

"Very likely. One doesn't want to see more of a Jew than one can help."

"That Jew, Ziska, owns the house in which father lives. That Jew, Ziska, is the best friend that—that—that father has."

"I'm sorry you think so, Nina."

"How can I help thinking it? You can't deny, nor can uncle, that the houses belong to him. The papers got into uncle's hands when he and father were together, and I think they ought to be given up now. Father thinks that the Trendellsohns should have them. Even though they are Jews they have a right to their own."

"You know nothing about it, Nina. How should you know about such things as that?"

"I am driven to know. Father is ill, and cannot come himself."

"Oh, laws! I am so uncomfortable. I never will take stuff from Lotta Luxa again. She thinks a man is the same as a horse."

This little episode put a stop to the conversation about the title-deeds, and then Madame Zamenoy entered the room. Madame Zamenoy was a woman of a portly demeanour, well fitted to do honour by her personal presence to that carriage and horses with which Providence and an indulgent husband had blessed her. And when she was dressed in her full panoply of French millinery—the materials of which had come from England, and the manufacture of which had taken place in Prague—she looked the carriage and horses well enough. But of a morning she was accustomed to go about the house in a pale-tinted wrapper, which, pale-tinted as it was, should have been in the washing-tub much oftener than was the case with it—if not for cleanliness, then for mere decency of appearance. And the mode in which she carried her matutinal curls, done up with black pins, very visible to the eye, was not in itself becoming. The handkerchief which she wore in lieu of cap, might have been excused on the score of its ugliness, as Madame Zamenoy was no longer young, had it not been open to such manifest condemnation for other sins. And in this guise she would go about the house from morning to night on days not made sacred by the use of the carriage. Now Lotta Luxa was clean in the midst of her work; and one would have thought that the cleanliness of the maid would have shamed the slatternly ways of the mistress. But Madame Zamenoy and Lotta Luxa had lived together long, and probably knew each other well.

"Well, Nina," she said, "so you've come at last?"

"Yes; I've come, aunt. And as I want to say something very particular to you yourself, perhaps Ziska won't mind going out of the

room for a minute." Nina had not sat down since she had been in the room, and was now standing before her aunt with almost militant firmness. She was resolved to rush at once at the terrible subject which she had in hand, but she could not do so in the presence of her cousin Ziska.

Ziska groaned audibly. "Ziska isn't well this morning," said Madame Zamenoy, "and I do not wish to have him disturbed."

"Then perhaps you'll come into the front parlour, aunt."

"What can there be that you cannot say before Ziska?"

"There is something, aunt," said Nina.

If there were a secret, Madame Zamenoy decidedly wished to hear it, and therefore, after pausing to consider the matter for a moment or two, she led the way into the front parlour.

"And now, Nina, what is it? I hope you have not disturbed me in this way for anything that is a trifle."

"It is no trifle to me, aunt. I am going to be married to—Anton Trendellsohn." She said the words slowly, standing bolt-upright, at her greatest height, as she spoke them, and looking her aunt full in the face with something of defiance both in her eyes and in the tone of her voice. She had almost said Anton Trendellsohn, the Jew; and when her speech was finished, and admitted of no addition, she reproached herself with pusillanimity in that she had omitted the word which had always been so odious, and would now be doubly odious—odious to her aunt in a tenfold degree.

Madame Zamenoy stood for a while speechless — struck with horror. The tidings which she heard were so unexpected, so strange, and so abominable, that they seemed at first to crush her. Nina was her niece — her sister's child; and though she might be repudiated, reviled, persecuted, and perhaps punished, still she must retain her relationship to her injured relatives. And it seemed to Madame Zamenoy as though the marriage of which Nina spoke was a thing to be done at once, out of hand — as though the disgusting nuptials were to take place on that day or on the next, and could not now be avoided. It occurred to her that old Balatka himself was a consenting party, and that utter degradation was to fall upon the family instantly. There was that in Nina's air and manner, as she spoke of her own iniquity, which made the elder woman feel for the moment that she was helpless to prevent the evil with which she was threatened.

"Anton Trendellsohn — a Jew," she said, at last.

"Yes, aunt; Anton Trendellsohn, the Jew. I am engaged to him as his wife."

There was a something of doubtful futurity in the word engaged, which gave a slight feeling of relief to Madame Zamenoy, and taught her to entertain a hope that there might be yet room for escape. "Marry a Jew, Nina," she said; "it cannot be possible!"

"It is possible, aunt. Other Jews in Prague have married Christians."

"Yes, I know it. There have been outcasts among us low enough so to degrade themselves — low women who were called Christians. There has been no girl connected with decent people who has ever so degraded herself. Does your father know of this?"

"Not yet."

"Your father knows nothing of it, and you come and tell me that you are engaged — to a Jew!" Madame Zamenoy had so far recovered herself, that she was now able to let her anger mount above her misery. "You wicked girl! Why have you come to me with such a story as this?"

"Because it is well that you should know it. I did not like to

deceive you, even by secrecy. You will not be hurt. You need not notice me any longer. I shall be lost to you, and that will be all."

"If you were to do such a thing, you would disgrace us. But you will not be allowed to do it."

"But I shall do it."

"Nina!"

"Yes, aunt. I shall do it. Do you think I will be false to my troth?"

"Your troth to a Jew is nothing. Father Jerome will tell you so."—

"I shall not ask Father Jerome. Father Jerome, of course, will condemn me; but I shall not ask him whether or not I am to keep my promise—my solemn promise."

"And why not?"

Then Nina paused a moment before she answered. But she did answer, and answered with that bold defiant air which at first had disconcerted her aunt.

"I will ask no one, aunt Sophie, because I love Anton Trendellsohn, and have told him that I love him."

"Pshaw!"

"I have nothing more to say, aunt. I thought it right to tell you, and now I will go."

She had turned to the door, and had her hand upon the lock when her aunt stopped her. "Wait a moment, Nina. You have had your say; now you must hear me."

"I will hear you if you say nothing against him."

"I shall say what I please."

"Then I will not hear you." Nina again made for the door, but her aunt intercepted her retreat. "Of course you can stop me, aunt, in that way if you choose."

"You bold, bad girl!"

"You may say what you please about myself."

"You are a bold, bad girl?"

"Perhaps I am. Father Jerome says we are all bad. And as for boldness, I have to be bold."

"You are bold and brazen. Marry a Jew! It is the worst thing a Christian girl could do."

"No, it is not. There are things ten times worse than that."

"How you could dare to come and tell me!"

"I did dare, you see. If I had not told you, you would have called me sly."

"You are sly."

"I am not sly. You tell me I am bad and bold and brazen."

"So you are."

"Very likely. I do not say I am not. But I am not sly. Now, will you let me go, aunt Sophie?"

"Yes, you may go—you may go; but you may not come here again till this thing has been put an end to. Of course I shall see your father and Father Jerome, and your uncle will see the police. You will be locked up, and Anton Trendellsohn will be sent out of Bohemia. This is how it will end. Now you may go." And Nina went her way.

Her aunt's threat of seeing her father and the priest was nothing to Nina. It was the natural course for her aunt to take, and a course in opposition to which Nina was prepared to stand her ground firmly. But the allusion to the police did frighten her. She had thought of the power which the law might have over her very often, and had spoken of it in awe to her lover. He had reassured her, explaining to her that, as the law now stood in Austria, no one but her father could prevent her marriage with a Jew, and that he could only do so till she was of age. Now Nina would be twenty-one on the first of the coming month, and therefore would be free, as Anton told her, to do with herself as she pleased. But still there came over her a cold feeling of fear when her aunt spoke to her of the police. The law might give the police no power over her; but was there not a power in the hands of those armed men whom she saw around her on every side, and who were seldom countrymen of her own, over and above the law? Were there not still dark dungeons and steel locks and hard

hearts? Though the law might justify her, how would that serve her, if men—if men and women, were determined to persecute her? As she walked home, however, she resolved that dark dungeons and steel locks and hard hearts might do their worst against her. She had set her will upon one thing in this world, and from that one thing no persecution should drive her. They might kill her, perhaps. Yes, they might kill her; and then there would be an end of it. But to that end she would force them to come before she would yield. So much she swore to herself as she walked home on that morning to the Kleinseite.

Madame Zamenoy, when Nina left her, sat in solitary consideration for some twenty minutes, and then called for her chief confidant, Lotta Luxa. With many expressions of awe, and with much denunciation of her niece's iniquity, she told to Lotta what she had heard, speaking of Nina as one who was utterly lost and abandoned. Lotta, however, did not express so much indignant surprise as her mistress expected, though she was willing enough to join in abuse against Nina Balatka.

"That comes of letting girls go about just as they please among the men," said Lotta.

"But a Jew!" said Madame Zamenoy. "If it had been any kind of a Christian, I could understand it."

"Trendellsohn has such a hold upon her, and upon her father," said Lotta.

"But a Jew. She has been to confession, has she not?"

"Regularly," said Lotta Luxa.

"Dear, dear! what a false hypocrite! And at mass?"

"Four mornings a-week always."

"And to tell me, after it all, that she means to marry a Jew. Of course, Lotta, we must prevent it."

"But how? Her father will do whatever she bids him."

"Father Jerome would do anything for me."

"Father Jerome can do little or nothing if she has the bit between her teeth," said Lotta. "She is as obstinate as a mule when she pleases. She is not like other girls. You cannot frighten her out of anything."

"I'll try, at least," said Madame Zamenoy.

"Yes, we can try," said Lotta.

"Would not the Mayor help us—that is, if we were driven to go to that?"

"I doubt if he could do anything. He would be afraid to use a high hand. He is Bohemian. The head of the police might do something, if we could get at him."

"She might be taken away."

"Where could they take her?" asked Lotta. "No; they could not take her anywhere."

"Not into a convent—out of the way somewhere in Italy?"

"Oh, heaven, no! They are afraid of that sort of thing now. All Prague would know of it, and would talk; and the Jews would be stronger than the priests; and the English people would hear of it, and there would be the very mischief."

"The times have come to be very bad, Lotta."

"That's as may be," said Lotta, as though she had her doubts upon the subject. "That's as may be. But it isn't easy to put a young woman away now without her will. Things have changed—partly for the worse, perhaps, and partly for the better. Things are changing every day. My wonder is that he should wish to marry her."

"The men think her very pretty. Ziska is mad about her," said Madame Zamenoy.

"But Ziska is a calf to Anton Trendellsohn. Anton Trendellsohn has cut his wise teeth. Like them all, he loves his money; and she has not got a kreutzer."

"But he has promised to marry her. You may be sure of that."

"Very likely. A man always promises that when he wants a girl to be kind to him. But why should he stick to it? What can he get by marrying Nina,—a penniless girl, with a pauper for a father? The Trendellsohns have squeezed that sponge dry already."

This was a new light to Madame Zamenoy, and one that was not altogether unpleasant to her eyes. That her niece should have promised herself to a Jew was dreadful, and that her niece should be afterwards jilted by the Jew was a poor remedy. But still it was a remedy, and therefore she listened.

"If nothing else can be done, we could perhaps put him against it," said Lotta Luxa.

Madame Zamenoy on that occasion said but little more, but she agreed with her servant that it would be better to resort to any means than to submit to the degradation of an alliance with the Jew.

THE PRINCIPLES AND ISSUES OF THE AMERICAN STRUGGLE.

The study of American politics has a certain fascination for every reflective inhabitant of the British Isles. And not only a fascination, but a personal interest; for who in our older civilisation, who desires to let well alone, and not rush too blindly upon democratic experiments of government, until he sees a little more of the real causes, and more thoroughly understands the issues of the great unended struggle that, with more or less intensity, has arrayed the Americans against each other ever since the Declaration of Independence, first in moral and afterwards in physical contention, can look with apathy on the course of events in that country? We may not always like the Americans; but we never can forget that they are our kindred. We cannot, too, but reflect at times that what they are we might become; and that they are at worst or best but Anglo-Saxons, freed from the sobering influences of a thousand years of settled government. They possess a boundless continent and boundless liberty. They have no masters but the laws which they make, and the majorities into which they range themselves. They have none of the old grievances which afflict a crowded country or an ancient realm. They have no Established Church for one section to grumble at; no aristocracy to offend another by superiority of privilege or power. They have none but themselves to blame for any evil that may befall them. They have a fair field for every honest exertion, and the best chances, so far as history records, that were ever offered to an intelligent and energetic race to fulfil the great ends of social and national existence. Have they solved the question of government, of human happiness, of progress, of individual right? Is their liberty a true liberty, or the despotism of a multitude, assuming the forms but not possessing the reality of freedom? And provided the English in the Old World—on the native soil and home of the race—were to become as thoroughly democratic in their political action as their cousins over the water—should we too experience the fate, good or bad as it may prove, of those other Englishmen who have cast themselves adrift from old authority, old associations, old ties, and old principles? It is questions such as these which give to American politics their abiding though changeful interest. They come home to English statesmen; they appeal to thinkers and to men of business alike, and cannot but have a salutary influence on English history, if our statesmen are wise enough to profit by example, and are not mad enough to Americanise the constitution of Great Britain before they

see whether the Americans will not have to Anglicise theirs in order to save themselves from wars and insurrections, and the despotism that ultimately crowns the evil work of mob-rule and too much liberty.

The Americans of the highest class of intellect have never, from the first establishment of the Union, been very hopeful of the future. Radicals and doctrinaires at home may see a bright and glorious destiny for Republicanism in the Western World; but the Western World itself, as far as its most thoughtful students are concerned, is by no means so certain that Utopia has become so little of a dream as observers on this side of the Atlantic, who see the best and know nothing of the worst side of the great American experiment, are willing and many of them anxious to believe. It was said, more than fifty years ago, by Mr. Fisher Ames, a noted New England publicist, that "the United States were too large for union, too democratic for liberty, and too sordid for patriotism." This unfavourable judgment was pronounced without reference to the question of negro slavery, which had not then assumed proportions sufficiently large to trouble the repose of statesmen and philosophers. The events of the last thirty years, and more particularly of the six that commenced with the election of Mr. Lincoln, embittered as they were by a sectional triumph and the culmination of the anti-slavery fury, have confirmed in a remarkable manner the severe dictum of this far-seeing politician. Year by year, since the verdict was rendered, the Union grew larger, the Federal Government more aggressive and ambitious, and the people more corrupt. Year by year the solid men, who knew the blessings of true liberty—who had read history, who had travelled or resided in England or other parts of Europe, and acquired a refinement of taste and manners superior to that of their countrymen — became more disinclined to companionship with the blustering and blatant demagogues of the street, who systematised corruption into a science, and the scheming knaves and penniless adventurers of the platform, who made politics their profession and means of livelihood. The Government of each State in the Union, and the Union itself, was consequently left to second and third-rate men, chiefly lawyers without characters or briefs—who, not having sufficient capacity and industry to acquire fame and fortune at the bar, had either to live on their salaries as paid officials and representatives of the people, or descend into what seemed to them the lower, but was in reality the higher and nobler, sphere of manual labour. The corruption had, long before the civil war, so pervaded and permeated the whole political atmosphere, that the best minds in America began to despair of the Republic. Military courage was proved by the war to be one of the greatest virtues of the Americans; but civic courage—of the kind that would have made a man a Hampden, if he had been of one school of politics, or a General Monck if he had been of another—was proved, by the same arduous trial, to be non-existent, or, at all events, undiscoverable. The highest class of Americans—having nothing to gain but money, and the importance that money bestows — are always too busily engaged in making their fortunes to imitate the example set by Englishmen of the upper ranks, to study politics on principle, and serve the State for the glory and the duty of the work. The exceptions were chiefly, if not entirely, to be found among the Southern planters. The Northerners of a corresponding status refused for the most part to lend a helping hand in public affairs, or to incur any responsibilities. They saw a governing mob—were afraid of or despised it—refused to soil themselves by

contact with it, and allowed the State machine to run off the rail over a precipice, or into a Slough of Despond, without attempting to avert the catastrophe. All they did was to shrug their shoulders, and express opinions in private, which, if they had had the courage to express in public, might have given a better direction to the national thought, and changed the fortunes of the Republic.

This corruption—let it be unequivocally stated—is inherent in all republics founded upon universal suffrage, after the time when society has outlived the agricultural and pastoral, or, as it may be more correctly called, the patriarchal era. Switzerland itself could scarcely remain a republic in the midst of the existing civilisation of Europe, were it not for the jealousies of its neighbours, each of which would willingly absorb and annex it, but is prevented by the certain knowledge that its rivals for possession would resist the attempt. In a new country, where the population is sparse, hard-working, and virtuous; where the landowner or planter lives "under the shadow of his own fig-tree, with none to make him afraid;" where commerce, and more especially that branch of it which may be called petty shopkeeping, with its keen competitions and demoralising influences, is at its minimum; and where the *proletaires* and dangerous classes of older communities have not made their appearance upon the scene—a republican form of government is not only the best in theory, but the most convenient in practice. In point of fact, it is impossible, for want of material, to establish any other. Such was the American Government in the days of Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and even so late as those of John Quincy Adams—men who were all respectable for their public and private character, and some of them admirable for their genius. In this early period the Republic offered the spectacle of virtuous self-government; and the strangers not born on American soil or trained in American principles, who were permitted to enjoy the right of suffrage, were few in number, and exercised no alien or disturbing influence on the politics of the States. But a change for the worse was at hand. An immense immigration from Ireland and Germany, from the filthy back-slums and overcrowded human ant-hills of Europe, had rushed into America, bringing with them ideas and habits very different from those of the native Americans of English descent. These crowds found no elbow-room in New England—bare, bleak, inhospitable, and thickly peopled; and, neither liking the warm climate of the cotton and sugar States, nor competition in the labour market with negro slaves, they spread themselves over the more fertile middle and western States, or congregated in the cities of the North. By degrees the republican simplicity and purity of the olden time were impaired by this European element, and only remained in their original strength and homogeneity among two very different orders of men—the planters and slave-owners of the South, and the Puritans and slavery-haters of New England. By the time that Andrew Jackson—the first man not moving in the rank or having received the education of a gentleman who was elevated to the Presidency—had assumed office, the United States began to present many of the worst features of European life. As population increased, as men gathered in large cities, as the large cities gave shelter to paupers, thieves, and ruffians, and as the paupers, thieves, and ruffians, standing upon their manhood, claimed and were allowed the right to vote for the election of members of the Legislature and every officer of the State, universal suffrage became but another name for universal bribery and self-seeking. Before Jackson's time the servants of the State in

the Customhouse, the Post Office, and other departments, had been appointed for life, or during good behaviour. That ultra-demagogue unblushingly declared that "*the spoils*," or the good places in the gift of the Government, belonged to the victors—*i.e.*, to the party which elected the President—and that consequently each new President was bound, in the interests of his party, to dismiss all the officials appointed by his predecessor. Since his time the unwise principle has been rigidly enforced, with the natural result that honesty in a public functionary, great or small, has been the exception, and not the rule, in the local and Federal Government; and that an organised system, under the manipulation of "wire-pullers," as they are called, has been established by the "ins" and the "outs," with no other object than the partition of the "spoils" aforesaid—such "spoils" extending to every place in the gift either of the Federal, the State, or the municipal governments of the Union. After the first battle of Bull Run, when the Federal troops rushed from the field in senseless panic, an American satirist declared that the rout was no rout, that the Confederates had gained no victory, and that the immense "skedaddle" had been solely caused by a report, which had spread like wildfire through the Federal legions, that there were several vacant appointments to be filled in the New York Customhouse, and that officers and privates had consequently rushed to Washington to secure the first chance!

But other causes than this universal lust for office, destructive as it has proved, and much earlier in their manifestations, were at work in the American Republic to change its character, obstruct its healthful action, and sow the seeds of revolution and war. In the first place, the Americans, from the days of Washington to those of Jefferson Davis, never truly understood what they meant by "union." There were always two parties, who interpreted the compact differently. While banded together under one general, to wrest from the unwilling Crown of Great Britain their liberty and independence, the thirteen colonies perfectly well knew what they were about, and for what purpose they had united. When, by the aid of the fleets and armies of France, without which they might possibly have never succeeded in their object, they had severed the connection with the mother country, and become thirteen States instead of thirteen Colonies, the old necessity for harmonious and united action continued to exist, and the word *Union* acquired a prospective as well as a present meaning. Knowing that they could not always look for support in the alliance of a foreign power, even if self-respect had not taught them the old truth, that no nation could long remain a nation if it could not defend itself against the world, the "sovereign" states resolved to "confederate" with the laudable, and as it appeared highly necessary, object of defending themselves against Great Britain, should that power attempt at any future time to reconquer the whole or any one of them. The theory of the Confederation was, that the states should for all internal purposes of government be independent of each other, but for all external purposes, and more especially against English assault, be one and indivisible. The Confederation was consequently established. But the theory on which it was based did not meet with universal acceptance. One party—not led by Washington, but of which Washington was the most illustrious and influential, and Alexander Hamilton the most eloquent adherent—desired to nationalise and to concentrate authority so that the several commonwealths should not only be one and indivisible against the outer world, but one and indivisible among themselves:

in other words, that the congeries and agglomeration of republics, each self-existent and self-governed, should become one great Republic, and be as much a unit as France or England, Spain or Russia. It is true that the very name or designation of the new power described a different political fabric; for in a nationality properly so called, there can be but one State, and not many States. This discrepancy, however, between the fact and the designation did not appear very formidable, and the statesmen and philosophers of those days reconciled themselves to the only name that was then possible for the new Commonwealth, and trusted to the future to make practically right what might be theoretically wrong. The opposite party—the true founders of Republicanism in America, led by the illustrious Jefferson, almost as great a man in his sphere as Washington—insisted that the centralisation of power was incompatible with liberty; that the thirteen States were even then too large to be well governed from one focus; that each State was a true Republic—with its own constitution, its own legislature, and its own method of administering its own affairs. The Washingtonians, Federalists, and centralisers so far prevailed as to supersede the original confederation by what was called "a more perfect union." This new compact was by turns approved and attacked by all parties, as whim or necessity suggested. It was tolerated rather than beloved, and held its ground after a certain unstable fashion, till the unfortunate election of Mr. Lincoln—a period of seventy-three years.

It laboured, though in a less degree, under the great disadvantage that attended its predecessor—the disadvantage that North and South interpreted its spirit and objects in a different manner. During the two terms of Washington's Presidency, the true meaning and intent of the Union were constantly in discussion. It was not until January 1790, eight months after his induction to office, when Washington delivered his Annual Address to Congress, that he was able to announce that North Carolina had "acceded" to the constitution on which the Union was based. Daniel Webster, in combating secession, based one of his arguments on the fact that the word "accede" did not appear in the constitution; but the fact is equally true, whatever use may be made of it, that Washington employed it to announce the coming in of a new member to the confederacy. Rhode Island took longer time to deliberate whether she should enter into the copartnery—for such the little State seemed to consider the compact. There was throughout the country a general determination among the anti-central, or anti-Federal party, of whom Jefferson was the head, to make it clear that the States had reserved to themselves strictly the right of self-government, each within its own limits; that a State was a commonwealth, and not a county or province of the larger Republic that took the name of the United States. When Kentucky—originally a part of the undefined and almost limitless State of Virginia, extending on the maps as far to the west as the Rocky Mountains, if not to the Pacific Ocean—was organised into a separate State, it was not the Federal Government but the State of Virginia which took the initiative, as Washington in his second Annual Message expressly affirmed. So broad were the divergences of opinion on the true intent of the Union, and so acrimoniously was the matter treated, that Washington in his farewell Address to his countrymen, on retiring from public life in 1796, thought it his duty to raise a warning voice against the disunion which he foresaw. "The unity of

government which constitutes you one people," said he, "is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence—the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that from different causes and from different quarters much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively, though often covertly and insidiously directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness." Further on in the same document, in speaking of the causes which might disturb the Union, he mentioned it as matter of serious concern "that any ground should have been furnished for characterising parties by geographical discriminations — such as Northern and Southern, Atlantic or Western." It is remarkable, however, that he made no mention whatever of the question of the reserved rights of the States, but devoted all his eloquence and energy to the single point of maintaining the Union, unless the paragraph which warned all functionaries to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres can be construed to point in this direction. "The spirit of encroachment," he said, "tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government may be, a real despotism." Jefferson, the third President, was particularly emphatic on this point; and in his Inaugural Address, on the 4th of March 1801, declared "that the support of the State Governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrators of domestic affairs, was the surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies." In his first Annual Message, on the 8th of December, he defined his understanding of the "Union" in words whose meaning none could mistake: "When we consider that this Government [the Federal Government, of which he was the Executive] is charged with the external and mutual relations only of the States, that the States themselves have principal care of our persons, our property, and our reputations [constituting, as these do, the great field of human concerns], we may well doubt whether our organisation is not too complicated, too expensive, and whether offices and officers have not been created unnecessarily and sometimes injuriously to the service they were meant to promote." Thus it appears that even in that early day the chief magistrate was of opinion that centralisation had been carried too far, and that the true safety of the Republic was to be found in the minimisation of the Federal power, and the jealous exercise by the several commonwealths of the rights and powers they had solemnly reserved to themselves. Nor was this only the Southern view of the subject. Massachusetts herself asserted, in the preamble of her separate State constitution, that "*the people of this commonwealth have the sole and exclusive right of governing themselves as a* FREE SOVEREIGN AND INDEPENDENT STATE, and do, and for ever hereafter shall exercise and enjoy every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not, or may not hereafter be by them *expressly delegated* to the United States of America in Congress assembled." Happy would it have been for all parties if this understanding had been universal, if Washington had given it his high support, and more especially if the Northern States, with Massachusetts at their head, had always remembered their own teaching, and,

through good and evil fortune, jealously acted upon the principle that so large a union could only be maintained in Republican freedom by the localisation of the powers of Government. But this was not to be. The founders of the Republic and the people of their day went wrong from the beginning. They started upon a treacherous basis, inasmuch as the contracting parties had opposite designs as to the results of their agreement, and conflicting notions as to their intentions in acceding to it. The one party thought Republican liberty was secured by unlimited local and limited central action; the other imagined that a central Government in any shape was a point gained; and that time and opportunity might be relied upon to increase its authority, and eventually to fuse into one grander nationality than the sun had ever shone upon, the incongruous and widely-extended commonwealths of the Atlantic seaboard, and eventually the still more incongruous and more widely extended populations that sooner or later would overflow the whole of the North American continent. The idea was splendid and inspiriting. What mattered to those who indulged, and would have given it form and substance, if its realisation could only be achieved by the sacrifice of the Republican liberty, on which the whole scheme was founded? Nothing. They accepted all contingencies; and for the sake of unity, the first place among the nations, and the consequent power to overawe Europe, would have yielded everything to the central power which they created. The same ideas prevailed in the North during the whole of the civil war under Mr. Lincoln, and are yet in full vitality in the midst of the existing Congress—if Congress that can be called, in which one-third of the States are unrepresented.

While Southern Democratic and State-Right influence was predominant in the councils of the Legislature, and while successive Presidents were elected on that "platform," the party was, *par excellence*, the party of Union. It stood upon the old ways, and thought the Constitution a sacred document. New England, jealous, energetic, Puritanical, and selfish, though more strongly imbued with the Washingtonian than with the Jeffersonian idea of a republic, was eager to raise the demand for a separation, whenever she found, or thought she found, her interests injuriously affected. So early as 1803, when Louisiana was purchased from France and incorporated with the Union, the late Mr. Josiah Quincy, an eminent and estimable New Englander, agitated in Congress the right of the Northern States to withdraw from the Union; and contended that the purchase of Louisiana gave a preponderance to the South, which the North had a right to resist, even by disunion. At the Hartford Convention of 1814—held amid the discouragement produced by the war with Great Britain, which the Northern and New England States disapproved, because it injuriously affected their trade, and imprisoned their ships in harbour until they rotted at the wharves—the same principles were avowed; and a disruption of the Union was threatened by the secession of the Northern States unless the war was discontinued. In fact, disunion was always the cry, and always the threatened resource, of the weaker party, whichever that might happen to be. When the Free-traders were weak, they were always harping upon secession as the sole remedy for the evils of the State. When the anti-slavery party was weak, and had no hope of being able to outvote and overcome the combined phalanx of the Southern slaveholders and the Northern democratic party—who wished to let the slavery question alone—the cry was, "Break up the Union!" The

Federal compact was declared to be "a league with death and a covenant with hell." The flag of the Republic was denounced as a blood-stained and contemptible rag; and the greatest blessing that could befall the country was affirmed to be a peaceable separation between the two sections of North and South—that had no ideas or feelings in common, and no interests but those of trade, which might be effectually subserved by a treaty of commerce between two independent powers. South Carolina was for disunion, on free-trade grounds, long before the question of slavery had been largely agitated; and Massachusetts, willing to coerce her Southern sister if protectionist necessities commanded her, no sooner saw the aforesaid sister stronger than herself on the slavery question, aided as she was by the whole of the Southern and Border, and a large section of the public in the Northern and Western States, than she clamoured lustily for separation, that she might thereby, to use an expression current then as now in America, "wash her garments of the sin" of participation in slavery. Legally, constitutionally, socially, and personally, she and the Puritanic North and East had no more to do with slavery than with the rites of Mecca or the internal government of Japan; but they used the question for the furtherance of their own ascendancy, careless of what the result might be, and contented to accept it whether it were separation, which was thought most likely, or the conquest of the South, which has come to pass—though few of the great leaders of Northern opinion, Mr. Lincoln included, ever dreamed, until the *third* year of the war, that such would be the catastrophe.

At the time when Great Britain emancipated the slaves in her colonies, with liberal compensation to the owners—an act of philanthropy with which it is too late to quarrel, but of which it is not too late to say that it all but ruined the white people of the colonies, cost the mother-country a large sum of money, which she could ill afford, and pauperised the negroes—there were, in addition to the one great and fundamental source of disagreement and strife already dwelt upon, three separate but co-operative forces at work in the social and political system of the United States, tending, singly and in combination, to produce in its proper time, and by the steady operation of natural causes, the disruption of the Union. The first was the influence of climate, as affecting national and individual character; the second, the conflicting interests of agriculture and manufactures in the two great geographical sections; and the third, the aggressive, dictatorial, and intolerable assumptions of Northern or "Down-East" Puritanism to meddle with other people's affairs. A few words upon each of these topics are necessary for the complete diagnosis of the disease that, in spite of Northern victory, still afflicts the body politic of the Union.

Long before the opening of the nineteenth century, when questions of climate had not been studied so deeply as they have been in more recent times, medical philosophers understood to some extent the effects of solar and atmospheric action on the human brain, and why and how it was that the inhabitant of such a region as Holland or Denmark should be less quick and impulsive than the inhabitant of Spain or Morocco — why the one was staid, slow, solemn, cautious, and prudent, and the other volatile, sudden in friendship and in revenge, witty rather than humorous, imaginative more than ratiocinative, reckless, extravagant, and fond of pleasure. These differences had been developed in Europe through a course of ages, had begun to be apparent in America more than a century ago, and were discussed in both hemispheres. The Union, at the time of its establishment, though

a mere strip upon the Atlantic seaboard compared with what it has since become by conquest, by settlement, and by purchase, included regions as warm and sunny as Naples, and as cold and inhospitable as Northern Germany. In addition to the natural causes at work, the institution of slavery — which the North abolished because it did not pay in a cold climate, where white men could perform better and more cheaply than the blacks all the labours of the field—did as much as religion did in Europe to dissimilarise character in the two great sections of the commonwealth. The South Carolinian American and the Massachusetts Yankee were as unlike in everything, save the language they spoke, as the Italian and the Scotchman; and notwithstanding their partnership in the same Federal Government, the bulk of the people were as ignorant of the social characteristics and idiosyncracies of each other, as any two peoples in the northern and southern extremities of Europe. The rich Southerners travelled through and passed their summers in the North, and knew the country without knowing or liking its inhabitants. The rich Northerners, on the other hand, rarely travelled in the South, unless upon urgent business. The country in itself has few attractions; and when the New-Yorker or Bostonian had money enough to make a tour—to see the world, to enjoy himself, and give his family a holiday — it was to London, and still oftener to Paris and Rome, and not to Richmond, Charleston, and New Orleans, that he directed his footsteps. Of the mass of the Northern people, not one perhaps in a hundred ever ventured beyond Washington, or formed in his mind a correct idea of the social and political life of the South. For years before the outburst of the civil war, the most opprobrious epithet that a Southerner could apply to an opponent was that of "Yankee." One of the commonest causes of wonder among Southerners, when they came to England, was the ignorance of Englishmen, who thought all Americans were "Yankees," and spoke of the "Yankee flag," or "Yankee manners," unconscious that the epithet was repudiated by the whole South and the greater portion of the North, and accepted by none but New-Englanders.

Next to climate, and the aristocratic influences of slavery, the trading sharpness of the Northern people had a strongly repulsive effect upon the mind of the South, and greatly tended to strengthen the feeling which ultimately precipitated secession. The nullification of the tariff, insisted upon by South Carolina in the days of President Jackson, and which compelled the Executive to think twice before it forced the issue upon an unwilling people, was but one manifestation of the free-trade spirit which animated the whole South. A high tariff upon foreign goods—not for purposes of revenue, but to encourage Northern and Eastern manufactures, and to build up what was called "an American system" —was not only hostile to the interests of the growers of cotton, rice, sugar, and tobacco, who found their best customers in Europe, but to the beloved doctrine of State rights. The Southerners saw no advantage in paying a Yankee or a Pennsylvanian twice as much for woollen or cotton cloths, for carpets, for porcelain, for glass, for tools, and for cutlery, as they could obtain those articles for in the regular course of trade with England or France; and still less when the "Yankee" — fortified by protection — charged the foreign price, *plus* the duty, for the very inferior, and often next to worthless, articles which he foisted upon the consumer, telling him all the while in Congress and through the press that it was patriotism, not trading interest, that rendered the tariff

necessary—and that it was the duty of every man who truly loved his native land to do his best to render it as independent of the Old World for its manufactured goods as for its laws and system of government. The Southerners were not to be deceived. They not only saw, but felt, that they had nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by this "American system"—a system not quite so American as it was Yankee, and very decidedly unjust and oppressive in its action upon every one, whether of the North or South, the East or West, who was not employed in manufactures. And though this American system recommended itself to the pockets of its supporters, it did not so thoroughly recommend itself to their consciences and their sense of wrong as not to inspire them with misgivings lest it should be attacked and overthrown. In order to avert the catastrophe, the clear-headed manufacturers of the northern and middle States entered into a compact with the leading politicians of the South, the main condition of which was, that if the South would quietly submit to the Protective Tariff, the Northerners engaged in the manufacture of all articles that, in the absence of a tariff, could be cheaply imported from Europe, would use their political influence in support of negro slavery. The South agreed to the terms of the bargain. The Northern manufacturers either failed to keep faith, or were powerless against the propagandism of the pulpit: consequently the anti-slavery agitation suffered little if any diminution from anything they were enabled to do for its restriction within purely sentimental limits.

One of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, of American orators, the late Daniel Webster, whose words were as flashes of electric fire running through and stirring up the hearts of his countrymen, was the go-between of this great but immoral bargain. He had all his life been an opponent of the slave-trade, which nobody in America wished to revive; and of slavery, which he desired, as all sensible men did, to abolish gradually, and with compensation to the slave-owners. In 1837 he opposed the annexation of Texas, "because," to use his own words, "it would tend to prolong the duration and increase the extent of African slavery on this continent. I have long held this opinion, and I would not now suppress it for any consideration on earth. And because it does increase the evils of slavery—because it will increase the number of slaves and prolong the duration of their bondage—because it does all this, I oppose it without condition and without qualification: at this time, and at all times, now and for ever." But the great orator was as needy and as unprincipled as he was eloquent. He reconciled it to his conscience to support a Protective Tariff—for a fee from the manufacturing interest—although he was a free-trader in heart; and as part of the bargain that should reconcile the pro-slavery South to the Protection which it hated *per se*, but was willing to accept as a compromise, he did not make any scruple, the fee being paid, to advocate the extension of slavery into that very Texas where he had previously declared it should never come. On the 7th of March 1850 he made his famous speech in the Senate, in which he refused to exclude slavery by law from California and New Mexico, on the plea that it would "irritate the South." He furthermore declared that Congress was bound to organise Texas into four slaveholding States, and that he, for his part, would allow all the territory of the Union lying south of 36½ degrees of latitude to establish slavery within their limits. The sincere abolitionists in the North were scandalised at this bold avowal and brazen apostacy. They did not know or suspect the price that

had been paid to the apostate. The manufacturing interest, however, knew all about the man and all about the bargain, and when the occupants of the Puritan pulpits of New England were thundering their denunciations against the great senator, whose defection so tried their souls, his friends drew up an address of confidence, which was signed by 987 Bostonians (high-tariff men and protectionists), and forwarded to him at Washington. The memorialists declared "that he had pointed out the path of duty, convinced the understanding, and touched the conscience of the nation;" and concluded by expressing their entire concurrence in the sentiment of his speech, and their heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it had afforded in the preservation of the Union. The protectionists, however, although they could bribe the greatest orator—and who, had he been honest, would have been the greatest statesman of America—could not silence the preachers, the lecturers, the strong-minded women, the philanthropists, and the Puritans. The intellect of the North accepted protection, but could not be brought to accept slavery. Mr. Webster's pleadings were in vain; and the South, disgusted with the uselessness of its alliance as well as with its allies, resolved to stand aloof from further parley, and have no more to do with "Yankee" advocates.

Puritanism, which defeated all subsequent attempts to extend slavery into the territories of the Union, would not have been able to provoke a disruption if it had confined itself to the pulpit, or had discarded the notion that the union of the States rendered Massachusetts or Connecticut responsible for the manners, the laws, or the institutions of Mississippi and the Carolinas. But when it avowed revolutionary principles, and established a propaganda, with ramifications in every State, to produce political action and destroy the pre-existing order of things, Puritanism threw down a guantlet which Conservatism was compelled to lift. Puritanism in the abstract—as confined to the pulpit and the household—deserves to be spoken of with the respect due to all that is earnest and conscientious. It may be, and doubtless is, a very good thing to those who believe in it—and no harm to any one else, provided always that its disciples keep their faith to themselves, and do not strive to enforce it by fire or sword, or physical or legal compulsion, upon the consciences of those who hold different opinions. But this is not the character of Puritanism in America. It appears to be of its essence that it shall persecute. The Puritans love liberty for themselves; but if any one out of their pale shall presume to set a different interpretation upon liberty, whether political, social, or religious, Puritanism is up in arms to coerce him "for his soul's good." When Puritanism troubled England in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, none was such a stickler for liberty as the Roundhead—the then representative of a class of men who, had they lived in Spain, would have been inquisitors, and condemned heretics to the stake without compunction. Not even Pope Hildebrand himself was more of a pope, and more infallible in his own conceit, than the untitled popes who, in and out of the pulpits of New England, dealt damnation upon the heads of all who presumed they could go to heaven through some other wicket than that which Puritanism had set up and narrowed. When the Roundhead grasped the power which he had long desired, but could not earlier obtain, he was a tyrant of the strictest and most odious type. When the Puritan suffered for his religion in England, and resolved to shake off the dust of his natal earth from his defiled shoes, liberty to worship God after

his own fashion was his first demand, and the fundamental article of his creed. When he arrived in the New World, and founded colonies, of which he was the lord, with none to overmaster him, the inherent intolerance of his nature broke out; the persecuted became the persecutor, and the meek man of God the unrelenting enemy of every one's faith but his own. He excommunicated Quakers, he burned witches; he made it a sin to look happy or take rational pleasure on the Sunday, which he insisted, with the Jews, on calling the Sabbath. He enacted the famous "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, and vied in the rigidity of his outward religion with the famous Cameronian, recorded in song, who solemnly put his cat to death

> "For killing of the Lord's own mouse
> Upon the Sabbath day."

Of the fourteen offences punishable with death by the Puritan "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, in addition to murder and such other offences as were liable to the same doom in civilised Europe, the following, derived from the Mosaic law, deserve record, as showing the utter intolerance of the Puritan mind:—"*First*, If any man, after legal conviction, shall have or worship any other god but the Lord God, *he shall be put to death. Second*, If any person shall blaspheme the name of god the Father, Son, or Holy Ghost, with direct, express, or presumptuous blasphemy, or shall curse in the like manner, *he shall be put to death. Third*, If any person committeth adultery with a married or espoused wife, *the adulterer and adulteress shall be put to death. Fourth*, If any child or children, above sixteen years old, and of sufficient understanding, shall curse or smite their natural father, or mother, *he or they shall be put to death. Fifth*, If any man have a stubborn and rebellious son, of sufficient years and understanding —namely, sixteen years of age— who will not obey the voice of his father or his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them, then may his father and mother lay hold of him, and bring him to the magistrates assembled in court, and testify that their son is stubborn and rebellious, and will not obey their voice and chastisement, but lives in sundry notorious crimes, *such a son shall be put to death.*" The other States of New England did not all go so far in their Draconic Puritanism as Connecticut; but they approached her very nearly, and enacted sundry laws of a nature which were never imitated by the Southern States of the Union. The slave-trade was not one of the offences at which the piety of New England was originally shocked; and these zealous pioneers of American liberty, who left England in the Mayflower, exterminated Red Indians, sold or bought slaves, and put adulterers to death with equal readiness. But this *en passant*. The object of this paper is not to depict the religious or moral, but the political character of the Puritans of America, and to show how their political action broke up for a time, if not for all time (which remains to be proved), the great American Republic, as it previously for a time, and happily not for all time, broke up the English monarchy. The "holier than thou" assumption, which lies at the bottom of their intolerance, may amuse the laughing or grieve the weeping philosopher, but is of no social or political moment when confined within the family, the place of worship, or even the public meeting; but when it wields political power, and makes laws beyond its own sphere, and enforces, or endeavours to enforce, those laws by the strong right hand of authority, its assumption becomes too great for endurance; and not only the instinct, but the reason of mankind revolts against it. The great political errors of American Puritanism

were—interference with matters beyond its scope, a perversion of the intent and meaning of the Union, and a course of political action on every subject inconsistent with republicanism, and certain, if carried out to victory, to replace the Republic by an imperial, or, worse still, by a theocratic despotism. That the Puritans should be the rulers of a continent in which every child should be taught to read the Bible with a Puritan interpretation; in which no man or woman should be allowed to absent him or her self from the conventicle on the "Sabbath" day, except in case of sickness, physical inability, or overpowering necessity; in which there should be no difference of social position or political right on account of the colour of the epidermis; in which, moreover, no one, young or old, should be allowed to drink fermented liquors, except under medical prescription, duly proved,—were but a few of the articles of the Puritan faith, as developed in America. Imagining erroneously that all which such a State as Connecticut or Maine could do within its own boundaries, if it had a majority of the people to support it, the Congress of the United States could do for the whole Union, Puritanism for many years devoted its extraneous energies to two of these favourite topics—the abolition of slavery, and the abolition of intemperance, throughout the whole of the United States. It agitated these questions systematically and pertinaciously, in and out of season, through evil and good repute. The much-drinking people of the Northern and Southern States resisted this usurpation of authority, and the attempt to make them temperate by Act of Congress; while the slave-holding people of the South met the proposal to abolish slavery, without their consent, by an opposition which the Puritans thought exceedingly wicked, but which everybody else thought exceedingly natural. "Be as righteous as you please," said the South to the Northern abolitionists, "but let us alone. If slavery be a wrong, or a crime—which you assert, but which we deny—you at least are not responsible for its existence. You admit that you have no right to meddle with it in Cuba; we assert that you have as little right to meddle with it in South Carolina. You cannot touch it in Brazil; neither can you touch it in Louisiana, except by breaking the Federal compact, and declaring war against the constitution which you have sworn to defend." The bulk of the people used the same arguments, but with less bitterness, against Puritan teetotalism and the Maine Liquor Law: "Let Maine drink of the wells and pumps, and refresh itself only with tea and ginger-beer, if the people of Maine are so disposed. They are free to drink out of the ditches if they like; and we are free to drink more agreeable potions, if we prefer them. There is a set of so-called philosophers who object to beefsteaks and mutton-chops, and all other animal food. Let them eat potatoes if they please, and vary the diet with cabbages and carrots; but shall we not slay our ox and eat him in a free country?" The Puritans did not see the force of these arguments. They believed it to be their "mission" to enforce their doctrine, even at the cost of political revolution if need were; and though ultimately laughed out of their notion, even among their own people, as regarded compulsory abstinence from the "wine that gladdeneth the heart," and the beer that is food to the labourer, they remained staunch to the slavery question, and were, to the extent of their means and opportunities, as ruthless in enforcing their idea as the early Mohammedan sultans in cramming the Koran down the throats of unbelievers at the point of the sword. Before their attempts at coercion had begun to be alarming by their magnitude,

and offensive by their iteration, the South had its misgivings that slavery was, to say the least of it, a mistake—that it did not pay—that it was a wasteful form of labour—that it might be good for the negro, but was incontrovertibly bad for the white man—and that measures ought to be taken, and would in due time be taken, for its gradual abolition. Many eminent Southern statesmen were of this opinion, and, had the great fundamental doctrine of State rights been respected in the matter, were prepared to debate the question, not only as politicians and men of business, but as philanthropists and Christians. But the threats of the ultra-abolitionists exasperated and disgusted them. Like Falstaff, who objected to being reasonable on compulsion, they objected to conform to the social and political economy of Puritanism on compulsion, and under the goad of constant aggression, not unattended, in their minds, with the imminent peril of a servile insurrection on their plantations, they ceased to palliate and find excuses for slavery, and began to speak of it as something better than a necessary evil—as a positive good in itself, and as a Divine institution sanctioned by the Old Testament, and not forbidden by the New. It has often been asserted, and is in all probability true, that if it had not been for the aggressiveness of Puritanism on this irritating subject, the border States of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and even North Carolina, would long before the election of Mr. Lincoln have abolished slavery, or sent their slaves southwards, as Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey had long previously done. But neither men nor States are to be bullied into doing the right thing. If a gentleman, quietly sitting at his own dinner-table, drinking his pint of Chateau Margaux or Laffitte, were to have his door broken in by a violent member of the Temperance Society, the bottle dashed from the table, the wine spilled, and himself lectured and reprimanded for the enormous crime he was committing, it is very likely that the injudicious apostle of temperance would get his head punched for his insolence, and that the wine-drinker would call for another bottle after he had ejected the philanthropist. So it was on the slavery question. The slaveholder was incensed, not convinced, by humanitarian interference, and clung all the more vehemently to his "peculiar institution," because of the undoubted illegality and unconstitutionality of the warfare made against him on its account. For a while the slaveholders seemed to have the best of the battle. A large portion of the non-slaveholding North took the Southern side—not, like Mr. Webster, for a fee, but because they did not desire the disruption of the Union, and because they thought it was not a case in which the Federal Government could interfere. It was then that abolitionism and secession were all but synonymous terms; that the abolitionists proclaimed the conflict between North and South to be "irrepressible;" and that sincere opponents of slavery preferred to break up the Union rather than share the guilt of countenancing what they considered a wrong and a crime against humanity. They did not want to fight. Their idea was that they were the weaker party, and as such they preferred to separate peaceably, and set up a new Republic on the Federal principle. "When the disruption comes," said Mr. Seward to the writer less than three years before it *did* come, "we shall set the Old World a glorious example. We shall show it the superiority of our Republican system over the effete monarchical governments of Europe. We shall do what they would never dream of doing—we shall separate without bloodshed."

The amiable and well-meaning Secretary neither knew himself nor his countrymen when he spoke. Nevertheless he but spoke the general sentiment. The tiger was in its infancy at that time — had not tasted blood — and did not know how it should come to relish the drink from which, in those innocent days, it would have turned its unpolluted lips in disgust.

To tell the sad story of the war, or even to epitomise its leading events, is not the object of this paper. It may suffice for the purposes of the argument to state that the South — confident in the correctness of its own interpretation of the Constitution, and in the belief that the North, preferring secession to perpetual union with slaveholders, would not attempt coercion—resolved, after earnest and mature deliberation, to withdraw from the Union. What a fearful mistake it made in the calculation, forms the basis of the most tragic history of our time! The South did not know the North. The North neither knew the South nor itself. It cared nothing for the Puritans, unless to scorn them; it cared nothing for the negroes, unless to dislike them; it cared nothing for the Abolitionists, unless to wish they would hold their tongues and stay their pens, or transport themselves *en masse* to Exeter Hall, never to return to America. The secession which it had sometimes threatened to effect against the South, was no sooner effected by the South against the North than the North became alarmed lest the West should imitate the example — lest California and Oregon, and the States beyond the Rocky Mountains, should throw off their allegiance to the Federal Government, and form themselves into the "Republic of the Pacific;" and lest "New" England—troublesome and cantankerous, and hated by all the other States of the Union—should, in view of the approaching danger, throw herself into the arms of "Old" England, and join her fortunes with those of Canada. The Northern people did not like the prospect; the more earnestly they looked at it, the more hideous it appeared. The dream of universal dominion — as dear to democracies as it has often been to kings and emperors—was not to be abandoned without a struggle; and the North, sorely miscalculating the means, the effort, and the time required, resolved to fight. With what varying fortunes, with what tenacity of purpose, with what fits of occasional despondency, and with what ultimate success it strove and conquered, was for four long years, as it still is, the world's wonder. By dint of obstinate endurance — by dint of illimitable paper dollars and credit — by dint of foreign soldiers from Ireland and Germany, who swarmed into the country, allured by bounties on enlistment varying from £100 to £200 sterling per head—by dint of sacrificing general after general, however brave and able, who could not gain a victory — by dint of a blockade of the seaboard, producing in due time a famine, or something very like it, through the most fertile portions of the South; and last, but by no means least, by dint of the cowardice or incapacity of the British Government, that refused to unite with that of France in acknowledging the independence of the South—the Northern people conquered their Southern brethren, and, as they hope and think, restored the Union. The restoration, as yet, is one in name only, and not in fact. The Northern armies made a desolation, and Northern statesmen called it peace. The North reduced the South to the condition of a conquered dependency, and announced to the world that the United States were once again an indivisible and adhesive unity—the first Power on the earth, able and willing to take advantage of any European complication that might arise — to punish her only rival,

and the only power she hates, her mother Great Britain, for the crime of want of sympathy in their cause, and for a neutrality which the reinvigorated States declared to be one-sided, and wholly of advantage to the subjugated South. The great words, the brave words, the insolent words, have not, however, produced the effect anticipated. The union of North and South is seen by all Europe to be that of a living man with a corpse; or, if that simile be too strong, seeing that the South still lives, though not politically, it is the union of a strong man with a wife who hates him — with one whom he has scourged, beaten, spat upon, bruised, maimed, and insulted by words more venomous than deeds; of a victor with a victim who feels that the victory has but added gall to a pre-existing bitterness, and converted what was previously no more than jealous dislike into inappeasable and undying hate.

Had Mr Lincoln lived to turn to account the triumph for which he had so steadily, though not always very hopefully, laboured, it is probable that his merciful nature, aided by his immense popularity, would have enabled him, with less difficulty than attends the course of his successor, to heal the wounds of the war, and to put the humiliated South into a better temper. It is, however, just as probable that his yielding disposition, his "dough-facedness," as the Americans sometimes call it, would have made him a readier instrument in the hands of the centralisers and enemies of State rights than Mr Johnson has proved. On this subject, however, it is needless to speculate. The reins of government are in a stronger hand than those of Mr Lincoln; and a struggle has arisen between the Executive and the rump of a Congress that sits in Washington, which opens up all the questions that led to the war —with the sole exception of slavery —and involves many others of the highest moment to the peace, if not to the existence, of the Union. Slavery is gone, and a stringent poor-law, not based upon colour, must sooner or later come to the prevention of able-bodied pauperism, or to its management, if the negroes will not work except on compulsion. But the question that above all others will try the Americans, and the fair-weather and but imperfectly-understood Constitution of the Washington era, still remains, dark, menacing, and ominous of evil. That question is State Rights, which overshadows for the moment the almost equally-threatening questions of the repudiation of the War Debt and the Abolition of the Protective Tariff. If State Rights be ultimately abolished, as Mr Charles Sumner, Mr Thaddeus Stevens, and all the opponents of President Johnson's courageous and statesmanlike policy desire—if a central government be established, ruling from Washington such counties and provinces as the existing States must become under this new system—the task of Government will be so herculean, and so inimical to the democratic liberty which the Americans have hitherto enjoyed, that no possible end of it can come but a military despotism. Daniel Webster, whose words have had more weight with Americans than those of any other man since Washington, though a life-long enemy of disunion and secession, was an equally strenuous opponent of Federalism, or centralisation. In a very excellent speech, delivered in 1835, on the occasion of the presentation of a testimonial from the citizens of Boston, voted to him as "The Defender of the Constitution of the United States," the great orator warned his countrymen of the mighty risks they ran if they submitted to any invasion of the reserved rights of the States.

"Our dangers," he said, "are not from without. We have nothing to fear from foreign powers, except those

interruptions of the occupations of life which all wars occasion. The dangers to our system, as a system, do not spring from that quarter. On the contrary, the pressure of foreign hostility would be most likely to unite us, and to strengthen our union by an augmented sense of its utility and necessity. *But our dangers are from within.* I do not now speak of those dangers which have in all ages beset republican governments —such as luxury among the rich, the corruption of public officers, and the general degradation of public morals. I speak only of those peculiar dangers to which the structure of our Government particularly exposes it, in addition to all other ordinary dangers. These arise among ourselves — they spring up at home; and the evil which they threaten is no less than disunion, or the overthrow of the whole system. Local feelings and local parties, a notion sometimes sedulously cultivated of opposite interests in different portions of the Union, evil prophecies respecting its duration, cool calculations upon the benefits of separation, a narrow feeling that cannot embrace all the States as one country, an unsocial, anti-national, and half-belligerent spirit which sometimes betrays itself,—all these undoubtedly are causes which affect more or less our prospect of holding together. All these are unpropitious influences. The Constitution, again, is founded on compromise, and the most perfect and absolute good faith in regard to every stipulation of this kind contained in it is indispensable to its preservation. Every attempt to accomplish even the best purpose, every attempt to grasp that which is regarded as an immediate good, in violation of these stipulations, is full of danger to the whole Constitution. I need not say, also, that *possible collision between the general and State Governments always has been, is, and ever must be, a source of danger to be strictly watched by wise men.* I desire not to stand before the country as a man of no opinions, or of such a mixture of opposite opinions that the result has no character at all. On the contrary, I am desirous of standing as one who is bound to his own consistency by the frankest avowal of his sentiments on all important and interesting subjects. I am not partly for the Constitution and partly against it; I am wholly for it, for it altogether —for it as it is, and for the exercise, when occasion requires, of all its just powers as they have heretofore been exercised by Washington, and the great men who have followed him in its administration. I disdain altogether the character of an uncommitted man. I am committed, fully committed—committed to the full extent of all that I am and all that I hope, to the Constitution of the country, to its love and reverence, to its defence and maintenance, to its warm commendation to every American heart, and to its vindication and just praise before all mankind. And I am committed against everything which in my judgment may weaken, endanger, or destroy it. I am committed against the encouragement of local parties and local feelings; I am committed against all fostering of anti-national spirit. I am committed against the slightest infringement of the original compromise on which the Constitution was founded. I am committed against any and every derangement of the powers of the several departments of the Government, against any derogation from the constitutional authority of Congress, and especially against all extension of executive power; and I am committed against any attempt to rule the free people of this country by the power and patronage of the Government itself. I am committed, fully and entirely committed, against making the Government the people's master."

These are not the opinions of the Congress—if Congress it legally be —which is now sitting at Washington. That Congress, or fragment of a Congress, laughs the doctrine of State Rights to scorn; treats one-third of the American people as conquered aliens having no political status, and no right to property or life but such as it may generously and contemptuously allow; uses the Constitution as ignominiously as if it were waste paper, and threatens the chief magistrate with impeachment if he refuse to lend his office and authority to the despotism which it has inaugurated. Mr. Johnson, however, is as clear in his notions of the right, as he is brave in acting upon them. As yet, he has exercised

no other than his constitutional right of veto against measures which his judgment disapproves — measures which not only falsify the spirit, but violate the letter, of the Constitution—render disunion as much a fact as if the Southern armies were still in the field, and perpetuate and intensify every original cause of strife between the various sections of the unwieldly and incohesive commonwealth. It remains to be seen whether, in American phrase, "he has backbone" to fight the fight against a Congress which he cannot get rid of except by a *coup d'état*, to which he is not likely to resort, and which his foes would only be too happy if he would attempt. At this stage of the conflict, with the Congress and the fanatics, philosophers, revolutionists, and centralisers of the North and East on one side, Mr. Johnson, the South, and the Conservatives of the North and West upon the other, it is as impossible as it would be idle to predict which way the battle will turn. If Mr. Johnson carries the day, supported by the people at the November elections, the Union is practicable, and the United States may become what the great majority of the English people and all the true friends of humanity desire them to be—happy, respectable, prosperous, and unaggressive. But if Congress, under the leadership of Stevens and Sumner, snatch the victory, the Union is gone, and something else takes its place—perhaps a strong nation, a terror to the world, but most certainly a despotism, let it assume what name it will, or hide its naked hideousness under whatever gorgeous trappings of power and splendour may be to the taste or the fancy of the deceived people, who, in spite of warning, and of the principles which urged their forefathers to revolt successfully against Great Britain, allowed it to be established over them, to pamper their pride and conceit, and deprive them of the liberty which they will have shown themselves unable to appreciate.

The approaching trial of Mr. Jefferson Davis will test the validity of State Rights in a manner worthy of the immense importance of the principle. A great defendant and a great cause will compel a great verdict. The Southern theory, and it used to be the Northern theory until the European element became predominant in the Puritanic and despotic section of the Union, is, that the *first* allegiance of a citizen is due to his own State. When the State of Mississippi receded from the Union by the legitimate action of its Legislature, Mr. Davis would have been a traitor to Mississippi if he had refused his adhesion. Upon that issue his trial will depend. It will be a great cause in America and throughout the world; but greatest in America, because the verdict will help to determine the question that lies at the root of American liberty. If the first allegiance is due to the Federal power in cases not external to the Union, American democracy is as dead as American slavery, and the future Dictator has but to sharpen his sword, and bide his time for his inevitable triumph.

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART XIV.

CHAPTER LII.—HOW TO MEET A SCANDAL.

When the Government of the day had found that all their efforts to induce the Chief Baron to retire from the bench were failures—when they saw him firmly decided to accept nothing less than that price which they would not pay—with a littleness which, it is but fair to own, took its origin from Mr. Cholmondely Balfour, they determined to pass upon him a slight which he could not but feel most painfully.

It happened in this wise. At the time I speak of Ireland was suffering from one of those spasmodic attacks of rebellion which every now and then occur through the chronic disaffection of the country, just as certain eruptions are thrown out over the body to relieve, as is supposed, some feverish tendencies of the system.

Now, although the native thinks no more of these passing troubles than would an old Indian of an attack of the "prickly heat," to the English mind they always suggest danger, tend to increase the military force of the kingdom, and bring on in Parliament one of those Irish debates—a political sham-fight—where, though there is a good deal of smoke, bustle, and confusion, nobody is hurt, nor, if the truth be told, is any one the better when it is over.

Through such a paroxysm was Ireland now passing. It matters little to our purpose to give it a specific name, for the Whiteboy or the Rockite, the Terry-Alt, the Ribbonman, or the Fenian are the same; there being only one character in this dreary drama, however acute Viceroys and energetic Secretaries may affect to think they are "assisting" at the representation of a perfectly new piece, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations.

In ordinary disturbances in Ireland, whenever they rose above the dignity of local mischief, the assistance and sympathy of France was always used as a sort of menace to England. It was a threat very certain to irritate, if it did no more. As, however, by course of time, we grew to form closer relations with France—to believe, or affect to believe—I am not very sure which—that we had outlived old grudges, and had become rather ashamed of old rivalries, France could not be employed as the bugbear it had once been. Fortunately for Irish rebellion, America was quite prepared to take the vacant post, and with this immense additional gain, that the use of our own language enabled our disaffected in the States to revile us with a freedom and a vigour which, if there be that benefit which is said to exist in "seeing ourselves as others see us," ought unquestionably to redound to our future good.

The present movement had gone so far as to fill the public mind with terror, and our jails with suspected traitors. To try these men, a special commission had been named by the Government, from which, contrary to custom, the Chief Baron had been omitted. Nor was this all. The various newspapers supposed to be organs, or at least advocates, of the Ministry, kept up a continuous stream of comment on the grave injury to a country, at a crisis like that then present, to have one of its chief judicial seats occupied by one whose age and infirmities totally disabled him from rendering those

services which the crown and the nation alike had a right to expect from him.

Stories, for the most part untrue, of the Chief Baron's mistakes on the bench appeared daily. Imaginary suitors, angry solicitors, and such-like—the Bar was too dignified to join in the cry—wrote letters averring this, that, or the other cruel wrong inflicted upon them through the "senile incapacity of this obstructive and vain old man."

Never was there a less adroit tactic. Every insult they hurled at him only suggested a fresh resolve to hold his ground. To attack such a man was to evoke every spark of vigorous resistance in his nature, to stimulate energies which nothing short of outrage could awaken, and to call into activity powers which, in the ordinary course of events, would have fallen into decline and decay. As he expressed it, "In trying to extinguish the lamp they have only trimmed the wick." When, through Sewell's pernicious counsels, the old Judge determined to convince the world of his judicial fitness by coming out a young man, dressed in the latest fashion, and affecting in his gait and manner the last fopperies of the day, all the reserve which respect for his great abilities had imposed was thrown aside, and the papers now assailed him with a ridicule that was downright indecent. The print-shops, too, took up the theme, and the windows were filled with caricatures of every imaginable degree of absurdity.

There was one man to whom these offensive attacks gave pain only inferior to what they inflicted on the Chief himself—this was "Billy Haire." To have lived to see the great object of all his homage thus treated by an ungrateful country seemed to him the direst of all calamities. Over and over did he ponder with himself whether such depravity of public feeling portended the coming decline of the nation, and whether such gross forgetfulness of great services was not to be taken as a sign of approaching dissolution.

It was true that since the Sewells had taken up their residence at the Priory he had seen but little of his distinguished friend. All the habits, the hours, and the associations of the house had been changed. The old butler, who used to receive Haire when he arrived on terms of humble friendship, telling him in confidence, before he went in, the temper in which he should find the Judge, what crosses or worries had recently befallen him, and what themes it might be discreet to avoid—he was pensioned off, and in his place a smart Englishman, Mr. Cheetor, now figured—a gentleman whose very accent, not to speak of his dress, would have awed poor Haire into downright subjection. The large back hall, through which you passed into the garden—a favourite stroll of Haire's in olden times—was now a billiard-room, and generally filled with fine ladies and gentlemen engaged in playing; the very sight of a lady with a billiard-cue, and not impossibly a cigarette, being shocks to the old man's notions only short of seeing the fair delinquent led off to the watchhouse. The drowsy quietude of the place, so grateful after the crush and tumult of a city, was gone; and there was the clang of a pianoforte, the rattle of the billiard-balls, the loud talk and loud laughter of morning visitors, in its stead. The quaint, old, grey liveries were changed for coats of brilliant claret-colour. Even to the time-honoured glass of brandy-and-water which welcomed Haire as he walked out from town there was revolution; and the measure of the old man's discomfiture was complete as the silvery-tongued butler offered him his choice of hock and seltzer or claret-cup!

"Does the Chief like all this? is it possible that at his age these changes can please him?" muttered Haire, as he sauntered one day

homeward, sad and dispirited; and it would not have been easy to resolve the question.

There was so much that flattered the old Judge's vanity—so much that addressed itself to that consciousness that his years were no barrier to his sentiments, that into all that went on in life, whatever of new that men introduced into their ways or habits, he was just as capable of entering as the youngest amongst them; and this avidity to be behind in nothing showed itself in the way he would read the sporting papers, and make himself up in the odds at Newmarket and the last news of the Cambridge Eleven. It is true never was there a more ready-money payment than the admiration he reaped from all this; and enthusiastic cornets went so far as to lament how the genius that might have done great things at Doncaster had been buried in a Court of Exchequer. "I wish he'd tell us who'll win the Riggleswerth"—"I'd give a fifty to know what he thinks of Polly Perkins for the cup," were the dropping utterances of mustachioed youths who would have turned away inattentive on any mention of his triumphs in the Senate or at the Bar.

"I declare, mother," said Sewell, in one of those morning calls at Merrion Square in which he kept her alive to the events of the Priory—"I declare, mother, if we could get you out of the way, I think he'd marry again. He's uncommonly tender towards one of those Lascelles girls, nieces of the Viceroy, and I am certain he would propose for her."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry I should be an obstacle to him, especially as it prevents him from crowning the whole folly of his life."

"She's a great horsewoman, and he has given me a commission to get him a saddle-horse to ride with her."

"Which of course you will not."

"Which of course I will, though. I'm going about it now. He has been very intractable about stable matters hitherto; the utmost we could do was to exchange the old long-tailed coach-horses, and get rid of that vile old chariot; but if we get him once launched into riding hacks, we'll have something to mount us."

"And when his granddaughter returns, will not all go back to the former state?"

"First of all, she's not coming. There's a split in that quarter, and in all likelihood an irremediable one."

"How so? What has she done?"

"She has fallen in love with a young fellow as poor as herself; and her brother Tom has written to the Chief to know if he sees any reason why they should not marry. The very idea of an act of such insubordination as falling in love of course outraged him. He took my wife into his counsels besides, and she, it would appear, gave a most unfavourable character of the suitor,—said he was a gambler—and we all know what a hopeless thing that is!—that his family had thrown him off; that he had gone through the whole of his patrimony, and was, in short, just as bad 'a lot' as could well be found."

"She was quite right to say so," burst in Lady Lendrick. "I really do not see how she could have done otherwise."

"Perhaps not; the only possible objection was, that there was no truth in it all."

"Not true!"

"Not a word of it, except what relates to his quarrel with his family. As for the rest, he is pretty much like other fellows of his age and time of life. He has done the sort of things they all do, and hitherto has come fairly enough out of them."

"But what motive could she have had for blackening him?"

"Ask her, mother," said he, with a grin of devilish spitefulness—

"just ask her; and even if she won't tell you, your woman's wit will find out the reason without her aid."

"I declare, Dudley, you are too bad—too bad," said she, coloring with anger as she spoke.

"I should say,—Too good—too good by half, mother; at least, if endurance be any virtue. The world is beautifully generous towards us husbands. We are either monsters of cruelty, or we come into that category the French call 'complaisant.' I can't say I have any fancy for either class; but if I am driven to a choice, I accept the part which meets the natural easiness of my disposition, the general kindliness of my character."

For an instant Lady Lendrick's eyes flashed with a fiery indignation, and she seemed about to reply with anger; but with an effort she controlled her passion, and took a turn or two in the room without speaking. At last, having recovered her calm, she said, "Is the marriage project then broken off?"

"So far as the Chief is concerned, it is. He has written a furious letter to his granddaughter—dwelt forcibly on the ingratitude of her conduct. There is nothing old people so constantly refer to ingratitude as young folks falling in love. It is strange what a close tie would seem to connect this sin of ingratitude with the tender passion. He has reminded her of all the good precepts and wise examples that were placed before her at the Priory, and how shamefully she would seem to have forgotten them. He asks her, Did you ever see him fall in love? Did she ever see any weakness of this kind in Mrs. Brennan, the housekeeper, or Joe, the gardener?"

"What stuff and nonsense!" said Lady Lendrick, turning angrily away from him. "Sir William is not an angel, but as certainly he is not a fool."

"There I differ from you altogether. He may be the craftiest lawyer, the wisest judge, the neatest scholar, and the best talker of his day—these are all claims I cannot adjudicate on—they are far and away above me. But I *do* pretend to know something about life and the world we live in, and I tell you that your all-accomplished Chief Baron is, in whatever relates to these, as consummate an ass as ever I met with. It is not that he is sometimes wrong. It is that he is never right."

"I can imagine he is not very clever at billiards, and it is possible that there may be persons more conversant than he with the odds at Tattersall's," said she, with a sneer.

"Not bad things to know something about, either of them," said he, quietly; "but not exactly what I was alluding to. It is, however, somewhat amusing, mother, too see you come out as his defender. I assure you, honestly, when I counselled him on that new wig, and advised him to the choice of that dark velvet paletot, I never contemplated his making a conquest of *you*."

"He *has* done some unwise things in life," said she, with a fierce energy; "but I do not know if he has ever done so foolish a one as inviting you to come and live under his roof."

"No, mother; the mistake was his not having done it earlier—done it when he might have fallen in more readily with the wise changes I have introduced into his household, and when—most important element—he had a better balance at his banker's. You can't imagine what sums of money he has gone through."

"I know nothing—I do not desire to know anything—of Sir William's money matters."

Not heeding in the slightest degree the tone of reproof she spoke in, he went on, in the train of his own thoughts—"Yes! It would have made a considerable difference to each of us had we met

somewhat earlier. It was the sort of backing I always wanted in life."

"There was something else that you needed far more," said she, with a sarcastic sternness.

"I know what you mean, mother—I know what it is. Your politeness will not permit you to mention it. You would hint that I might not have been the worse of a little honesty—isn't that it? I was certain of it. Well, do you know, mother, there's nothing in it—positively nothing. I've met fellows who have tried it—clever fellows too, some of them—and they have universally admitted it was as great a sham as the other thing. As St. John said, Honesty is a sort of balloon jib, that will bowl you along splendidly with fair weather; but when it comes on to blow you'll soon find it better to shift your canvass and bend a very different sail. Now, men like myself are out in all kinds of weather; we want a handy rig and light tackle."

"Is Lucy coming to luncheon?" said Lady Lendrick, most unmistakably showing how little palatable to her was his discourse.

"Not she. She's performing devoted mother up at the Priory, teaching Regy his catechism, or Clara her scales, or, what has an infinitely finer effect on the surrounders, dining with the children. Only dine with the children, and you may run a-muck through the Decalogue all the evening after."

And with this profound piece of morality he adjusted his hat before the glass, trimmed his whiskers, gave himself a friendly nod, and walked away.

CHAPTER LIII.—TWO MEN WELL MET.

Sewell had long coveted the suite of rooms known at the Priory as "Miss Lucy's." They were on the ground floor; they opened on a small enclosed garden of their own; they had a delicious aspect; and it was a thousand pities they should be consigned to darkness and spiders while he wanted so much a snuggery of his own—a little territory which could be approached without coming through the great entrance; and where he could receive his familiars, and a variety of other creatures whose externals alone would have denied them admittance to any decent household.

Now, although Sir William's letter to Lucy was the sort of document which, admitting no species of reply, usually closes a correspondence, Sewell had not courage to ask the Chief for the rooms in question. It would be too like peremptory action to be prudent. It might lead the old man to reconsider his judgment. Who knows what tender memories the thought might call up? Indeed, as Sewell himself remembered, he had seen fellows in India show great emotion at the sale of a comrade's kit, though they had read the news of his death with comparative composure. "If the old fellow were to toddle in here, and see her chair, and her writing-table, and her easel, it might undo everything," said he; so that he wisely resolved it would be better to occupy the premises without a title than endeavour to obtain them legitimately.

By a slight effort of diplomacy with Mrs. Brennan, he obtained possession of the key, and as speedily installed himself in occupancy. Indeed, when the venerable housekeeper came round to see what the Colonel could possibly want to do with the rooms, she scarcely recognised them. A pipe-rack covered one wall, furnished with every imaginable engine for smoke; a stand for rifles and fowling-pieces occupied a corner; some select prints of Derby winners and ballet celebrities were scattered about;

while a small African monkey, of that colour they call green, sat in a small arm-chair of his own, near the window, apparently sunk in deep reflection. This creature, whom his master called Dundas—I am unable to say after what other representative of the name—was gifted with an instinctive appreciation of duns, and flew at the man who presented a bill as unerringly as ever a bull rushed at the bearer of a red rag.

How he learned to know tailors, shoemakers, and tobacconists, and distinguish them from the rest of mankind, and how he recognised them as natural enemies, I cannot say. As for Sewell, he always spoke of the gift as the very strongest evidence in favour of the Darwinian theory, and declared it was the prospective sense of troubles to come that suggested the instinct. The chalk head, the portrait Lucy had made of Sir Brook still hung over the fireplace. It would be a curious subject of inquiry to know why Sewell suffered it still to hold its place there. If there was a man in the world whom he thoroughly hated, it was Fossbrooke. If there was one to injure whom he would have bartered fortune and benefit to himself, it was he. And how came it that he could bear to have this reminder of him so perpetually before his eyes?—that the stern features should be ever bent upon him—darkly, reproachfully lowering, as he had often seen them in life? If it were simply that his tenure of the place was insecure, what so easy as to replace the picture, and why should he endure the insult of its presence there? No, there was some other reason—some sentiment stronger than a reason—some sense of danger in meddling with that man in any shape. Over and over again he vowed to himself he would hang it against a tree, and make a pistol-mark of it. Again and again he swore that he would destroy it; he even drew out his penknife to sever the head from the neck, significant sign of how he would like to treat the original; but yet he had replaced his knife, and repressed his resolve, and sat down again to brood over his anger inoperative.

To frown at the "old rascal," as he loved to call him—to menace him with his fist as he passed—to scowl at him as he sat before the fire, were, after all, the limits of his wrath; but still the picture exerted a certain influence over him, and actually inspired a sense of fear as well as a sense of hatred.

Am I imposing too much on my reader's memory by asking him to recall a certain Mr. O'Reardon, in whose humble dwelling at Cullen's Wood Sir Brook Fossbrooke was at one time a lodger? Mr. O'Reardon, though an official of one of the law courts, and a patriot by profession, may not have made that amount of impression necessary to retain a place in the reader's recollection, nor indeed is it my desire to be exacting on this head. He is not the very best of company, and we shall not see much of him.

When Sewell succeeded to the office of Registrar, which the old Judge carried against the Castle with a high hand, he found Mr. O'Reardon there; he had just been promoted to the rank of keeper of the waiting-room. In the same quick glance with which the shrewd Colonel was wont to single out a horse, and knew the exact sort of quality he possessed, he read this man, and saw, with rapid intelligence, the stuff he was made of, and the sort of service he could render.

He called him into his office, and, closing the door, asked him a few questions about his former life. O'Reardon, long accustomed to regard the man who spoke with an English accent as an easy dupe, launched out on his devoted loyalty, the perils it had cost him, the hate to which his English attachment exposed him from his countrymen, and the little reward all

his long-proved fidelity had ever won him; but Sewell cut him suddenly short with—"Don't try any of this sort of balderdash upon *me*, old fellow—it's only lost time; I've been dealing with blackguards of your stamp all my life, and I read them like print."

"Oh! your honor, them's hard words—blackguard, blackguard! to a decent man that always had a good name and a good character."

"What I want you to understand is this," said Sewell, scanning him keenly while he spoke, "and to understand it well: that if you intend to serve me, and make yourself useful in whatever way I see fit to employ you, there must be no humbug about it. The first lesson you have to learn is, never to imagine you can take me in. As I have just told you, I have had my education amongst fellows more than your masters in craft—so don't lose your time in trying to out-rogue me."

"Your honour's practical—I always like to serve a gentleman that's practical," said the fellow, with a totally changed voice.

"That will do—speak that way—drop your infernal whine—turn out your patriotic sentiments to grass, and we'll get on comfortably."

"Be gorra! that's practical—practical, every word of it."

"Now the first thing I want is to know who are the people who come here. I shall require to be able to distinguish those who are accustomed to frequent the office from strangers; I suppose you know the attorneys and solicitors, all of them?"

"Every man of them, sir; there's not a man in Dublin with a pair of black trousers that I couldn't give you the history of."

"That's practical, certainly," said Sewell, adopting his phrase; and the other laughed pleasantly at the employment of it. "Whenever you have to announce persons that are strangers to you, and whose business you can't find out, mention that I am most busily engaged—that persons of consequence are with me—delay them, in short, and put them off for another day——"

"Till I can find out all about them!" broke in O'Reardon.

"Exactly."

"And that's what I can do as well as any man in Ireland," said the fellow, overjoyed at the thought of such congenial labour.

"I suppose you know a dun by the look of him?" asked Sewell, with a low, quiet laugh.

"Don't I then?" was the reply.

"I'll have none of them hanging about here—mind that; you may tell them what you please, but take care that my orders are obeyed."

"I will, sir."

"I shall probably not come down every day to the office; it may chance that I may be absent a week at a time; but remember, I am always here—you understand—I am here, or I am at the Chief Baron's chambers—somewhere, in short, about the Court."

"Up in one of the arbitration rooms, maybe," added O'Reardon, to show he perfectly comprehended his instructions.

"But whether I come to the office or not, I shall expect you every morning at the Priory, to report to me whatever I ought to know—who has called—what rumours are afloat—and mind you tell everything as it reaches you. If you put on any embroidery of your own I'll detect it at once, and out you go, Master O'Reardon, notwithstanding all your long services and all your loyalty."

"Practical, upon my conscience—always practical," said the fellow, with a grin of keen approval.

"One caution more; I'm a tolerably good friend to the man who serves me faithfully. When things go well I reward liberally; but if a fellow doubles on me, if he plays me false, I'll back myself to be the worst enemy he ever met with. That's practical, isn't it?"

"It is indeed, sir—nothing more so."

"I'll expect you to begin your visits on Thursday, then. Don't come to the hall door, but pass round by the end of the house, and into the little garden. I'll leave the gate open, and you'll find my room easily. It opens on the garden. Be with me by eleven."

Colonel Sewell was not more than just to himself when he affirmed that he read men very quickly. As the practised cashier never hesitates about the genuineness of a note, but detects the forgery at a glance, this man had an instinctive appreciation of a scoundrel. Who knows if there be not some magnetic affinity between such natures, that saves them the process of thought and reason? He was right in the present case.—O'Reardon was the very man he wanted. The fellow liked the life of a spy and an informer. To track, trace, connect this with that, and seek out the missing link which gave connection to the chain, had for him the fascination of a game, and until now his qualities had never been fully appreciated. It was with pride too that he showed his patron that his gifts could be more widely exercised than within the narrow limits of an antechamber, for he brought him the name of the man who wrote in 'The Starlight' the last abusive article on the Chief Baron, and had date and place for the visit of the same man to the under-secretary, Mr. Cholmondely Balfour. He gave him the latest news of the Curragh, and how Faunus had cut his frog in a training gallop, and that it was totally impossible he could be "placed" for his race. There were various delicate little scandals in the life of society too, which, however piquant to Sewell's ears, could have no interest for us; while of the sums lost at play, and the costly devices to raise the payments, even Sewell himself was amazed at the accuracy and extent of his information.

Mr. O'Reardon was one of a small knot of choice spirits who met every night and exchanged notes. Doubtless each had certain "reserves" which he kept strictly to himself; but otherwise they dealt very frankly and loyally with each other, well aware that it was only on such a foundation their system could be built; and the training-groom, and the butler, and the club waiter, the office messenger, and the penny-postman, became very active and potent agents in that strange drama we call life.

Now, though Mr. O'Reardon had presented himself each morning with due punctuality at the little garden in which he was wont to make his report while Sewell smoked his morning cigar, for some days back the Colonel had not appeared. He had gone down to the country to a pigeon match, from which he returned vexed and disappointed. He had shot badly, lost his money, lost his time, and lost his temper—even to the extent of quarrelling with a young fellow whom he had long been speculating on "rooking," and from whom he had now parted on terms that excluded further acquaintance.

Although it was a lovely morning, and the garden looking its very brightest and best—the birds singing sweetly on the trees, and the air balmy with the jessamine and the sweetbriar—Sewell strolled out upon the velvety sward in anything but a mood of kindred enjoyment. His bills were flying about on all sides, renewals upon renewals swelling up to formidable sums, for which he had not made any provision. Though his residence at the Priory, and his confident assurance to his creditors that the old Judge had made him his heir, obtained a certain credit for him, there were "small-minded scoundrels," as he called them, who wouldn't wait for their fifty per cent. In his desperation to stave off the demands he could not satisfy, he had been driven to very ruinous expedients. He

sold timber off the lawn without the old Judge's knowledge, and only hesitated about forging Sir William's name through the conviction that the document to which he would have to append it would itself suggest suspicion of the fraud. His increasing necessities had so far impaired his temper that men began to decline to play with him. Nobody was sure of him, and this cause augmented the difficulties of his position. Formerly his two or three hours at the club befor dinner, or his evening at mess, were certain to keep him in current cash. He could hold out his handful of sovereigns and offer to bet them in that reckless carelessness which, amongst very young men, is accepted as something akin to generosity. Now his supply was almost stopped, not to say that he found, what many have found, the rising generation endowed with an amount of acuteness that formerly none attained to without sore experiences and sharp lessons.

"Confound them," he would say, "there are cubs without fluff on their chins that know the odds at Newmarket as well as John Day! What chance has a man with youngsters that understand the 'call for trumps'?".

It was thus moralising over a world in decline that he strolled through the garden, his unlit cigar held firm between his teeth, and his hands deep sunk in his trousers pockets. As he turned an angle of a walk, he was arrested by a very silky voice saying, "Your honour's welcome home. I hope your honour's well, and enjoyed yourself when you were away."

"Ah, O'Reardon, that you! pretty well, thank you; quite well, I believe; at least, as well as any man can be who is in want of money, and does not know where to find it."

Mr. O'Reardon grinned, as if *that*, at least, was one of the contingencies his affluent chief could never have had any experience of. "Moses is to run after all, sir," said he, after a pause; "the bandages was all a sham—he never broke down."

"So much the worse for me. I took the heavy odds against him on your fine information," said Sewell, savagely.

"You'll not be hurt this time He'll have a tongue as big as three on the day of the race; and there will be no putting a bridle on him."

"I don't believe in that trick, O'Reardon."

"I do, sir; and I am laying the only ten-pound note I have on it," said the other, calmly.

"What about Mary Draper? is she coughing still?"

"She is, sir, and won't feed besides; but Mr. Harman is in such trouble about his wife going off with Captain Peters, that he never thinks of the mare. Any one goes into the stable that likes."

"Confounded fool he must be. He stood heavily on that mare. When did Lady Jane bolt!"

"On Tuesday night, sir. She was here at the Priory at luncheon with Captain Peters that morning. She and Mrs. Sewell were walking more than an hour together in the back garden."

"Did you overhear anything they said?"

"Only once, sir, for they spoke low; but one time your lady said aloud, 'If any one blames you, dear, it won't be me.' I think the other was crying when she said it."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Sewell, angrily.

"She's gone away at all events, sir; and Mr. Harman's out of his mind about it. Cross told me this morning that he would'nt be surprised if his master cut his throat or went to live on the Continent."

"Do you happen to know anybody would lend me a thousand pounds on no particular security, O'Reardon?"

"Not just at the minute—perhaps if I'd a day or two to think of it."

"I could give you a week—a fortnight if it was any use, but it is

not; and you know it's not, Master O'Reardon, as well as any man breathing."

There was a silence of some minutes now between them; and while Sewell brooded over his hard fortune, O'Reardon seemed to be reviewing in his mind the state of the share market, and taking a sweeping view of the course of the exchanges.

"Well, indeed, sir, money is tight,—mighty tight, at this time. Old M'Cabe of the lottery office would'nt advance three hundred to Lord Arthur St. Aubin without the family plate, and I saw the covered dishes going in myself."

"I wish *I* had family plate," sighed Sewell.

"So you will yet, please God," said the other, piously. "His lordship can't live for ever! But jewels is as good," resumed he, after a slight pause.

"I have just as much of the one as the other, O'Reardon. They were a sort of scrip I never invested in."

"It isn't a bad thing to do, after all. I remember poor Mr. Giles Morony saying one day—'I dined yesterday, Tom,' says he, 'off one of my wife's earrings, and I never ate a better dinner in my life; and with the blessing of Providence I'll go drunk to bed off the other to-night.'"

"Wasn't he hanged afterwards for a murder?"

"No, sir—sentenced, but never hanged. Mr. Wallace got him off on a writ of error. He was a most agreeable man. Has Mrs Sewell any trinkets of value, sir?"

"I believe not—I don't know—I don't care," said he, angrily; for the subject, as an apropos, was scarcely pleasant. "Any one at the office since I left?" asked he, with a twang of irritation still in his tone.

"That ould man I tould your honour about called three times."

"You told me nothing of any old man."

"I wrote it twice to your honour since I saw you, and left the letters here myself."

"You don't think I break open letters in such handwriting as yours, do you? Why, man, my table is covered with them. Who is the old man you speak of?"

"Well, sir, that's more than I know yet; but I'll be well acquainted with all about him before a week ends, for I knew him before, and he puzzled me too."

"What's his business with me?"

"He would not tell. Indeed, he's not much given to talk. He just says, 'Is Colonel Sewell here?' and when I answer, 'No, sir,' he goes on, 'Can you tell the day or the hour when I may find him here?' Of course I say that your honour might come at any moment—that your time is uncertain, and suchlike—that you're greatly occupied with the Chief Baron."

"What is he like? is he a gentleman?"

"I think he is—at least he was once; for though his clothes is not new and his boots are patched, there's a look about him that common people never have."

"Is he short or tall? What is he like?" Just as Sewell had put this question they had gained the door of the little sitting-room, which lay wide open, admitting a full view of the interior. "Give me some notion of his appearance, if you can."

"There he is, then," cried O'Reardon, pointing to the chalk head over the chimney. "That's himself, and as like as life."

"What? that!" exclaimed Sewell, clutching the man's arm, and actually shaking him in his eagerness. "Do you mean that he is the same man you see here?"

"I do indeed, sir. There's no mistaking him. His beard's a little longer than the picture, and he's thinner, perhaps; but that's the man."

Sewell sat down on the chair nearest him, sick and faint; a cold clammy sweat broke over his face and temples, and he felt the hor-

rible nausea of intense weakness.—"Tell me," said he at last, with a great effort to seem calm, "just the words he said, as nearly as you can recall them."

"It was what I told your honour. 'Is Colonel Sewell here? Is there no means of knowing when he may be found here?' And then when I'd say, 'What name am I to give? who is it I'm to say called?' his answer would be, 'That is no concern of yours. It is for me to leave my name or not, as it pleases me.' I was going to remind him that he once lodged in my house at Cullen's Wood, but I thought better of it, and said nothing."

"Did he speak of calling again?"

"No, but he came yesterday; and whether he thought I was denying your honour or not I don't know, but he sat down in the waiting-room and smoked a cigar there, and heard two or three come in and ask for you and get the same answer."

Sewell groaned heavily, and covered his face with his hands.

"I think," said O'Reardon, with a half-hesitating, timid manner, as though it was a case where any blunder would be very awkward, "that if it was how that this man was any trouble—I mean any sort of an inconvenience to your honour—and that it was displeasing to your honour to have any dealings with him, I think I could find a way to make him cut his stick and leave the country; or if he wouldn't do that, come to worse luck here."

"What do you mean—have you anything against him?" cried Sewell, with a wild eagerness.

"If I'm not much mistaken, I can soon have against him as much as his life's worth."

"If you could," said Sewell, clutching both his arms, and staring him fixedly in the face—"if you could! I mean if you could rid me of him, now and forever—I don't care how, and I'll not ask how—only do it; and I'll swear to you there's nothing in my power to serve you I'll refuse doing—nothing!"

"What's between your honour and him?" said O'Reardon, with an assurance that his present power suggested.

"How dare you ask me, sir? Do you imagine that when I take such a fellow as you into my service, I make him my confidant and my friend?"

"That's true, sir," said the other, whose face only grew paler under this insult, while his manner regained all its former subserviency—"that's true, sir. My interest about your honour made me forget myself; and I was thinking how I could be most use to you. But as your honour says, it's no business of mine at all."

"None whatever," said Sewell, sternly; for a sudden suspicion had crossed him of what such a fellow as this might become if once intrusted with the power of a secret.

"Then it's better, your honour," said he, with a slavish whine, "that I'd keep to what I'm fit for—sweeping out the office, and taking the messages, and the like, and not try things that's above me."

"You'll just do whatever my service requires, and whenever *I* find that you do it ill, do it unfaithfully, or even unwillingly, we part company, Master O'Reardon. Is that intelligible?"

"Then, sir, the sooner you fill up my place the better. I'll give notice now, and your honour has fifteen days to get one that will suit him better."

Sewell turned on him a look of savage hatred. He read, through all the assumed humility of the fellow's manner, the determined insolence of his stand.

"Go now, and go to the devil, if you like, so that I never see your hang-dog face again; that's all I bargain for."

"Good morning, sir; there's the key of the office, and that's the key of the small safe; Mr. Simmes has the other. There's a little account I have—it's only a few shillings is coming to me. I'll leave it here

a man of five-and-thirty, rides a blood horse, and is seen joining in all the festivities of the capital. Of myself, of course, I can confirm none of these stories. There comes the rain again! It is now dashing like hail against the windows; and of the beautiful bay, and the rocky islands, the leafy shore, and the indented coast-line, I can see nothing—nothing but the dense downpour that, thickening at every moment, shuts out all view, so that even the spars of the little pinnace in the bay beneath are now lost to me. A few minutes ago I was ready to declare that Europe had nothing to compare with this island, and now I'd rather take rocky Ischia, with its scraggy cliffs, sunlit and scorching, than live here, watery and bloated, like a slug on a garden-wall. Perhaps my temper is not improved by the reflection that I'll have to walk to the post, about two miles off, with this letter, and then come back to my own sad company for the rest of the evening.

"I had half a mind to run down and look at 'The Nest,' but I am told I should not know it again, it has been so changed in every way. I have spared myself therefore the pain the sight would have given me, and kept my memory of it as I saw it on my first visit, when Lucy met me at the door. Tell her from me, that when——"

The letter broke off here, and was continued lower down the page in a more hurried hand, thus:—

"In their ardour to suppress the insurrection here, some one has denounced *me;* and my pistols, and my packet of lead, and my bullet-mould, have so far confirmed suspicion against me, that I am to go forthwith before a magistrate. It is so far provoking that my name will probably figure in the newspapers, and I have no fancy to furnish a laugh to the town on such grounds. The chief of the party (there are three of them, and evidently came prepared to expect resistance) is very polite, and permits me to add these few lines to explain my abrupt conclusion. Tell Lucy I shall keep back my letter to her, and finish it to-morrow. I do not know well whether to laugh or be angry at this incident. If a mere mistake, it is of course absurd, but the warrant seems correct in every respect. The officer assures me that any respectable bail will be at once accepted by the magistrate; and I have not the courage to tell him that I do not possess a single friend or acquaintance in this city whom I could ask to be my surety.

"After all, I take it, the best way is to laugh at the incident. It was only last night as I walked home here in the dark, I was thinking I had grown too old for adventures, and here comes one—at least it may prove so—to contradict me.

"The car to convey me to town has arrived; and with loves to dear Lu and yourself, I am, as ever, yours, "Bk. Fossbrooke.

"It is a great relief to me—it will be also to you—to learn that the magistrate can, if he please, examine me in private."

CHAPTER LV.—THE CHIEF AND HIS FRIEND.

A few days after the conversation just related in the chapter before the last, while the Chief Baron was undergoing the somewhat protracted process of a morning toilet—for it needed a nice hand and a critical eye to give the curls of that wig their fitting wave, and not to "charge" those shrunken cheeks with any redundant colour—Mr. Haire was announced.

"Say I shall be down immediately. I am in my bath," said the Chief, who had hitherto admitted

his old friend at all times and seasons.

While Haire was pacing the long dinner-room with solemn steps, wondering at the change from those days when the Chief would never have thought of making him wait for an interview, Sir William, attired in a long dark-blue silk dressing-gown, and with a gold-tasselled cap to match, entered the room, bringing with him a perfumed atmosphere, so loaded with *bergamot* that his old friend almost sneezed at it. "I hurried my dressing, Haire, when they told me you were here. It is a rare event to have a visit from you of late," said the old man as he sat down and disposed with graceful care the folds of his rich drapery.

"No," muttered the other in some confusion. "I have grown lazy—getting old, I suppose, and the walk is not so easy as it used to be five-and-twenty years ago."

"Then drive, sir, and don't walk. The querulous tone men employ about their age is the measure of their obstinate refusal to accommodate themselves to inevitable change. As for me, I accept the altered condition, but I defy it to crush me."

"Every one has not your pluck and your stamina," said Haire, with a half-suppressed sigh.

"My example, sir, might encourage many who are weaker."

"Any news of Lucy lately?" asked Haire, after a pause.

"Miss Lendrick, sir, has, through her brother, communicated to me her attachment to a young fellow in some marching regiment, and asked my permission to marry him. No, I am incorrect. Had she done this, there had been deference and respect; she asks me to forward a letter to her father, with this prayer, and to support it by my influence."

"And why not, if he's a good fellow, and likely to be worthy of her?"

"A good fellow! Why, sir, you are a good fellow—an excellent fellow; but it would never occur to me to recommend you for a position of high responsibility or commanding power."

"Heaven forbid!—or, if you should, Heaven forbid I might be fool enough to accept it. But what has all this to do with marriage?"

"Explain yourself more fully, sir; you have assumed to call in question the parallelism I would establish between the tie of marriage and the obligation of a solemn trust; state your plea."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. I came here this morning to—to—— I'll be shot if I remember what I came about; but I know I had something to tell you; let me try and collect myself."

"Do, sir, if that be the name you give the painful process."

"There, there; you'll not make me better by ridiculing me. What could it have been that I wanted to tell you?"

"Not impossibly some recent impertinence of the press towards myself."

"I think not—I think not," said the other, musingly. "I suppose you've seen that squib in the 'Banner.'"

"It is a paper, sir, I would not condescend to touch."

"The fellow says that a Chief Baron without a court—he means this in allusion to the Crown not bringing those cases of treason-felony into the Exchequer—a Chief without a court is like one of those bishops *in partibus*, and that it wouldn't be an unwise thing to make the resemblance complete, and stop the salary. And then another observes——"

"Sir, I do not know which most to deplore—your forgetfulness or your memory; try to guide your conversation without any demand upon either."

"And it was about those Celts, as they call these rascals, that I wanted to say something. What could it have been?

"Perhaps you may have joined

them. Are you a head-centre, or only empowered to administer oaths and affirmations?"

"Oh! I have it now," cried Haire, triumphantly. "You remember one day we were in the shrubbery after breakfast you remarked that this insurrection was especially characterised by the fact, that no man of education, nor indeed of any rank above the lowest, had joined it. You said something about the French Revolution, too; and how, in the Reign of Terror, the principles of the Girondists had filtered down, and were to be seen glittering like——"

"Spare me, Haire—spare me, and do not ask me to recognise the bruised and battered coinage, without effigy or legend, as the medal of my own mint."

"At all events you remember what I'm referring to."

"With all your efforts to efface my handwriting I can detect something of my signature—go on."

"Well, they have at last caught a man of some mark and station. I saw Spencer, of the head office, this morning, and he told me that he had just committed to Newgate a man of title and consideration. He would not mention his name; indeed, the investigation was as private as possible, as it was felt that the importance of such a person being involved in the project would give a very dangerous impulse to the movement."

"They are wrong, sir. The insurrection that is guided by men of condition will, however dangerous, be a game with recognized rules and laws. The rebellion of the ignorant masses will be a chaos to defy calculation. You may discuss measures, but there is no arguing with murder!"

"That is not the way Spencer regarded it. He says the whole thing must be kept dark; and as they have refused to accept his bail, it's clear enough they think the case a very important one."

"If I was not on the bench, I would defend these men! Ay, sir, defend them! They have not the shadow of a case to show for this rebellion. It is the most causeless attempt to subvert a country that ever was conceived; but there is that amount of stupidity—of ignorance, not alone of statecraft, but of actual human nature, on the part of those who rule us, that it would have been the triumph of my life to assail and expose them. Why, sir, it was the very plebeian character of this insurrection that should have warned them against their plan of nursing and encouraging it. Had the movement been guided by gentlemen, it might have been politic to have affected ignorance of their intentions till they had committed themselves beyond retreat; but with this rabble—this rebellion in rags—to tamper was to foster. You had no need to dig pitfalls for such people; they never emerged from the depths of their own ignominious condition. You should have suppressed them at once—stopped them before the rebel press had disseminated a catechism of treason, and instilled the notion through the land that the first duty of patriotism was assassination."

"And you would have defended these men?"

"I would have arraigned their accusers, and charged them as accomplices. I would have told those Castle officials to come down and stand in the dock with their confederates. What, sir! will you tell me that it was just or moral, or even politic, to treat these unlettered men as though they were crafty lawyers, skilled in all the arts to evade the provisions of a statute? This policy was not unfitted towards *him* who boasted he could drive a coach-and-six through any Act of Parliament; but how could it apply to creatures more ready to commit themselves than even you were to entrap them? who wanted no seduction to sedition, and who were far more eager to play traitor than you yourself to

play prosecutor? I say again, I wish I had my youth and my stuff-gown, and they should have a defender."

"I am just as well pleased it is as we see it," muttered Haire.

"Of course you are, sir. There are men who imagine it to be loyal to be always on the side that is strongest." He took a few turns up and down the room, his nostrils dilated, and his lips trembling with excitement. "Do me a favour, Haire," said he at last, as he approached and laid his hand on the other's arm. "Go and learn who this gentleman they have just arrested is. Ascertain whatever you can of the charge against him—the refusal of bail implies it is a grave case; and inquire if you might be permitted to see and speak with him."

"But I don't want to speak with him. I'd infinitely rather not meet him at all."

"Sir, if you go, you go as an emissary from *me*," said the Chief, haughtily, and by a look recalling Haire to all his habitual deference.

"But only imagine if it got abroad—if the papers got a hold of it; think of what a scandal it would be, that the Chief Baron of the Exchequer was actually in direct communication with a man charged with treason-felony. I wouldn't take a thousand pounds, and be accessory to such an allegation."

"You shall do it for less, sir. Yes, I repeat it, Haire, for less. Five shillings' car-hire will amply cover the cost. You shall drive over to the head office and ask Mr. Spencer if—of course with the prisoner's permission—you may be admitted to see him. When I have the reply I will give you your instructions."

"I protest I don't see—I mean, I cannot imagine—it's not possible—in fact, I know that, when you reflect a little over it, you will be satisfied that this would be a most improper thing to do."

"And what is this improper thing I am about to do? Let us hear, sir, what you condemn so decidedly! I declare my libellers must have more reason than I ever conceded to them. I am growing very, very old! There must be the blight of age upon my faculties, or you would not have ventured to administer this lesson to me! this lesson on discretion and propriety. I would, however, warn you to be cautious. The wounded tiger is dangerous, though the ball should have penetrated his vitals. I would counsel you to keep out of reach of his spring, even in his dying moments."

He actually shook with passion as he said this, and his hands closed and opened with a convulsive movement that showed the anger that possessed him.

"I have never lectured any one, least of all would it occur to me to lecture you," said Haire, with much dignity. "In all our intercourse I have never forgotten the difference between us—I mean intellectually; for I hope, as to birth and condition, there is no inequality."

Though he spoke this slowly and impressively, the Chief Baron heard nothing of it. He was so overwhelmed by the strong passions of his own mind that he could not attend to another. "I shall soon be called incorrigible as well as incompetent," muttered he, "if the wise counsels of my ablest friends are powerless to admonish me."

"I must be moving," said Haire, rising and taking his hat. "I promised to dine with Beattie at the Rock."

"Say nothing of what has taken place here to-day; or if you mention me at all, say you found me in my usual health." Haire nodded.

"My usual health and spirits," continued the Chief. "I was going to say temper, but it would seem an epigram. Tell Beattie to look in here as he goes home—there's one of the children slightly ailing. And so, Haire," cried he suddenly, in a louder voice, "you would in-

sinuate that my power of judgment is impaired, and that, neither in the case of my granddaughter, nor in that larger field of opinion—the state of Ireland—am I displaying that wisdom or that acuteness on which it was one time the habit to compliment me."

"You may be quite right. I won't presume to say you're not. I only declare that I don't agree with you."

"In either case?"

"No; not in either case."

"I think I shall ride to-day," said the Chief; for they had now reached the hall-door, and were looking out over the grassy lawn and the swelling woods that enclosed it. "You lose much, Haire, in not being a horseman. What would my critics say if they saw me following the hounds, eh?"

"I'll be shot if it would surprise me to see it," muttered Haire to himself. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Haire. Come out and see me soon again. I'll be better tempered when you come next. You're not angry with me I know."

Haire grasped the hand that was held out to him, and shook it cordially. "Of course I'm not. I know well you have scores of things to vex and irritate you that never touch fellows like myself. I shall never feel annoyed at anything you may *say* to *me*. What would really distress me, would be that you should do anything to lower your own reputation."

The old Judge stood on the door-step pondering over these last words of his friend long after his departure. "A good creature—a true-hearted fellow," muttered he to himself; "but how limited in intelligence. It is the law of compensation carried out. Where nature gives integrity she often grudges intellect. The finer, subtler minds play with right and wrong till they detect their affinities. Who are you, my good fellow? What brings you here?" cried he to a fellow that was lounging in the copse at the end of the house.

"I'm a carman, your honour. I'm going to drive the Colonel to the railway at Stoneybatter."

"I never heard that he was about to leave town," muttered the old Judge. "I thought he had been confined to bed with a cold these days back. Cheetor, go and tell Colonel Sewell that I should be much obliged if he would come over to my study at his earliest convenience."

"The Colonel will be with you, my lord, in five minutes," was the prompt reply.

CHAPTER LVI.—A LEAP IN THE DARK.

Colonel Sewell received the Chief Baron's message with a smothered expression of no benevolent meaning.

"Who said I was here? How did he know I had arrived?" cried he, angrily.

"He saw the carman, sir, and asked for whom he was waiting."

Another and not less energetic benediction was now invoked on the rascally car-driver, whom he had enjoined to avoid venturing in front of the house.

"Say I'm coming—I'll be with him in an instant," said he, as he hurriedly pitched some clothes into his portmanteau.

Now it is but fair to own that this demand upon his time came at an inconvenient moment; he had run up to town by an early train, and was bent on going back by the next departure. During his absence, no letter of any kind from his agent O'Reardon had reached him, and, grown uneasy and impatient at this silence, he had come up to learn the reason. At the office he heard that O'Reardon had not been there

for the last few days. It was supposed he was ill, but there was no means of ascertaining the fact, as none knew his address, as, they said, he was seldom in the same place for more than a week or two. Sewell had a profound distrust of his friend; indeed, the only reason for confiding in him at all was, that it was less O'Reardon's interest to be false than true. Since Fossbrooke's arrival, however, matters might have changed. They might have met and talked together. Had Sir Brook seduced the fellow to take service under him? Had he wormed out of him certain secrets of his, Sewell's, life, and thus shown how useful he might be in running him to earth? This was far from unlikely. It seemed the easiest and most natural way of explaining the fellow's absence. At the same time, if such were the case would he not have taken care to write to him? Would not his letters, calling for some sort of reply, some answer to this or that query, have given him a better standing-ground with his new master, showing how far he possessed Sewell's confidence, and how able he was to make his treason to him effective? Harassed by these doubts, and fearing he knew not what of fresh troubles, he had passed a miserable week in the country. Debt and all its wretched consequences were familiar enough to him. His whole life had been one long struggle with narrow means, and with the expedients to meet expenses he should never have indulged in. He had acquired, together with a recklessness, a sort of self-reliance in these emergencies which positively seemed to afford him a species of pleasure, and made him a hero to himself by his successes; but there were graver troubles than these on his heart, and with the memory of these Fossbrooke was so interwoven that to recall them was to bring him up before him.

Besides these terrors, he had learned during his short stay at the Nest a most unwelcome piece of intelligence. The Vicar, Mr. Mills, had shown him a letter from Dr. Lendrick, in which he said that the climate disagreed with him, and his isolation and loneliness preyed upon him so heavily that he had all but determined to resign his place and return home. He added that he had given no intimation of this to his children, lest by any change of plan he might inflict disappointment upon them; nor had he spoken of it to his father, in the fear that if the Chief Baron should offer any strenuous objection, he might be unable to carry out his project; while to his old friend the Vicar he owned that his heart yearned after a home, and if it could only be that home where he had lived so contentedly, the 'Nest!' "If I could promise myself to get back there again," he wrote, "nothing would keep me here a month longer." Now, as Sewell had advertised the place to be let, Mills at once showed him this letter, believing that the arrangement was such as would suit each of them.

It needed all Sewell's habitual self-command not to show the uneasiness this tidings occasioned him. Lendrick's return to Ireland might undo—it was almost certain to undo—all the influence he had obtained over the Chief Baron. The old Judge was never to be relied upon from one day to the next. Now it was some impulse of vindictive passion, now of benevolence. Who was to say when some parental paroxysm might not seize him, and he might begin to care for his son?

Here was a new peril—one he had never so much as imagined might befall him. "I'll have to consult my wife," said he, hastily, in reply to Mills's question. "She is not at all pleased at the notion of giving up the place; the children were healthier here; in fact," added he, in some confusion, "I suspect we shall be back here one of these days."

"I told him I'd have to consult

you," said Sewell, with an insolent sneer, as he told his wife this piece of news. "I said you were so fond of the country, so domestic, and so devoted to your children, that I scarcely thought you'd like to give up a place so suited to all your tastes;—wasn't I right?"

She continued to look steadily at the book she had been reading, and made no reply.

"I did'nt say, though I might, that the spot was endeared to you by a softer, more tender reminiscence; because, being a parson, there's no saying how he'd have taken it."

She raised her book higher so as to conceal her face, but still said nothing.

"At all events," said he, in a more careless tone, "we are not going to add to the inducements which attract this gentleman to return home, and we must not forget that our host here may turn us out at any moment."

"I think it will be our fault whenever he does so," said she, quietly.

"Fault and misfortune are pretty much alike to my thinking. There's one thing, however, I have made up my mind on—I'll bolt. When he gives notice to quit, he shall be obliged to provide for you and the brats out of sheer necessity. He cannot turn you out on the streets, he can't send you to the Union; you have no friends to whom he can pack you off; so let him storm as he likes—something he must do."

To this speech she seemed to give no attention whatever. Whether the threat was an oft-repeated one, or that she was inured to coarseness of this nature, or that silence was the best line to take in these emergencies, she never appeared to notice his words.

"What about that money he promised you? has he given it?" said he suddenly, when about to leave the room.

"No; he said something about selling out some mining shares—scrip he called it. I forget exactly what he said, but the purport was that he was pressed just now."

"I take it he is. My mother's allowance is in arrear, and she is not one to bear the delay very patiently. So you've got nothing?"

"Nothing, except ten pounds he gave Cary yesterday for her birthday."

"Where is it?"

"In that work-box—no, in the upper part. Do you want it?"

"What a question! Of course I want it, somewhat more than Cary does, I promise you. I was going off to-day with just five sovereigns in my pocket. Bye-bye. I shall be late if I don't hurry myself." As he reached the door he turned round—"What was it I had to tell you—some piece of news or other—what could it have been?"

"Nothing pleasant, I'm sure, so it's as well unremembered."

"Polite, certainly," said he, walking slowly back while he seemed trying to recall something. "Oh, I have it. The transport that took out the —th has been wrecked somewhere off Sardinia. Engine broken down, paddle-wheels carried away, quarter-boats smashed, and, in fact, total wreck. I have no time to tell you more;" and so saying, he hurried away, but opening the door noiselessly he peeped in and saw her with her head buried in her hands leaning on the table; and, stealing stealthily down the corridor, he hastened to his room to pack up for his journey, and it was while thus occupied the Chief's message reached him.

When the Chief Baron asked Haire to call at the Police Office and inquire if he might not be permitted to see the person who had been arrested that morning at Howth, he had not the very vaguest idea what step he should next take, nor what proceedings institute, if his demand might be acceded to. The indignant anger he felt at the slight put upon him by the Gov-

ernment in passing him over on the Commission, had got such entire possession of him that he only thought of a reprisal without considering how it was to be effected. "I am not one to be insulted with impunity. Are these men such ignorant naturalists as not to know that there is one species of whale that the boldest never harpoons? Swift was a Dean, but he never suffered his cassock to impede the free use of his limbs. I am a Judge, but they shall see that the ermine embarrasses me just as little. They have provoked the conflict, and it is not for me to decline it. They are doing scores of things every day in Ireland that, if there was one man of ability and courage opposed to them would shake the Cabinet to its centre. I will make Pemberton's law a proverb and a by-word. The public will soon come to suspect that the reason I am not on the bench at these trials is not to be looked for in the spiteful malignity of the Castle, but in the conscientious scruples of one who warned the Crown against these prosecutions. The Act is a new one. It would give me scant labour to show that it cannot be made law, that its clauses are contradictory, its provisions erroneous, its penalties evasive. What is to prevent me introducing, as a digression, into my next charge to a grand jury, my regrets or sorrows over such bungling legislation? Who is to convict me for arraigning the wisdom of Parliament, or telling the country, You are legislated for by ignorance! your statutes are made by incompetence! The public press is always open, and it will soon be bruited about that the letter signed Lycurgus was written by William Lendrick. I will take Barnewell or Perrin, or some other promising young fellow of the junior bar, and instruct him for the defence. I will give him law enough to confute, and he shall furnish the insolence to confront, this Attorney-General. There never was a case better suited to carry the issue out of the Queen's Bench and arraign the Queen's advisers. Let them turn upon me if they dare: I was a citizen before I was a lawyer, I was an Irishman before I became a judge. There was a bishop who braved the Government in the days of the volunteers. They shall find that high station in Ireland is but another guarantee for patriotism." By such bursts of angry denunciation had he excited himself to such a degree, that when Sewell entered the room the old man's face was flushed, his eye flashing, and his lip quivering with passion.

"I was not aware of your absence, sir!" said he, sternly; "and a mere accident informed me that you were going away again."

"A sudden call required my presence at Killaloe, my lord; and I found when I had got there I had left some papers behind here."

"The explanation would be unexceptionable, sir, if this house were an inn to which a man comes and returns as he pleases; but if I err not you are my guest here, and I hope if a host has duties he has rights."

"My lord, I attached so very little importance to my presence that I never flattered myself by thinking I should be missed."

"I seldom flatter, sir, and I never do so where I intend to censure!" Sewell bowed submissively, but the effort to control his temper cost him a sharp pang, and a terrible struggle. "Enough of this, at least for the present; though I may mention, passingly, that we must take an early opportunity of placing our relations towards each other on some basis that may be easily understood by each of us. The law of contracts will guide us to the right course. My object in sending for you now is to ask a service at your hands, if your other engagements will leave you at liberty to render it."

"I am entirely at your lordship's orders."

"Well, sir, I will be very brief. I must needs be so, for I have fatigued myself by much talking already. The papers will have informed you that I am not to sit on this Commission. The Ministers who cannot persuade me by their blandishments are endeavouring to disgust me by insult. They have read the fable of the sun and the wind backwards, and inverted the moral. It had been whispered abroad that if I tried these men there would have been no convictions. They raked up some early speeches of mine — youthful triumphs they were, in defence of Wolfe Tone, and Jackson, and others; and they argued — no, I am wrong—they did not argue, they imagined, that the enthusiasm of the advocate might have twined itself around the wisdom of the judge. They have quoted, too, in capital letters —it is there on the table—the peroration of my speech in Neilson's case, where I implored the jury to be cautious and circumspect, for so deeply had the Crown advisers compromised themselves in the pursuit of rebellion, it needed the most careful sifting not to include the law officers of the Castle, and to avoid placing the Attorney-General side by side with his victim."

"How sarcastic! how cutting!" muttered Sewell in praise.

"It was more than sarcastic, sir. It stung the Orange jury to the quick; and though they convicted my client, they trembled at the daring of his defender.

"But I turn from the past to the present," said he, after a pause. "They have arrested this morning at Howth a man who is said to be of rank and station. The examination, conducted in secret, has concealed his name; and all that we know is that bail has not been accepted, if offered, for him. So long as these arrests concerned the vulgar fellows who take to rebellion for its robberies, no case can be made. With the creatures of rusty pikes and ruffian natures I have no sympathy. It matters little whether they be transported for treason or for theft. With the gentleman it is otherwise. Some speculative hope, some imaginative aspiration of serving his country, some wild dream begotten of the great Revolution of France, dashed not impossibly with some personal wrong, drives men from their ordinary course in life, and makes them felons where they meant to be philanthropists. I have often thought if this movement now at work should throw up to the surface one of this stamp, what a fine occasion it might afford to test the wisdom of those who rule us, to examine the machinery by which they govern, and to consider the advantage of that system—such a favourite system in Ireland—by which rebellion is fostered as a means of subsequent concession, as though it were necessary to manure the loyalty of the land by the blood of traitors.

"I weary you, sir, and I am sorry for it. No, no, make no protestations. It is a theme cannot have the same interest for *you* as for *me*. What I would ask of you is, to go down to the head-office and see Mr. Spencer, and learn from him if you might have an order to see the prisoner—your pretext being, the suspicion that he is personally known to you. If you succeed in getting the order, you will proceed to the Richmond Bridewell and have an interview with him. You are a man of the world, sir, and I need not give you any instructions how to ascertain his condition, his belongings, and his means of defence. If he be a gentleman, in the sense we use that term when applying its best attributes to it, you will be frank and outspoken, and will tell him candidly that your object is to make his case the groundwork of an attack on the Government, and the means by which all the snares that have led men to rebellion may be thoroughly exposed, and the craft of the Crown lawyer be arraigned

beside the less cold-blooded cruelty of the traitor. Do you fully comprehend me, sir?"

"I think so, my lord. Your intention is, if I take you correctly, to make the case, if it be suitable, the groundwork for an attack on the Government of Ireland."

"In which I am not to appear."

"Of course, my lord; though possibly with no objection that it should be known how far your sympathy is with a free discussion of the whole state of Ireland?"

"You apprehend me aright, sir—a free discussion of the whole state of Ireland."

"I go, therefore, without any concert with your lordship at present. I take this step entirely at my own instance?"

"You do, sir. If matters eventually should take the turn which admits of any intervention on my part—any expression of opinion—any elucidation of sentiments attributed to me—I will be free to make such in the manner I deem suitable.'

"In case this person should prove one, either from his character or the degree in which he has implicated himself, unfitted for your lordship's object, I am to drop the negotiation?"

"Rather, I should say, sir, you are not to open it."

"I meant as much," said Sewell, with some irritation.

"It is an occasion, sir, for careful action and precise expression. I have no doubt you will acquit yourself creditably in each of these respects. Are you already acquainted with Mr. Spencer?"

"We have met at the club, my lord; he at least knows who I am."

"That will be quite sufficient. One point more—I have no need to caution you as to secrecy—this is a matter which cannot be talked of."

"That you may rely on, my lord; reserve is so natural to me, that I have to put no strain upon my manner to remember it."

"I shall be curious to hear the result of your visit—that is, if you be permitted to visit the Bridewell. Will you do me the favour to come to me at once?"

Sewell promised this faithfully, and withdrew.

"If ever an old fool wanted to run his head into a noose," muttered he, "here is one; the slightest blunder on my part, intentional or not, and this great Baron of the Exchequer might be shown up as abetting treason. To be sure, he has given me nothing under his hand—nothing in writing—I wonder was that designedly or not; he is so crafty in the middle of all his passion." Thus meditating, he went on his mission.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

PART I.

It is not always necessary to begin from the beginning, or to trace the fortunes of Troy from the hatching of Castor and Pollux. Westminster claims to be the oldest school in England; and if this only means that there was a school in Westminster from time immemorial, it may be so far true, though the same claim might be made with equal justice for Winchester, and probably for other less distinguished cities. There is, indeed, one very circumstantial piece of autobiography, purporting to be by a Norman monk, secretary to the Great Conqueror, in which he speaks of his own education at Westminster in the days of Edward the Confessor; and records how Queen Edgitha sometimes met him as he came out of school, and after "posing" him in grammar and verse-making,* sent him off rejoicing with "three or four pieces of money from the hand of her maidens," and an order for some good things in the royal refectory. But Sir Francis Palgrave, and other remorseless historical sceptics, have overthrown all faith in Abbot Ingulph's history; and the schoolboy days of this very "old Westminster" are probably about as historical as the modern Tom Brown's.

No doubt a school was attached to the Abbey at Westminster, as to other religious foundations. Probably Stow is right in concluding that St. Peter's was one of the three great schools whose scholars (according to Fitzstephen) used to meet on the days of their patron saints to challenge each other to a contest of grammar and versification†—a custom which Stow speaks of as existing in his own days with very little alteration:—

"I myself, in my youth, have yearly seen, on the eve of St. Bartholomew the apostle, the scholars of divers grammar-schools repair to the churchyard of St. Bartholomew, where, upon a bank boarded under a tree, some one scholar hath stepped up, and there opposed and answered, till he were of some better scholar overcome and put down; and then the overcomer, taking his place, did like as the first, and in the end the best opposer and answerer had rewards. . . . I remember there repaired to these exercises (amongst others) the master and scholars of St. Paul's, London, and St. Peter's, Westminster."

But all this was long anterior to the foundation of the present collegiate school of Westminster. This can only date its existence at the earliest from 1540, when the monastic house was dissolved, a bishopric founded out of its confiscated revenues, and a school for forty scholars, with an upper and an undermaster, established by charter of Henry VIII. There is no doubt that the school was in actual operation, since the names of its earliest masters have been preserved. John Adams, who was first appointed, was succeeded by Alexander Nowell, well known among the Reformers, and subsequently Dean of St. Paul's. He taught through Edward's short reign; but under Mary the whole reformed establishment — bishop,

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* "De literis et versu meo *opponebat*."

† The passage is curious, as containing apparently the earliest form of what was afterwards developed not only into the Westminster "Challenge," but into the Eton "Montem":—"Pueri diversarum scholarum versibus inter se conrixantur, aut de principiis artis grammaticæ vel regulis præteritorum et supinorum contendunt. Sunt alii qui epigrammatibus rhythmis et metris utuntur vetere illa triviali dicacitate, licentia Fescennina socios suppressis nominibus lacerant, *salibus* Socraticis sociorum, vel forte majorum, vitia tangunt."—Fitzstephen, 'Descript. Lond.'

chapter, and school—was swept away, and Nowell only escaped the stake by taking ship for Germany.

Elizabeth, almost immediately upon her accession, restored her father's foundation in every particular, and gave to the college the statutes which are more or less observed to this day. Besides the forty scholars on the foundation, these statutes provide for the admission of eighty others to be taught in the school, under the names of *pensionarii*, *oppidani*, and *peregrini*. Of these classes, the *pensionarii* were equivalent to the old *commensales* of Eton and Winchester. They were to be not more than eighty in number; to be lodged with some of the authorities of the college, who were to be responsible for their conduct and to guarantee their payments; and to dine with the scholars at their table in hall at a certain fixed charge. The dean was allowed to have six of these boarders (who would probably be boys of superior rank, like the warden's *commensales* at Winchester), the head-master four, the usher and each of the prebendaries two. The *oppidani* would comprise all those boys who lived in the city with their parents or friends, sufficiently within reach of the school to attend as day-scholars; and the *peregrini* were those who might be sent from a distance for education, lodging and boarding, as was the early custom at all great schools, with any neighbouring householder who might be induced to undertake such a charge.

The election of the forty Queen's scholars was to be after the manner of Winchester and Eton. The candidates were to be examined by the Dean of Christ-Church, Oxford, and the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, with the assistance of a Master of Arts from each college (called "posers" or "electioners") and the head-master of the school. A preference was to be given in the election to the sons of tenants of the chapter estates, and the choristers, who were originally taught in the school, were also to be preferred as scholars if found competent; but it is doubtful whether even in the earliest times this provision was ever attended to. "A child's place" at Westminster, both in the days of Elizabeth and of the Stuarts, became commonly a matter of favour which secretaries of state, and even monarchs themselves, were not ashamed to ask for their friends, and which deans and chapters were very ready to bestow. Promotion by merit, though unquestionably it existed in theory, was very little known in practice in the primitive age of scholastic foundations. The scholars had their board and instruction entirely free, with an allowance for "livery"—now a gown and college waistcoat—which, no doubt, in those earlier times covered the greater part of their expenses for dress. After four years' residence, a certain number of these boys were to be elected annually either to Christ-Church as students, or to Trinity, Cambridge, as scholars on the foundation: three to each, if there were vacancies enough in the college, and if so many were found eligible; and more, if it could be done conveniently.* Thus, as at Eton and Winchester, a complete course of liberal education was provided for a boy of industry and ability, without cost to himself or his parents; for a studentship or scholarship at either university was intended to be a sufficient maintenance for its holder, and was so to a youth of quiet and studious habits. And, as in the case of Wykeham's and Henry VI.'s foundations, the stewards of the founder's liberality were to be those in whose hands the interests of learning and the rights of the scholar were held to be safest—the elder collegiate

* "Sex ad minimum."—"Plures autem optamus, si ita præfatis electoribus commodum videbitur."

body of scholars and divines to which the school was attached.

In early times, at least, the trust was well discharged. More than one Dean of Westminster was a nursing father to the school. Gabriel Goodman (of whom Fuller says, "Goodman was his name, and goodness was his nature"), who was appointed to the deanery the year after Elizabeth's reconstruction of her father's foundation, and continued in the dignity for nearly forty years, did everything to promote the comfort and welfare of the "Queen's scholars." Some of the old monastic buildings had been allotted for their accommodation; but he is said to have first collected them into the large schoolroom now in use, which had been the ancient dormitory of the Benedictines. Holding the prebend of Chiswick, he procured the conveyance of the "college-house" there to the chapter as a pest-house, or, as it would now be called, a sanatorium, in which the whole body, prebendaries, masters, and scholars, might take refuge in case of contagious sickness reaching Westminster; and he planted a row of elm trees there with his own hands, some of which are said to be still standing. It will be seen that at a future time this retreat was taken advantage of.* The excellent Lancelot Andrews succeeded Goodman in the deanery, and in his hearty love for the school. He exercised a fatherly superintendence over masters and scholars (fulfilling, in fact, the theory of the statutes, that the dean should be to the whole community "*quasi mens in corpore*"); not only taking care that the best classical authors were read in the school, and having the exercises of the boys brought to him for commendation or correction, but even, as a grateful pupil tells us, "frequently in his own person supplying the place of head-master and usher for a week together." He often had the elder boys with him in the evenings at the deanery, and there gave them private instruction in the elements of Hebrew, as well as in Latin and Greek; and when he walked out, as he often did by way of recreation, to his prebendal house at Chiswick, it was very seldom, says the same quaint writer, "without a brace or two of this young fry" as his companions; "and in that wayfaring leisure he had a singular dexterity to fill those narrow vessels as with a funnel."† Dean Williams (subsequently Archbishop of York and Lord Keeper to James I.), who succeeded a few years afterwards, also took a lively interest in the welfare of the Queen's scholars—an interest which did not cease after he had become Bishop of Lincoln, still holding the deanery *in commendam*. He increased the royal foundation by the addition of four boys (to be chosen either from his native Wales or from his diocese of Lincoln), who were to be educated gratuitously, and to be boarded with the Queen's scholars, and lodged in a special chamber; to wear gowns of violet colour, and to go off as exhibitioners to St. John's College, Cambridge. But, unluckily, Bishop Williams neglected to provide sufficient funds for these benevolent purposes; and though the "Bishop's boys" received their violet gowns and their free education, they had to board themselves with the town-boys; and their university provision, such as it was, after a while was lost to them entirely. The low numbers of the school for many years having furnished no candidates for the St.

* "To this day a piece of ground is reserved in the lease to the sub-lessee as a play-place for the scholars."—(Faulkner's 'Hist. and Ant. of Chiswick,' p. 293.) Freind and Nicoll, when head-masters, occasionally resided there during the summer holidays. In 1853 the house was occupied by Whittingham's celebrated "Chiswick Press."

† Hacket, 'Life of Archbishop Williams,' p. 45.

John's scholarships, the University Commissioners of 1856 seized upon this fact as a pretext for suppressing them altogether. The blue gown, which had become anything but an honourable distinction, has now been given up, and the four Bishop's boys, who are still elected, have no other privileges than the remission of the usual school fees, which the dividends of the foundation just suffice to pay.

The first Westminster scholars were elected to the universities in 1562—two years only after the re-foundation of the school by Elizabeth—when one was sent to Oxford and one to Cambridge. During the next ten years, sometimes two and sometimes three were elected to each university. But Christ-Church was not at first eager to welcome the Westminster students. Of the three elected in 1554, the college would only admit one—pleading in excuse the want of room. In 1575, two of those elected were refused admission as students by Dr. Piers, then dean. But the claimants, Carow and Ravis, pleaded their own cause manfully. "*Non mea solum, sed totius Westmonasterii res agitur*," said Carow, with equal truth and spirit, in a letter to Lord Burleigh.* The remonstrance was successful, and Ravis, in future years, rose to be himself dean of Christ-Church, and to maintain in that capacity the rights of Westminster.

The first master of the school after Elizabeth's reconstruction was Nicholas Udall or Uvedale, who appears to have been appointed in the previous reign, when the school was all but in abeyance. Though he is said to have been an excellent scholar, his reputation in other respects is by no means a creditable one. He had been dismissed some years before, when a very young man, from the head-mastership of Eton on a charge of theft, and even of worse misconduct, which appears, from one of his own letters, to have had at least some foundation.† Of his conduct in his new position there is no record, nor is much known of his immediate successors—Randall, Browne, Howlen, and Grant—except that the latter had been educated at the school, and was apparently the first Westminster scholar appointed to the head-mastership. In 1593 William Camden, who had for some years been second-master, and during that time, in his holidays and leisure hours, had produced his great work 'Britannia,' succeeded Grant on his resignation. Camden's name belongs not more to Westminster School than to the history of English literature; but the account which he gives himself of his mastership (in a letter to Archbishop Usher) must be quoted, for the light which it throws upon the early history of the school:—

"God so blessed my labours that the now Bishops of Durham, London, and St. Asaph, to say nothing of persons now employed in eminent places abroad, and many of especial note at home of all degrees, do acknowledge themselves to have been my scholars. Yea, I brought there to Church divers gentlemen of Ireland, as Walshes, Nugents, O'Raileys, Shees, the eldest son of the Archbishop of Cassilis, Peter Lombard, a merchant's son of Wallingford, a youth of admirable docility, and divers others bred popishly."

These young Irish gentlemen, sent over to England for Education, were no doubt *pensionarii* with Camden as head-master. A letter from Sir Robert Cecil, about the date of which Camden speaks, curiously illustrates his account of these Irish pupils, and at the same time shows that the dean's privilege of receiving boarders was at least occasionally exercised in the case of youths of rank. Cecil is speaking of David Barry, son of Lord Barry, afterwards second Earl of Buttevant:—

"I have placed him at the Deane's at Westminster. I have provided bed-

* Strype, Ann. II., i. 553-6.

† 'Letters of eminent Men' (Camd. Soc.)

ding and all of my own, with some other things, meaning that for his dyet and residence there it shall cost him nothing." *

The conversions to the reformed faith among these boys probably implied a little pressure on the part of the Westminster authorities; for Cecil begs in a subsequent letter that young Barry may not "be *distrainedly* dealt with, though he refuse to go to church."

Camden resigned his mastership in 1599, devoting the rest of his life to historical studies. Besides his appointment as Clarencieux king-at-arms, he had, as he says, "gathered a contented sufficiency during his long labours in the school."

It is probably to the period of his successor, Richard Ireland, that we must refer the following curious and interesting account of the internal economy of the school, preserved amongst the state papers of 1630, but without actual date or signature.†

"This course was in my time taken by the schoolemr. of Westminster, specially for those of the 6th and 7th forms, wherein I spent my time there.

"About a quarter of an hour after 5 in the morning we were called up by one of the Monitors of the chamber (with a '*surgite*'); and after Latin prayers we went into the cloysters to wash, and thence in order, two by two to the schoole, where we were to be by 6 of the clock at furthest.

"Between 6 and 8 we repeated our grammar parts (out of Lilie for Latin, out of Camden for the Greek); 14 or 15 being selected and called out to stand in a semicircle before the Mr. and other scholars, and there repeate 4 or 5 leaves in either, the Mr. appointing who should begin and who should go on with such and such rules.

"After this we had two exercises that varied every other morning. The first morning we made verses extempore, Latin and Greek, upon two or three several themes; and they that made the best (two or three of them) had some money given them by the schoolmr., for the most part. The second morning, one of the form was called out to expound some part of a Latin or Greek author (Cicero, Livie, Isocrates, Homer, Apollinarius, Xenophon, &c.), and they of the two next forms were called to give an account of it some other part of the day or else they were all of them (or such as were picked out, of whom the Mr. made choice by the fear or confidence discovered in their looks) to repeate and pronounce distinctly without book some piece of an author that had been learned the day before.

"From 8 to 9 we had time for Beaver, and recollection of ourselves, and preparation for future exercises.

"Betwixt 9 and 11 those exercises were read which had been enjoined us over night (one day in prose, the next day in verse), which were selected by the Mr.; some to be examined and punished, others to be commended and proposed for imitation. Which being done, we had the practice of *Dictamina;* one of the 5th form being called out to translate some sentences out of an unexpected author (*extempore*) into good Latin; and then one of the 6th or 7th form to translate the same (*extempore* also) into good Greek.

"Then the Mr. himself expounded some part of a Latin or Greek author (one day in prose, another in verse) wherein we were to be practised in the afternoon.

"At dinner and supper times we read some portion of the Latin Bible in a manuscript (to facilitate the reading of such hands): and, the Prebendaries then having their table commonly in the Hall, some of them had oftentimes good remembrances sent unto them from thence, and withal a theme to make or speak some extempore verses upon.

"Betwixt 1 and 3, that lesson which out of some author appointed for that day had been by the Mr. expounded unto them (out of Cicero, Virgil, Homer, Euripides, Isocrates, Livie,

* Sir R. Cecil to Sir G. Carew, Aug. 2, 1600. 'Letters' (Camd. Soc.)

† A copy of this paper in the possession of the present head-master has the following note:—"The handwriting I recognise to be that of Abp. Laud.—G. H." But Laud is not known to have been at the school.

Sallust, &c.) was to be exactly gone through by construing and other grammatical ways, examining all the Rhetorical figures, and translating it out of verse into prose, or out of prose into verse, out of Greek into Latin, or out of Latin into Greek. Then they were enjoined to commit that to memory against the next morning.

"Between 3 and 4 we had a little respite: the Mr. walking out and they (in beaver-times) going in order to the Hall, and then fitting themselves for the next task.

"Between 4 and 5 they repeated a leaf or two of some book of Rhetorical figures, or choice Proverbs and Sentences, collected by the Mr. for that use. After, they were practised in translating some *Dictamina* out of *Latin* or Greek, or sometimes turning Latin or Greek verses into English verse. Then a theme was given them, whereupon to make prose or verses, Latin or Greek, against the next morning.

"After supper (in summer-time) they were three or four times in a week called to the Mr.'s chamber (specially they of the 7th form) and there instructed out of Hunter's Cosmographie, and practiced to describe and find out cities and countries in the maps.

"Upon Sundays before morning prayers in summer they came commonly into the school (such as were King's scholars) and there construed some part of the gospel in Greek, or repeated part of the Greek catechism. In the afternoon they made verses upon the preacher's sermon, or epistle and gospel.

"The best scholars in the 7th form were appointed as Tutors to read and expound places of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Euripides, or other Greek and Latin authors, at those times (in the forenoon, or afternoon, or after beaver-times) wherein the scholars were in the school in expectation of the Mr.

"The scholars were governed by several *Monitores* (two for the Hall, as many for the Church, the School, the Fields, the Cloyster—which last attended them to washing, and were called *Monitores immundorum*). The Captain of the School was over all these, and therefore called *Monitor Monitorum*. These Monitors kept them strictly to speaking of Latin, in their several commands; and withal they presented their complaints or Accusations (as we called them) every Friday morning, when the punishments were often redeemed by exercises, or favours shown to boys of extraordinary merit, who had the honor (by the Monitor Monitorum) many times to beg and prevail for such remissions. And so, at other times, other faults were often punished by scholastical tasks, as repeating whole orations out of Tullie, Isocrates, Demosthenes, or speeches out of Virgil, Thucydides, Xenophon, Euripides, &c.

"Upon play-days (within an hour after leave granted and the *oppidales* dismissed) the scholars of the house were often called in again for an hour or more till they had briefly dispatched the task of that day.

"There was a writing in capital letters within the school, which the Mr. was wont to show strangers as a testimony how he was restrained for leave to play. When Plumpe-walkers * came in (*i. e.*, such as strived to hold the Mr. in long discourse) the Mr. would call out some of his scholars to show what verses they could make on a sudden, upon a theme to be given by them, if they were scholars.

"Every Friday they had *Repetitions*, of what was learned the former part of the week. Upon Saturdays they pronounced their *declamations*, in Greek and Latin, and the Prebendaries did often come in to give encouragement unto them.

"All that were chose away by Election took their leave in a public oration to the Dean, Prebendaries, Master, Usher, and Scholars, made in the school."

Some of the school terms (as, for instance, the titles of the monitors and the parting "oration") remain almost unchanged to this day; the "speaking of Latin" during school-hours still survives in certain cases, as will be noticed hereafter; the Friday "Repetitions" have only lately been discontinued; and of the system of teaching it may fairly be said, that modern deviations from it have not always been improvements.

* A "Plumpe," is a close body, or party of men; the term here used may mean such as walked the streets in knots or parties—the idle loungers of the day.

The next head-master of whom we have any definite history—for of Ireland and Wilson, who intervened, little more has come down to us than the names, except that the latter "had a faculty more than ordinary for instructing youth"—was Lambert Obaldiston, or Osboldstone, student of Christ-Church, who succeeded in 1622. He was an able and diligent teacher, and it was during the sixteen years of his rule that Westminster began to take high rank among the great schools of England. It was said that at the time of his expulsion from his office, there were no less than "fourscore doctors in the two universities" who had been educated under him—when a doctor's degree was somewhat more of a reality than at present. He had too tender a conscience for the days of fierce religious and political strife in which his lot was cast. For some alleged offense against the royal prerogative, the Star Chamber condemned him to be dismissed from his mastership and his prebend at Westminster; to have his ears nailed to the pillory in Dean's Yard in the presence of his scholars; to pay a fine of £5000, and to be imprisoned during the royal pleasure. From this cruel sentence he escaped by flight, to be restored again to his prebend by the Long Parliament in 1641, and to be again sequestered by the same party a few years afterwards, because he boldly protested against some of their violent proceedings.

In 1638 a head-master succeeded to Westminster, whose name for more than half a century was identified with English school education and discipline. Richard Busby had been born in a comparatively humble station in life, and had been a King's scholar at Westminster. Elected to a studentship at Christ-Church in due course, he was too poor to pay the fees for his degrees, which were advanced to him by the vestry of St. Margaret's, Westminster. They were gratefully repaid when he rose to riches and honour, and he added an endowment for the parish school. He held the head-mastership of Westminster for fifty-seven years, resigning his beloved office only with his life, when nearly ninety years old, and even at that great age a vigorous and able master. His name has passed into a proverb for severity—probably not without good reason. His rod, he used to say, was the sieve which sifted the wheat from the chaff of scholarship. He certainly made sound scholars, and in many cases showed considerable acuteness in discerning latent talents, and spared no pains in teaching wherever he saw promise of excellence. And, in spite of his vigorous discipline, he retained through life the esteem and respect of his old pupils, as is plain from many of their letters to him which have been preserved. At one time he could boast that sixteen of the bishops then on the bench had been taught by him—an honour which assuredly no head-master of any school could ever have claimed before or since. He had a great dislike (in which some of our best modern teachers will fully sympathise) to the ordinary "notes" by which classical authors are illustrated, for the supposed benefit of the learner, and forbade the use of such editions in the school. To the religious training of his scholars he was conscientiously attentive, teaching them, as one of them tells us, "not only by precept but by example." *

More fortunate than his contemporaries in office at the other great public schools, Busby held his mastership at Westminster throughout the troubles of the Great Rebellion. Partly, no doubt, this was owing to his high reputation; partly also to some interest which he appears to have had with the Parliamentary Commissioners. An attempt was made to shake his supremacy at Westminster in 1657 by the second-

* Giles Oldisworth, in an unpublished treatise called 'The Westminster School a Pattern of Piety.'—(MS. Bodl. Libr.)

master, a young man named Edward Bagshawe, a violent republican, who was supported in the attack by Owen, Dean of Christ-Church, who is reported to have said that "it would be never well with the nation till Westminster School were suppressed." Bagshawe had been one of Busby's favourite scholars—one of his "white boys," as the others called them—and it had been at his special request that he accepted the second-mastership. But they could not agree in their new relations. Probably Busby was somewhat overbearing. An impartial witness (Dr. Pope) says that the late second-master, Vincent, had been Busby's "servitor at Oxford, and little better at Westminster;" and he had warned Bagshawe that possibly he might not find the position of a subordinate quite to his taste. But Bagshawe was a troublesome fanatic. He thought fit to bear his testimony by sitting with his hat on in the Abbey Church, for which Busby very properly rebuked him. He also made no secret, by his own account, of "not overvaluing Mr. Busby's Greek Grammar," just published for the use of the school—an offence which no author could be expected to overlook. The actual quarrel was owing to an order which Busby obtained from the Governors (that is, the Parliamentary Commission, of which "Lord" Bradshaw was the head) for the enforcement of the old statute under which the fourth form was included in the upper school, which would bring it under the head-master's teaching, instead of the second-master's—in spite, as Bagshawe alleged, of "sixty years' usage to the contrary;" and he complained that he was now set to teach "the puny boys" in the first and second forms, which had hitherto been under the care of an usher. Not only this, but Busby had removed this usher—"his minion Mr. James," as the angry complainant calls him, but who was certainly a young man of remarkable abilities—to assist in the teaching of the upper forms; thus placing him virtually above the second-master. No doubt this was hard to bear; but it was an arrangement quite common to all public schools in which the second-master, by the foundation statutes, had the distinct charge of the lower school, and the assistants were merely the head-master's deputies, paid by him (as was the case with Mr. James), and employed to teach any forms he might assign them. Mr. Bagshawe, in his wrath, took the strong measure of desiring his boys not to pay Mr. James the customary compliment of rising when he entered the school. They enjoyed the partisanship, and carried it still further by ignoring in the same way the great Busby himself—with what consequences may be guessed, though they are not told. Bagshawe even went so far as to rebuke one of the monitors for rising in Mr. James's presence; and when told that it was by Mr. Busby's order, desired him to "write that down on his bill;" a proceeding equivalent, as Mr. Busby declared, and as most Westminster and Eton men will agree, to ordering the head-master up for corporal punishment. For these acts of contumacy, Busby lodged a formal complaint before the Commission, which Bagshawe was called upon to answer. He did not mend matters by a personal taunt against his chief at the outset of his defence. He called him an "Actor." * The fact was that the great schoolmaster had first brought himself into royal favour by his clever act-

* "It is very well the cause was not weighty, for I am sure the *Actor* hath not been wanting."—('Narrative of the Differences between Mr. Busby and Mr. Bagshawe,' 1659.) In this narrative he pretends to regret Busby's having so mistaken his words. "I meant it innocently," he says, "for an Actor in a cause, not an *Acter* (*sic*) of *Cratander*." The innocence is obvious.

ing of *Cratander* in 'The Royal Slave'—a play written by William Cartwright, also a Westminster scholar, and acted by the students of Christ-Church before Charles I. and his Queen; and the applause he then received is said to have bred in him a passion for the stage. Bagshawe had reckoned too much, in his opposition to his superior, on the support of the Lord President Bradshaw and some others of the Commissioners; Busby had his friends among them too—he "ploughed with the same heifers," as Dr. Pope expresses it,—and the majority supported him, and suspended Bagshawe from his office. Either in disgust, or anticipating dismissal, he resigned next year. His subsequent career shows that Westminster was well rid of him. He returned into residence at Oxford, and there was strenuous against the wearing of caps and gowns, and distinguished himself by such violent abuse of all ecclesiastical authorities, after the Restoration, as to earn for himself imprisonment at different times in the Tower and in Newgate.

It is asserted that another attempt was made to deprive Busby of his office about this time, and that one Mr. Owen Price, Master of Magdalen College School in Oxford, hoped to succeed him. But Mr. Price's letter, addressed to the Secretary of Cromwell's Privy Council,* rather shows that it was the *second*-mastership to which he aspired, on Bagshawe's resignation, with which event the date (1658) corresponds. For he endeavours to make some conditions as to the appointment: specially, that he should not be obliged "to be constant with the grown-boys at bed and board any more than the late master was"—and this superintendence has always been the *second*-master's duty. He wishes also "that the schoolmasters should have leave to pray each in their turns, not using the same forms;" a privilege quite unnecessary for a head-master to ask under a Puritan Commission, but which it would be very difficult for a subordinate to secure under the orthodox Busby. Mr. Price's letter makes some amusing complaints of the delay in the matter of the appointment. He cannot think "what the *remora* is;" he challenges any one who "would be so uncivil as to call his abilities in question" to "make a trial of his boys" at Magdalen School, where in eight years he boasts that he has "raised more godly men and preachers than some that keep greater noise." He goes on:—

"There appears very much of God in this unexpected providence of bringing me to this place, but there appears more of the divell in keeping me out of it; in that he is so aroused as to incense all his agents, both here and at Westminster, to set all their wits to conspire against me."

Among the "divell's agents" he would probably have included Mr. Busby, who secured the second-mastership for a man of very different character—Adam Littleton; who, though he had been ejected by the Puritans from his studentship at Christ-Church, was allowed to accept and retain this office unmolested. He was an excellent Oriental as well as classical scholar, and under him the King's scholars gathered that smattering (it could hardly have been more) of Chaldee and Arabic of which South boasts in his school-days. Charles II., to whom Littleton was subsequently appointed chaplain, granted him the reversion of the head-mastership after Busby; but he found the truth of the old proverb about "waiting for dead men's shoes," for though he lived to nearly the Psalmist's measure of years, he left his old master still vigorous at his desk.

Busby saw more serious troubles than these at Westminster during his long administration. In 1642,

* Printed in Peck's 'Desiderata Curiosa,' p. 502.

the Puritan rabble of London attacked Westminster Abbey in their zeal for the expurgation of Popery, intending to make a clearance of all images, organs, and other ornaments of the Church. They had actually "forced out a pane of the north door, and got entrance;" but meeting with a stout resistance "from the scholars, quiremen, officers, and other servants, they were driven out." The leader of the attack—"one Wiseman, a knight of Kent"—met with the fate of Abimelech; he was killed by a tile which some one of the defenders launched upon him from the battlements. During the civil wars which followed, all the members of the collegiate chapter were expelled from their preferments, with the single exception of Osboldstone, the late head-master, who had just been restored to his prebend. It was perhaps owing to the good offices of this able and conscientious man that this old school escaped the fate of most other ecclesiastical foundations. As having been a sufferer for conscience' sake, he would deservedly have much influence with his party. The annual elections, indeed, were more than once suspended; no scholars were sent to Cambridge in 1648 or in the following year, and in 1660 there was no election either to Oxford or Cambridge, "on account of the unsettled state of the kingdom and universities." But, with these exceptions, the business of the school suffered no interruptions in those times of national trouble.

Certainly it was not because the Westminster scholars had much of the spirit of the Vicar of Bray. The loyalty of the school was strong enough to justify the bitter words of Dean Owen. "In the very worst of times," says South, "we were really King's scholars, we were not only called so." He was captain in 1651; and records, to the lasting honour of the school, that King Charles was prayed for there by name, in the usual form, on the morning of his execution. Among all the loyal hearts in Oxford, none were more loyal than the Westminster students of Christ-Church. Fell, the dean, Dolben and Wall, canons of the house, refusing to recognise the visitation of the Parliamentary Commission, were deprived of their preferments. The two former were among the little band who, when the Common Prayer was proscribed, met at Dr. Willis's in Merton College, and there used it, with surplices and all due solemnities, on Sundays and holidays until the Restoration. Rare were the cases in which even the younger students did not prefer their principles to their places. Robert Waring, the Professor of History, James Croft, Matthew Llewellyn, and David Whitford, served either as officers or privates in the Oxford garrison; William Cartwright was one of the King's Council of War. Robert Mead, already a rising physician, gave up the lancet for the sword, and commanded a company during the siege of Oxford, and at the relief of Abingdon. Some of the wilder wits among the juniors, when summoned to appear before the Commissioners, even broke jests upon that formidable body. "I profess unto you," said John Carrick, imitating the sanctimonious snuffle of his interrogator, "I will not submit; yea, verily, I will not submit." Robert Whitehall, being required like others to give his answer in writing, replied in this doggrel:—

"My name's Whitehall (God bless the poet);
If I submit, the King shall know it."

Richard Gale, who had somehow escaped the general expurgation of the house (the undergraduates seem to have been little interfered with), drank the King's health in hall, during the following Christmas holidays, upstanding and bare-headed, with his whole table, and was expelled therefor. One is sorry to learn, though impartial history is obliged to record the fact, that he was "a notorious sot and evil liver," and would probably have drunk Oliver's health if he had good liquor

Petre, one day in St. James's Park. Petre accosted his old master: Busby declared he could not recognise him in that dress, and Petre mentioned his name. "But you were of another faith, sir," said Busby, "when you were under me—how came you to change it?" "The Lord had need of me," replied the convert. "Need of you, sir? Why, I have read the Scriptures as much as any other man, and I never read that the Lord had need of anything but once, and then it was an ass." Many others of the foremost men on both sides in and after the Revolution had been under his stern rule at Westminster:—Charles Montagu, afterwards Earl of Halifax, whom a great modern historian ranks as not inferior to Pitt in the intellectual qualities of a statesman, but wanting Pitt's honour and magnanimity; and Francis Atterbury, perhaps the ablest and by no means the worst of the intriguing politicians of his time, though the character was more of a scandal in the great churchman than in those whose vocation was exclusively secular. Whatever his faults, he was true to Westminster, and Westminster was true to him. As Dean of Christ-Church or as Bishop of Rochester, he never lost his kindly interest in the school; and it is pleasant to read that when he was hunted to ruin by his many enemies, with his brother bishops at their head (for whose bitter hostility Lord Bathurst could only account by the sarcastic supposition that, "like the Indians, they thought when they destroyed an enemy they inherited his powers"), the King's scholars, too young and chivalrous to care for the unpopularity of their hero—perhaps worshipping him all the more because he was unpopular—paid him frequent visits during his imprisonment in the Tower.

Very many of the young nobility were entered at the school under Busby, and most of them were boarders in his house. In some cases they seem not to have been profitable scholars, and to have left their names on the head-master's books in more senses than one. An original note-book of Busby's (now an heirloom of the head-master's) has the following curious entry—probably of the date 1671:—

"Lord Maidston left two beds and furniture of chamber, but paid nothing for himself or man, either entrance, boord, schoole, or attendance in time of sickness at Nursery." *

In the same pages it stands recorded that, in 1664, William Henry, and Daniel Finch † (sons of Heneage, first Earl of Nottingham), owed respectively for five, four, and three years' board and tuition, and that "Lord Colchester and his brother owes for all their time." The charge for board in those days was thirty pounds per annum. Of the numbers we can only learn that in 1656 they were, in the first quarter, 241, of which 37 were boarders, and at Christmas 208, the boarders being 38—most likely all with the head and other masters.

More than one personal record of school life at Westminster under Busby has come down to us. It must be remembered that his rule continued for fifty-seven years, and that he taught, in several cases, the grandsons of his earlier scholars. South (as has been said) was captain of the school in 1651, and has left us a copy of Latin elegiacs (written probably while a student of Christ-Church) which give us some insight into its state as he knew it. There were some three hundred boys, divided into seven forms (the old Winchester and Eton arrangement), under three masters only. He corroborates the traditions of Busby's penal discipline:—

"Consurgit crescitque puer, velut hydra, sub ictu;
Florescitque suis sæpe rigatus aquis."

* 'Alumni Westm.,' Append., p. 571.

† Lord Maidstone was of the same family—son of Heneage Finch, second Earl of Winchelsea.

If the common anecdote be true, South spoke from considerable personal experience. "I see great talents in that sulky boy," said the old master, "and my rod shall bring them out of him." William Taswell, rector of Newington in Surrey, whose Latin diary has been translated by his grandson, tells us how he was entered at Westminster as a town-boy in 1660. In three years' time he was sufficiently advanced to be admitted by Busby "above the curtain,"—that is, into the fourth class, the lowest in the upper school. Of this class, however, he says the head-master "took little or no care," but as he rose into the higher forms he found the teaching more satisfactory. The system of election into college, and the hardships of a junior's life, were as characteristic of Westminster two hundred years ago as they have continued to be until a very recent date. It was not till he had been seven years a town-boy that Taswell got elected on the foundation; and his account of his experience as a junior might serve for that of more than one of his successors within living memory. "Extremely maltreated during my seven months and two weeks' servitude as junior by the monitors;" "employed chiefly in performing the menial office of a servant; in consequence of this, diverted from my studies, and even when freed from this state of slavery, could scarce return to them, indulging a lazy disposition." In 1665, in consequence of the prevalence of the plague, Busby removed with his scholars to the house at Chiswick, where he carried on the school for a few weeks; but the infection spreading to that neighbourhood, he called the boys together, and "in an excellent oration," took credit to himself that "for twenty-five years he had never deserted the school until now," and so dismissed them to their several homes. Memorials of this migration of the Westminster scholars were still to be seen in the old college-house at Chiswick, while it was in the occupation of the Miss Berrys and their father, in the names which the boys had written up upon the walls; among them was that of John Dryden the poet, and Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax. Taswell was kept at home for the next ten months, during the whole of which time it would appear that the school remained closed. He was present at the great fire of London in 1667, and records an instance of gallantry on the part of the Duke of Westminster, which shows at the same time the fatherly relation in which, like so many of his predecessors, he stood towards the King's scholars. The dean was John Dolben (afterwards archbishop of York), himself a Westminster student of Christ-Church, "who in the civil wars had frequently stood sentinel," says Taswell (he had, in fact, not only served in the garrison at Oxford, but carried a pair of colours at Marston Moor), and now held the deanery together with the bishopric of Rochester. He "collected his scholars together, marching with them on foot to put a stop, if possible, to the conflagration. "I" (continues the writer) "was a kind of page to him, not being of the number of the King's scholars. We were employed many hours fetching water from the backside of St. Dunstan's in the East, where we happily extinguished the fire." The next evening young Taswell stood on Westminster Bridge to look at the fire, which was still raging, with his little pocket edition of Terence in his hand, which he could see to read plainly by the light of the burning city. He was elected student of Christ-Church in 1670; on which occasion he records that the Cambridge electors made choice of two scholars whom Oxford had previously rejected as of unsatisfactory moral repute, though they stood high at the examination.

Taswell lived to see three of his sons elected on the foundation at Westminster. It was while he

himself was at school there that Mr. Evelyn paid his visit, which he has very much obliged that section of posterity who are interested in these details by recording:—

1661, *May 13th.*—"I heard and saw such exercises at the election of scholars at Westminster School to be sent to the University, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic, in themes and extemporary verses, as wonderfully astonished me in such youths, with such readiness and wit, some of them not above twelve or thirteen years of age. Pity it is that what they attain here so ripely, they either do not retain, or do not improve more considerably when they come to be men, though many of them do. And no less is to be blamed their odd pronouncing of Latin, so that out of England none were able to understand or endure it. Any that would helped to pose.'

Another of Busby's pupils, who came a full generation after Taswell, has left an account of his school days, which, though unfortunately bare of personal anecdote, is very minute in some of its details, especially in the matter of school fees and expenses. Francis Lynn, afterwards Secretary to the Commission for Sick and Wounded Seamen, entered the school as a home-boarder in 1681. It was the year in which, as Antony Wood briefly records, "the Westminster boys" (tired, we may presume, of the old feud) "burned Jack Presbyter instead of the Pope." Young Lynn kept a diary in a methodical fashion very unusual with schoolboys of any date. He took his place as the very lowest boy, and passed out of every form as "captain." He paid ten shillings a quarter for school-fees, making a present besides, every Christmas, of a guinea to the head-master, and half-a-guinea to the usher. Such was the old system in every public school; the masters were entirely dependent for any income beyond their statutable salaries on the liberality of the parents of those boys who were admitted as "commoners," or "oppidans,' or under any other designation; and by degrees these gratuities became matter of recognised custom and claim. In 1689, having been now eight years at school, he got his election into college—still as captain; and in consequence he escaped the "servitude" in his first year as junior, of which Taswell so heavily complained. But the items of his expenditure show the existence of the same elaborate system, in the relations between seniors and juniors among the scholars on the foundation, which has all the prestige of an immemorial antiquity to recommend it, and perhaps little besides. He had to pay "to the eight seniors for his freedom as captain of election," the sum of £8, 12s. He also expended 7s. to entertain his schoolfellows, "an unusual custom." On Shrove-Tuesday he had the privilege of paying another 10s. "for tarts, to treat, as free-boy." Another 10s. was paid to some official or other, "for putting up his name in gold letters;" an honourable distinction conferred upon the captains of each year's elections, who are still thus recorded on the wooden tablets on the walls of the dormitory. The fees to the masters appear to have increased as boys rose into the higher forms; he paid to Dr. Busby for a year's schooling, in 1690, £4, 6s. The whole cost of his Westminster education for ten years, was £70, 15s.; and of this more than half, £39, 17s., was incurred in the last year and three months, from his election into college until his election into Cambridge.*

Some minor abuses had crept into the foundation even in these early days. It is clear that any payment in the masters, from scholars on the royal foundation, was such; and Lynn had to purchase for himself a bed, bolster, blankets, table, and mat, and to pay for

* A copy of this diary was sent by Mr. Lynn's representatives to the 'Evening Mail,' Jan. 1834.

candles. The punishments for speaking English in hall or school, which have been before alluded to, were strictly enforced in his days, in the way of fines called "admonishing money," which figure occasionally in his account. The custom was for the second boy of the second election to act as a sort of monitor for this purpose, and to deliver to any boy who so offended a "mark" or tally, with the words, "*tu es custos;*" this mark he had to pass in turn to any boy whom he could detect in a similar slip, and the boy with whom the mark remained when all broke up incurred a fine. Charles Dryden, son of the poet, thought himself so hardly used by being made *custos* three days running (by some unfairness, as he conceived), that the father wrote a strong letter on the subject to his old master, Busby, and was very nearly removing the boy from school.*

Busby was succeeded by the second-master, Thomas Knipe, a man of high character and good scholarship. His pupil, Dr. Robert King, speaks highly of the religious training which boys received under him, and Mattaire (whose word on points of scholarship ought to have great weight) gracefully admits that he owed everything to his teaching—"*cui se sua omnia debere fatetur.*" Busby is said to have undervalued Knipe's powers as an assistant; perhaps it is difficult for a master to conceive that a boy who has been under his own training may rise to be his equal or superior in his own line in after life. The school certainly rose in numbers under his government; for in the list of 1706 there were 353 names, which apparently do not include those of the King's scholars, which would bring up the total to very nearly 400. Under his successor, Dr Robert Freind, they rose (in 1727) to 434; and this is the highest tide of numerical prosperity of which any positive record seems discoverable, though Bishop Newton says that in his time (under Freind and Nicoll) there were "not less than 500" boys in the school. Dr Freind was an able master, and something more. He had a very extensive literary and political acquaintance; his house is said to have been "the resort of all the wits and statesmen of the time." Some of them celebrated his promotion in the following tolerable epigram:—

"Ye sons of Westminster, who still retain
Your ancient dread of Busby's awful reign,
Forget your fears at length, your panic end,
The monarch of this house is now a *Friend.*"

His were the palmy days of Westminster in every way. Under his auspices began the annual dinners on the Foundress's day, under the stewardship of noblemen and gentlemen of degree who had received their education in the school. (These were distinct from the dinners at the Election, which, under the statutes were to be on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday after the Conversion of St Paul (Jan. 25th),—subsequently altered by Dean Goodman for the same days in Rogation week.) The first of these gatherings was held in 1726-7, when the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Oxford, Henry Pelham, and William Pulteney, Esquires, and Dr Freind, were the stewards. A Latin speech was recited by one of the boys before the dinner, and an English one afterwards; and then the electors and visitors were entertained with a series of epigrams composed—or at least recited—by some of the more distinguished aspirants. The names of some of these, who spoke at the next year's dinner, will give some idea of the popularity of the school as a place of education for the young nobility. There were the young Earl of Holderness, Viscount Harcourt, Lord Middlesex and his brothers Lord John and George

* See Nichols's 'Illust. of Lit. History,' iv. 298.

Sackville (sons to the Duke of Dorset, an old Westminster, and one of the next year's stewards), Lord Danby, Lord Clifton, Lord Cranbourne, Lord Henry Gray, Lord Vere Bertie, the Honourables W. Fitzwilliam, Geo. Dawnay, T. Coote, James Noel, John and Robert Hay, Spencer Cowper, S. Masham, J. Hamilton, Randall and Charles Vane, W. Leveson Gower, and W. Boscawen; Sir Edmund Thomas, Sir Danvers Osborne, Sir Edward Newdigate, Sir Herbert Palmer, Sir William Burdett, and Sir Hugh Wrottesley. Dr Freind probably brought forward on the occasion the whole effective strength of his more aristocratic pupils—for many of these were in his lower forms; but it is a titular list which certainly the rival Eton could not have paralleled in those years. The epigrams were, it must be confessed, poor enough in most instances to have been the genuine compositions of schoolboys. They were *de rebus omnibus*, some in English and some in Latin, commonly turning upon some subject of the day; one or two here and there are amusing enough for this reason. The following, for instance, suggested by the accident of the then popular "Count" Heydegger having fixed one of his entertainments for the evening of the dinner, illustrates also the old school discipline applied in more cases than one to individuals who brought down upon themselves the wrath of the Westminsters. It was spoken in 1730-1 by Vane, a son of Lord Barnard:—

"Without respect to Westminster at all,
Has Heydegger this night proclaimed a ball;
But should he interrupt our learned sport,
Or rob us of one guest, we'll swinge him for't:
The Count shall for his modern arts be thanked—
Here's Pitt * and I will toss him in a blanket."

The well-known case of Curll the bookseller was still fresh in the memory of the school and its friends. It had taken place a few years after Freind's accession to the head-mastership. A letter, bearing date August 3d, 1716, which was circulated in print at the time, gives the correct details of a story often told. When Dr Robert South, a name held in honour by all Westminster scholars, died in the course of that year, his remains, after lying in state for four days in the Jerusalem Chamber, were carried into the college hall before interment, and a funeral oration spoken over them by the captain of the King's scholars. Curll had surreptitiously got hold of a copy and published it. The letter tells the rest.

"A certain bookseller near Temple Bar did, without consent of Mr. John Barber, present captain, publish the scraps of a funeral oration spoken by him over the corpse of the Rev. Dr. South, and being on Thursday last fortunately nabbed within the limits of Dean's Yard by the scholars, there he met with a college salutation: for he was first presented with the ceremony of the blanket, in which, when the skeleton had been well shaken, he was carried in triumph round the school; and after receiving a grammatical correction for his false concords, he was reconducted to Dean's Yard, and on his knees asking pardon of Mr. B. for his offence, he was kicked out of the Yard, and left to the huzzahs of the rabble."

This piece of Lynch-law was commemorated in various ways. It forms the subject of one of the Christ-Church *Carmina Quadragesimalia*.† A print was also engraved, representing in three com-

* Son of the Earl of Londonderry.

† The "Lent Verses" spoken annually in the College. Those here alluded to were probably spoken in 1717. The thesis is "An causæ sint sibi invicem causæ?"

"Authore invito tenues mandare libellos
Furtivis solitus Bibliopola typis
Ultores pueros, deceptus fraude maligna,
Sensit, 'ab excusso missus ad astra sago.'
Nec satis hoc; mensa late porrectus acerna

partments the three several punishments, with the following lines from Martial *—

"Ibis ab excusso missus ad astra sago:
. . . . . .
Ætheriasiascive,cupis volitare per auras;
I—fuge; sed poteras tutior esse domi."

That the boys should have cordially enjoyed the thing is perfectly intelligible; but there is some evidence that it was looked upon as a rather laudable act of retribution by some of the authorities. Mattaire (who had been second-master, though he had resigned before this took place) mentions, in a letter dated Oct. 21, 1736, Curll's "impudent way of dealing with dead authors' works, and sometimes with those of the living," and goes on to say—"Your Lordship by this may see how much this saucy fellow deserved that correction which was inflicted on him at that school."

But this was the iron age of public schools, so far as order and discipline went; when the fights with the *skies*† were long and obstinate, and head-masters turned their eyes the other way. The 'London Evening Post' gives an account of a "customary" warlike exercise about this date, which helps us to understand how Westminster trained such good soldiers a couple of generations afterwards:

"It being customary at this season of the year for the youths at Westminster School and the other schoolboys in the liberty of Westminster to attack one another with clubs and staves, the former were apprehensive that the latter would be too hard for them, and hired the apprentices of Bridewell Hospital as auxiliaries, who went down to their assistance last Tuesday night, and made their masters victorious wherever they came; for which services they were so bountifully rewarded that they afterwards got into an alehouse in King Street, where they became drunk and quarrelled with the Constables and the Watch, and wounded several of them, causing such a riot and disorder that the Guards came from Whitehall, and seized fifteen of the Bluecoat boys,‡ who were secured in the gate-house, and this day carried before the bench of Justices to be examined."

[*May 9th*, 1728.]

The annual dinners at Westminster ceased in 1782. But after that, for many years, the old members of the school were wont to meet together at Cambridge, on Nov. 17th—the day of Queen Elizabeth's accession. The banquets were jovial, and somewhat uproarious, as was the fashion of the day. On one occasion, the noise was so great, that the University authorities paid the party a domiciliary visit, and insisted on their dispersing. Franklin, then Greek Professor, who had been an usher in the school, was the chairman of the evening, and stood upon his rights against the proctors. He was summoned before the vice-chancellor, but the dispute seems to have ended in a war of printed letters and pamphlets.

It has been said that this was the great era of the school. Bishop Newton writes of the election days which he remembered—

Supplicium rigidæ fert puerile scholæ;
Jam virgæ impatiens pueris convicia fundit,
Vicinique crepat jurgia nota fori;
Flagra minas miserο extorquent repetita; minasque
Quo magis ingeminat, vapulat ille magis."
—Vol. i. 118, 119.

* Lib. I. 4.—The first line was long in use both in the dormitory at Westminster and in Long Chamber at Eton, whenever an unfortunate victim was tossed in a blanket. It was chanted in a rhythm appropriate to the ceremony—"Ibis ab excusso"-(here came the preparatory heave)."missus ad astra *sago*" (up he went to the ceiling).

† Current Westminster for plebeians; said to be an abbreviation of Volsci, the outer rabble of invaders upon the territory of Dean's Yard, belonging of right to the *gens togata* as Romans.

‡ Westminster Bluecoat School, founded 1688. There are also Black, Green, and Grey-Coat Schools.

"There was something august and awful too in the Westminster elections, to see three such great men presiding—Bishop Atterbury as Dean of Westminster, Bishop Smalridge* as Dean of Christ-Church, and Dr. Bentley as Master of Trinity; and 'as iron sharpeneth iron,' so these three, by their wit, learning, and liberal conversation, wetted and sharpened one another."

Bentley was sharp enough to be disagreeable occasionally. The mode of election—each University choosing one from among the candidates alternately, and not at all necessarily those who best acquitted themselves at the examination—led almost of course to some jealousy between the two bodies of electors; especially since the Trinity scholarships were of very inferior value to the studentships at Christ-Church. Bentley says that in fact the friends of the candidates continually wrote to him to beg as a favour that he would *not* choose them to Trinity; though he made some amends for the poverty of his scholarships by usually procuring the election to a fellowship of the senior Westminister scholar of his house. For the Oxford studentships, on the other hand, all possible interest, regular and irregular, was made with the Dean and other electors at Christ-Church. In 1688 there was a regular fight between the two Universities for the person of a most desirable candidate (as was then thought), Edmund Smith, or Neale, which was his real patronymic. Christ-Church got him, and found him by no means such a prize as they had bargained for. He turned his wits, which were very considerable, to lampooning Dean Aldrich and other college authorities, and was highly irregular in his habits besides. They bore long with him, in consideration of his promise of distinction, but at last he was expelled. He lived a slovenly disreputable literary life about London afterwards, known to his familiars as "Captain Rag," and was honoured—for what reason Dr. Johnson only knows—with a place in the 'Lives of the Poets.' The great Master of Trinity would occasionally step out of his way to *disoblige* the friends of a student who were specially anxious to get him off to Christ-Church. At one election, according to Lord Bolingbroke, he "leapt ever eight boys" purposely to take Robert Prior (nephew of the poet), and, "with all the good-breeding of a pedant, remained inflexible." Once, in his war with some of his fellows, touching the removal of Sergeant Miller from his fellowship, Bentley had an idea of making use of the Westminster men to serve his own purposes in the college. He suggested to Zachary Pearce (afterwards Bishop of Rochester) that "being a Westminster scholar, he might bring a body of students educated at that school, among whom a great *esprit de corps* existed, and block out the Sergeant by manual force."

In 1716, during Freind's headmastership, William Murray, son of Lord Stormont, was sent from Scotland to Westminster School. The future Lord Mansfield (for it was he) rode the whole way, attended by an old servant of the family, on "a Galloway pony," which caused some delay by falling lame upon the road. They reached their journey's end, however, at last, and the pony was sold in London by the help of a Scotch apothecary who had known the family in "auld lang syne." Young Murray was put to board at a dame's, Mrs. Tollet, in Dean's Yard, where he paid for three quarters (including extras) the sum of £20, 10s. 4d. The fees to the headmaster continued the same as in Lynn's latest account—four guineas

* Smalridge was an admirable Latin scholar. The election of 1682, when he went off with others to Christ-Church, was known as the "Golden Election," from the great ability of the successful candidates. He succeeded his schoolfellow, Atterbury, as Dean of Christ-Church—"like a bucket of water," as he said, "to put out fire;"—so much offence had Atterbury given there.

annually; but in Murray's bill the same amount is also paid "to the other masters." Some of the items of his outfit would now seem curiously out of place for a schoolboy; he paid a guinea for a sword, and 4s. 4d. for two wigs. But at that date, and for many years afterwards, a young gentleman of any consideration was not considered full-dressed without these appendages. Wigs were in use for many years afterwards among the Westminster scholars, and the old ones were occasionally utilised by being turned into nightcaps—if we may take the evidence of an old school epigram said to have been written by Sir Elijah Impey about 1745. The theme given was "*Decus et Tutamen;*" and Impey's application of it to his wig gained great applause—

"Hæc coma, quam spectas, duplicem mihi servit in usum—
Tutamen capiti nocte, dieque decus."

Murray distinguished himself considerably at Westminster. He gained admission into college, head of his election, in 1719, and went off as captain to Christ-Church. A story is told of his having been found one day by Lady Kinnoul, at whose house he was spending a holiday, busy composing epigrams for a school exercise. She asked him what the subject was, and he answered with a laugh—"What is that to you?" Her ladyship was considerably shocked at his rudeness; but he explained to her afterwards that he had really only given her a literal translation of the Latin thesis—"*Quid ad te pertinet?*" Long after he rose to his judicial honours, as long as his strength permitted him, he was one of the most constant at the play and at the annual meetings.

Freind held the head-mastership for two-and-twenty years, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Dr. John Nicoll, who had already been for twenty years under-master; a careful and conscientious teacher, whose memory should at least be held clear from the prevalent modern assumption, that the public schools of former generations ignored any religious training. We have the strong testimony of Cowper (no prejudiced witness in favour of public education) on this point:

"I must relate one mark of religious discipline which in my time was observed at Westminster. I mean the pains which Dr. Nicoll took to prepare us for confirmation. The old man acquitted himself of this duty like one who had a keen sense of its importance; and I believe most of us were struck by his manner and affected by his exhortations."—Letter in Southey's Life, i. p. 13.

There was another branch of training, too, which has been much too loudly claimed as the peculiar honour of modern schoolmasters, the value of which he seems perfectly to have understood; "he had the art," says another pupil, "of making his scholars gentlemen."

"There was a court of honour in that school, to whose unwritten laws every member of our community was amenable, and which to transgress by any act of meanness that exposed the offender to public contempt, was a degree of punishment compared to which the being sentenced to the rod would have been considered an acquittal or a reprieve."*

Cumberland mentions more than one instance of the recognition of this high tone both by master and boys. A case of dishonourable conduct was laid before the seniors by Dr. Nicoll, and their opinion asked as to what punishment it seemed to deserve. Their answer was, "The severest that could be inflicted." "I can inflict none more severe than you have now given him," said Nicoll, and so dismissed the culprit. So again, when Cumberland himself was called up for judgment on a charge of being concerned with others in some disturbance at a Quakers' meeting, and the master saw a confession of guilt and penitence in his face, he let him off with a quotation from his favourite Terence—"*Erubuit—salva res est.*"

* 'Cumberland's Memoirs,' p. 53.

One of the ushers under Freind and Nicoll was Pierson Lloyd (afterwards second-master), a fine scholar, and something of a humorist, who worked in the school for forty-seven years, and died universally beloved and lamented—

"Senex amabilis,
Quo non fuit jucundior,"

as he is described in the beautiful ode upon his death written by Dr. Vincent,* and translated by Cowper, who speaks of him in terms of great affection. Another was Cowper's favourite "Vinny" Bourne—"the neatest of all men in his versification, and the most slovenly in his person;" "so good-natured and so indolent," says his pupil, "that he made me as idle as himself." His good-nature was an irresistible temptation to schoolboy jokes; and we are told how the future Duke of Richmond set a light to his greasy unkempt locks, and then boxed his ears, with an eager apology, to put out the conflagration. His Latin verse has perhaps been somewhat overrated by enthusiastic admirers, but it is remarkable for ease and grace, and Westminster was indebted to him for many a successful epilogue and epigram. He was quite sensible of his own weaknesses, and conscientiously refused to take holy orders, for which he felt himself unsuited, though he had good prospects of preferment in the Church. A memorandum which he left behind him shows the humble spirit of the man: "If any surviving friend will show his love to my memory by a small tablet, I desire that this, and this only, may be the inscription:—

Pietatis sinceræ
Summæque humilitatis,
Nec Dei usquam immemor
Nec sui,
In silentium quod amavit
Descendit
V. B.

And with Vincent Bourne we take leave of Westminster for the present.

THE PANIC IN THE CITY.

The external features of the great Panic which has convulsed the City are already well known. Those who were in the City during the critical days in May, will never forget the scenes of excitement and trepidation which they then witnessed; and those who were not eyewitnesses have had the spectacle fully described to them in the newspapers of the day. What is important now is to point out the essential features of this great Crisis, alike as a warning lesson for the future, and as a guide to any legislative changes to which this crisis may lead.

The late catastrophe was not a currency crisis: that is to say, it neither originated in, nor produced, any mistrust in the note-circulation of the country. Neither the notes of the Bank of England, nor those of the 200 other banks of issue in England, were at any time distrusted. Secondly, unlike all former crises, it was not connected in any way with the drain of gold from the banks, either for export or for internal use. And, lastly, it was not in any respect a commercial crisis. Commercial failures and suspensions followed, as they always must do: but they were simply a consequence, and in no way a cause, of the catastrophe. The trade of the country was not only perfectly sound, but (what is remarkable at such times) its soundness is universally admitted after the crisis has occurred. The peculiar feature of the late catastrophe is, that it was essentially a banking crisis. It originated with the lenders, not

* Vide 'Lusus Alt. Westm.' p. 286.

with the borrowers of money: not with Trade, but with the establishments which lend to Trade. The cause of the panic was a distrust of the banks and other establishments which receive in deposit the spare money of the public. The grand and sole feature of the crisis was a run for deposits. The public—from causes of which we shall afterwards speak—lost faith in the establishments in whose hands they had deposited their money, and they made a sudden run upon those establishments in order to get back their money into their own keeping.

Several of those establishments gave way. What caused their fall? Partly owing to their having engaged in a kind of business which, although good enough in itself, was inappropriate for them; but mainly, their fall was a natural and inevitable result of the panic itself. A run for deposits, if carried to any great extent, will bring down the soundest bank in existence. Banking would be of no use, it would not be practised at all, if each bank had to keep on hand all the money deposited with it. Banks find by experience the proportion of money which it is necessary to keep on hand or at call, in order to meet the demands of their depositors; and they also keep a reserve of securities, readily convertible (at least in ordinary times) into money. But no bank can pay at once all its deposits, or even any great portion of them. And if, owing to a panic, a persistent run for deposits takes place, the best conducted bank in existence must suspend payment. It may be perfectly solvent,—solvent, that is to say, not merely by making a call upon its shareholders for a further portion of its subscribed capital, which the shareholders are bound to pay when required, but solvent without any such aid. Its assets in hand may be greatly more than enough to cover all its liabilities to the public; and yet it must certainly suspend payment if the run for deposits made upon it assume formidable proportions. No bank, we repeat, can pay all its deposits, or even any great portion of them, at once. And it is the simple truth to say, that if the panic which prevailed on Friday the 11th of May had continued unchecked for another day, there was not a bank in London that was safe. This although a fact, is no reflection upon these establishments. They are most prudent and admirably managed institutions. Nevertheless, in a time of panic, as one bank after another gives way, the public distrust grows greater and greater; the run for deposits becomes intensified upon the other banks,—so that the whole fabric of banking credit is placed in jeopardy.

A panic is never wholly unfounded. It exaggerates a hundredfold the grounds of alarm, but it does not originate them. Let us see, then, what were the facts and causes which, gradually and almost imperceptibly accumulating, led up to the sudden outburst of Panic, which broke like a thunderclap over the City in the second week of May.

Although the panic was unexpected, to a degree never paralleled before, a preparatory disquiet had long been prevalent in the City. Although that disquiet did not become discernible by the financial public till March; it had existed in the City for seven months previous to the culminating panic. It began in the first week of October, when the Bank of England suddenly raised the rate of discount from 4½ per cent to 7. That was the minimum rate for first-class short-dated bills, and advances on other securities were charged still higher: in fact, on the 9th October, many first-class bills could hardly be discounted even at 10 per cent. On that day the disquiet almost amounted to panic: and if any great failures had then taken place, the late panic might have been forestalled. But Trade, as the results showed, was thoroughly sound. As there was no drain of

gold for export (the imports of gold, in fact, then largely exceeding the exports), and as there was no increased demand for discounts at the Bank, save such as periodically takes place at Quarter-day, there was no reasonable explanation of this great rise in the Bank-rate, save this—that the Bank of England is a private establishment (although favoured by the State), and acts simply upon the principle of enlarging its profits whenever an opportunity to do so presents itself. And within the last year or two it has made the periodic and ephemeral increase in the monetary requirements of the State and the public at Quarter-day an occasion for enlarging its profits by raising its rate of discount.

In December a slight and transient drain of gold for export occurred, and as the present year began the Bank of England raised its minimum rate of discount to 8 per cent. Nevertheless, although a *sourde* disquiet prevailed in the City, things went on pretty smoothly till the month of March, when the Joint-Stock Discount Company collapsed. This was the initial even in the history of the recent panic: and as such, it is worthy of notice. The Joint-Stock Discount Company was a grossly mismanaged concern. In the hope of rivalling the large dividends paid by many of the banks and financial establishments, this Company, instead of contenting itself with the safe business of discounting commercial bills, dealt largely in advances to contractors and other kinds of risky but (if successful) highly profitable business. The business was badly managed: some of the advances proved thoroughly bad investments, and at the same time so much money was locked up in long loans that the Company became embarrassed. The Directors explained the state of affairs to the shareholders, and proposed a call of £5 per share. Upon hearing this bad news, the shareholders, with more rashness than judgment, took the direction of affairs into their own hands. They appointed a new set of Directors, who, after inspecting the accounts, reported that a call of £2, 10s. would be sufficient to make all right. But soon they found that the old Directors were in the right, and that if the larger call were not made, the Company would not go on; and they resigned. Once more the shareholders made a mess of it. They exhausted themselves in anathematising the Directors, but managed so badly themselves that the Company went into Chancery. We certainly question whether, if the call proposed by the original Directors had been agreed to, the Company could have profitably continued its operations, but at least it would have been easy in such circumstances for the Company to have wound up under a voluntary liquidation, and thereby escaped the disastrous losses which necessarily ensue under a compulsory liquidation in Chancery.

Owing to the stormy meetings which accompanied the collapse of this Company, and the violent language applied by some of the speakers to the Directors of the Company (duly reported in the newspapers), the affair made a great impression in the City; and discount and financial companies became objects of distrust and suspicion. Now, there are at all times parties who are ready to foster such suspicions, with a view to their own profit. These are the speculators on the Stock Exchange,—men who make a profit by buying shares at one price and selling them at another. They do not need to hold any shares themselves at the times when they sell them,—for they are not bound to deliver the shares until a fortnight after they have sold them, by which time (if their "bearing" operations are successful) they can easily get shares at a lower price than that at which they sold them. Thus these speculators have a very wide scope for their operations. The process is this:—Suppose a

combination of these speculators resolve to operate against a company whose shares are quoted at £20. Some of them go on 'Change, and offer a large amount of shares at that price. This tends to depress the value of the shares in question. Next day, others of the confederates offer shares of the same company at £18; on the third day, at £16; by-and-by at £14, and so on. In this way the men who sold the shares (not one of which they held) at say £20 or £16, before the time for delivering these shares to the purchaser, can provide themselves with the shares at £16 or £12—making thereby a handsome profit. Such is the object of those "bearing" operations which have been carried on so largely during the last two months, and with such disastrous effects to the general public. The first effect of them is, that the *bona fide* shareholders, the persons who really have shares to sell, take alarm, and sell their property at the depreciated value,—thereby increasing the fall. Secondly, as the public see the shares of the company falling so fast and so seriously, they begin to think that there is something rotten in the business: and those who, as depositors, have intrusted their money to this company's keeping, hasten to its office to withdraw their money. In this way that most fatal of all forms of panic—a run for deposits—begins: and as the "bearing" operations continue, the run waxes greater, till the establishment has to succumb and closes its doors. As a final calamity, the company gets into Chancery; the heavy costs of liquidation and the great losses sustained by a forced realization of the assets, quickly shift the balance from the right side of the ledger to the wrong one; and the shareholders, instead of having a sound-going business, are glad to escape with the loss of nearly all their paid-up capital.

These "bearing" operations are legal, if not legitimate, in themselves, but during the late panic unquestionably they have been conducted in a most shameful manner,—by the propagation of lying reports, and the adoption of the most unscrupulous means of shaking the credit of perfectly solvent establishments. In fact, this "bearing" conspiracy is the most infamous which the Stock Exchange has ever witnessed, and has produced disasters which have brought misery and ruin into thousands of honest homes.

The collapse of the Joint-Stock Discount Company, which led to the subsequent distrust in almost all our monetary establishments, was occasioned by its so-called "financiering" operations; and it was the suspicion, more or less well-founded, that other monetary establishments had embarked in similar operations, that helped to augment the distrust. Financial business is *per se* a perfectly legitimate kind of enterprise. It is a business which has attained a great development within the last few years, and it supplies a real want. It provides money at a high rate of interest for companies and undertakings, which, owing to the nature of the securities which they have to offer, cannot obtain advances from banks or discount-companies. What is wanted in such cases is the loan of large sums, not repayable till (speaking roundly) one or two years or more. The financial companies supplied this want: and as long as they are judiciously conducted, they will be of immense advantage to the country, and will reap large gains for themselves. But the evil has been that some of these financial companies did not conduct their operations judiciously: still more—and this is the great cause of the late catastrophe, in so far as it had any reasonable basis at all—that banks and discount-houses have likewise engaged in this "financiering" business, which to them is more or less inappropriate.

There are three different kinds of monetary business carried on in the City: and it is the attempt to combine them which, under the pressure of the panic, has served to undermine the position of our monetary establishments. It is true that these different kinds of business are not actually incompatible,—they *may* all be carried on together: but they are quite different in their methods of procedure, and each requires a different kind of ability on the part of the managers. First, there is Banking. A bank receives the money of the public, and lends it out. As its deposits are liable to be called up at any time, it is the duty of a bank to lend only on good commercial bills, or other securities which are readily convertible into money. A bank also must keep a large reserve of money immediately available to meet the demands of its depositors. Risky loans, or loans not payable for a long period, are incompatible with safe banking. Secondly, there is the Discount business. A discount business, pure and simple, is the simplest and safest of all kinds of monetary trade. If a discount-house (as used to be the rule) deals only with its own money, it does not need to keep any reserve, nor can its failure ever make a "crash." It can never suspend payment, for it has no payment to make: it has no liabilities to the public. If some of the bills which it has discounted prove bad, it has less money to lend out again—that is all. For example, suppose a discount-house has £900,000 of paid-up capital, and deals only (we shall say) with three months' bills: then it advances £800,000 on bills the first month; £800,000 the second month; and a like sum in the third month. If some of the bills which it discounted in the first month prove bad, then it has less money to advance in the fourth month: but that is all. Thirdly, there is the Financial business. A financial company, pure and simple—that is to say, if it does not receive deposits, but trades only with its own subscribed capital—is likewise a simple, although always a risky, business. It need keep no reserve, so far as the public is concerned, for it has no liabilities to the public; and any losses which it may make, like those of a pure discount-establishment, produce no more serious results than a contraction of its business operations.

But all these three kinds of monetary business have now become blended, or jumbled, together. Discount and financial companies invade the province of banking, by receiving deposits at call or at short dates; while banks seek to rival the profits of financial companies by advancing their money—to contractors and others—for long periods of time, if not also on precarious security. Hence it is that when a distrust in financial companies arose, the suspicion of rottenness, fostered by the extensive "bearing" operations, quickly extended to all classes of monetary establishments. Beyond this point it was madness. When distrust became panic, when the persistent sales and shameless slanders of the "bearing" confederates culminated in a general alarm and continuous run for deposits, the game was up. No bank could long withstand such a pressure: for example, the Bank of England itself must have fallen if subjected to such a demand for deposits as was made on the Bank of London,—from which bank one-half of its deposits was called up at a swoop. Whether a bank fell, or whether it stood, was not a question of management, but simply as to whether or not the current of panic would set in strongly against it.

The great discount-house of "Overend, Gurney, & Co." was the first which fell before the general distrust and the persistent "bearing" operations on the Stock Change. This establishment, at

starting (in August last) as a Limited Liability Company, had locked up 2½ millions of its capital in the purchase (from the old private firm) of securities which could not be realised for a long time, and a large portion of which was worthless. When a distrust of finance-business began, this Company was immediately singled out for attack by the "bears," or "speculators for the fall;" the price of its shares was driven down, till the shareholders and customers of the establishment took the alarm; and a steady persistent run for deposits was made upon it. At length it was forced to apply for assistance to the Bank of England; but the Bank refused; and so, to the dismay of the City, "Overend, Gurney, & Co." closed their doors.

We need not speak of the profound impression and wide-spread panic which the fall of this great establishment occasioned. We must proceed with our narrative. It was a run for deposits (of which Overend, Gurney, & Co. used to hold upwards of twelve millions) which caused the stoppage—a run which, as we have said, not even the most prudently conducted establishment can long withstand. And a similar run, though of lesser extent, now commenced upon nearly all the other monetary establishments in the city. The English Joint-Stock Bank, a considerable portion of whose deposits had been placed at interest with Overend, Gurney, & Co., at once closed its doors. At mid-day (12th May) the panic was at its height. Lombard Street was actually blocked up by the crowds of respectable persons who thronged the doors of the banks and other establishments. Lothbury, Bartholomew Lane, and adjoining streets were also thronged with excited knots of people. While depositors rushed to withdraw their money, a body of onlookers gathered before each bank or financial establishment, expecting to see it close its doors. Every one was on the alert for bad news, and discussed only too freely the dangers which threatened the various establishments. A list of the shareholders of the fallen firm of Overend, Gurney, & Co., published at the high price of one shilling, was eagerly bought up at 2s. 6d. The penny papers, in like manner, were bought at 3d.—so great was the eagerness to hear the latest news or rumours. Consols were unsaleable; no one mistrusted their value, but there was no currency wherewith to purchase them. The Bank of England would not even lend money upon them. The Government Bank, the establishment which, on the average, gets the use of six millions of Government money free of interest, would not even make a loan upon the security of Government Stock! This was a strange proceeding: nevertheless there was a valid reason for it. Although the Bank is greatly favoured by the Government, an Act of Parliament has placed a restriction upon the amount of its note-issues. In cases where the Bank could extend its issues with perfect safety to itself and immense advantage to the public, the Act of 1844 prevents its doing so. Hence, as long as the Act of 1844 continued in force, the Bank was quite entitled to say: "No, we cannot lend our notes upon consols, because we may need those notes in payment of our own deposits. And for the same reason, we cannot assist any embarrassed company, however solvent it be, and however disastrous to the community will be its fall."

The great difficulty was a deficiency of currency. The banks and other financial establishments had money's worth, but they could not get money for it. More money was wanted by the community in payment of deposits; and where was the money to come from? Deposits were being called for in notes, and notes in sufficient abundance it was impossible to get. The whole amount of notes allowed to

be issued in the United Kingdom hardly exceeds the amount of deposits in a couple of the London banks (the Union and the London and Westminster). Accordingly, when the London banks which are not allowed to issue notes made attempts to get notes from other quarters (by the sale of their securities), in order to meet the exceptional run upon them, they could not do it. The supply of currency was inadequate to the wants of the time; and hence the reserve of consols and other convertible securities which banks keep on hand to meet emergencies became of little avail. We repeat, the difficulty arose not from any want of assets on the part of the banks, but because it became impossible for them to convert their assets into money. The Bank of England is the great fountain of currency,—it is also the sole bank of issue in London; but when it was appealed to for a supply of notes, in exchange for the most unimpeachable securities, it refused to do so. Its power of issue was restricted by an Act of Parliament, and on that Friday it had no more money on hand than was necessary for its own safety. In fact, if on that day the Bank of England had been subjected to a run for deposits, like that which was made on the other banks, it must have stopped payment. When it shut its doors on that day, its reserve of notes had fallen so low that the amount would have been cleared off at the first rush, if a run for deposits had taken place.

The banks could not get currency in exchange for their assets: they could not get money for their money's worth. Here was the difficulty. Assets they had, enough and to spare, but they could not get their assets converted into money. At the Bank of England alone could they get the notes which were so imperatively required, and the Bank could not give them. Banks, discount-houses, and financial companies, all were striving to convert their assets into currency, and the supply of banking currency, as restricted by the Act of 1844, had reached its utmost limit. The deposits of the country, whether stored in banks or in other monetary establishments, amount to at least £800,000,000, while the amount of banking currency wherewith these deposits may be represented is only about £40,000,000. Hence, when a panic occurs, and an extraordinary demand for deposits takes place, there is no means of meeting that demand. The banks cannot meet the requirements of the community. On that Friday, two millions of banking currency (notes) were paid across the counter of one of the most powerful and best established banks in London; and a similar run was made on several other banks. It was impossible to withstand such a run. Another day of similar panic, and every bank and monetary establishment in London must have stopped payment.

The panic was at its height at mid-day. Shortly before one o'clock the second edition of the daily papers appeared, containing an announcement that the Bank Act was suspended. A salutary change immediately became visible; Lombard Street became passable, and the crowds in other streets diminished. But though the "run" slackened, the announcement was premature. The Bank Act was not suspended, nor indeed, at that time, as appears from the subsequent statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had the Government given any attention to the matter. In this emergency a deputation from the joint-stock and private banks was despatched to apprise the Government of the state of matters in the City, and to urge the immediate suspension of the Act of 1844. In the City, the managers and directors of banks and other monetary establishments remained at their post till past midnight, anxiously receiving the

tidings of disaster, and waiting for the announcement of the suspension of the Act. It was midnight before the announcement was made. In the interview which the deputation from the banks had with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the necessity for suspending the Act was urged upon the Government by all present, except the representative of the Bank of England. This was mere bravado on the part of the Bank, and very ill-timed bravado. Not merely one, but several of the other banks could have shut it up at once, simply by withdrawing the reserves which they kept at the Bank. Indeed one of the representatives of the joint-stock banks is reported to have said plainly, addressing the Bank's representative, "I can draw a couple of checks to-morrow morning which will shut you up at once." The Bank Directors knew this quite well, but they thought they could indulge in bravado safely, as it was perfectly certain that the Bank Act must be suspended. The Chancellor of the Exchequer saw this plainly enough, and the Act was suspended accordingly—and for the third time, although it has only been in existence for twenty-two years.

The effect of the announcement of the suspension of the Bank Act was so salutary that next day (Saturday) it was generally thought that the crisis was at an end. But, as became visible in a day or two, the crisis was not at an end. Why? The Government had suspended the Act, the artificial restriction upon the supply of banking currency, in order to meet the unusual monetary requirements of the public; but the Bank of England, which alone had the power to extend its note-issues, refused to avail itself of the powers thus conferred upon it. It refused to extend its note-issues beyond the amount permitted by the Act of 1844. It would have done so readily to save itself, but it refused to do so for the purpose of relieving others. The result of such a course was certain: the crisis continued, the panic revived. Large commercial failures began, imperilling the banks who held the bills of the fallen merchants; the "bearing" operations went on; a run of deposits was kept up on several of the banks. It was impossible for these establishments to convert their securities into money in sufficient amount to meet the run upon them. After paying out fifty per cent of its deposits in cash, the Bank of London had to stop: as every bank in like circumstances must do. When the Bank of London stopped, the Consolidated Bank came to the rescue. An arrangement was made by which the Consolidated Bank took over the business of the fallen bank: engaging to pay its current and deposit accounts on demand, and also to carry on its discount business—a great boon to the customers of the suspended Bank, and also a measure well calculated to allay the panic. But as the Consolidated Bank did not engage to take over the "acceptances" of the Bank of London, the legality of the arrangement between the two Banks was challenged, and the Consolidated Bank was threatened with a suit in Chancery. Thereupon the Bank of England refused to give any assistance—that is to say, it refused to make advances to the Consolidated Bank on securities quite as good as those which it was discounting for its own customers. In these circumstances the Consolidated Bank was unable to meet the run upon it; and after paying out a large sum to the depositors of the Bank of London as well as its own, after a struggle of three days, it also closed its doors. After a still longer struggle, and mainly in consequence of a lying telegram sent from this country to Bombay, announcing its failure, the Agra and Masterman's Bank was likewise compelled to suspend.

Contemplate the magnitude of the disaster. Overend, Gurney, &

Co., the oldest and most powerful discount-house in the kingdom,—the English Joint-Stock Bank, which no one accuses of reckless management, and which fell simply because a portion of its deposits was locked up by the stoppage of Overend & Co.,—the Imperial Mercantile Credit Company, the European Bank, the Bank of London, the Consolidated Bank, and the Agra and Masterman's, with its wide-spread connections, were wrecked during that terrible season of panic. These establishments used to hold nearly thirty millions of deposits, and made advances on bills, &c., to the trade of the country to a like extent. Their stoppage accordingly created a vast and twofold embarrassment. The depositors with those establishments could not get the use of their money, and the commercial customers could not get their usual advances. The deposits in these establishments had been greatly reduced by the persistent run upon them, but, at the time of the stoppage, they still amounted to about sixteen millions. This immense sum (although every shilling of it will ultimately be repaid, with interest) became temporarily unavailable to its owners. Not a shilling of it could be repaid until after the tedious delays of a judicial liquidation. Meanwhile, what were the owners of that deposited money to do? No one nowadays keeps more than a few pounds in hand—seldom sufficient for a single day's expenditure—the cheque-book being used in payment of all sums above £5. Hence, for bare existence's sake, these depositors must get loans from some quarter or other, to compensate for the lock-up of their own money. But where, in that season of panic, were such advances to be got? All the banks (with the exception of the Bank of England, in whose favour the Act of 1844 was suspended) were nearly drained of currency, by the run for deposits which had taken place. Nor could they venture to lend out as usual the little money which they held, fearing lest a fresh run for deposits might be made upon them. The consequence was, that these banks were not able to make the usual advances to their own customers: so that the unfortunate depositors with the suspended establishments could get no assistance, even upon the best securities, except by applying to the Bank of England. The commercial or discount customers of the suspended establishments were in the same predicament. Their only chance of obtaining the customary advances, indispensable to the carrying on of their business, was by appplying to the Bank of England. In this way the Bank at once obtained an immense addition to its business. All the discount-business of the suspended establishments came to it, as well as a considerable portion of the depositors with these establishments, who required loans to compensate the lock-up of their own money. What is more, all the money in the hands of these suspended establishments was, according to law, transferred to the keeping of the Bank of England. And this money the Bank could lend out freely, to the last shilling,—for it was not liable to be called for by its owners until the judicial liquidation of the fallen establishments had been accomplished. All this was a windfall to the Bank of England. It not only obtained an immense addition to its loan-business, but also a great addition to the money deposited with it, and which it could use freely in carrying on this extension of its business. The Bank in fact became possessed of all the monetary assets of the suspended establishments, free of all immediate liability to repayment: while the depositors with those establishments (the rightful owners of that money) had to come to the Bank begging for advances. Thus the Bank, in so far as it granted any of those advances, was simply lend-

ing to these unfortunates their *own money* at an exorbitant rate of interest!

In these circumstances, what was the conduct of the Bank? It is, or at least it regarded itself, as a private establishment, and it acted accordingly. By the fall of many of its rivals and the artificial embarrassment of others, the Bank had got an immense accession to its business, and it took good care to keep that business to itself as long as possible, and also to charge thereon the highest possible rates. Both of these ends were attained by the exorbitant rate which it charged for the loan of its money, and by refusing to make advances save upon the very best and short-dated securities. The crisis was owing to a want of currency—to the statutory supply of currency becoming totally inadequate, owing to a sudden increase in the monetary requirements of the community. The Act of 1844 was suspended in order to allow this want to be supplied: but the power of supply was vested solely in the Bank of England, and the Bank did not choose to use the power conferred upon it. It was manifestly for its interest to keep the supply of currency inadequate: and it did so. A Bank-rate of 10 or 12 per cent means panic. And even at these rates the Bank refused to discount or make advances upon a large portion of the securities offered to it, even though these securities were such as it usually deals in with perfect readiness. The result was that the prevalent disquiet was prolonged. Large commercial failures took place; the banks which held the bills of these suspended firms encountered a new embarrassment, and were exposed to fresh distrust on the part of the public; and, so circumstanced, they could not venture to lend their money freely, lest it should suddenly be needed to meet a run for deposits.

In this way the Bank had the field to itself. In proportion as its rivals had to suspend, the more deposits and discount business came to it; and as long as the surviving banks remained embarrassed by fear of the panic, the Bank got a portion of their business also. Hence—as it considers itself entitled to act simply as a private establishment—there was ample motives for it declining to avail itself of the powers conferred on it by the suspension of the Act of 1844. Had it used those powers—had it discounted freely as usual, and exceeded its statutory issues to the extent of even two millions—the 12th of May would have been the last day of the panic. The depositors and customers of Overend, Gurney, & Co. would have obtained the assistance which they required, upon the good securities which they held. The other banks also would have been able to convert their securities into currency, and thereby have met the panic-run to which they were subjected. The crisis would have passed; the Bank of London, the Consolidated Bank, and Agra and Masterman's, would have stood: and hardly any commercial suspensions would have taken place at all. But in such circumstances, the other banks would have been able promptly to resume their ordinary operations, and the rate of discount would have fallen to something like its ordinary amount. The Bank of England would not have reaped so great a harvest at the expense of the community and of the other banks. It is much more profitable for the Bank to issue 25½ millions of notes at 10 per cent. than to issue 28 or 30 millions at 5 per cent.

The Act of 1844 was suspended *pro bono publico*. It was not suspended merely in the interests of the Bank of England—much less for the sake of increasing the profits of the Bank at the expense of the other monetary establishments and the community at large. A suspension of the Act, under any

circumstances, is of great service to the Bank. It is an act of simple justice to it. It relieves it from the artificial restriction imposed upon its note-issues (which are never, and never have been, distrusted) and thereby frees it from its liability to an artificial bankruptcy. During the late panic the Bank of England was as liable to a failure of this kind as any other of the London banks. A large portion of its deposits consisted of the cash-reserves of the other banks; and on the 12th of May any one or two of these banks, simply by demanding payment of their own money, could have made the Bank insolvent. In this respect the suspensions of the Act was called for in the interests of the community, and as an act of justice to the Bank itself, which every one must approve. But it is a crying evil of our present monetary system that a suspension of the Act, in the mode which has now and hitherto been adopted, is an injustice to all the other banks and monetary establishments, as well as to the mercantile community. It immediately increases the vicious monopoly at all times possessed by the Bank. The Act in fact is suspended only *quoad* the Bank of England. Upon all the other banks of the country the restrictions of the Act are kept in force. However great may be the want of currency, none of the other London banks are allowed to issue notes upon any terms; and the 220 banks of issue in the United Kingdom are in like manner forbidden under any conditions to exceed the limitation imposed upon them by the Act. The effect of the suspension of the Act as now carried out, is a special act of favour to the Bank of England—an addition to the privileges, a completion of the monopoly, so unwisely and unjustly bestowed upon the Bank. The monopoly of a purely State Bank (if such an establishment were possible) would be intelligible: for, *ex hypothesi*, such a bank would have no interests of its own—it would have no shareholders, no private proprietary, no dividends to make—in fact, it would have no interest in making profits at all. But to confer special privileges upon a private bank is an injustice to all other banks and to the community at large. And to violate the law in a way which only increases the monopoly of such a bank, while maintaining the legislative restrictions upon all other banks, in principle is monstrous, and in practice is most inimical to the interests of the community. Even if the directors of the Bank were patriots of the purest type—if they held themselves bound to use the additional privileges conferred upon them by the suspension of the Act wholly and solely in the interests of the community—the power conferred upon them would be invidious, and too great to be intrusted to any body of private individuals. But the directors of the Bank of England make no such incredible professions of disinterestedness. They avow openly that the Bank (although largely favoured by the State) is a private establishment; that they are responsible only to their shareholders; and that the sole rule of their conduct is to manage the Bank as profitably as possible.

It is a loss to the community that solvent Banks and monetary establishments should fall; but it is pure gain to the Bank. Not only are so many rivals thereby swept permanently out of the field, but the immediate result is to add greatly alike to the deposits and to the discount business of the Bank. As we have seen, the money in the keeping of the suspended banks and other establishments is at once transferred to the Bank of England, and becomes the most available portion of its deposits; and at the same time the whole discount business of these establishments of necessity comes to the Bank during a time of crisis, and a considerable portion of it remains with the Bank after the crisis is past. Manifestly such one-sided suspensions of the Act of 1844 as we have now twice witnessed are

inadmissible, intolerable. They bolster up the reputation of the Bank (which under a natural system would need no bolstering) to the disadvantage of that of the other banks, and at the same time they confer upon the Bank a complete monopoly of the currency—they confer despotic and irresponsible power upon a private establishment, which confessedly makes use of its privileges simply with a view to increase its gains.

The reasons for the suspension of the Bank Act are obvious. Owing to the panic and consequent run for deposits, there was a sudden increase in the monetary requirements of the public; and it was impossible for the banks and other establishments to meet this demand, as they had no adequate means of converting their assets into currency—the amount of banking currency being artificially restricted by the Act of 1844. But the suspension of the Act was made in such a way as to give to a single bank the sole power of supplying the extra amount of currency required. We have seen the obvious motives of self-interest which induced this privileged bank (the Bank of England) not to avail itself of the power conferred upon it. The greater the dearth of currency, the higher the price which the Bank could obtain for the issue of it. Let us now consider the other side of the question. We have seen the obvious motives which the Bank, as a private establishment, had for restricting the issue of currency, as a means of increasing its gains: let us see if there were any prudential considerations, connected with its own solvency, which can be urged in justification of the course which it adopted. The only effect which any bank has to fear from an unusual extension of its note-issues is, that the public may lose faith in the notes, and demand payment of them in specie. Well, has the public ever lost faith in the notes of the Bank of England, and made a run upon the Bank for payment of its notes in gold? The answer is, *Never*. Not only during the present century, but for at least a hundred and fifty years, the Bank's notes have never once been distrusted. Even in 1825, when the wildest panic existed, the notes were in as good repute as ever. Then, as now, owing to the panic, there was an unusual requirement for currency; and the moment the Bank changed its policy, and instead of restricting its issues, and contracting its loans, lent out its notes freely to supply the dearth of currency, the panic was at an end. What is more, the note-issues of the Bank at that time rose to as high a point as they did during the recent panic (25½ millions), although in 1825 there was a great drain of gold for export, and the specie in the Bank had fallen to one million. During the present panic, on the contrary, there had been no drain of specie for export, and the Bank's stock of gold was twelve millions. Nevertheless, the notes of the Bank circulated as freely during the panic of 1825 as they have done during the panic of 1866. Neither in the one case nor in the other was there the least distrust of the Bank's notes, nor any demand on the part of the public for payment of them in specie. The amount of the Bank's note-issues in 1825 and 1866 was the same, while its stock of gold was twelve times larger in 1866 than in 1825. Since, then, its notes were never distrusted or cashed in 1825, who believes that there was any risk of its notes being distrusted or cashed under the vastly more favourable circumstances of 1866? In fact, it is a special feature of the late panic that the notes of no bank were distrusted. Not only the notes of the Scotch and Irish banks, but the notes of the two hundred banks of issue in England, circulated as freely as before,—although the issues of these two hundred English banks are totally unprotected by any security required by Government.

There is another matter in con-

nection with the suspension of the Bank Act which claims special notice. It has become a stereotyped practice, when such a suspension takes place, for the Government to stipulate that the Bank shall charge an exorbitant rate from the community upon the extra issues of notes which at such times are imperatively needed, and at the same time to appropriate the profit upon these extra issues to the State. The latter provision is essentially illusory. It simply gives the Bank an additional motive of self-interest for restricting the supply of currency, and thereby making larger profits than would otherwise be possible. In the present case, the Bank has declined to make these extra issues, upon which it was to get no profit, while it has readily raised its rate to the high point prescribed by the Government. But upon what ground does the Government enjoin that the exorbitant rate of ten per cent shall be charged upon the extra issues of currency required by the community? Is it afraid that the Bank will forget its own interests, by charging too little for its loans? Does the Government think that an establishment which at such times has an absolute monopoly of the currency will not take good care to work that monopoly for its own profit? The idea is preposterous. The only effect of such a stipulation is to nullify the very object for which the Act is suspended. The suspension takes place only when the statutory amount of banking currency becomes confessedly inadequate to the wants of the community; and for the Government to impose an exorbitant charge upon the extra issues required, and to appropriate the profit on them, is simply to undo with the one hand what it does with the other. It gives the Bank an additional motive *not* to meet the wants of the public—*not* to make the extra issues of currency which the public require, and for the sake of supplying which the Government suspends the Act. Such a procedure is as absurd as if the Government were to fill a reservoir for the use of the community, and were simultaneously to narrow the orifice, so that the community should get no more water than before, while paying a double price for it.

Moreover, what is the good of a high rate of discount? What does it do? As long as the Act of 1844 is in force, the Bank may say—"We are allowed to issue only a certain amount of notes, and as we have a greater demand for these notes than we can supply, we shall lend them only to those who are willing to pay the highest price for them." This is intelligible, although the system under which such a case can arise is altogether unnatural and vicious. But when the supply of currency is allowed to take place freely, by the suspension of the Act, what object does a high bank-rate serve? None at all: except to increase the profits of the Bank at the expense of the community, and to the detriment of the trade and industry of the country. Theorists, indeed, whose dogmas have inflicted dire calamity upon the country during the last quarter of a century, have proclaimed with extraordinary assurance that a high bank-rate immediately attracts specie from other countries. But, in the first place, during the recent crisis, there was no want of gold at all. There were twelve millions of gold lying idle in the Bank, and no one ever asked for it or wanted it. Whatsoever then were the object of the exorbitant bank-rate of ten and twelve per cent, this high price for the use of the Bank's notes was not needed for the purpose of attracting gold from abroad. Secondly, as experience shows, the idea that a high bank-rate is a potent means of attracting gold from other countries is totally erroneous. Its influence on the export and import of specie is almost inappreciable. If a country has to make larger payments abroad than the amount of foreign

bills which it holds, abroad gold must go. In like manner, if the balance of its trading and financial operations is in its favour, gold will pour into the country, however low may be the rate of discount. These facts used to be fully acknowledged in this country: it is only of late years that they have become obscured under the mass of confident assertions of the theorists of the Bullionist school. But once more, they are being conclusively demonstrated by the course of events. In October last, Baron Rothschild confidently declared, before the French Government Inquiry into Banking, that if the Bank of France allowed its rate of discount to fall two or three per cent. below that of the Bank of England, or of any other foreign bank, the result would be that the Bank would be drained of its whole amount of specie. Nevertheless, during the eight months which have since elapsed, the rate of the Bank of France has been fully three per cent. below that of the Bank of England; while its stock of specie, so far from being drained away, has increased rapidly, while the specie in the Bank of England has not increased at all. In fact, since the 12th of May the Bank-rate in England has been ten and twelve per cent, while the Bank-rate in France has been only four per cent, and yet the influx of specie into France continues undiminished.

As regards legislation, the lesson of the late crisis is as obvious as it is important. To rigidly fix the amount of banking currency in any country is an absurdity. And the absurdity is increased when that currency has been fixed (as under our present laws) at the amount which was in use a quarter of a century ago. The monetary requirements of a country steadily increase with the increase of trade and population. They are also liable to sudden and great fluctuation, owing to the influence of panic. The run for deposits in a time of panic constitutes a sudden increase in the monetary requirements of the community; and this can only be met by a corresponding increase in the supply of currency. During the crisis of 1793, the Government came promptly to the rescue, by offering a supply of exchequer currency upon the security of goods—property of any kind. Five millions of this kind of currency were voted for the supply of all solvent firms who should make application for it, and the panic disappeared as if by magic. In 1825, when a great run for deposits took place under the influence of panic, the difficulty vanished the moment the Bank of England declared that it would make advances upon any kind of good security which was offered to it. Without such measures, in times of panic, no bank can stand — the whole banking-system of the country is liable to come to the ground. During a run for deposits, banking assets are of no use if they cannot be converted into currency; and, under our present laws, as has now been proved for the third time, such a conversion of banking assets into currency, to meet the requirements of the community, is impossible. During the late crisis, the grand defect of our system, was, that assets were not convertible into currency. Money's worth could not procure money.

Under a right system, assets should at all times be convertible into money, and money at all times convertible into assets. Goods should buy money just as certainly as money buys goods. A fixed amount of banking currency existing alongside with constant variations in the monetary requirements of the community is an absurdity, fraught with the direst disasters; for thereby the measure of value (money), instead of being maintained steady, is subjected to terrible fluctuations. It is as great a defect of a currency to be too scarce as to be not sound. If the currency become not sound (if its value fall below the normal point), then more money is needed

to buy goods; if the currency become inadequate in amount, then money is more needed to buy goods. The latter evil is quite as great as the former. The former of these defects of a currency is disadvantageous to the capitalists and moneyed classes, the latter to the community at large, especially to the trading and manufacturing classes.

All banks should be equal in the eye of the law. All banks should have the power to issue banking-currency. Each bank alike, subject to the same restrictions, should have the power to issue notes. The Bank of England is allowed to issue fifteen millions of banking-currency upon the security of Government securities. Why should it alone have this privilege? A banking-currency based upon Government securities (leaving a wide margin for all possible variations in the value of these securities), would always maintain its full value. It would of necessity be a legal tender in payment of taxes or other dues to the State. The advantage of such a system during the late crisis would have been twofold. In the first place, the banks would have had the means of meeting the run upon them instantaneously, by converting their consols into currency (simply by depositing them with the State),—whereas, when the panic was at its height, even consols became inconvertible into currency of any kind. Moreover, during a run upon them, banks would have the means of at once converting their other assets into consols in the open market, and supplying themselves with a State-secured currency by depositing these consols with the Government. This would be really a much sounder species of banking-currency than that which at present exists in this country. It is a fallacy to suppose that the notes even of the Bank of England are secured either by gold or by State securities. Although a certain amount of gold and Government securities is kept in the Issue Department, not a single particle of that gold or of that Government stock is a special security for the note-holders. In the event of bankruptcy, the depositors have an equal claim with the note-holders upon the assets in the Issue Department. The same is true of the gold held, under the Acts of 1844–45, by the Scotch and Irish banks. And as regards the 200 provincial banks of issue in England, there is not even a shadow of legislative security for the note-circulation. On the other hand, under the system which we propose (and which we have fully developed in former articles), the substantial value of the whole note-circulation of the country would be fully secured. But, whatsoever be the system adopted, the present one cannot be maintained. It is perfectly monstrous that the London banks, and indeed all the banks throughout the country, should, in the time of exceptional panic, be dependent for their very existence upon a single privileged bank like the Bank of England—a rival establishment which gains by every embarrassment or downfall which overtakes the other banks—and a bank which, however favoured by the State, regards itself as a private establishment, and which expressly repudiates any other rule of conduct save that of increasing its own gains.

One word in conclusion. London has suffered grievously from the events of the last two months, and a large portion of the blame falls upon the London banks themselves. During the late terrible panic each of these establishments has pursued a policy of jealousy and isolation under circumstances which urgently called for mutual understanding and co-operation. Although the late panic, with its organised "bearing" operations, is in its leading features a novelty in this country, it had an almost exact parallel in New York in 1857. The initial event in the terrible American crisis of that year was the downfall of the Ohio Life and Trust Company (an establish-

ment which held upwards of a million sterling of deposits, and which made advances upon financial securities), just as the late panic was initiated by the collapse of the Joint-Stock Discount Company.* Thereupon, as in our own case, an organised system of "bearing" operations commenced, and one monetary establishment after another was attacked, till the distrust swelled into panic. The 'Times' correctly described the state of matters when it said—"There is actually a powerful combination for the avowed purpose of bringing all the principal undertakings to ruin. A large body of active persons are known to be associated for the purpose; they influence the press to work out their views, and are alleged not merely to operate with a joint capital, but to hold regular meetings, and permanently retain legal advisers, whose chief vocation, it may be assumed, is to discover points that may enable the validity of each kind of security to be called in question, and thus to create universal distrust."* A run for deposits in specie commenced on all the banks of New York; and what did these establishments do? They knew each other's position—they knew that they were all perfectly solvent: but they knew also that it was impossible to meet the run for deposits made upon them, and by common arrangement they all suspended specie-payments simultaneously. The effect was the same as that which attended the vastly more serious suspension of cash-payments in this country in 1797; the panic at once subsided. Neither did the slightest depreciation of the notes of the New York banks ensue. During the few weeks that the suspension lasted, the notes circulated freely at par: indeed, by a curious accident, they even rose to a premium compared with gold.† The same year, owing to the panic created by the fall of the Western Bank of Scotland, a serious run for deposits in specie took place in Scotland. How was it met by the Scotch banks? They knew that it was impossible for any bank or banks to meet a continuous run for deposits in the form of specie; and, instead of each standing aloof, in the hope of seeing its neighbours fall and yet escaping itself, they promptly made common cause with one another, and the gold which was withdrawn from the menaced banks was immediately returned to them (as a loan) by the other banks to which it was taken. This prompt community of action at once terminated the panic and crisis. The recent run upon the banks and monetary establishments was a far less difficulty than that which befell the Scotch banks in 1857, seeing that payment in specie was never demanded of them. But what has happened once may happen again, and in a still worse form; and we think it will be well for the London banks themselves, and certainly it would be of immense advantage to the community, if, in any future panic like that through which they have just passed, they will meet it by a system of co-operation, as the only effectual method of baffling the determined onset of the shameful and wicked conspiracy of speculators, who of late have been fattening on the spoils of the community.

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* 'Times' City Article, Sept. 10, 1857. See also the City Article for September 15 and 17; and the New York correspondence in the 'Times' of Sept. 14 and 24, 1857.

† "According to advices received to-day," said the 'Times' of October 31, "good sight bills could still be purchased at an exchange of 101. The extraordinary fact is therefore exhibited of the inconvertible currency of the New York suspended banks being actually at a high premium compared with the specie currencies of other countries. That is to say, a bill on London could be purchased in the notes of the New York suspended banks at a price which, after allowing for interest and all charges, would bring back in gold a larger sum than had been paid for it."

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL.

THE ever-spreading circle of English readers—whose appetite for fiction only grows by indulgence — will cordially welcome "George Eliot" once more with an English story. 'Romola,' with all its undoubted power and beauty, was in some sense a disappointment to a considerable section of the great audience who had hung so eagerly on the teachings of this new interpreter of their common life, who could throw round the most prosaic facts and ordinary personages the charm of such intense interest and pathos, a fine humor that was far removed from ridicule or cynicism, and a sentiment that had nothing forced or mawkish. 'Romola,' with its delicate pictures of Italian character and Italian life, found a charmed circle of its own, who warmly appreciated the touches of the consummate artist. It is no derogation to any artist's work that it appeals to the sympathies of the few rather than of the many. On the other hand, it is surely the highest tribute to a great novelist of any nation, that nowhere are his powers so fully developed as when he takes his stand upon his own country, and speaks through the common interests of the national life.

So we return gladly from the banks of the Arno to those of the Avon and the Trent, and, under such guidance, find more than compensation for all the glories of fair Florence in the quiet market-towns and slow-moving life of "North Loamshire." The story takes us there five-and-thirty years ago, when railways as yet were only possibilities, and "the glory had not yet departed from the old coach-roads;" when the first Reform Bill had just been carried, and had not given every man the clean shirt and the leg of mutton that had been expected. The date seems happily enough chosen, as bringing the characters sufficiently near to our own day to give us a present sympathy with their sayings and doings, while it preserves some characteristics of a past or passing generation, which have an interest both for those who can remember them and for those who cannot, and which have never been so faithfully recorded by any other writer. The habits of thought and speech amongst those who form what we now call the lower middle class, if they were touched upon at all by writers of fiction, were more or less caricatured and vulgarised; and now, very much of what was distinctive and original is being gradually obliterated by the spread of education and the readier means of communication between class and class. This levelling process does a good deal to smooth away those prominent individualities which must be the staple of the characters of fiction. A moderately close acquaintance with our rural population will lead to a conclusion which might be worth the consideration of educational philosophers: that the arts of reading and writing, whatever their civilising influence may be, do not encourage originality of thought; and that the power of shrewd observation, natural humour, and even true courtesy (the truer because unconventional), are found most commonly amongst the older people who have had no book education at all, and who have all kinds of uncomplimentary adjectives applied to them by theorists. If a competitive examination for the franchise should ever educate all men up to one mark, the field of individual character will be very much narrowed for the novelist who deals with humble life.

'Felix Holt, the Radical.' By George Eliot, Author of 'Adam Bede,' &c. In three volumes. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London 1866.

The characters, however, who absorb our chief interest in 'Felix Holt' (and it may be said at once that it is a novel of character rather than of incident) have been sufficiently well educated — even highly so, for their position in life. Felix himself, the "Radical," though the son of a weaver, has been apprenticed for five years to an apothecary at Glasgow. He is "heir to nothing better than a quack medicine;" "Holt's Cathartic Lozenges" and "Holt's Restorative Elixir," invented and half-believed in by his father, and now sold by his widowed mother in a back street in the market town of Treby Magna. Another heritage indeed had come down to him from both parents—a gift of fluent words. "My husband's tongue," says Mrs. Holt, "'ud have been a fortune to anybody, and there was many a one said it was as good as a dose of physic to hear him talk." And we very soon learn that Mrs. Holt herself had a considerable gift that way. Felix, after a sudden burst of dissipation and repentance at Glasgow, comes home at the expiration of his apprenticeship a Radical in religion and politics. But a Radical of a very peculiar kind, who "wants to go to some roots a good deal lower down than the franchise"—who holds the unpopular doctrine that reform should begin with self, and that pleasure-seeking and money-getting are the crying abuses that have to be put down. He gives his own account of his conversion. He has taken a disgust to such low debauchery as had been open to him, and had seen that it was a mistake to try to turn all life into pleasure.

"Then I began to see what else it could be turned into. Not much, perhaps. This world is not a very fine place for a good many of the people in it. But I've made up my mind it shan't be the worse for me, if I can help it. They may tell me that I can't alter the world—that there must be a certain number of sneaks and robbers in it, and if I don't lie and filch somebody else will. Well, then, somebody else shall, for I won't."

Here are some of his social aspirations:—

"I want to be a demagogue of a new sort; an honest one, if possible, who will tell the people they are blind and foolish, and neither flatter them nor fatten on them. I have my heritage—an order I belong to. I have the blood of a line of handicraftsmen in my veins, and I want to stand up for the lot of the handicraftsman as a good lot, in which a man may be better trained to all the best functions of his nature than if he belonged to the grimacing set who have visiting-cards, and are proud to be thought richer than their neighbours."

To one abuse, within his own power to remedy, he applies himself manfully at once. His mother shall no more make a gain of the credulity of the public by the sale of the pills and elixir. He has learnt enough of medicine, under the Glasgow apothecary, to know that these, at least, are patent impositions; he will maintain himself and his mother by the labour of his own hands; so, having no turn for drugs—indeed, having "made up his mind against what they call genteel businesses"—he takes to learn watchmaking, and also sets up a small school for such urchins as he can collect. Not without strong remonstrance on the part of the Widow Holt, who goes with her complaint upon this subject to her spiritual adviser, the Rev. Rufus Lyon, Independent minister. Her undeserved tribulations and unimpeachable character are volubly set forth at this interview, somewhat to the trial of that excellent man's patience. The scene is in the author's happiest vein of humour:—

"Well, Mr. Lyon, I've a right to speak to my own character; and I'm one of your congregation, though I'm not a church member, for I was born in the general Baptist connection: and as for being saved without works, there's a many, I daresay, can't do without that doctrine; but I thank the Lord I never needed to put *myself* on a level with the thief on the cross. I've done *my* duty, and more, if anybody comes

to that; for I've gone without my bit of meat to make broth for a sick neighbour: and if there's any of the church members say they've done the same, I'd ask them if they had the sinking at the stomach as I have; for I've ever strove to do the right thing, and more, for good-natured I always was; and I little thought, after being respected by everybody, I should come to be reproached by my own son."

Mr. Lyon suggests that he should see and talk to the young man.

"That was what I wanted to ask you, Mr. Lyon. For perhaps he'll listen to you, and not talk you down as he does his poor mother. For after we'd been to chapel, he spoke better of you than he does of most: he said you was a fine old fellow, and an old-fashioned Puritan—he uses dreadful language, Mr. Lyon; but I saw he didn't mean you ill, for all that. He calls most folk's religion rottenness; and yet another time he'll tell me I ought to feel myself a sinner, and do God's will and not my own. But it's my belief he says first one thing and then another only to abuse his mother. Or else he's going off his head, and must be sent to a 'sylum. But if he writes to the *North Loamshire Herald* first, to tell everybody the medicines are good for nothing, how can I ever keep him and myself?"

The minister ventures to suggest prayer—especially for the graces of "humility and submission."

"I'm not proud or obstinate, Mr. Lyon. I never did say I was everything that was bad, and I never will. And why this trouble should be sent on me above everybody else—for I haven't told you all. He's made himself a journeyman to Mr. Prowd the watchmaker—after all this learning—and he says he'll go with patches on his knees, and he shall like himself the better. And as for his having little boys to teach, they'll come in all weathers with dirty shoes. If it's madness, Mr. Lyon, it's no use your talking to him."

"We shall see. Perhaps it may even be the disguised working of grace within him. We must not judge rashly. Many eminent servants of God have been led by ways as strange."

"Then I'm sorry for their mothers, that's all, Mr. Lyon; and all the more if they'd been well-spoken-on women. For not my biggest enemy, whether it's he or she, if they'll speak the truth, can turn round and say I've deserved this trouble. And when everybody get's their due, and people's doings are spoke of on the house-tops, as the Bible says they will be, it'll be known what I've gone through with those medicines—the pounding, and the pouring, and the letting stand, and the weighing—up early and down late—there's nobody knows yet but One that's worthy to know; and the pasting o' the printed labels right side upwards. There's few women would have gone through with it; and it's reasonable to think it'll be made up to me; for if there's promised and purchased blessings, I should think this trouble is purchasing 'em. For if my son Felix doesn't have a strait-waistcoat put on him, he'll have his way. But I say no more. I wish you good morning, Mr. Lyon, and thank you, though I well know it's your duty to act as you're doing. And I never troubled you about my own soul, as some do who look down on me for not being a church member."

"Farewell, Mistress Holt, farewell. I pray that a more powerful teacher than I am may instruct you."

The door was closed, and the much-tried Rufus walked about again, saying aloud, groaningly,

"This woman has sat under the Gospel all her life, and she is as blind as a heathen, and as proud and stiff-necked as a Pharisee; yet she is one of the souls I watch for. 'Tis true that even Sara, the chosen mother of God's people, showed a spirit of unbelief, and perhaps of selfish anger; and it is a passage that bears the unmistakable signet, 'doing honour to the wife or woman, as unto the weaker vessel.' For therein is the greatest check put on the ready scorn of the natural man."

The character of the simple and earnest-minded preacher is one of the most beautiful in the book, and may take its place as a portrait by the side of those of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris, though perfectly individual and distinct. There is nothing of a sectarian or uncharitable tone in the contrast which is here drawn—or rather left to be drawn—between the orthodox Rectors of Great and Little Treby, and the man whom they look upon as an unauthorised intruder into their fold; but the Church is left at a

considerable disadvantage in this story, as compared with its Independent rivals. It is no longer represented, as in the author's previous works, by any such men as Parson Irwine of Broxton, or poor Maggie Tulliver's cold-spoken but warm-hearted confessor, Dr. Kenn. The Rev. Augustus Debarry comes up to the satirical definition somewhere assigned to the orthodox Rector of the Establishment—"a gentleman who reads the service"—unmistakably a gentleman, in principle and feeling as well as birth,—but little more. We do not say that in this there is any injustice. The days of our present story were days when the Church was slumbering, and when even men like "Cock-fighting Jack" were hardly recognised as scandals to their calling, and had even a certain amount of popularity amongst the less scrupulous of their parishioners. And the following picture may be only too faithful a photograph of some of our rural villages in those days:—

There was no sign of superstition near, no crucifix or image to indicate a misguided reverence: the inhabitants were probably so free from superstition that they were in much less awe of the parson than of the overseer. Yet they were saved from the excesses of Protestantism by not knowing how to read, and by the absence of handlooms and mines to be the pioneers of Dissent: they were kept safely in the *via media* of indifference, and could have registered themselves in the census by a big black mark as members of the Church of England.

Dissent was comparatively young, and was, no doubt, more enthusiastic and vigorous. It called forth, and drew to itself, much of the religious energy of the country, as Protestantism had done at the Reformation. Still, such characters as Rufus Lyon must be taken to be as exceptional among Dissenting teachers as among their Episcopal contemporaries. It is a character on which the author has bestowed much care, and has evidently touched with a reverential affection; and it is no failure in the result, but the perfection, that every reader whose own creed and sympathies are not of the narrowest, forgets entirely the Independent, and recognises only the apostolic zeal, the unselfish devotion, the unaffected humility, of the Christian. The personal defects with which the author boldly clothes him only raise him a step nearer the great teacher, whose "bodily presence was weak."

He was walking about now, with his hands clasped behind him, an attitude in which his body seemed to bear about the same proportion to his head as the lower part of a stone Hermes bears to the carven image that crowns it. His face looked old and worn, yet the curtain of hair that fell from his bald crown and hung about his neck retained much of its original auburn tint, and his large, brown, short-sighted eyes were still clear and bright. At the first glance, every one thought him a very odd-looking rusty old man; the free-school boys often hooted after him, and called him "Revelations;" and to many respectable Church people, old Lyon's little legs and large head seemed to make Dissent additionally preposterous. But he was too short-sighted to notice those who tittered at him—too absent from the world of small facts and petty impulses in which titterers live. With Satan to argue against on matters of vital experience as well as of church government, with great texts to meditate on, which seemed to get deeper as he tried to fathom them, it had never occurred to him to reflect what sort of image his small person made on the retina of a light-minded beholder. The good Rufus had his ire and his egoism; but they existed only as the red heat which gave force to his belief and his teaching. He was susceptible concerning the true office of deacons in the primitive church, and his small nervous body was jarred from head to foot by the concussion of an argument to which he saw no answer. In fact, the only moments when he could be said to be really conscious of his body, were when he trembled under the pressure of some agitating thought.

He was meditating on the text for his Sunday morning sermon: "And all the people said, Amen"—a mere mustard-seed of a text, which had split at first only into two divisions. "What was said," and "Who said it;" but these were growing into a many-bran-

ched discourse, and the preacher's eyes dilated, and a smile played about his mouth, till, as his manner was when he felt happily inspired, he had begun to utter his thoughts aloud in the varied measure and cadence habitual to him, changing from a rapid but distinct undertone to a loud emphatic *rallentando*.

"My brethren, do you think that great shout was raised in Israel by each man's waiting to say 'amen' till his neighbours had said amen? Do you think there will ever be a great shout for the right—the shout of a nation as of one man, rounded and whole, like the voice of the archangel that bound together all the listeners of earth and heaven—if every Christian of you peeps round to see what his neighbours in good coats are doing, or else puts his hat before his face that he may shout and never be heard? But this is what you do: when the servant of God stands up to deliver his message, do you lay your souls beneath the Word as you set out your plants beneath the falling rain? No; one of you sends his eyes to all corners, he smothers his soul with small questions, 'What does brother Y. think?' 'Is this doctrine high enough for brother Z.?' 'Will the church members be pleased?' And another——"

Here the door was opened, and old Lyddy, the minister's servant, put in her head to say, in a tone of despondency, finishing with a groan, "Here is Mrs. Holt wanting to speak to you; she says she comes out of season, but she's in trouble."

"Lyddy," said Mr. Lyon, falling at once into a quiet conversational tone, "if you are wrestling with the enemy, let me refer you to Ezekiel the thirteenth and twenty-second, and beg of you not to groan. It is a stumbling block and offence to my daughter; she would take no broth yesterday, because she said you had cried into it. Thus you cause the truth to be lightly spoken of, and make the enemy rejoice. If your face-ache gives him an advantage, take a little warm ale with your meat—I do not grudge the money."

We will say no more of Rufus Lyon, though, to our mind, if novels are allowed a hero in these days, he is the true hero of the tale. As to the heroine, there is no question; for with a rare frugality, we have only one young woman set before us in the book. It is one of the perfections of George Eliot's stories that although we have many incidental portraits, sketched in with a few masterly touches, the real actors in the drama, according to classical usage, are but few—in 'Felix Holt,' fewer than in its predecessors. Esther Lyon has good right to stand alone. Utterly and entirely different in every feature, she is as great a creation as Maggie Tulliver. It is much to say; let the reader judge how far it is truly said when he has laid down the volumes. Poor Maggie's impulsive errors, which scandalised some gentle readers and fascinated others (amongst whom we confess ourselves) of less rigid devotion to the proprieties, or greater consciousness of weakness in ourselves, have nothing corresponding to them in Rufus Lyon's daughter. Saucy and piquant as she is when we first know her, with her pretty girlish vanities, and consciousness of her delicate instep and taper hand, she grows by a beautiful process, of which every step is made plain to us by that most perfect art which conceals its artfulness, not into the plaything of passion, but into the perfect womanhood which will lose all for love, so that love be worthy. We shall have our private quarrel with her hereafter; but this much must be premised in barren justice. With her soft voice, and saucy ways, and sensitive tastes, her love of delicate scents and light reading, and scanty marks of grace, it puzzles the little world of Treby, and especially the Independent connection there, how she came to be the daughter of their saintlike but ungainly minister. She is not—though she does not know it. We spoil no plot (which we hold to be an unwarrantable breach of critical licence) in saying this, for the secret is disclosed in the first volume. The story of her mother forms a beautiful episode in the book, and is told with wonderful skill and pathos. Esther herself

has been educated in France, has been a teacher in an English school, and afterwards governess in a well-born and wealthy family. Here the refined tastes which she inherits develop themselves; she becomes nice in the matter of handkerchiefs and gloves, and kid slippers, of scents and colours, with a rather liberal taste for reading, which prefers Byron and Chateaubriand to 'Allein's Alarm' and John Bunyan, and returns home to charm and puzzle the loving stepfather with her pretty caprices and her unregenerate levity. He fails to see or to check her faults for very love; and for fear of weakening the bond between them, and of leading her to look upon him as in some sense a deceiver, he delays the inevitable disclosure of her mother's history. He makes it, pressed by circumstances, hurriedly at last. By a beautiful and natural paradox, the adoption of which is one of the many turns in the story which mark the writer's skill, the dreaded discovery has an effect the very reverse of Mr. Lyon's fears. Hitherto the volatile Esther had hardly loved him as a daughter should.

She recognised the purity of his character, and a quickness of intellect in him which responded to her own liveliness, in spite of what seemed a dreary piety, which selected every thing that was least interesting and romantic in life and history. But his old clothes had a smoky odour, and she did not like to walk with him, because, when people spoke to him in the street, it was his wont, instead of remarking on the weather and passing on, to pour forth in an absent manner some reflections that were occupying his mind about the traces of the Divine government, or about a peculiar incident narrated in the life of the eminent Mr. Richard Baxter. Esther had a horror of appearing ridiculous, even in the eyes of vulgar Trebians. She fancied that she should have loved her mother better than she was able to love her father; and she wished she could have remembered that mother more thoroughly.

But when the revelation is made—the simple tale of primitive charity and strong affection, the struggles with himself, the estrangement from his flock, the interruption in his pastoral office, and the consequent toil and poverty, which had followed Rufus Lyon's marriage—when the girl listens to what he still considers a confession of weakness and error, but in which she sees nothing but self-renunciation and goodness, she is seized with a passionate remorse for her own selfishness and ingratitude.

Esther had risen, and had glided on to the wooden stool on a level with her father's chair, where he was accustomed to lay books. She wanted to speak, but the floodgates could not be opened for words alone. She threw her arms round the old man's neck and sobbed out with a passionate cry, "Father, father! forgive me if I have not loved you enough. I will—I will!"

There has been an almost unconscious preparation for this change going on in the mind of Esther Lyon. She has been "sitting under" a teacher against whose powers of conviction stronger spirits rebel in vain, and which has taught her a self-knowledge which had never been awakened by any appeal from the Independent pulpit in Malt-house Yard. The dialogues between Esther and Felix Holt have as little of the commonplace of love-scenes as is possible to conceive, and fill some of the most remarkable pages in the book. The "fine-ladyism" of Esther —as Felix holds it to be—is utterly repugnant to his ideal of woman. And the "shaggy-headed, large-eyed, strong-limbed" Radical, is the very contrast to the hero of her fastidious imagination. He begins with an unaffected contempt for her, which, in accordance with his principles, he is at no pains to conceal.

"A peacock!" is his verdict upon her after this first meeting. "I should like to come and scold her every day, and make her cry and cut her fine hair off."

He does scold her a good deal, at subsequent opportunities, and she does cry (to herself), but the result is not the cutting off of the beautiful

hair. At the conclusion of one of his lectures he tells her—

"You have enough understanding to make it wicked that you should add one more to the women who hinder men's lives from having any nobleness in them."

Esther coloured deeply; she resented this speech, yet she disliked it less than many Felix had addressed to her.

A little more of this plain speaking, and then, swelling with indignation and wounded pride,—

She had self-command enough to speak with her usual silvery voice.

"Pray go on, Mr. Holt. Relieve yourself of these burning truths. I am sure they must be troublesome to carry unuttered."

"Yes, they are," said Felix, pausing, and standing not far off her. "I can't bear to see you going the way of the foolish women who spoil men's lives. Men can't help loving them, and so they make themselves slaves to the petty desires of petty creatures. That's the way those who might do better spend their lives for nought—get checked in every great effort—toil with brain and limb for things that have no more to do with a manly life than tarts and confectionery. That's what makes women a curse; all life is stunted to suit their littleness. That's why I'll never love, if I can help it; and if I love, I'll bear it, and never marry."

They part after more sharp words on both sides, in very natural anger on her part, and a half-regretful contempt on his. But still she is restless for his better opinion; and, since he comes no more, makes an excuse to call on Mrs. Holt, to ask Felix to mend her watch. She finds him tying up a cut finger for one of his scholars, little Job Tudge, an orphan whom his mother has half-adopted to please him—"a small fellow, about five, with a germinal nose, large round blue eyes, and red hair that curled close to his head like the wool on the back of an infantine lamb."

Esther had taken off her watch and was holding it in her hand. But he looked at her face, or rather at her eyes, as he said, "You want me to doctor your watch?"

Esther's expression was appealing and timid, as it had never been before in Felix's presence; but when she saw the perfect calmness, which to her seemed coldness, of his clear grey eyes, as if he saw no reason for attaching any emphasis to this first meeting, a pang swift as an electric shock darted through her. She had been very foolish to think so much of it. It seemed to her as if her inferiority to Felix made a great gulf between them. She could not at once rally her pride and self-command, but let her glance fall on her watch, and said, rather tremulously, "It loses. It is very troublesome. It has been losing a long while."

Felix took the watch from her hand; then, looking round and seeing that his mother was gone out of the room, he said, very gently,

"You look distressed, Miss Lyon. I hope there is no trouble at home." (Felix was thinking of the minister's agitation on the previous Sunday.) "But I ought perhaps beg your pardon for saying so much."

Poor Esther was quite helpless. The mortification which had come like a bruise to all the sensibilities that had been in keen activity, insisted on some relief. Her eyes filled instantly, and a great tear rolled down while she said in a loud sort of whisper, as involuntary as her tears,

"I wanted to tell you that I was not offended—that I am not ungenerous—I thought you might think—but you have not thought of it."

Was there ever more awkward speaking?—or any behaviour less like that of the graceful, self-possessed Miss Lyon, whose phrases were usually so well turned, and whose repartees were so ready?

For a moment there was silence. Esther had her two little delicately-gloved hands clasped on the table. The next moment she felt one hand of Felix covering them both and pressing them firmly; but he did not speak. The tears were on both her cheeks now, and she could look up at him. His eyes had an expression of sadness in them quite new to her. Suddenly little Job, who had his mental exercises on the occasion, called out, impatiently,

"She's tut her finger!"

Felix and Esther laughed, and drew their hands away; and as Esther took her handkerchief to wipe the tears from her cheeks, she said,

"You see, Job, I am a naughty coward. I can't help crying when I've hurt myself."

"Zoo soodn't kuy," said Job, energetically, being much impressed with a moral doctrine which had come to him after a sufficient transgression of it.

"Job is like me," said Felix, "fonder of preaching than of practice. But let us look at this same watch," he went on, opening and examining it. "These little Geneva toys are cleverly constructed to go always a little wrong. But if you wind them up and set them regularly every night, you may know at least that it's not noon when the hand points there."

Felix Holt—a born gentleman though a Radical—chats lightly to allow her to recover herself, and nothing ensues. But they are friends thenceforth; friends, both persuaded themselves, and likely to be nothing more. He can see nothing in Esther's beauty and refinement but a temptation which would withdraw him from the work he has set himself—to strive to ennoble some few at least of his own class, by living and labouring with them. He will not ask her to make the sacrifice of her habits and tastes—is not sure she is capable of what he considers a woman's highest vocation; and she, though half-seeking to be asked, is not sure that the sacrifice is not beyond her strength to make. The struggle is finely shown, when, by a sudden turn of fortune, a future of a different kind opens for Esther Lyon; when she is thrown at once amongst all the refinements and elegances of what the world calls good society, finds there the realisation of her girlish longings, and excites the admiration which she is formed entirely to appreciate. All the outward conditions of her new life tend together to redevelop the old self which Felix Holt's unsparing mentorship had half subdued; and losing his presence she no longer schools herself

"To spurn delights, and live laborious days."

She is drawn farther than ever from the young Radical, and the ugly realities which he has chosen for his life-work. He, too, gets into sad trouble; through very chivalrous intentions, undoubtedly, yet not without what appears (to our cold Tory calculations) the most blamable rashness and imprudence. Shall we tell how it ends at last? No; farther than to hint that our single little quarrel with Esther is that she does not bravely combat Felix's uncomfortable creed that a voluntary poverty is necessary to a man's doing his work in this world, or that there is any principle, Radical or Tory, involved in not wearing a neckcloth like other people. They are points, it will be said in her defence, on which, right or wrong, he would never have yielded. We don't believe it; "a brave, modest, beautiful woman"—"thoroughbred," as Sir Maximus (who is not given to emotions) is moved to call her, who could throw off her "fine-ladyism" as Esther does in the Court at Loamford, must be omnipotent even over the British Radical—for he too, as Mr. Gladstone has taught us, is "flesh and blood"—and it is no shame to him to wear any sort of necktie such a woman pleases.

We have an election under the "Reform" cry, described in the author's best style of quiet satire, in which there is no exaggeration, and the words fall as naturally from the speakers as if we heard them talk, and yet every word tells.

"Now's the time, they say, when a man can get beer for nothing."

"Ay, that's sin' the Reform," said a big, red-whiskered man, called Dredge. "That's brought the 'lections and the drink into these parts; for afore that, it was all kep' up the Lord knows wheer."

"Well, but the Reform's niver come anigh Sprox'on," said a grey-haired but stalwart man called Old Sleck. "I don't believe nothing about'n, I don't."

"Don't you?" said Brindle, with some contempt' "Well, I do. There's folks won't believe beyond the end o' their own pickaxes. You can't drive nothing into 'em, not if you split their skulls. I know for certain sure, from a chap in the cartin' way, as he's got money and drink too, only for hollering. Eh, master, what do *you* say?"

But when Mr. Johnson, the Lon-

don agent, pays a business visit to these Sproxton colliers, with evident provision for beer, then "there was a general satisfactory sense that the shadowy Reform had at length come down to Sproxton in a good round shape, with broadcloth and pockets." He makes them a speech, which might have been cut out of the 'Times' during this present year, yet is no anachronism, for the arguments are adapted to all generations:—

"I say, as this country prospers it has more and more need of you, sirs. It can do without a pack of lazy lords and ladies, but it can never do without brave colliers. And the country *will* prosper. I pledge you my word, sirs, this country will rise to the tip-top of everything, and there isn't a man in it but what shall have his joint in the pot, and his spare money jingling in his pocket, if we only exert ourselves to send the right men to Parliament—men who will speak up for the collier, and the stone-cutter, and the navvy" (Mr. Johnson waved his hand liberally), "and will stand no nonsense. This is a crisis, and we must exert ourselves. We've got Reform, gentlemen, but now the thing is to make Reform work."

. . . . . .

His brilliant promises confirmed the impression that Reform had at length reached the New Pits; and Reform, if it were good for anything, must at last resolve itself into spare money—meaning "sport" and drink, and keeping away from work for several days in the week.

But Felix—the "Radical"—listens with disgust. These are not his notions of social regeneration. He, too, is moved upon a subsequent occasion to speechify. And here are some of the truths which he deals out to the astounded Liberals who gather round him:—

"I want the working men to have power. I'm a working man myself, and I don't want to be anything else. But there are two sorts of power. There's a power to do mischief—to undo what has been done with great expense and labour, to waste and destroy, to be cruel to the weak, to lie and quarrel, and to talk poisonous nonsense. That's the sort of power that ignorant numbers have. It never made a joint stool or planted a potato. Do you think it's likely to do much towards governing a great country, and making wise laws, and giving shelter, food, and clothes to millions of men? Ignorant power comes in the end to the same thing as wicked power; it makes misery. It's another sort of power that I want us working men to have, and I can see plainly enough that our all having votes will do little towards it at present. I hope we, or the children that come after us, will get plenty of political power some time. I tell everybody plainly, I hope there will be great changes, and that some time, whether we live to see it or not, men will have come to be ashamed of things they're proud of now. But I should like to convince you that votes would never give you political power worth having while things are as they are now, and that if you go the right way to work you may get power sooner without votes. Perhaps all you who hear me are sober men, who try to learn as much of the nature of things as you can, and to be as little like fools as possible. A fool or idiot is one who expects things to happen that never can happen; he pours milk into a can without a bottom, and expects the milk to stay there. The more of such vain expectations a man has, the more he is of a fool or idiot. And if any working man expects a vote to do for him what it never can do, he's foolish to that amount, if no more. I think that's clear enough, eh?

. . . . . .

"And while public opinion is what it is—while men have no better beliefs about public duty—while corruption is not felt to be a damning disgrace—while men are not ashamed in Parliament and out of it to make public questions which concern the welfare of millions a mere screen for their own petty private ends,—I say, no fresh scheme of voting will much mend our condition. For, take us working men of all sorts. Suppose out of every hundred who had a vote there were thirty who had some soberness, some sense to choose with, some good feeling to make them wish the right thing for all. And suppose there were seventy out of the hundred who were, half of them, not sober, who had no sense to choose one thing in politics more than another, and who had so little good feeling in them that they wasted on their own

drinking the money that should have helped to feed and clothe their wives and children; and another half of them who, if they didn't drink, were too ignorant or mean or stupid to see any good for themselves better than pocketing a five-shilling piece when it was offered them. Where would be the political power of the thirty sober men? The power would lie with the seventy drunken and stupid votes; and I'll you what what sort of men would get the power —what sort of men would end by returning whom they pleased to Parliament."

Verily, a Radical of the "Cave of Adullam." It is a practical sort of Radicalism which Sidney Smith would have admired. Who does not remember his disgust at the patriotic Irishman, always harping on his country's wrongs, and shouting "*Erin-go-bragh!*" "*Erin-go-bragh* indeed! let them cry 'Erin-go-bread-and-cheese, 'Erin-go-breeches-without-a-hole-in-'em!'" These, he thought, were cries that might do something for the Irish national character.

We are little likely, in this our grand climacteric (for Maga has just reached that interesting age) to adopt Radicalism of any shade; but, if we ever see reason to change our political colours, we shall certainly follow Felix Holt rather than John Bright. When the "demagogue" shall appear on the platform who will teach the unenfranchised classes that the first step towards political freedom is to free their own minds from ignorance and prejudice, and that a vote is no panacea for the evils which really degrade them,—and when they have learnt to listen patiently to such teaching, we think the question of fitness to exercise political power will have pretty well answered itself. But often as we are tempted in the course of these volumes, by the marvellous skill of the author, to lend ourselves to the illusion that we are listening to real speakers, and accompanying all the turns of living human hearts, we are always forcibly reminded, when we come upon the articles of Felix Holt's political creed, that we have before us rather the ideal Radical of a future which we should gladly see, than the representative of that term in any sense that would find favour with the noisy politicians who play at once upon the ignorance and cupidity of the rabble.

We have a radical of quite another type in Mr. Harold Transome, upon whose fortunes, in point of fact, the main plot of the story turns. We have chosen rather to dwell upon the characters of Felix and Esther, not only because the title of the book is enough to justify us in fixing our chief interest there, but because we confess we never follow the author with such hearty pleasure as when we find ourselves wandering a little out of the pale of "good society." It has always been easy enough to introduce "vulgar people" into a novel to act as foils to the refined ladies and gentlemen of the story, to raise a laugh at their breaches of the high ceremonial law of good breeding, or to extract a heavy joke (with the help of outrageous spelling) from the coarse wit and broad dialect of some rustic Phyllis or Corydon. But George Eliot's shopkeepers and farmers and mechanics are either the very people themselves, or such wonderful ideal creations that they have all the effect of personal existences. And there is surely, as a matter of fact, more of what we call "character" and originality amongst those for whom life has many puzzles and difficulties, and who are not taught by their social creed that there is nothing so objectionable as "peculiarities," and that strong emotions are either to be kept down, or expressed as nearly as possible in the carefully-toned formulæ which society approves.

But having said this, we are bound to say also that when we do meet ladies and gentlemen in these pages, they are as perfectly true to their type as the landlord of the "public" or the Widow Holt. Mrs. Transome, whatever else we may think of her, moves and speaks as a lady throughout; and as to the Debarrys, however old-fashioned,

their views of religion and politics, their motto might be "*noblesse oblige*" in every word and deed. When Sir Maximus (it is his last appearance) takes the man he personally dislikes by the arm before his brother Tory squires, and leads him off, because he has just been subjected to a cowardly and stinging insult—even using the kindly Christian name by which he has never called him since his boyhood—"Come Harold,"—the little scene has a pathos of its own which is very suggestive, and perfectly true to nature.

But we must return for a moment to Mr. Harold Transome. Why he is a Radical is not so plainly shown; except that, as a younger son who has left England early, and carved out his own fortunes as a Smyrna merchant, he has lost his sympathies with his own hereditary caste, and learnt to think and feel with those who have made their own position in the world.

He was addicted at once to rebellion and to conformity, and only an intimate personal knowledge could enable any one to predict where his conformity would begin. The limit was not defined by theory, but was drawn in an irregular zigzag by early disposition and association; and his resolution, of which he had never lost hold, to be a thorough Englishman again some day, had kept up the habit of considering all his conclusions with reference to English politics and English social conditions. He meant to stand up for every change that the economical condition of the country required, and he had an angry contempt for men with coronets on their coaches, but too small a share of brains to see when they had better make a virtue of necessity. His respect was rather for men who had no coronets, but who achieved a just influence by furthering all measures which the common sense of the country, and the increasing self-assertion of the majority, peremptorily demanded. He could be such a man himself.

The consternation which he excites amongst the Tory squires, old friends of the family, when, immediately on his return to take possession of the inheritance which has fallen to him by the death of a worthless elder brother, he takes advantage of his position in the county to start as a Radical candidatee, is most amusingly told. Sir Maximus and Lady Debarry, knowing nothing of his terrible propensities, make an early call on the new heir of Transome Court, and leave an invitation to dinner. On their way home they hear the news. Lady Debarry concludes that in these altered circumstances Sir Maximus will not think of having him to dine—

"Dine with me? I should think not. I'd sooner he should dine off me. I see how it is clearly enough. He has become a regular beast among those Mahometans. He's got neither religion nor morals left."

His maternal uncle, the Rev. John Lingon (better known as "Parson Jack"—sometimes as "Cock-fighting Jack") though Tory also to the backbone, takes the change more coolly. It is right that his nephew should represent the county; and though this calling himself a Radical is, as he feels, "a nasty business," still, if it does not interfere with his port-wine and pointers, he is content to make the best of it, and even half persuades himself that Radicalism may be considered fitter for a gentleman to touch than Whiggery, at any rate.

In the course of half an hour he had brought himself to see that anything really worthy to be called Britsh Toryism had been entirely extinct since the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel had passed the Catholic Emancipation Bill; that Whiggery, with its rights of man stopping short at ten-pound householders, and its policy of pacifying a wild beast with a bite, was a ridiculous monstrosity; that therefore, since an honest man could not call himself a Tory, which it was, in fact, as impossible to be now as to fight for the old Pretender, and could still less become that execrable monstrosity, a Whig, there remained but one course open to him. "Why, lad, if the world was turned into a swamp, I suppose we should leave off shoes and stockings and walk about like cranes."

. . . . . .

"If the mob can't be turned back, a

man of family must try and head the mob, and save a few homes and hearths, and keep the country up on its last legs as long as he can."

. . . . . .

"There's no need for me to change sides exactly. I was born a Tory, and I shall never be a bishop. But if anybody says, You're in the wrong, I shall say, My nephew is in the right; he has turned Radical to save his country. If William Pitt had been living now, he'd have done the same; for what did he say when he was dying? Not 'O save my party!' but 'O save my country, heaven!' That was what they dinned in our ears about Peel and the Duke; and now I'll turn it round upon them. They shall be hoist with their own petard. Yes, yes, I'll stand by you."

And stand by him he does manfully, even to making a speech in his favour on the day of nomination, in which he maintains that "Tory blood — like good rich milk — when the right time comes, throws up a Liberal cream."

But there is one person in Harold Transome's circle who can never forgive his departure from the old ways of the family in politics as in other matters. This is his mother, Mrs. Transome — a proud, impulsive, majestic woman, whose life is the tragedy of the tale. Married to a weak husband, who soon becomes paralytic, with an elder son who is more than half imbecile and utterly vicious, and whose debts, together with certain lawsuits about the title, have dipped heavily into the property, her younger boy has been from his earliest infancy the sole centre of her love, her hopes, and her anxieties. He has gone out as attaché to Constantinople, but a fortunate accident has settled him as a merchant and banker at Smyrna. She has known many cares and few joys in his absence.

Her life had been like a spoiled shabby pleasure-day, in which the music and the processions are all missed, and nothing is left at evening but the weariness of striving after what has been failed of. . . . . .

So her life had gone on till more than a year ago, when that desire which had been so hungry while she was a blooming young mother, was at last fulfilled — at last, when her hair was grey, and her face looked bitter, restless, and unenjoying, like her life. The news came from Jersey that Durfey, the imbecile son, was dead. *Now* Harold was heir to the estate; now the wealth he had gained could release the land from its burthens; now he would think it worth while to return home. A change had at last come over her life, and the sunlight breaking the clouds at evening was pleasant, though the sun must sink before long. Hopes, affections, the sweeter part of her memories, started from their wintry sleep, and it once more seemed a great good to have had a second son who had in some ways cost her dearly.

The expectation, the meeting, and the disappointment when the mother feels at once instinctively that the son whom she has yearned to welcome has come back to her a man of thirty-four, with confirmed habits of somewhat selfish indulgence, and a strong will which is likely to run counter to hers in many points of vital interest to her happiness, — all this is admirably told. At the very first glance, she sees that the face brings back no memories of the boyish features of the portrait with the clear brown eyes and waving curls, which hangs upon the walls of her usual sitting-room, and which she has gazed upon with a longing affection during the long years of their separation. "Of course he will be altered!" she has said often to herself; but the alteration in more than externals is greater than she can bear.

She heard herself called "Mother!" and felt a light kiss on each cheek; but stronger than all that sensation was the consciousness which no previous thought could prepare her for, that this son who had come back to her was a stranger. Three minutes before, she had fancied that, in spite of all changes wrought by fifteen years of separation, she should clasp her son again as she had done at their parting; but in the moment when their eyes met, the sense of strangeness came upon her like a terror. It was not hard to understand that she was agitated, and the son led

her across the hall to the sitting-rom, closing the door behind them.

In their first brief interview she sees in all its breadth the gulf that has opened between them. He has no wish or intention to be less than dutiful and kind; but he has also no other idea than to be fully master. Henceforth the active mistress of Transome Court, who has managed her imbecile husband, the tenants, and the family lawyer, is to have nothing to do, as Harold carelessly observes, but "to be grandmamma on satin cushions," — for he has brought home with him, too, an impish boy, the son of a slave wife who is dead.

Mrs. Transome went away and shut herself in her own dressing-room. It had come to pass now — this meeting with the son who had been the object of so much longing; whom she had longed for before he was born, for whom she had sinned, from whom she had wrenched herself with pain at their parting, and whose coming again had been the one great hope of her years. The moment was gone by; there had been no ecstacy, no gladness even; hardly half an hour had passed, and few words had been spoken, yet with that quickness in weaving new futures which belongs to women whose actions have kept them in habitual fear of consequences, Mrs. Transome thought she saw with all the clearness of demonstration that her son's return had not been a good for her in the sense of making her any happier.

She stood before a tall mirror, going close to it and looking at her face with hard scrutiny, as if it were unrelated to herself. No elderly face can be handsome, looked at in that way; every little detail is startlingly prominent, and the effect of the whole is lost. She saw the dried-up complexion, and the deep lines of bitter discontent about the mouth.

"I am a hag!" she said to herself (she was accustomed to give her thoughts a very sharp outline), "an ugly old woman who happens to be his mother. This is what he sees in me, as I see a stranger in him. I shall count for nothing. I was foolish to expect anything else."

The evil secret which clouds Mrs. Transome's life is allowed by the author (probably not without intention) to be tolerably patent to a curious reader from a very early point in the story. As has been said, the "plot" in these volumes, as in George Eliot's earlier novels, is quite subordinate to the delineation of character, and nothing can be further from the sensational school. It would indeed be a grave mistake in such a writer to give the weak reader any temptation to hurry through the pages "to see the end." It is in this respect that they minister to the highest taste in fiction: the reader rises from their perusal, not half-vexed at having dissipated his emotions upon an unreal issue, but rather with the satisfaction of having studied certain shades of human nature under the guidance of a wise and large-hearted teacher, from whom he has learnt to criticise the follies of life with a smile which has nothing in it of bitterness or of mockery, and to take a kindlier view of his neighbours from the very fact that he has been made to understand the elements of their weakness. He will have missed the higher lesson which is suggested—not intruded—from page to page, if he has not also been taught some distrust of his own superior wisdom, and some consciousness that in the hands of such a writer the analysis of his own personal character might furnish matter for a volume or so of a very entertaining novel, which would call into play a good many other feelings in the reader besides those of sympathy and admiration.

It is almost needless to say of this, as may be said of all the author's previous works, that the diction is exquisite — a perfection of pure English style to be found in no other writer of fiction. Although in many passages the idea is carefully elaborated, there is hardly a word which could be spared, hardly a sentence which, carefully examined, will not be found to contain some result of accurate thought. The most commonplace statement is here no longer commonplace. There lies

often a little syllogism in an epithet, a hint of true and profound observation in what seems the most careless play of fancy. It is like the best work of the Preraphaelites in painting—every accessory as highly finished as if that alone were the subject to be treated, yet every touch subservient to the whole effect. Or rather, like the work of our earlier architects, who lavished pains and skill not only on the prominent features of the building which all would be sure to see and appreciate, but in the remotest corners, where it would lie hid from all but carefully observant eyes. Some readers may even find a second reading of these volumes more full of quiet enjoyment than the first; few will fail to discover some new charm in returning to the pages which have been most carefully read.

The chapters are headed with the usual mottoes, generally in verse. Shakespeare and the old dramatists sometimes furnish them; but more often there is no author's name attached. There is not even the innocent ruse which Sir Walter Scott adopted—"Old Ballad," or "Old Play." We may very safely assume that in these cases the motto is from the same pen as the text; and, slight as the sample is, such lines as these show the powers of a true poet:—

The fields are hoary with December's frost.
I too am hoary with the chills of age.
But through the fields and through the untrodden woods
Is rest and stillness—only in my heart
The pall of winter shrouds a throbbing life.

Or these again, in quite another key:—

A jolly parson of the good old stock,
By birth a gentleman, yet homely too,
Suiting his phrase to Hodge and Margery,
Whom he once christened, and has married since.
A little lax in doctrine and in life,
Not thinking God was captious in such things
As what a man might drink on holidays,
But holding true religion was to do
As you'd be done by—which could never mean
That he should preach three sermons in a week.

Apropos of quotations, it is curious that so accurate and careful a writer should fall into the common mistake of misquoting Scripture. If any parson ever did preach upon such a text as "Plough up the fallow ground of your hearts," his people were quite justified in thinking "he had made the text out of his own head"—they certainly never found it in the Bible at home.

These volumes abound, like all their predecessors from the same hand, in hints of keen observation and quiet humour, which make all but the hopelessly careless reader pause and dwell upon them, as on a glass of rare old wine which must not be hastily gulped down, but upon whose rare flavour our taste and fancy lingers lovingly. There are "bits" which would make the reputation of half-a-dozen books as extracts. We can give but a few—nor do we desire to do more. There is a little sketch of Mr. Chubb, landlord of the "Sugar Loaf," about a page and a half; but we have the man before us as lifelike as if we had his biography in two stout volumes.

He called himself a straightforward man, and at suitable moments expressed his views freely; in fact, he was known to have one fundamental division for all opinions—"my idee," and "humbug." . .

The coming election was a great opportunity for applying his political "idee," which was that society existed for the sake of the individual, and that the name of that individual was Chubb.

The humour is not the less telling, from an uncomfortable feeling of which a good many honest readers will be conscious, that this exhaustive division of opinion into "my idee" and "humbug" is not altogether peculiar to Mr. Chubb, though to him is due the credit of stating it so forcibly. Swift's definition of "orthodoxy," like most of his *bon-mots*, had some truth as well as some coarseness.

Here, again, is a distinction between good and bad company which may have rather a wider application

than to Mr. Chubb's customers and those of the opposition tap:—

The company at the "Blue Posts" was of an inferior kind—equal, of course, in the fundamental attributes of humanity, such as desire for beer, but not equal in ability to pay for it."

Mrs. Transome, with a corroding anxiety at her heart, goes through the duties of society as usual. The observation which follows is not new—it has been put in other words perhaps a dozen times, but the truth has a new and striking aspect as it stands her:—

She conversed with Esther, and acted the part of hostess as she performed her toilette and went on with her embroidery: these things were to be done whether one were happy or miserable. Even the patriarch Job, if he had been a gentleman of the modern West, would have avoided picturesque disorder and poetical laments; and the friends who called on him, though not less disposed than Bildad the Shuhite to hint that their unfortunate friend was in the wrong, would have sat on chairs and held their hats in their hands. The harder problems of our life have changed less than our manners; we wrestle with the old sorrows, but more decorously.

The game of life has been often enough illustrated by the movements on the chess-board; but seldom has an old metaphor been so beautifully employed to introduce a most original thought as in the following passage:—

Fancy what a game at chess would be if all the chessmen had passions and intellects, more or less small and cunning: if you were not only uncertain about your adversary's men, but a little uncertain also about your own; if your knight could shuffle himself on to a new square by the sly; if your bishop, in disgust at your castling, could wheedle your pawns out of their places; and if your pawns, hating you because they are pawns, could make away from their appointed posts that you might get checkmate on a sudden. You might be the longest-headed of deductive reasoners, and yet you might be beaten by your own pawns. You would be especially likely to be beaten, if you depended arrogantly on your mathematical imagination, and regarded your passionate pieces with contempt.

Yet this imaginary chess is easy compared with the game a man has to play against his fellow-men with other fellow-men for his instruments.

The drollery lies chiefly with the Widow Holt, herself a very serious personage, who would have owned to no sort of weakness in her character, unless it might be a general admiration for babies. We cannot resist introducing her again in one situation, when she is waiting in the grand entrance-hall of Transome Court (which is filled with statuary), sitting "on a stool, in strong relief against the pedestal of the Apollo." She is much struck with the figure of Silenus carrying the infant Bacchus.

Mrs. Holt's attention had been drawn downward to the tiny babe looked at with so much affection by the rather ugly and hairy gentleman, of whom she nevertheless spoke with reserve as of one who possibly belonged to the Transome family.

"It's most pretty to see its little limbs, and the gentleman holding it. I should think he was amiable by his look; but it was odd he should have his likeness took without any clothes. Was he Transome by name?" (Mrs. Holt suspected that there might be a mild madness in the family.) . . .

[Poor old Mr. Transome, wandering in his helpless way about the house, makes his appearance at this moment in rather a strange costume.]

A soft Oriental scarf which Harold had given him still hung over his scanty white hair and down to his knees, held fast by his wooden-looking arms and laxly clasped hands, which fell in front of him.

This singular appearance of an undoubted Transome fitted exactly into Mrs. Holt's thought at the moment. It lay in the probabilities of things that gentry's intellects should be peculiar: since they had not to get their own living, the good Lord might have economised in their case that common sense which others were so much more in need of; and in the shuffling figure before her she saw a descendant of the gentleman who had chosen to be represented without his clothes—all the more eccentric where there were the means of buying the best.

The temptation in a notice of such a book is to transfer half of it in the shape of extract into our own pages. To discuss its merits is like expatiating to a friend upon the curious flavour of a particular vintage of which you are fortunate enough to possess a dozen or so. You may have the consummate judgment of a connoisseur, and powers of description that might make your own fortune as a novelist; but you will give your listener a much clearer notion of what the wine is like by setting a bottle before him.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XXIV.

A WORD ON THE COMING WAR.

I CAN stand it no longer. For two long months I have waited, with an amount of patience of which nothing but the vastness of the stock I always keep by me would save from having long since been exhausted—waited to see what Prussia would say to Austria in further provocation, and when each, having accused the other of every possible form of perfidy, self-seeking, and false faith, would set to and have it out, like people who really meant what they had talked about.

A drearier thing than a diplomatic slanging-match is not easy to imagine. The immense wordiness of the conflict, the small ingredient of real invective that goes to a whole tureenful of official soup, is very sickening; and when the language is German, the mawkish unsubstantiality is complete, and the "potage" resembles a mass of putrid vegetables in a caldron of ditch-water.

There was no need of a prophet to say what would happen when the thieves came to divide the booty. We all saw it, and I believe we all hoped it. We—in England, I mean—felt heartily ashamed about that Danish business. We had told those people that we would stand by them whenever there was a run on their bank; and when the crisis came we began higgling about some small changes we should like to see in the establishment—little reforms here and there—a cashier to be reduced, an office-stool to be reduced in the legs; and when it was objected to us that a more fitting time might be found for these improvements, we withdrew our balance and left the concern.

It is a wonderful thing how long we have lived on the victories of the Duke of Wellington. It is as strange a piece of history as one can imagine, the period between the battle of Waterloo and the Crimean war. The gallantry of our Peninsular army, the splendid victories they achieved against soldiers invincible to every nation of Europe but England, made for us a great reputation, and we retired upon it, and lived on it ever since.

When some one told Darby O'Grady of an Irish diplomatist who had made a great character by his conduct at Vienna, his remark was, "Yes, sir, and he spent it like a gentleman."

I wish with all my heart we could keep out of war. All the modern improvements in weapons, all the precision in gunnery, affects us pretty much on land as the invention of steam affected us at sea. The personal prowess of our people, their more enduring courage, their more indomitable pluck, have lost the ascendancy they possessed before the days of needle-guns and rifled cannon; and just as a fleet of the present time is a matter of stokers, engineers, and armourers,

with a few sailors for boat-duty, so is an army a great workshop for the testing of breech-loaders. The days of bayonet-charges are over. The "cold steel" that Lord Gough called on to finish a battle in India, will be heard of no more.

Besides this, voluntary enlistment cannot compete with a conscription. Where *we* enrol tens, *they* count thousands; and little Belgium, with its four and a half millions of people, could place on the field an army larger than our own. I am not grumbling over all this. I am not complaining that our Salamanca and Badajos days are over. I am only insinuating a hint, that the world will not let us any longer live on a capital we have long since expended, nor draw interest from a fund of which we have spent the last sixpence. Like one of her own prize-fighters, after retiring from the ring, England has got fat and posy — taken to keep a shop and make money. The effect of all this is to give France the complete and entire dominion of the Continent. Till within a few years the weight of England in the scale would have decided the preponderance in any foreign dispute. England for or against any great change determined the matter. English recognition was the touchstone of the French Empire — not that France would not have made an Emperor without us, but that our acceptance was the signal for that acknowledgment which the other states of Europe accorded to the "accomplished fact."

Since that day, whatever newspaper writers and foreign correspondents may say to the contrary, we have been and we are perfectly inoperative on the Continent. We offer advice, it is true — often very excellent advice. It is an article that we grind for exportation. We occasionally contribute moral aid, too — another product we have a large stock of on hand; but somehow foreigners accept either pretty much as a Frenchman or Italian formerly took a cup of tea in an English house. It was a beverage he abhorred, but his politeness obliged him to swallow it.

In a word, England became the Mrs. Grundy of Europe, but Europe outgrew Mrs. Grundy. Europe had done and was doing all manner of shocking things, proclaiming popular rights, packing off old dynasties without an hour's warning, and disseminating principles of freedom in places which one had looked on as the safe rotten boroughs of despotism. Europe neither wanted nor minded English advice about all this. Our statesmen at home said, that she cared much for it — wrote it in despatches, and declaimed it in the House. Poor Mrs. Grundy, what a pleasure to think that her precepts were adhered to! But all this, while there was one Power, which, partly by secrecy, partly by menace, and more than either by duplicity, was gaining an ascendancy on the Continent, which made the smallest whisper of one of her Ministers at a foreign court of more moment than all the bluster of Downing Street, even though followed up by a volunteer review and the despatch of Corporal Simmes with twenty-one men and a bugler to Gibraltar.

It is from all this it has come that we, who alone could have acted as arbiters in any German quarrel, are now *hors de cause*, and our judgment reputed of no more avail, nor our opinion of more account, than that of the town-council of Geneva.

When the Danish war began, we asked France to interfere. There was a time—there are men yet living who can remember the time—that this would not have been the policy of England, and when, in a cause which she believed to be just, she would not have gone to the Tuileries to obtain a sanction for her opinion. The Emperor refused us—refused us flatly. There

had been a very nice quarrel t'other day in Poland, which all our orators had foamed themselves rabid in declaiming over, and yet we would not aid him in giving them a chance for liberty. He had lived long enough in England to appreciate that passion for popular spouting that prevails amongst us—with what gusto we get up a meeting over some great national grievance, and go home hugging ourselves that we have not got Mouravief for a Lord Mayor, or Gortschakoff for a Governor. Louis Napoleon knew well that we did not mean fighting, and he was not going to fight for us.

With England ineffective and France indifferent, the Germans were free to take their wicked will of Denmark, and they did it. They took one half of the country, because they said they had a right to it, and the other half, because they were resisted.

When they had got the booty, they found it impossible to divide it. They quite forgot that the very way in which they acquired the possession precluded them from a peaceful solution of any difficulty that might occur between them. They who had obtained a territory by an unprovoked and unjustifiable aggression, could not appeal to the public opinion of Europe to settle their quarrel. The thieves could not go before a magistrate and ask him to apportion the stolen property amongst them!

Austria seems to have felt this. She has shown some stings of conscience, and more than hinted that the wisest thing would be to find out the next claimant, and give him the estate. Not so Prussia. She went out to rob, and she is not going to relinquish the spoil. There is nothing so outrageously unscrupulous as a man of small intellect with a large ambition, such as M. Bismark. The only thing big about him is his "acquisitiveness." He saw how a great man in Italy had so worked upon a nation's spirit as to evoke enthusiasm out of depression, and out of one great wrong to make a people. Cavour's watchword was, "Out with the foreigner," "Away with the barbarian and become a nation—a nation in all the pride of self-government and independence." Bismark's cry is, "Enlarge our frontiers, increase our territory, and I will give you an army that will crush your liberties and make your parliamentary system a mockery."

Germans like being bullied just as ill as their neighbours; they growl over it, and they grumble over it, but they bear it. Strong tobacco and sluggish temperament are great aids to endurance. Added to this, their language makes them a patient people. Let the press rail as it will, you cannot warm the blood of a nation by appeals couched in the dreary circumlocutions of this lumbering dialect. It is like trying to make a man drunk on beer! You may disorder his stomach, but you'll not accelerate his pulse or excite his brain.

I am convinced that, with any other language to communicate with each other, Austria and Prussia must have been fighting long ago. Why, the very search after the verb that gives motion to the sentence is such a lesson in patience that it gives a man time to fill his pipe and grow cool over his grievance. The amount of wadding they put in always dulls the effect of the shot, if there ever be shot in one of their missives.

"I never armed," says Prussia, "till I saw you getting ready to fight." Austria's reply is, Ditto, ditto; and so might they have gone on till doomsday if it had not been for a "mutual friend," who whispered to each in turn, "I'm astonished how you bear it. It's not for me to say anything, for I mean to keep out of the row; but really it does require an amount of generous forbearance—not to give it another name—that few are pos-

sessed of, to stand this provocation."

It required a deal of shoving and shouldering to make them angry, even when their heads were knocked together; they only scratched them, and looked sulky. Persistence, however, succeeded in the end; and though it requires a deal of boiling to do it, even German blood can be warmed at last.

The introduction of Italy into the piece was too much for Austrian patience; and the French Emperor accurately calculated the exact moment to add this ingredient to the mixture.

As O'Connell used to call England's difficulty Ireland's opportunity, so Italian statesmen have long deemed that whatever should embarrass Austria would be the crisis of their fortune. There was certainly nothing in the Prussian policy towards the Duchies, nothing in M. Bismark's character or career, that should have conciliated public feeling in Italy. His overbearing treatment of the Parliament alone might well have shocked a people who have so trustfully thrown in their lot with representative government. They were not, however, going to look too closely either into the morals or the views of the man who was willing to help them. *Idem velle et idem nolle* proved, as in former times, its claim to be called true friendship.

Now, the most difficult point to investigate in the whole of this tangled skein is,—how far France lent herself to or opposed this Italian movement That the Florence Cabinet were encouraged and were stimulated by Prince Napoleon is clear enough; but that he was the exponent of the Emperor's intentions is not so evident. In fact, the game which the French Emperor has played towards Italy must always render his policy mysterious. He has neither checked the growth, nor accepted with cordiality the development of Italy. In every dealing with her he has shown that he expects a certain deference to his wishes in all she does, and that whatever of independent action she exercises must be ever in subordination to his wider policy.

The great probability then is that Prince Napoleon's mission here was concerted with the Emperor, but in such a way as to pledge the Imperial Court to nothing, and to leave the Emperor free to make the declaration, which we have seen, of perfect neutrality. And this declaration of neutrality was an actual necessity of the situation, since by it alone was Austria drawn on to defy both Prussia and Italy. The whole endeavour of Austrian diplomacy during the winter has been to learn the intentions of France. A variety of little courtesies have been interchanged between the two Courts of Paris and Vienna. The peculiar favour extended to the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Metternich, always regarded as significant of a sovereign's dispositions, was heard at Vienna with rapturous delight, and offered by the public newspapers as the best contradiction to the Prussian accounts of Bismark's gracious reception by the Emperor. Austria, therefore confident of the good intentions of France towards her, went boldly forward, and asserted a policy of high and haughty defiance. No sooner was she so far pledged to this that retreat involved national dishonour, than the Emperor slyly hints to Prince Metternich that the neutrality of France must be regarded as contained within certain limits, which limits the Emperor himself was the sole judge of. As for the conference, I suppose it originated with us. At least, it has the true Downing Street smack of weakness and impracticability about it. The Emperor accepted it because he knew it would never come off. There are things one must assent to in this world, rather than seem more hard-hearted or less considerate than one's neigh-

bours. Peace is such an excellent thing that you really must listen respectfully even to twaddle in its favour. The only question was, when the laudation had been concluded and the panegyric completed, who was to say how this same peace was to be accomplished? — what possible arrangement there was by which everybody was to be robbed, and nobody the poorer?

From the window where I write this there stretches away beneath me a rich lawn—I have no better word for it—covered with olives and fig-trees and stunted mulberries, around which the clustering vines have twisted themselves in every graceful shape. A little rivulet meanders through the grassy mead amongst wild anemones and tulips. The whole air is balmy with verbena and jessamine, and a little culture only is needed to make the spot a paradise. I verily believe the owner has neither taste nor inclination to do anything for it. I have, however; and every day that I arise, and sit down to gaze at it, I envy him the possession, and think what it might become in better hands than his. The peasants that till the ground tell me, too, he is a hard master, and say how they wish I was the padrone. The owner, however, has his title-deeds — my claim to the property is merely sympathy. This is my Venice — this is the possession which, should it fall to me, every one would be the happier and the better—all but that Austrian despot that has the right to it.

The worst thing—the very worst thing—in the Austrian tenure of Venice, is the spirit of the day in which the issue is raised. It is an age of inquiry and of unbelief. Rationalism has got into politics as well as into religion, and there are diplomatic Colensos who dispute the divine authority of treaties. It is very dreadful to think of, but it cannot be helped. There they are, writing away in the 'Debats' and the 'Revue des Deux Mondes;' and if what they say be true, it is a very cruel thing to persist in keeping some millions of people miserable merely to maintain the integrity of a settlement which every one has sketched according to his own convenience, and of which the very essential element has been formally abandoned.

Telling Austria that she would be better and stronger and more secure without a province whose people she has never learned to conciliate, and whose loyalty she cannot gain, is a very hopeless line of argument. There is not a sentence they have written on this theme that would not read as plausibly, inserting the word England for Austria, and for Venice substituting Ireland — with this difference, that the disaffection of Venice is an affair of fifty years, that of Ireland of more than five hundred; and now will any one tell me, that with all our love for a congress, Lord Clarendon would be likely to go over to Paris to hear the Foreign Secretaries of the Continent discuss what compensation, if any at all, should be given to England in lieu of Ireland, and whether something in the Caucasus might not be found which would suit her just as well?

Now, I do not by this mean that the Italians are not to obtain Venice. All I say is, Let them take it if they can. War rescinds all treaties; and if Italy be strong enough to conquer a territory whose sympathies are with her, where her tongue is spoken, and her nationality loved, I think it would be hard to prevent her; but I also think that the effort ought to be all her own.

The enthusiasm of the Italians is very great at this moment. It is a thing one should see to form any just conception of. The whole nation is volunteering, and if a great popular uprising means but one-half of what it pretends, there is that in the present movement

which ought to sweep a foreign army into the sea. I do not undervalue this, nor do I put too much faith in it. If, in the first shock of battle with the Austrians, the Italians are the victors, the success will be better to them than fifty thousand men. If they be worsted, I have no words to say what the defeat will cost. If the army had all been recruited from the North, Piedmont, and Lombardy, a first success would not have this importance. It is with the Tuscan, and still more with the Neapolitan, levies, this confidence is essential.

Garibaldi will be again in the field; his operations, it is said, will be either in the Italian Tyrol or on the Adriatic shores, perhaps both. It is confidently asserted that he will meet great support in Illyria and Dalmatia; and certainly the Austrians show by their preparations that they are not indifferent to the dangers that menace them in these quarters. The only incontestable superiority Italy possesses over Austria is at sea. Her fleet is immeasurably stronger and better than the Austrian—her ironclads are larger, more powerful in steam, more heavily armed, and better manned. Considering the shortness of the time, the efforts Italy has made in this direction have been astonishing. That the ships will co-operate powerfully with the land forces, there is no doubt; and from the character of Persano, who commands them, and the spirit and zeal of the officers under him, much may be expected.

In all Italy, however, from the Alps to the Bay of Naples, there is not one, be he regular or Garibaldian, who longs with such impatience for the struggle as the King. His whole heart and soul is in the campaign; and I verily believe he could not receive a greater shock than were he to be told tomorrow on waking that Venice was his own without a fight for it.

It is a most exciting moment—the interest is intense, and would be still greater if one could be sure that the crafty dodger of the Tuileries was not making his book to win on either event, and certain to draw the stakes, no matter who gained the prize.

Gossip already has it that Savona, the port nearest Genoa, and the surrounding territory, is to be the price of French assistance; and thus it is that France creeps slowly but steadily on into Italian soil. I wonder would it be stretching prediction too far to say that the day may come when Italy will ask Austria's aid to drive the French out of the Peninsula?

WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR COAL?

Air—"Ioly goode Ale and olde."

With furnace fierce in forge and mill,
And steamships on the foam,
And trains that sweep through vale and hill,
And roaring fires at home,
In warmth and wealth while we rejoice,
Nor heed the risk we run,
Geology, with warning voice,
Says, "Coal will soon be done:
Then forge and mill must all stand still,
And trains no longer roll,
Nor longer float the swift steamboat;
O! what shall we do for Coal?

"For countless ages forests dark
Grew thick o'er Britain's isle;
For countless ages wood and bark
Lay deep beneath her soil.
The old black diamond may appear
As though 'twould ne'er give o'er;
But seventy million tons a-year
Will soon exhaust the store:
Then forge and mill must all stand still,
And trains no longer roll,
Nor longer float the swift steamboat;
O! what shall we do for Coal?

"Our goods by horse and cart must go,
By coach-and-four the mail;
Our travellers walk, swim, ride, or row,
And steam give place to sail;
From wind and water we must try
To draw what help we can,
While sticks and straw our clothes must dry,
And boil the pot and pan;
And forge and mill must all stand still,
And trains no longer roll,
Nor longer float the swift steamboat:
O! what shall we do for Coal?"

If Britain's hopes on Coal depend,
Her race is wellnigh run;
Decline and fall her realm attend,
As soon as Coal is done:
Yet Britain flourished long before
Her treasures black were found;
And worth and valour, as of yore,
'Gainst wealth may hold their ground.
Though forge and mill should all stand still,
Cheer up, each valiant soul!
While Britain can breed British Man,
We never need care for Coal!

THE COLLAPSE.

Our readers will do us the justice to remember that we have never expressed but one opinion in regard to the certain destiny of the Government Reform Bill — the probable fate of its authors. Notwithstanding all that occurred both before and after the Easter recess, it was clear as the sun at noonday, that not only would the Government not carry their measure this session, but that they could scarcely themselves hope to carry it. No doubt they managed to steer their rotten bark through difficulties, the very least of which might have been expected to swamp it. Beaten in argument from first to last; outvoted on one not unimportant occasion; commanding, when the first fragmentary bill was read for the second time, a majority so narrow that the stanchest of their friends did not know what to make of it; deserted by the respectable portion of the metropolitan press, and securing no support which could be of use to them from public meetings, either in London or the provinces; — they still held to their scheme with a tenacity of purpose which was worthy of a better cause, till, having forced it into Committee, they there fought the battle of details, and hectored and bullied as Ministers never hectored and bullied before, in order to carry clause after clause with which no human being so much as professed to be entirely satisfied. Tactics like these were, it must be admitted, at once novel and adventurous; yet, looking at the matter from a Ministerial point of view, we cannot say that they were at all out of season. The Government knew all along that the game which they were about to play must be a desperate one. They had no chance of winning unless they could induce the House of Commons to believe that much more than the existence of a Liberal Administration was at issue, — that failure in what they proposed, besides driving Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone out of office, would break up the great Liberal party into fragments. These once separated could never be brought together again; and henceforth Whigs would stand apart from Radicals, moderate men from men of extreme opinions, Liberal Churchmen from Dissenters. Such had been their tone, whether speaking or writing, from the day that they came into power; while as yet nothing more was allowed to transpire of their intended policy than that it should be based on a measure of Parliamentary Reform. And so, when the battle came fairly to be joined, they proceeded at once to make their actions correspond to their words. It must be with them a race against time, or nothing would come of it. They could not afford to give their followers breathing space to consider how far the assertions which they taught their penny newspapers to reiterate had any touch of reason in them. And when, to their amazement, proof was afforded that there were those upon their own side of the House who saw the matter in a different light, only the more were they on that account compelled to cast considerations of prudence to the winds. On no account must the suspicion be permitted to extend that the gulf which divides Constitutional from Democratic Liberalism is far wider and deeper than that which interposes between Whiggery of the old school and modern Conservatism. The life of the party must be represented as hanging in the balance; and that delusion could be kept up only by pressing the bulk of their adherents into a pace so rapid, that they should be unable to see clearly whither they were going.

The impulse was given, and, to say the truth, it was gallantly kept up. But the single point made manifest by it was, that the Ministers were alive to the extremity of the crisis at which their fortunes had arrived. It did not prove that even in their own opinion the measure was safe. The House of Commons, as they well knew, is the most extraordinary assembly on the face of the earth. We defy any human being, not familiar with its habits of thinking and acting, to foretell what it may do from one day to another. Often, when to outsiders the current of opinion seems to be running with a steady volume in some particular direction, obstacles suddenly present themselves against which the tide breaks, and forthwith dashes off into channels quite out of the course into which it had been expected to fall. Impartial observers, like ourselves, counted from the first, and had reason to count, on some catastrophe of this kind befalling the policy of Ministers. Mr. Gladstone is not always an agreeable man even to his own people. As leader of the House of Commons, he might be expected to prove a failure. He is too intemperate, too impulsive, too unrestrained, to establish permanent influence over gentlemen his equals in every respect, except perhaps in the gift of the gab. He was pretty sure, when opposed or threatened, to lose his temper. And his insolence, hurled directly at the unhappy individuals who offended him, might be resented even by those who for the time happened not to be the objects of it. All this came actually to pass. His unmannerly rebukes to the "conspirators," as he called them, told heavily in the rebound upon their personal friends, many of whom sat behind his own back, and among whom there was not much more of love for the Ministerial plan in the concrete, than among the unhappy persons whom the angry Chancellor rated and insulted. Now it is an unwise thing to show personal feeling where mental convictions are not very surely settled. Men are apt to run rusty if too much tried, even through wrongs put upon others; and in this case there was a chance, to say the least of it, that angry Liberals might some day do what they would have done long before had they listened to the voice of political conscience. To vote black to be white, and white black, is hard enough, even when men's tempers are soothed by bland speeches. It becomes impossible when the tempter, instead of soothing, goads and irritates. There was no telling, therefore, what the House of Commons might at any moment do. But, granting that the Commons could be kept under the spell which unscrupulous hands had woven round them, the Government had still the House of Lords to deal with; and it was impossible to suppose that, in an emergency like the present, the House of Lords would fail to do its duty. The majorities which the Government could command presented no very alarming aspect after all. They were certainly not such as would deter an assembly of British peers from sitting calmly in judgment, as the Constitution requires them to do, upon what the Commons of England had done. It is as well, however, that the House of Lords should have been saved the trouble of so acting. The House of Commons has itself, by the rejection of a leading clause in Committee, pronounced judgment against a measure, of which it is not too much to say, that anything more gratuitously and wantonly mischievous was never before submitted to the consideration of Parliament. A rapid glance both at the past, and what would have been the probable future of the Bill, had it been carried, will, we think, bear us out in so describing it.

Referring, in the first instance, to the past of the Ministerial Bill, it will, we think, be found on examination to have been devised, concocted, and carried on to the stage which proved fatal to it amid a series of the grossest subterfuges. It is not true, to begin with, that either the country desired, or the present Parliament was committed to any scheme of Reform, large or small. Whatever pledges the old Parliament may be supposed at any time to have given, had, by its own deliberate inaction, been violated and got rid of. The new Parliament neither was, nor could be, committed to anything; for it entered upon its duties with a blank sheet of paper before it. The members composing it, whether lords or commoners, as they were bound by the laws which already existed, so they were perfectly free, as soon as they qualified for the work of legislation, to continue or change these laws as their deliberate judgment might direct; but beyond this no obligation whatever lay upon them. Neither can it be alleged that, either by Ministerial manifesto prior to the dissolution, or by any word written or spoken for or at the hustings, candidates for seats in the new House of Commons had committed themselves, to any extent, at least, to bring forward or to support a Reform Bill. It is, therefore, simply not the fact that her Majesty's Ministers were constrained by the expressed wishes of the country and of the gentlemen chosen to represent it in Parliament to undertake any Reform Bill at all; and every assertion to the contrary, wheresoever and by whomsoever uttered, is a mere fraud, a misstatement advanced for a purpose. Indeed, we may go further. Whigs and Tories, each as they acceded to office, had done their best in different Parliaments to pass Reform Bills, and failed till in the end, as if by common consent, all idea of trying further to recast the Constitution was abandoned. We do not mean to say that this state of things was satisfactory to the whole body of Parliament-men or to their constituents out of doors. As long as he remained in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell complained of it. So did Mr. Bright, so did Mr. Baines, so did Mr. Foster, Mr. Göschen, and others; and their complaints were echoed back from Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, London—from every town and borough, in short, which could boast of a Reform Association, with its president, secretaries, and other paid or unpaid officials. But, with these exceptions, the House of Commons in its collective capacity resembled the great bulk of the people of England, and of Scotland too, in its perfect indifference about the matter. If you had polled heads from Land's End to John o' Groat's House ten months ago, you would have found that the industrious majority desired only to be left in the quiet enjoyment of steady work and fair wages. It was among professional agitators alone, among those who earn their living by imposing upon the credulity of their neighbours, that any real desire existed to throw the business of the country out of gear by clamouring for a Reform Bill.

If such was the case in Great Britain, it is no exaggeration to say, that public opinion in Ireland was even more decidedly opposed to the course of action which her Majesty's Ministers adopted. The Irish people, meaning by that expression the masses in town and country, never have taken, and never will take, unless some great change be brought about in their moral nature, the slightest interest in anything that is done in or for a united Parliament. They have something else to think about than reducing franchises and redistributing seats. There was a time when the domination of a Protestant Church offended them, and to a certain extent their sympathies might be en-

listed in Tenant-Right; but even Tenant-Right and the suppression of the Established Church have become of late objects of indifference to them, whatever they may be to the Romish prelates and lay orators, who meet to discuss the affairs of the nation at the Rotunda in Dublin. Fenianism has long put all these minor matters out of joint; and well it may, for the objects of Fenianism are really grand objects—the severance of Ireland from England, the setting up of an Irish Republic, and the redistribution, not of electoral rights, but of all property, real and personal, throughout the Green Isle. These are the points which occupy the attention of the great Irish people. But as to determining whether a five-pound occupation, or the mere possession of his mental and bodily faculties, entitles him to vote for a member of Parliament sitting in London, we defy you to make Pat comprehend that it is a question which can at all concern him. He wants Ireland for the Irish, and his own Parliament, whatever its constitution may be, as O'Connell long ago promised he should have it, on College Green. Irish placemen, and Irish members seeking places, may take a different view of the case. They have their own game to play, and they try to play it. But this much we must say for them, that, among all the supporters of the Government, they are those who have the least right to assert, that in voting for the measure recently under discussion, they represented, or could pretend to represent, the views of their constituents.

Again, it is a mere fraud—we beg pardon for making use of so strong an expression—but a fraud it is, to assert that the Government was committed to the course which it took by anything that occurred at the hustings during the general election. Our readers, if any of them be disposed to doubt this, need only turn to their file of the 'Times,' or of any other newspaper which reports correctly, and they will see that our statement is correct. Aspirants for seats, acting in the spirit of Sir George Grey's declaration to the expiring Parliament, went to their constituencies on the plain ground of supporting either Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston. They had, with the exceptions already noticed, nothing whatever to say about Reform. Liberals stated that they would give Lord Palmerston's Government their support, because it had done well by the country; and, above all, because it was presided over by a statesman in whom the whole nation reposed confidence. Even the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, as well at Chester as in Liverpool, dwelt much upon finance, on free-trade, and on his own successful efforts to increase the public revenue at the same time that he lessened the burdens of the people; but Parliamentary Reform entered not at all into his programme, or into that of any other representative of the Old Whig or Palmerstonian section of the Liberal party. We repeat, therefore, that the contest at the general election was not that of Reformers against anti-Reformers, but of professed Free-traders against those whom they denounced as the enemies of free-trade—of the upholders of a system of gigantic humbug and misrepresentation against gentlemen who would not stoop either to deceive or to misrepresent. Observe, that we are not denying that between the general views of the Conservatives and those of the Liberals there were no essential contrarieties then, that there are none such now. The former have always refused to surrender the just rights of the Church, and avowed their determination, if returned, to keep the Universities what they were intended to be, nursing-mothers to that greatest of all our national institutions. The latter pronounced against religious tests everywhere, and

of every kind, and conciliated Dissenters by promising to vote for the unconditional abolition of Church-Rates. But all this and much more was said and done without any reference whatever to Parliamentary Reform, which, if mentioned at all, was mentioned only incidentally, except where the influence of Mr. Bright, and the faction of which he is at the head, were in the ascendant. Are we not justified, therefore, in asserting that the plea of necessity, as her Majesty's Ministers put it forward, was a false plea—a groundless and most dishonest excuse for the policy in which they and the country became entangled?

Mr. Gladstone, it will be remembered, went out of his way to state that the general opinion in regard to Lord Palmerston's views on the subject of Reform is erroneous. He says that the late Premier felt, equally with Lord Russell, that the question could no longer be postponed and that at the first meeting of the Cabinet which took place after the elections were over, a determination to bring in and carry a Reform Bill was arrived at. Mr. Gladstone must forgive us if we discredit the first portion of his statement, and believe the last only in the letter. There was no meeting of the Cabinet till after Lord Palmerston's death; so that, granting that the Cabinet, when it did meet, agreed to bring forward a Reform Bill, it is not therefore necessarily true that Lord Palmerston was a consenting party in any sense to the arrangement. Judging from the course which he pursued during the last four years of his life, it is much more reasonable to conclude that Lord Palmerston, having got together a Parliament, on the fidelity of which he had the best ground to rely, would have himself abstained from agitating so awkward a question, and thrown cold water on the zeal of such as mooted it without his sanction. Unfortunately, however, Lord Palmerston died; and the event, under any circumstances to be deplored, was doubly deplorable, inasmuch as it occurred before an opportunity was afforded him of licking the new House of Commons into shape. Had the old man lived to meet his majority face to face—for his majority it was, rather than that of the Liberal party—he would have, doubtless, imbued it with his own spirit—assuming, that is to say, that his ancient vigour and geniality lived with him. It was the will of Providence that he should die, almost immediately after the returns were completed, and his majority became at once as sheep without a shepherd. What were they to do? They had taken service with the Liberal party; but it was because a hand which they could trust carried the Liberal banner. Could they fall off from the banner now, only because its bearer was changed? In pronouncing for Lord Palmerston they had declared against Lord Derby. Would it be consistent with self-respect, or honourable in the eyes of the world, to go over to Lord Derby now, without waiting to see how far Lord Palmerston's successor was disposed to walk in Lord Palmerston's steps? Both contingencies were clearly out of the question; and so a majority of seventy gave in their allegiance to the new chief of the Liberal party. They gave it in, however, not without considerable searchings of heart. Such of them as had sat in Parliament before, retained painful recollections of much that their new chief had done. New members were not wholly ignorant, for they had read history. Still it was better, upon the whole, to stand by the ship till the pilot should have an opportunity of showing how far a more matured experience had taught him to steer with greater caution and skill than in other days. And thus, in spite of the strong leavening which the Government presently underwent,

the Liberal party in all its ramifications held together. They would at least wait and see what the Government proposed to do.

There is no denying that the situation was a difficult one, both for the Government and their professed followers. Its difficulty to the Government arose mainly out of this: that to Reform in some shape the Prime Minister considered himself to be committed, and that without him the other Ministers could no more remain in power than he could remain in power without the other Ministers. The professed followers of the Government were puzzled likewise, because not a few of them desired that the constitution of Parliament should be allowed to remain as it then was; while the rest, not disinclined to change, were a good deal divided in opinion as to how far it would be judicious to go, and in what direction.

What passed at the Cabinet meeting of which Mr. Gladstone executed an incorrect sketch, we cannot of course tell; but the conviction forced upon us by subsequent events is to this effect:—that there was much difference of opinion as to what ought to be attempted, and that with the conclusion ultimately arrived at the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself was by no means satisfied. We gather this from the subdued, we had almost said the desponding, tone in which, on the 18th of March, Mr. Gladstone made his revelation to the House of Commons. His speech introducing the first half of the great measure was that of a man who took less than no interest in the task which had been assigned him. No doubt he soon warmed to his work. Opposition has always had the most invigorating effect upon our great orator. Contradict him, and even when he is wrong, and knows himself to be wrong, he will turn round upon you with a flood of argument which, if it convince nobody else, invariably convinces himself; and once convinced you may as well reason with a madman as waste your breath in exposing his sophistries, incongruous as they are. So it has been with him on the present occasion. Beginning with expressions apologetic and deprecatory, he is no sooner shown that what he seeks is neither just nor judicious, than he fires up into wrath, and denounces the Opposition as factious, unpatriotic, unreasonable, and even personally dishonest. But we are anticipating.

Lord Russell and his colleagues were undeniably placed in an awkward predicament by the death of Lord Palmerston. The Premier himself, indeed, probably did not see this. It is a part of his idiosyncrasy never to entertain a doubt as to the wisdom or practicability of anything on which he is bent. But the difficulty of the case was seen clearly enough by other members of the Administration, who were not sufficiently quicksighted to discover, at the same time, a way out of it. With Lord Russell as their chief, a Reform Bill they must propose, and by it they must stand or fall. That was a point on which all were agreed. But there was considerable diversity of opinion in regard both to matters of detail and to the extent to which it would be right to carry their tenacity of purpose. To some the idea of balancing their own existence as an administration against the continued existence of the constitution in Church or State was very painful; and though, in the end, that view of the case prevailed which was prepared to let the constitution go rather than resign their places, still they would gladly save both if they could. Since a Reform Bill they must have, they must only stipulate that the measure should be moderate and safe. But a safe and moderate measure, they were clearly shown, would not command the support of the

extreme section of their own party; and without the support of the extreme section of their party it was needless to enter at all into the arena. They must produce a scheme which would have, at all events, a fair chance of being carried. How was this to be done?

Two rocks stood in the channel through which they were about to steer. We say two, and only two, because of the Tories little account was taken. They might be expected to oppose the Ministerial plan whatever it should be; yet as the general election had placed them in a hopeless minority, their resistance, if they fought alone, though it might retard the progress of the Bill, could not possibly defeat it. But it was not all safe sailing even among the Liberals. The moderate section of the party could hardly be expected to agree to such a Redistribution of Seats as should take power entirely, or to a marked degree, out of the hands of the aristocracy. They might consent to lower the franchise now, as they had consented before; but they would never agree to hand over the influence which they at present possessed to the Radicals, whom they were ready enough to make use of as occasions arose, but with whom they had few tastes or even opinions in common. The Radicals, on the other hand, made no secret of their aspirations. Not fewer, as Mr. Milner Gibson states, than one hundred and twenty men had pronounced in favour of Mr. Bright's views on the question; and Mr. Bright distinctly declared that, provided the representation of the small boroughs in the south were transferred to the populous and growing seats of industry in the north, he would be content for the present with a six-pound franchise in boroughs and a ten-pound franchise in counties. Without conceding the former point, however, no proposal to yield upon the latter could be accepted; in which case he and his followers would go in for an immediate adoption of household or, it might be, even of manhood suffrage. Here, then, was a difficulty at the outset, over which it seemed impossible to pass. They might lower the franchise so far as the Whigs were concerned, and fix it as they pleased, provided they left small boroughs, being Whig boroughs, undisturbed. They would not be able to carry any measure affecting the franchise at all in the teeth of the Radicals, unless they either went down to the depths of Americanism at once, or made minced meat of those snug little constituencies which gave what strength still remained to the Tories, and enabled the Whigs to determine what the line of a liberal policy should be. It was a terrible dilemma.

We should be glad to know for certain by whom the happy idea was suggested of trying to play off a great fraud by the Government on the party which keeps it in office. Mr. Göschen seems desirous of appropriating this stroke of statesmanship to himself. He was certainly more candid about it than any other Minister; for he told the House, with extraordinary *naïveté*, that the Government, in preparing a measure, had to consider, not what would be best for the country, but what they should be able to carry. Perhaps, then, the idea of cheating by our friends came from the Chancellor of the Duchy; but however this may be, the acknowledgment of the fact was candid enough, and the results are before us. Mr. Bright suddenly changed his tone. He was willing to trust a Government in which Lord Russell, and Mr. Gladstone were leading members. The subject of redistribution might be regarded after all as distinct from the lowering of the franchise. The more or less of a qualification to vote, likewise—the principle of the lower franchise being admitted—was a matter of comparatively slight importance.

The Radicals would take from the Ministry, in that matter, whatever it might suit them to offer, provided the proposal were made judiciously. In fact, it would be best to settle, in the first instance, what the franchise should henceforth be, and then to apply themselves to the question of redistribution. That either Lord Russell or Mr. Gladstone communicated with Mr. Bright on these subjects, and prevailed in discussion, we are forbidden to believe. Both put from them the soft impeachment. But it has not, as far as we know, been asserted that Mr. Milner Gibson was equally reticent; and Mr. Milner Gibson could communicate every day with Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone without affording the smallest ground for censure, or even for suspicion. Be this, however, as it may, the Ministerial plan suddenly divided itself into two parts. It was settled that to effect an important change in the franchise would furnish work enough for one session, and that the redistribution of seats could, without either inconvenience or impropriety, be made the business of another.

The Ministers achieved by this arrangement one great success—the Radicals were conciliated. The next step was to hoodwink the Whigs; and this, it was hoped, might be done by pretending to exercise extreme caution in the matter of the franchise, and by carefully concealing their intentions in regard to redistribution. In pursuance of the former object, the Government proposed, and Mr. Bright made no objection to, an inquiry, through the Poor-law officers, into the actual state of borough representation in England and Wales. Mr. Bright had often asserted, and fully believed, that working men were everywhere excluded from the franchise. Mr. Gladstone likewise, without going quite so far, held, and had declared his belief in Parliament, that workingmen made up not more than one-tenth of the voters for boroughs, perhaps not one-twentieth. As to counties, it seems not to have entered into his imagination, or that of Mr. Bright to conceive, that in these the working men of the kingdom exercised any influence at all. The fly in the mass of amber was the figure at which the working man's constitutional influence was set down. Accordingly returns were called for which should set forth in detail how many working men in all the Parliamentary boroughs had their names inserted on the roll of voters; and as no human being entertained the shadow of a doubt as to what the results would be, so the Ministers and their allies calculated on beating the enemies of Reform out of the field in argument as well as in divisions. When it should be shown from official documents that the voters for boroughs were actually fewer in number in 1866 than they had been before the passing of the first Reform Bill, the necessity of going below the line of a £10 occupation in boroughs, and a £50 rental in counties, could scarcely be denied. The question to be argued, therefore, would resolve itself into this—how far it might be judicious to go in a downward direction; and remembering what Lord Derby's Government had proposed to do with the counties, and what Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley suggested as an improvement on that scheme, the Government came to the conclusion that a measure somewhat more liberal than either, yet avoiding the depth of Mr. Baines's proposals, would have a better chance than any other of meeting with general support. Hence the adoption of the scale of a £7 franchise for boroughs and a £14 franchise for counties, to which Mr. Bright and the Radicals gave a reluctant assent; and about rendering which agreeable to the gentlemen who usually sit above the gangway, Mr. Gladstone seems to have been very confident.

The dodge was crafty, but it deceived nobody except its authors. When the returns came in they showed not that the voters for boroughs had decreased, but that they are considerably more in number now than they were thirty years ago; and worse still, that working men make up not less in any case than one-fourth, and in some as much as one-half, of the entire constituency of our boroughs. Here was a dilemma—what was to be done with it? Mr. Gladstone gave manifest token that it had taken him quite aback. The very groundwork of his argument was cut away from beneath his feet; and so, when the time came for making his proposal, he made it as embarrassed men are apt to do, hesitatingly, and with a subdued manner. Still he made it—assigning as his principal reason for stopping short at a Franchise Bill, that time could not possibly be found to discuss more in a single session. We all know what followed. Mr. Lowe and Mr. Laing opened upon him; Lord Grosvenor gave notice of an amendment at the second reading; and Mr. Disraeli hit out hard. The support which he received from his own party, besides being miserable, was rendered only by the sitters below the salt; and when, at length, it came to his turn to reply, he shrank from the challenge. He suffered the Bill to be read a first time without the slightest attempt to controvert the statements of his adversaries, or to grapple with their arguments.

Cowed, worried, irritated by failure, Mr. Gladstone sought relief, as in such cases he generally does, by getting into a passion. The Ministerial cheat was laid bare. The profound state of ignorance in which the Government stood when its arrangements were made for tampering with the constitution, could no longer be concealed or denied; and he who had taken the foremost part in trying to hoodwink the House of Commons, escaped from self-reproach by lashing himself into a rage with others. Whether he repented of his silence in the House, it is hard to say; but no sooner were the Easter holidays begun, than he arranged with his admirers in Liverpool for a field-day there; and we need not stop to describe how he bore himself upon the occasion. The opponents of the Bill were charged with the grossest treachery. Lords Grosvenor and Stanley were held up to the execration of the working-classes; and as to Mr. Lowe, no terms could be strong enough to express the contempt in which the angry speaker held him. But that was not all. Tories and factious Whigs might threaten what they pleased, the Government would never be diverted from their purpose. No: they had passed the Rubicon, they had broken down their bridges and burned their boats. They had left themselves no means of retreat, but would carry their measure exactly as it had been proposed; or, in the event of a defeat, they would retire from office. Stronger still was the indignant patriot's language when he met the House of Commons again. Withdraw the Franchise Bill! Never. Tell the House what more the Government intended to do after they should have carried the franchise bill? No; not if the natural lives of all present depended upon the disclosure. They had kept their own counsel thus far, and they meant to keep it to the end. The House might do as it pleased. Accept the measure as it was presented, asking no impertinent questions, and the House would have the satisfaction of finding that a Liberal Administration still condescended to direct its counsels. Come to an adverse decision, and the Government, recognising in it a vote of want of confidence, would act as the occasion required. But however the House might be disposed to vote, of one thing Mr. Gladstone begged to as-

sure them, that till the present measure became law not one word would be said by him, or by any other member of the Administration, explanatory of their intentions in regard to ulterior arrangements.

Thus matters stood up to the third night of the debate on the second reading. Mr. Gladstone's honour was pledged, and his party, if they cared to keep him where he was, must guard his honour by taking the measure as it was presented to them. But his party began to give signs that they were not prepared to abdicate entirely the right of thinking for themselves. Every hour brought in rumours of fresh secessions, or threatened secessions, to the recalcitrant faction; and the Ministerial whips urged upon their chiefs the impossibility of holding the ground which they had taken up. At last came the division, and with it a prompt retraction by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of all his previous manifestoes. Let the Bill go into committee, and there it should remain, not only till the Ministerial plan of redistribution was explained, but till, embodied in a bill, it could be submitted to the House with a view to the immediate amalgamation of the two measures into one. The results are well known. A majority of 5 carried the Franchise Bill through the second reading, and the Government kept their places.

When a man solemnly affirms one thing — not once, but repeatedly — and ends by doing another, we all know in what a disagreeable form of speech his character is apt to be described in private life. In public life, harsh epithets are inadmissible; with Ministers of the Crown—that is, if they be Liberals—trickery becomes cleverness, and a breach of truth mere finesse, or yielding to circumstances. Finesse in this case accomplished its object, but within a margin so narrow that the victors themselves stood aghast at their own triumph. There was no standing still, however, under the circumstances; and with a celerity unexampled, and with all the marks of haste about it, the second portion of the Ministerial measure was submitted to the consideration of the House. Once more Mr. Gladstone took high ground. The measure was not concocted in a hurry. Though the original intention of the Government had certainly been to defer this portion of the scheme till after the long vacation, still, observing how the tide of opinion was setting in, they got their machine in order, and made ready for the worst. The Redistribution Bill had been full forty-five days under consideration, and now he had only to say that, having thus far yielded to the wishes of the House, the Government would yield no more. They (the Commons) must accept the Bill as it stood, with its grouping clauses, its unicorn arrangements for counties, and so forth; or they must reject it, rejecting the Government at the same time. Vain threat! Idle words! Notices of amendment poured in, all of the most damaging description to the Bill, and among the rest that of Captain Hayter. Mr. Gladstone had threatened, but would he be able to execute his threats? Was it quite clear that it would be left to him to decide how long the Parliament should be compelled to sit? Could he hope now, any more than on a previous occasion, to act the truth as well as to speak it? Time would show, and time did show, in a manner the most unmistakable. The redistribution scheme was attacked even more fiercely than the project for lowering the franchise. All the weight of argument went against it; and very clear evidence was afforded that, unless Captain Hayter and his friends could be bought off, the Government, when a division was taken, must be left in a minority. It has been denied that to Captain Hayter himself or to Lord Grosvenor any assurance was given that if they withdrew their opposition, and allowed the second reading to pass, Ministers would withdraw

their Bill. There are denials among men as there are prophecies among witches, which

"Keep the promise to the ear,
Yet break it to the sense."

Mr. Gladstone and Captain Hayter having both stated that no communication whatever passed between them tending to a compromise, we are, of course, bound to assume that the case was so. But are we equally bound to believe that neither Mr. Brand, nor any other gentleman speaking in Mr. Brand's name, negotiated with Captain Hayter? Is it not, on the contrary, as certain as any fact in history can be, that, between Friday the 1st of June and Monday the 4th, the town was rife with rumours of a treaty proposed by the Government and accepted by the mover of the amendment; and that when the House met on Monday to continue the debate, both sides were perfectly well aware that the business was settled? Observe the terms in which Lord Grosvenor announced his intention of supporting the Government, should the question be pushed to a division. Observe, also, in what extraordinary language Captain Hayter announced his intention not to divide:—

"Let me refer for a moment to the motion which I made on a previous occasion. That motion met with decided opposition from the Government, and was treated as a vote of censure upon them. Certainly, I did not submit it to the House with any such intention, whatever may have been the intentions of those who supported it; but although it was defeated in a very full House by a majority of five, the Government, by fusing the two Bills into one, practically conceded the point at issue, and the object with which I had moved the resolution. (Hear, hear.) I think that, having conceded that point, the responsibility of the delay which has occurred now rests with the Government for having done that in May which it was their duty to have done, if not in February, at the earliest possible moment afterwards. (Hear.) No doubt the Redistribution Bill has met with opposition from different quarters of the House, and the opposition must be attributed to the crudeness of the Bill itself, which can only be accounted for by the haste with which it was necessarily drawn, after the Government had decided that such a Bill should be brought forward. (Hear, hear.) In my opinion the Franchise Bill is not the best that could be devised, and I think the Redistribution Bill cannot be considered a satisfactory measure. (Cheers.) The House will judge what the result must be when a bad Bill is added to an unsatisfactory measure. (Cheers and laughter.) But I submit that we had some reason for hoping that the redistribution part of the Reform scheme would be of a moderate and equitable character. When in 1859 the Chancellor of the Exchequer supported the Bill of the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Disraeli), it may be in the recollection of the House that he then said the redistribution part of the Bill was by far its best feature, the proposal then being to take one member from 15 seats, while the Bill of 1860 provided that one member each should be taken from 25 boroughs returning two members. It is difficult to discover why the Government discarded the precedent there set, for it certainly was not owing to the redistribution part of these two schemes that they failed to pass the House of Commons. (Hear, hear.) Sir, the incongruities and anomalies of this new Redistribution Bill have been so well exposed by those most interested in the question, that I will not intrude any further opinion of my own respecting it. . . . The right hon. gentleman the Chancellor for the Duchy stated that this Bill was made mainly to pass the House. (Hear, hear.) I ask, is it likely to prove correct that it will pass? In my opinion it is not. (Hear, hear.) Because, if I thought the Bill would not pass before we had the Redistribution Bill, and the plan which is to be added on the subject of bribery and corruption, and perhaps the scheme with regard to education—I think, now that we have all these on our hands, any chance of a Bill passing this session is very remote indeed. I can only venture to make an appeal to her Majesty's Government, though I cannot expect any notice will be taken of that appeal, coming from the quarter from which it proceeds. But still I will appeal to the right hon. gentleman and ask him,

knowing that the feeling of the House and the country is against going forward with the measure during this session — (cheers)—for there are none enthusiastic, and but few wholly in its favour; and I would venture to say, the majority of this House being against the measure of the Government, that in this the House is but the reflex of public opinion, which is also against it, though some below the gangway may dispute the fact;—I would ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer, therefore, whether he will not yield to the feeling of the House and the country, and thus ward off that opposition and that disaster which would be fatal to himself and the Government of which he is a member. (Hear, hear.) If he would consent to do this with a view to further inquiry, an opportunity may be given which would lead to a satisfactory settlement. (Hear, hear.)"

So spoke the leader of the Adullamites, the proposer of that first amendment which, had any other than a Liberal Administration been in charge of the Bill, would have led to the immediate lapse of the measure, and the resignation of its authors. Now hear Captain Hayter, of whose absolute success, had he closed his ears to the voice of the charmer, no member on either side of the House entertained the slightest doubt:—

"Captain Hayter asked the indulgence of the House while he responded to the appeal made to him by the noble lord the member for Chester. That appeal was the more deserving of attention from him, because it was conveyed in a speech far more condemnatory of the Bill than was the amendment. As matters now stood, his amendment had been robbed of much of its significance by the concession of the whole point by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. (Cries of 'No, no!' and 'Divide, divide!') Much more than this, whether there were any grounds for them or not, there were rumours outside, and in the press, and even within the House itself, that would very materially alter the result of a division. (Cries of 'Divide!') He felt certain that the measure would not be proceeded with in the present session, and therefore he had the less reluctance in withdrawing the amendment of which he had given notice. (Loud cries of 'Oh!' and 'Divide, divide!')"

Lord Grosvenor and Captain Hayter, it is said, are extremely indignant that after thus far carrying his point Mr. Gladstone should have refused to let them carry theirs. He declined to withdraw his measure. According to their own showing, he never promised to withdraw his measure; or, if he did, he made no such promise to them. And it is of little use to argue that a gentleman in his high position, and blessed with his peculiar temperament, ought to consider himself bound by promises made or implied in his name by others. But Mr. Gladstone did assure the House, in making his first great concession, that the Bills, as soon as they had both passed the second reading, should become one Bill, and that it would rest with the Committee to take their different clauses in whatever order might appear most conducive to a speedy and equitable settlement of the whole matter. How is it that Mr. Gladstone cannot be brought to see that assurances of this sort ought never to be given, unless there be a serious intention of acting up to them? He knew that to the whole of the Opposition, and to a considerable section of the Liberal party, it would be more agreeable, before lowering the franchise, to arrange what old places were to be deprived of the right of returning members to Parliament, and what new places should have the right conferred upon them. Indeed, the great argument against his original scheme was, that it invited Parliament to legislate in the dark; and if this argument was practically admitted to be sound by the concession made by Ministers subsequently to the division, much more sound was the reasoning which held that the only safe way of beginning to reconstitute the House of Commons, was to determine, preliminary to all other points, what places were hereafter to be represented in Parliament. Had politi-

cal logic any weight with Mr. Gladstone. None whatever. He rushed at once into the task of making complete his franchise scheme both in counties and boroughs, and expressed great indignation against Lord Stanley for requiring that the more important point of redistribution should first be attended to. Lord Stanley would perhaps have done better had he given notice of his intention to move, as he did on the 6th of last month. Our belief is, that had the opportunity been afforded him of doing so, the division would have been less triumphant for Ministers than it was. But Mr. Gladstone is perfectly well aware that the skilful management of his own subordinates cut off Lord Stanley from the means of giving the usual notice of his intention; and therefore the show of indignant virtue which he put on when the amendment came to be moved, was the merest piece of acting. Besides, can it be said that the Government was unaware of an intention on the part of the Opposition to bring on a battle early in the evening of the 7th? Whence came it about, then, that the Ministerial benches became crowded almost as soon as prayers were ended? We doubt whether, on any previous occasion—no, not even during the struggle of five-and-thirty years ago—so many as 546 members were ever before seen in their places at an hour so early as that which rejected Lord Stanley's motion. We must decline, therefore, to regard that proceeding as an attempt at a surprise. But we entirely accept the definition of the argument as the 'Times,' which disapproves of the moment chosen for giving battle, has rendered it.

"Lord Stanley's argument in favour of his proposal was a repetition of what he said on Lord Grosvenor's amendment. He declared that the franchise qualification could not be settled without reference to the constituencies in which they were to be operative. This is perfectly true; no one, except, perhaps, Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, who have some hazy notions that a reduction of a qualification is an act redressing a wrong inflicted upon 'our own flesh and blood,' would attempt to dispute it."

But though perfectly true, Lord Stanley's argument failed to carry the House along with it; and through the absence of proper care in letting his purpose be known in time, he was defeated by a majority of not less than 27. It was the greatest majority which the Government had been able to command since the debate began, and loud and prolonged were the cheers which greeted the triumph. What then? Mr Walpole's proposal to substitute a £20 for a £14 franchise in counties was rejected by no more than 14; and by-and-by, when it was suggested to make the qualification depend upon a £14 rating, all the exertions of the Ministerial whippers-in failed to bring up more than a pitiable majority of seven. Thus from stage to stage the great measure of reform has held its course in a state of deplorable weakness, the partial success attending it being purchased at an amount of degradation on the part of the Ministry in general, and of Mr. Gladstone in particular, of which after generations will read with astonishment and shame.

Ministers had succeeded in fixing a £14 franchise for counties, and had refused to make it a rating franchise. They had next the question of the borough franchise to settle, and almost from the first meeting of the House the conviction forced itself on men's minds, that their triumph on this occasion, if they triumphed at all, would be even less satisfactory than a majority of seven. This was made manifest, not more by the crowded state of the benches on both sides, than by the exceeding irritation which the Chancellor of the Exchequer displayed as soon as the House had resolved itself into committee. He rose in order to make a speech preparatory to bringing forward the fifth clause in the Bill, and became angry

and snappish when the procedure was objected to as contrary to parliamentary usage. What is parliamentary usage to him? Has he not a right to make precedents when he cannot find them? Had he not already made a precedent by taking, in reference to the county franchise clause, the exact course which he proposed to take now? His best friends must have felt humiliated by the figure which he cut on that occasion: the House in general undeniably felt that he had thereby proved his utter unfitness to be its leader. Neither his pertness nor his obstinacy, however, prevailed. The House could be as obstinate as he; and the Chancellor, after squabbling like a spoiled child with its nurse, was obliged to sit down and let the business of the evening proceed in its legitimate order.

If Mr. Gladstone exhibited loss of temper in the preliminary skirmish, his tone after the debate began was arrogant in the extreme. He was not going to mince matters with the opposition. Not he!

"My noble friend," he said, in replying to Lord Dunkellin, "throughout his speech mingled together three or four questions that are entirely distinct. We propose what I believe is a moderate measure of enfranchisement. We propose a £7 rental franchise, which would place 144,000 voters on the registry, and we also propose the abolition of the rating clauses and some other changes, which would admit to the suffrage 60,000 more persons; and I have now to state that from that moderate amount of enfranchisement we are not under any circumstances or conditions prepared to recede (cheers). By that we intend to stand (hear).

Which being interpreted gives us over again the old stale threat, that unless their measure be accepted, exactly as Ministers offer it, the Administration will not condescend to retain office. But this is not all. In denouncing the proposal to make the franchise contingent on the rating, Mr. Gladstone goes out of his way to charge all the Boards of Guardians throughout the kingdom with being actuated by corrupt motives; and especially, as he asserts, may this be expected to be the case wherever, in any proportion, the owners and occupiers of land are mixed up with the affairs of Unions in which boroughs happens to be included. What followed can scarcely be judged of, unless it be read exactly as it was spoken.

"Then again, a large majority of the small boroughs in this country are boroughs where the towns or parishes as constituted, are united for poor-law purposes with the rural parishes in the neighbourhood, and the several parishes are represented at the board by their guardians. The effect of this is, that the board of guardians is composed in overwhelming proportion of persons connected with the rural districts (hear, hear), and the proposition is in effect that this body shall fix the rate of the franchise for the boroughs (hear, hear).

"Mr. HUNT.—The assessment committee of the union, and not the board of guardians, acts in the matter (cheers from the Opposition).

"The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.—That is in effect the board of guardians, by whom they are elected (Ministerial cheers).

"Mr. HUNT.—The board of guardians have to appoint them (Ministerial cheers). They appoint a certain number of magistrates and a certain number of ratepayers (Opposition cheers), and it is not likely that the country parishes would be able to override the town parishes.

"The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.—I do not think that mends the matter, because there would be an overwhelming majority of the guardians of the rural parishes (Ministerial cheers).

"Sir H. CAIRNS.—Let the right hon. gentleman consult the whole clause.

"The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.—The clause of the Act of 1862 provides that the board of guardians shall appoint each year from among themselves not less than six or more than twelve persons to be an assessment committee, such committee to be composed of not less than one-third *ex-officio* guardians.

"Sir H. CAIRNS.—The town council appoint an equal number.

"The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.—They appoint an equal number where

the union and the borough are conterminous. Was the hon. and learned gentleman entitled to think that I should take the statement on his assurance? ("Oh, oh," from the Opposition.) If I had done so, in what a pretty predicament should I have found myself, from his most erroneous assurance, erroneous not from intention, but from inadvertence."

Mr. Gladstone has by this time, we suspect, begun to perceive that the forbearance of the House of Commons may be tried too often and too much. The impression made upon it by his manner of reply, as well to Lord Dunkellin as to Sir Hugh Cairns, was pretty faithfully described by one who is not himself, on every occasion, too observant of the laws of decorum.

"I, for one," said Sir Robert Peel, "have always supported the Government. I have voted for it night after night, and would support any Government that had brought in a bill for the reduction of the franchise (hear, hear). But after the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I wish to put this point to the House of Commons. What is the question it really has to consider (hear, and laughter)? What is the duty of the House of Commons now? In my mind, the duty of the House is not to consider what are the views of any particular minister on this subject, or what the position of that minister would be in certain contingencies, but what will be the result of the measure upon the country—whether the arrangement proposed by the noble lord does not involve considerations better than the scheme of the Goverment for the general good (cheers). I have followed with great attention the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. My right hon. friend has divided the amendment of the noble lord the member for county Galway into two heads — namely, political and practical. I must say I was sorry to perceive that the remarks of the Chancellor of the Exchequer displayed a certain amount of excitement and irritation (cries of "No, no" from the Ministerial benches). This was the impression they left on my mind, and those who said 'no' were evidently not present (laughter). The impression on my mind was that for some reason or another the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke with unusual animation and in very irritating terms (renewed cries of "No, no"). The Chancellor of the Exchequer charged the hon. and learned gentleman opposite (Sir H. Cairns) with having given an erroneous assurance. That was rather exciting language (cheers). And the right hon. gentleman went on to say that he was quite sure the noble lord the member for Galway had not read the Bill of the Government, and that he had hopelessly jumbled up his arguments (hear, hear). If that is not exciting language I do not know what is (cries of "No, no"). Well, then, it is a very calm way of putting his arguments (laughter). It is a calm way of conciliating many members of the Liberal party (ironical cheers). The case of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is either extremely bad or he saw that it required extra polish or varnish, or he was carried away by the warmth and enthusiasm of the moment."

After this declaration from one of Mr. Gladstone's habitual supporters, it would be a work of supererogation to quote from the speeches of his political opponents. Still less is it necessary to show how far beyond even his leader Mr. Bright proceeded in the direction of bad taste, not to call it by a harsher name. With him threatening and bluster are arguments of such frequent occurrence that nobody pays the slightest regard to them. But when he had the supreme folly to urge that Lord Dunkellin, being an Irish member, had no right to form an opinion, far less tender advice upon a bill which affected the interests of England only, he laid himself open to just such a rebuke as Sir Hugh Cairns made haste to administer:—

Sir H. Cairns.—"I feel after this reproach of the hon. member for Birmingham which he administered to the noble Lord (Dunkellin) for proposing the amendment, that I owe an apology to the hon. member (loud cheers), that I, an Irish member, should presume to take part in a discussion upon an English bill. I will endeavour to make my peace with the hon. member and with the committee at the same time. To the hon. member I would address a whisper—if none but English members had discussed or voted upon this Bill

(loud cheers,) we should not have been in committee upon it."

But a rebuke more pointed, and in its results more telling than even this, awaited Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone ere the evening's amusement came to an end. In spite of the reiterated threat of the latter to resign in the event of the amendment being carried, the House obeyed the dictates of patriotism and common sense, and the Ministers found themselves beaten, on a division, by a majority of eleven.

Thus ends for the present the new play of Parliamentary Reform, concocted under the joint auspices of her Majesty's Ministers, and the honourable member for Birmingham. Thus ought likewise to end their tenure of office by the Lords and right honourable gentlemen, who, being Ministers of the Crown, abused their trust, and stooped, in their eagerness to hold fast by place without power, to a measure of political degradation which has no parallel in history. His colleagues, we are aware, not less than their pure Whig adherents, throw the entire blame on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His lack of temper, his obstinacy and arrogance, have done it all. In part we agree with this conclusion. But what are we to think of a body of men who allow themselves to be dragged through the mire, when, according to their own showing, they might have walked on firm ground, had they been but brave enough to control Mr. Gladstone, or to separate from him? It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the collapse of the Bill and of its authors was owing wholly, or even in great part, to Mr. Gladstone's mismanagement. There were faults both in the measure itself and in the manner and season of bringing it forward, which rendered failure all but a moral certainty from the first; and of these we have already enumerated the most striking. But, more than this. Had the Bill been as perfect as it was the reverse, a new Parliament, composed largely of new members, was not the body to which it ought to have been proposed; and a season so beset as the present with dangers and difficulties both at home and abroad absolutely carried upon its face a protest against this being added to the number. Wiser men would have waited till Parliament had got more accustomed to its work, and the storm of war which has burst upon the Continent assuaged in its violence. But even then a measure containing such provisions as were interwoven with the Ministerial Bill must have been rejected, or if passed they would have rung the knell of this ancient monarchy. Look for a moment at the possible future.

Nobody knew, when the £14 and £7 franchises were adopted in Cabinet, what number of the working classes already possessed the right of voting, even in boroughs. Everybody believed that in counties such a thing as a working-man constituent did not exist. But the returns of the Poor-law Board proved —just as the Bill was about to be presented to the House of Commons—that the influence of the working classes in most of the more important of the boroughs was at least as great as Ministers themselves desired to make it by their Reform Bill. And as to counties, private information showed, that there also, the class exercised a great deal more of political power than it had entered into any man's imagination to conceive. Here, then, was good ground for pausing at the very threshold of the undertaking. It might be awkward to confess, when taunted with irresolution, that Ministers really had been, up to the last moment, meditating a leap in the dark. But as in this respect the Tories had shown themselves to be quite as ignorant in 1859 as the Liberals were now, the Tories could have scarcely, with a good grace, reproached their rivals with over-caution, had they admit-

ted that they were too hasty, and restrained themselves. This admission, however, Ministers declined to make. They pressed on the Bill, scarcely pretending to deny that, if carried, it would have handed over all real power in the State to one class—which is not only the poorest, and necessarily the least-instructed in the community, but for these very reasons the most completely under the influence of demagogues.

We have only to observe what the trades-unions do in matters affecting the social condition of the working man, and we shall at once be able to appreciate the sort of use to which his political influence would have been, through the same instrumentality, turned.

But if the franchise was pitched too low, even more objectionable were the arrangements which provided for getting rid of the present necessity to pay up rates and taxes, and for the letting in upon counties of whole shoals of fresh voters from the towns. Already the town constituencies press a great deal too heavily upon the constituencies of counties. Had the Bill, as the Government concocted it, been adopted, the existence of county constituencies, properly so called, would have been a thing of the past. Finally, the scheme for disfranchisement and grouping was at once so unfair and so wild, that even to guess at the results which its accomplishment might have brought about is impossible. On one head, however, there can be no doubt: the necessary expenses attending elections would have been so enormously increased, that only millionaires could have encountered them, and millionaires themselves would have found it difficult to keep pace with the bribery to which a semi-pauperised constituency never fails to give rise.

The Bill failed, as it deserved to do, both because of the peculiar manner in which it was brought forward, and by reason of the monstrous changes for the worse, which, had it become law, it would have wrought in the national character of the English people. Let us not, however, be hurried into the conclusion, that the time devoted to the consideration of so mad a device was wasted. Quite otherwise. If the Reform debate had done nothing more for us, we should look back upon it now with something like satisfaction, because of the great amount of talent and Parliamentary eloquence which it was the means of bringing into light. It is indeed worth all the anxiety and indignation under which we confess that from time time we laboured, to have such speeches as those of Lord Stanley, Sir Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Lowe, Sir Hugh Cairns, and Mr. Disraeli, placed upon record. Never let it be said again that the present age is inferior to any that went before in the genius of its statesmen or the brilliancy of its orators. And on the other side we recognise the growing reputation of Mr. Coleridge, however deeply we may deplore his declension from the line of constitutional politics in which his honoured father and uncle walked. But this is not all. The late debate has proved beyond the power of contradiction that the country is neither ripe, as yet, for a Reform Bill, nor are its statesmen possessed of such an amount of information on the subject as would justify them in reopening the question in a hurry. The very men who caused the late inquiries to be made, dispute the accuracy of the returns in which they issued. And as the returns themselves extended no further than to boroughs already enjoying the right of sending members to Parliament, they could not be other than most defective, when taken as the base of constitutional changes. Before the idea is again entertained of interfering with the settlement of 1832, the Government, by whichsoever party furnished, must know exactly what

the entire constituency is, and what it would become if persons holding on the same terms with the present generation of voters were put upon the roll. Then, again, the population-returns of growing places should be accurately made up, and the amount of rateable property ascertained in every town, village, hamlet, and country house throughout the kingdom. Till all this information has been got together, sifted, tested, and reduced to a scale, no Ministry, be it ever so clever, will be able to put together the very scantling of a Reform Bill. The late debate has therefore been of great use thus far, that it relieves us for ever from a repetition of such abortive and spasmodic efforts as it had become a sort of fashion with Governments and Parliaments to make, and to make to no purpose.

Another important lesson it has taught us—the wisdom, indeed we may say the duty, of bringing together moderate men on both sides, and constructing by their means, as may easily be done, an Administration which shall command the respect and confidence of the Crown and of Parliament. The gentlemen of the "Cave" have shown themselves superior to mere party considerations where the welfare of the country is at stake. Our own tried friends and leaders must demonstrate in their turn that they are able and willing to concede both place and opinion so long as the vital principles of good government are preserved intact. There need be no difficulty about settling all semi-religious questions, for example, if they who meet to see how this may be done meet in a right spirit. Church-rates are not the Church, though neither Church nor State can consent to their unconditional abolition; and the Universities will conduct their affairs with perfect satisfaction to themselves, even if both Dissenters and Roman Catholics be allowed to found and endow their own colleges. But these are points on which it is unnecessary now to enlarge. Enough for the present is the fact that the Bill for the overthrow of the Constitution has gone the way of other Reform Bills, and that we have the prospect of being spared for some time to come the painful spectacle of Ministers of the Crown coalescing with avowed Republicans, to bring Old England to the dead level of Americanism.

Since the preceding pages went to press, London has been inundated with rumours as to what the consequences of the Ministerial defeat are to be. Upwards of a week will have elapsed before an opportunity could be afforded of making a Ministerial explanation; and the more violent of the Ministers themselves, as well as of their supporters in the press, have not failed to turn the interval to account. This is much to be regretted. No good can come to the constitutional monarchy from the slightest apparent indifference to the usages which it involves; and ten days' interruption to public business, with the executive all the while in abeyance, is certainly not in accord with these usages. We must hold Earl Russell and his colleagues responsible for this abuse, to whatever consequences it may lead. But if, after all that has occurred, Ministers cling to their places, either ostentatiously withdrawing their Bill, or huddling up the session with a view to dissolve, then the country will be able to determine the true causes of our late embarrassment, and will know how to deal with them. The former line of action—in other words, the withdrawal of the Bill—would destroy the people's confidence in their rulers. Honest men cannot do business with persons who think lightly of broken pledges; and no House of Commons would tolerate for a day the existence of an Administration which it could not respect. Nor need the extreme Liberals hope to gain anything from a dissolution. Mr. Gladstone is mistaken if he

imagines that his own seat for South Lancashire is safe; and London itself might turn round upon Mr Göschen. At all events, we may rest assured that few of the boroughs doomed to be crushed to death by the process of grouping will choose gentlemen to represent them who approve of that process; and that the counties are as likely as not to resent the threatened influx upon them of fourteen-pound voters in shoals from the towns. A dissolution could not save the Ministry, but it would throw the business of the country into confusion; put candidates to unnecessary expense and trouble; and not improbably lead to some misunderstanding in our relations with foreign powers, of which the consequences might be serious. We say nothing of the outrage which it would offer to everything like principle and even precedent in the recognised theory of government by party. An Administration which begins its work with a majority of 70 to sustain it, has no right to dissolve because through its own mismanagement the majority is changed into a minority. Let them do, however, what they will, the Bill is dead and buried; and whether they submit to retain office on sufferance, or dissolve, is a matter of perfect indifference to us. In either case they will disgrace themselves without prolonging their official existence beyond a few months.

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NINA BALATKA: THE STORY OF A MAIDEN OF PRAGUE.—PART II.

CHAPTER III.

On the third day after Nina's visit to her aunt, Ziska Zamenoy came across to the Kleinseite on a visit to old Balatka. In the mean time Nina had told the story of her love to her father, and the effect on Balatka had simply been, that he had not got out of his bed since. For himself he would have cared, perhaps, but little as to the Jewish marriage, had he not known that those belonging to him would have cared so much. He had no strong religious prejudice of his own, nor indeed had he strong feeling of any kind. He loved his daughter, and wished her well; but even for her he had been unable to exert himself in his younger days, and now simply expected from her hands all the comfort which remained to him in this world. The priest he knew would attack him, and to the priest he would be able to make no answer. But to Trendellsohn, Jew as he was, he would trust in worldly matters, rather than to the Zamenoys; and were it not that he feared the Zamenoys, and could not escape from his close connection with them, he would have been half inclined to let the girl marry the Jew. Souchey, indeed, had frightened him on the subject when it had first been mentioned to him; and Nina coming with her own assurance so quickly after Souchey's suspicion, had upset him; but his feeling in regard to Nina had none of that bitter anger, no touch of that abhorrence which animated the breast of his sister-in-law. When Ziska came to him he was alone in his bedroom. Ziska had heard the news, as had all the household in the Windberg Gasse, and had come over to his uncle's house to see what he could do, by his own diplomacy, to put an end to an engagement which was to him doubly calamitous. "Uncle Josef," he said, sitting by the old man's bed, "have you heard what Nina is doing?"

"What she is doing?" said the uncle. "What is she doing?" Balatka feared all the Zamenoys, down to Lotta Luxa; but he feared Ziska less than he feared any other of the household.

"Have you heard of Anton Trendellsohn?"

"What of Anton Trendellsohn? I have been hearing of Anton Trendellsohn for the last thirty years. I have known him since he was born."

"Do you wish to have him for a son-in-law?"

"For a son-in-law?"

"Yes, for a son-in-law—Anton Trendellsohn, the Jew. Would he be a good husband for our Nina? You say nothing, uncle Josef."

"What am I to say?"

"You have heard of it, then? Why can you not answer me, uncle Josef? Have you heard that Trendellsohn has dared to ask Nina to be his wife?"

"There is not so much of daring in it, Ziska. Among you all the poor girl is a beggar. If some one does not take pity on her, she will starve soon."

"Take pity on her! Do not we all take pity on her?"

"No," said Josef Balatka, turning angrily against his nephew; "not a scrap of pity,—not a morsel of love. You cannot rid yourself of her quite—of her or me—and that is your pity."

"You are wrong there."

"Very well; then let me be wrong. I can understand what is before my eyes. Look round the house and see what we are coming to. Nina at the present moment has not got a florin in her purse. We are starving, or next to it, and yet you wonder that she should be willing to marry an honest man who has plenty of money."

"But he is a Jew!"

"Yes; he is a Jew. I know that."

"And Nina knows it."

"Of course she does. Do you go home and eat nothing for a week, and then see whether a Jew's bread will poison you."

"But to marry him, uncle Josef!"

"It is very bad. I know it is bad, but what can I do? If she says she will do it, how can I help it? She has been a good child to me,—a very good child; and am I to lie here and see her starve? You would not give to your dog the morsel of bread which she ate this morning before she went out."

All this was a new light to Ziska. He knew that his uncle and cousin were very poor, and had halted in his love because he was ashamed of their poverty; but he had never thought of them as people hungry from want of food, or cold from want of clothes. It may be said of him, to his credit, that his love had been too strong for his shame, and that he had made up his mind to marry his cousin Nina, in spite of her poverty. When Lotta Luxa had called him a calf she had not inappropriately defined one side of his character. He was a good-looking, well-grown young man, not very wise, quickly susceptible to female influences, and gifted with eyes capable of convincing him that Nina Balatka was by far the prettiest woman whom he ever saw. But, in connection with such calf-like propensities, Ziska was endowed with something of his mother's bitterness and of his father's persistency; and the old Zamenoys did not fear but that the fortunes of the family would prosper in the hands of their son. And when it was known to Madame Zamenoy and to her husband Karil that Ziska had set his heart upon having his cousin, they had expressed no displeasure at the prospect, poor as the Balatkas were. "There is no knowing how it may go about the houses in the Kleinseite," Karil Zamenoy had said. "Old Trendellsohn gets the rent and the interest, but he has little or nothing to show for them—merely a written surrender from Josef, which is worth nothing." No hindrance, therefore, was placed in the way of Ziska's suit, and Nina might have been already accepted in the Windberg Gasse had Nina chosen to smile upon Ziska. Now Ziska was told that the girl he loved was to marry a

Jew because she was starving, and the tidings threw a new light upon him. Why had he not offered assistance to Nina? It was not surprising that Nina should be so hard to him—to him who had as yet offered her nothing in her poverty but a few cold compliments.

"She shall have bread enough if that is what she wants," said Ziska.

"Bread and kindness," said the old man.

"She shall have kindness too, uncle Josef. I love Nina better than any Jew in Prague can love her."

"Why should not a Jew love? I believe the man loves her well. Why else should he wish to make her his wife?"

"And I love her well;—and I would make her my wife."

"You want to marry Nina!"

"Yes, uncle Josef. I wish to marry Nina. I will marry her to-morrow—or, for that matter, to-day—if she will have me."

"You!—Ziska Zamenoy."

"I,—Ziska Zamenoy."

"And what would your mother say?"

"Both father and mother will consent. There need be no hindrance if Nina will agree. I did not know that you were so badly off. I did not indeed, or I would have come to you myself and seen to it."

Old Balatka did not answer for a while, having turned himself in his bed to think of the proposition which had been made to him. "Would you not like to have me for a son-in-law better than a Jew, uncle Josef?" said Ziska, pleading for himself as best he knew how to plead.

"Have you ever spoken to Nina?" said the old man.

"Well, no; not exactly to say what I have said to you. When one loves a girl as I love her, somehow—I don't know how——. But I am ready to do so at once."

"Ah, Ziska, if you had done it sooner.

"But is it too late? You say she has taken up with this man because you are both so poor. She cannot like a Jew best."

"But she is true—so true!"

"If you mean about her promise to Trendellsohn, Father Jerome would tell her in a minute that she should not keep such a promise to a Jew."

"She would not mind Father Jerome."

"And what does she mind? Will she not mind you?"

"Me; yes,—she will mind me, to give me my food."

"Will she not obey you?"

"How am I to bid her obey me? But I will try, Ziska."

"You would not wish her to marry a Jew?"

"No, Ziska; certainly I should not wish it."

"And will you give me your consent?"

"Yes,—if it be any good to you."

"It will be good if you will be round with her, telling her that she must not do such a thing as this. Love a Jew! It is impossible. As you have been so very poor, she may be forgiven for having thought of it. Tell her that, uncle Josef; and whatever you do, be firm with her."

"There she is in the next room," said the father, who had heard his daughter's entrance. Ziska's face had assumed something of a defiant look while he was recommending firmness to the old man; but now that the girl of whom he had spoken was so near at hand, there returned to his brow the young calf-like expression with which Lotta Luxa was so well acquainted. "There she is, and you will speak to her yourself now," said Balatka.

Ziska got up to go, but as he did so he fumbled in his pocket and brought forth a little bundle of bank-notes. A bundle of bank-notes in Prague may be not little, and yet represent very little money. When bank-notes are passed for twopence and become thick with use, a man may have a great mass

of paper currency in his pocket without being rich. On this occasion, however, Ziska tendered to his uncle no twopenny notes. There was a note for five florins, and two or three for two florins, and perhaps half-a-dozen for a florin each, so that the total amount offered was sufficient to be of real importance to one so poor as Josef Balatka.

"This will help you awhile," said Ziska, "and if Nina will come round and be a good girl, neither you nor she shall want anything; and she need not be afraid of mother, if she will only do as I say." Balatka had put out his hand and had taken the money, when the bedroom door was opened, and Nina came in.

"What, Ziska," said she, "are you here?"

"Why not? why should I not see my uncle?"

"It is very good of you, certainly; only, as you never came before——."

"I mean it for kindness, now I have come, at any rate," said Ziska.

"Then I will take it for kindness," said Nina.

"Why should there be quarrelling among relatives?" said the old man from among the bedclothes.

"Why, indeed?" said Ziska.

"Why, indeed," said Nina,—"if it could be helped?"

She knew that the outward serenity of the words spoken was too good to be a fair representation of thoughts below in the mind of any of them. It could not be that Ziska had come there to express even his own consent to her marriage with Anton Trendellsohn; and without such consent there must of necessity be a continuation of quarrelling. "Have you been speaking to father, Ziska, about those papers?" Nina was determined that there should be no glozing of matters, no soft words used effectually to stop her in her projected course. So she rushed at once at the subject which she thought most important in Ziska's presence.

"What papers?" said Ziska.

"The papers which belong to Anton Trendellsohn about this house and the others. They are his, and you would not wish to keep things which belong to another, even though he should be a —Jew."

Then it occurred to Ziska that Trendellsohn might be willing to give up Nina if he got the papers, and that Nina might be willing to be free from the Jew by the same arrangement. It could not be that such a girl as Nina Balatka should prefer the love of a Jew to the love of a Christian. So at least Ziska argued in his own mind. "I do not want to keep anything that belongs to anybody," said Ziska. "If the papers are with us, I am willing that they should be given up,—that is, if it be right that they should be given up."

"It is right," said Nina.

"I believe the Trendellsohns should have them—either father or son," said old Balatka.

"Of course they should have them," said Nina; "either father or son—it makes no matter which."

"I will try and see to it," said Ziska.

"Pray do," said Nina; "it will be only just; and one would not wish to rob even a Jew, I suppose." Ziska understood nothing of what was intended by the tone of her voice, and began to think that there might really be ground for hope.

"Nina," he said, "your father is not quite well. I want you to speak to me in the next room."

"Certainly, Ziska, if you wish it. Father, I will come again to you soon. Souchey is making your soup, and I will bring it to you when it is ready." Then she led the way into the sitting-room, and as Ziska came through, she carefully shut the door. The walls dividing the rooms were very thick

and the door stood in a deep recess, so that no sound could be heard from one room to another. Nina did not wish that her father should hear what might now pass between herself and her cousin, and therefore she was careful to shut the door close.

"Ziska," said she, as soon as they were together, "I am very glad that you have come here. My aunt is so angry with me that I cannot speak with her, and uncle Karil only snubs me if I say a word to him about business. He would snub me, no doubt, worse than ever now; and yet who is there here to speak of such matters, if I may not do so? You see how it is with father."

"He is not able to do much, I suppose."

"He is able to do nothing, and there is nothing for him to do—nothing that can be of any use. But of course he should see that those who have been good to him are not—are not injured because of their kindness."

"You mean those Jews—the Trendellsohns."

"Yes, those Jews the Trendellsohns! You would not rob a man because he is a Jew," said she, repeating the old words.

"They know how to take care of themselves, Nina."

"Very likely."

"They have managed to get all your father's property between them."

"I don't know how that is. Father says that the business which uncle and you have was once his, and that he made it. In these matters the weakest always goes to the wall. Father has no son to help him, as uncle Josef has,—and old Trendellsohn."

"You may help him better than any son."

"I will help him if I can. Will you and uncle give up those papers which you have kept since father left them with uncle Karil, just that they might be safe?"

This question Ziska would not answer at once. The matter was one on which he wished to negotiate, and he was driven to the necessity of considering what might be the best line for his diplomacy. "I am sure, Ziska," continued Nina, "you will understand why I ask this. Father is too weak to make the demand, and uncle would listen to nothing that Anton Trendellsohn would say to him."

"They say that you have betrothed yourself to this Jew, Nina."

"It is true. But that has nothing to do with it."

"He is very anxious to have the deeds?"

"Of course he is anxious. Father is old and poorly; and what would he do if father were to die?"

"Nina, he shall have them,—if he will give you up."

Nina turned away from her cousin, and looked out from the window into the little court. Ziska could not see her face, but had he done so, he would not have been able to read the smile of triumph with which for a moment or two it became brilliant. No; Anton would make no such bargain as that! Anton loved her better than any title-deeds. Had he not told her that she was his sun,—the sun that gave to him light and heat. "If they are his own, why should he be asked to make any such bargain?" said Nina.

"Nina," said Ziska, throwing all his passion into his voice, as he best know how, "it cannot be that you should love this man."

"Why not love him?"

"A Jew!"

"Yes;—a Jew! I do love him."

'Nina!"

"What have you to say, Ziska? Whatever you say, do not abuse him. It is my affair, not yours. You may think what you like of me for taking such a husband, but remember that he is to be my husband."

"Nina, let me be your husband."

"No, Ziska; that cannot be."

"I love you. I love you fifty times better than he can do. Is not a Christian's love better than a Jew's?"

"Not to me, Ziska."

"You cannot mean that. You cannot wish to be hated by all those who have loved you—to be reviled, and persecuted, and detested by your friends."

"Who has loved me? Who are my friends?"

"I have loved you, Nina."

"Ah, yes; and how have you shown it? But it is too late to speak of that now. I tell you that it is done."

"No; it is not done yet."

"It is done, Ziska. When I told him that I loved him, all was done that I could do."

"Listen to me, Nina. This is absolute madness. That you should have been driven to such an engagement by your troubles I can understand—and I can forgive it too. But now—now that you know what is before you, that you can provide every comfort for your father, and live yourself as respectably as any lady in Prague—that you can have everything, a carriage like mother's, and a house of your own, you must be mad if you still think of an engagement with a Jew." Nina stood before him in silence, looking full into his face. He had bade her to listen, and she was determined that she would listen to the end. "And, Nina," he continued, "Trendellsohn shall have what he wants. He proposes to marry you that he may make sure of the property. The very day that you say you will be my wife he shall have the deeds."

"You think then that Anton Trendellsohn wants nothing more than that?"

"Nothing more."

"I will try him. I will tell him what you say, and if that suffices him, I will not trouble him further."

"And then you will be mine?"

"Never, Ziska, — never; not though Anton Trendellsohn were to cast me out, and I could find no shelter for my head but what you could offer me."

"But why not, Nina?"

"Because I do not love you. Can there be any other reason in such a matter? I do not love you. I do not care if I never see you. But him I love with all my heart. To see him is the only delight of my life. To sit beside him, with his hand in mine, and my head on his shoulder, is heaven to me. To obey him is my duty; to serve him is my pleasure. To be loved by him is the only good thing which God has given me on earth. Now, Ziska, you will know why I cannot be your wife." Still she stood before him, and still she looked up into his face, keeping her gaze upon him even after her words were finished.

"Accursed Jew!" said Ziska.

"That is right, Ziska; curse him; it is so easy."

"And you too will be cursed,—here and hereafter. If you marry a Jew you will be accursed to all eternity."

"That, too, is very easy to say."

"It is not I who say it. The priest will tell you the same."

"Let him tell me so; it is his business, but it is not yours. You say it because you cannot have what you want yourself; that is all. When shall I call in the Ross Markt for the papers?" In the Ross Markt was the house of business of Karil Zamenoy, and there, as Nina well knew, were kept the documents which she was so anxious to obtain. But the demand at this moment was made simply with the object of vexing Ziska, and urging him on to further anger.

"Unless you will give up Anton Trendellsohn, you had better not come to the Ross Markt."

"I will never give him up."

"We will see. Perhaps he will give you up after a while. It will be a fine thing to be jilted by a Jew."

"The Jew, at any rate, shall not

be jilted by the Christian. And now, if you please, I will ask you to go. I do not choose to be insulted in father's house. It is his house still."

"Nina, I will give you one more chance."

"You can give me no chance that will do you or me any good. If you will go, that is all I want of you now."

For a moment or two Ziska stood in doubt as to what he would next do or say. Then he took up his hat and went away without another word. On that same evening some one rang the bell at the door of the house in the Windberg Gasse in a most humble manner — with that weak, hesitating hand which, by the tone which it produces, seems to insinuate that no one need hurry to answer such an appeal, and that the answer, when made, may be made by the lowest personage in the house. In this instance, however, Lotta Luxa did answer the bell, and not the stout Bohemian girl who acted in the household of Madam Zamenoy as assistant and fag to Lotta. And Lotta found Nina at the door, enveloped in her cloak. "Lotta," she said, "will you kindly give this to my cousin Ziska?" Then, not waiting for a word, she started away so quickly, that Lotta had not a chance of speaking to her, no power of uttering an audible word of abuse. When Ziska opened the parcel thus brought to him, he found it to contain all the notes which he had given to Josef Balatka.

CHAPTER IV.

When Nina returned to her father after Ziska's departure, a very few words made everything clear between them. "I would not have him if there was not another man in the world," Nina had said. "He thinks that it is only Anton Trendellsohn that prevents it, but he knows nothing about what a girl feels. He thinks that because we are poor I am to be bought, this way or that way, by a little money. Is that a man, father, that any girl can love?" Then the father had confessed his receipt of the bank-notes from Ziska, and we already know to what result that confession had led.

Till she had delivered her packet into the hands of Lotta Luxa, she maintained her spirits by the excitement of the thing she was doing. Though she should die in the streets of hunger, she would take no money from Ziska Zamenoy. But the question now was not only of her wants but of her father's. That she, for herself, would be justified in returning Ziska's money there could be no doubt; but was she equally justified in giving back money that had been given to her father? As she walked to the Windberg Gasse, still holding the parcel of notes in her hand, she had no such qualms of conscience; but as she returned, when it was altogether too late for repentance, she made pictures to herself of terrible scenes in which her father suffered all the pangs of want, because she had compelled him to part with this money. If she were to say one word to Anton Trendellsohn, all her trouble on that head would be over. Anton Trendellsohn would at once give her enough to satisfy their immediate wants. In a month or two, when she would be Anton's wife, she would not be ashamed to take everything from his hand; and why should she be ashamed now to take something from him to whom she was prepared to give everything? But she was ashamed to do so. She felt that she could not go to him and ask him for bread. One other resource she had. There remained to her of her mother's property a necklace, which was all

that was left to her from her mother. And when this had been given to her at her mother's death, she had been specially enjoined not to part with it. Her father then had been too deeply plunged in grief to say any words on such a subject, and the gift had been put into her hands by her aunt Sophie. Even aunt Sophie had been softened at that moment, and had shown some tenderness to the orphan child. "You are to keep it always for her sake," aunt Sophie had said; and Nina had hitherto kept the trinket, when all other things were gone, in remembrance of her mother. She had hitherto reconciled herself to keeping her little treasure, when all other things were gone, by the sacredness of the deposit; and had told herself that even for her father's sake she must not part with the gift which had come to her from her mother. But now she comforted herself by the reflection that the necklace would produce for her enough to repay her father that present from Ziska which she had taken from him. Her father had pleaded sorely to be allowed to keep the notes. In her emotion at the moment she had been imperative with him, and her resolution had prevailed. But she thought of his entreaties as she returned home, and of his poverty and wants, and she determined that the necklace should go. It would produce for her at any rate as much as Ziska had given. She wished that she had brought it with her, as she passed the open door of a certain pawnbroker which she had entered often during the last six months, and whither she intended to take her treasure, so that she might comfort her father on her return with the sight of the money. But she had it not, and she went home empty-handed. "And now, Nina, I suppose we may starve," said her father, whom she found sitting close to the stove in the kitchen, while Souchey was kneeling before it, putting in at the little open door morsels of fuel which were lamentably insufficient for the poor man's purpose of raising a fire. The weather, indeed, was as yet warm—so warm that in the middle of the day the heat was matter of complaint to Josef Balatka; but in the evening he would become chill, and as there existed some small necessity for cooking, he would beg that he might thus enjoy the warmth of the kitchen.

"Yes, we shall starve now," said Souchey, complacently. "There is not much doubt about our starving."

"Souchey, I wonder you should speak like that before father," said Nina.

"And why shouldn't he speak?" said Balatka. "I think he has as much right as any one."

"He has no right to make things worse than they are."

"I don't know how I could do that, Nina," said the servant. "What made you take that money back to your aunt?"

"I didn't take it back to my aunt."

"Well, to any of the family then? I suppose it came from your aunt!"

"It came from my cousin Ziska, and I thought it better to give it back. Souchey, do not you come in between father and me. There are troubles enough; do not you make them worse."

"If I had been here you should never have taken it back again," said Souchey, obstinately.

"Father," said Nina, appealing to the old man, "how could I have kept it? You know why it was given."

"Who is to help us if we may not take it from them?"

"To-morrow," said Nina, "I can get as much as he brought. And I will, and you shall see it."

"Who will give it you, Nina?"

"Never mind, father; I will have it."

"She will beg it from her Jew lover," said Souchey.

"Souchey," said she, with her eyes flashing fire at him, "if you cannot treat your master's daughter better than that, you may as well go."

"Is it not true?" demanded Souchey.

"No, it is not true. It is false. I have never taken money from Anton; nor shall I do so, till we are married."

"And that will be never," said Souchey. "It is as well to speak out at once. The priest will not let it be done."

"All the priests in Prague cannot hinder it," said Nina.

"That is true," said Balatka.

"We shall see," said Souchey. "And in the mean time what is the good of fighting with the Zamenoys? They are your only friends, Nina, and therefore you take delight in quarrelling with them. When people have money, they should be allowed to have a little pride." Nina said nothing further on the occasion, though Souchey and her father went on grumbling for an hour. She discovered, however, from various words that her father allowed to fall from him, that his opposition to her marriage had nearly faded away. It seemed to be his opinion that if she were to marry the Jew, the sooner she did it the better. Now, Nina was determined that she would marry the Jew, though heaven and earth should meet in consequence. She would marry him if he would marry her. They had told her that the Jew would jilt her. She did not put much faith in the threat; but even that was more probable than that she should jilt him.

On the following morning Souchey, in return, as it were, for his cruelty to his young mistress on the preceding day, produced some small store of coin which he declared to be the result of a further sale of the last relics of his master's property; and Nina's journey with the necklace to the pawnbroker was again postponed. That day and the next were passed in the old house without anything to make them memorable except their wearisome misery, and then Nina again went out to visit the Jew's quarter. She told herself that she was taken there by the duties of her position; but in truth she could hardly bear her life without the comfort of seeing the only person who would speak kindly to her. She was engaged to marry this man, but she did not know when she was to be married. She would ask no question of her lover on that matter; but she could tell him—and she felt herself bound to tell him—what was really her own position, and also all that she knew of his affairs. He had given her to understand that he could not marry her till he had obtained possession of certain documents which he believed to be in the possession of her uncle. And for these documents she, with his permission, had made application. She had at any rate discovered that they certainly were at the office in the Ross Markt. So much she had learned from Ziska; and so much, at any rate, she was bound to make known to her lover. And, moreover, since she had seen him she had told all her relatives of her engagement. They all knew now that she loved the Jew, and that she had resolved to marry him; and of this also it was her duty to give him tidings. The result of her communication to her father and her relatives in the Windberg Gasse had been by no means so terrible as she had anticipated. The heavens and the earth had not as yet shown any symptoms of coming together. Her aunt, indeed, had been very angry; and Lotta Luxa and Souchey had told her that such a marriage would not be allowed. Ziska, too, had said some sharp words; and her father, for the first day or two, had expostulated. But the threats had been weak threats, and she did not find herself to be annihilated—indeed, hardly to be oppressed—by

the scolding of any of them. What the priest might say she had not yet experienced; but opposition from other quarters had not as yet come upon her in any form that was not endurable. Her aunt had intended to consume her with wrath, but Nina had not found herself to be consumed. All this it was necessary that she should tell to Anton Trendellsohn. It was grievous to her that it should be always her lot to go to her lover, and that he should never—almost never, be able to seek her. It would in truth be never now, unless she could induce her father to receive Anton openly as his acknowledged future son-in-law; and she could hardly hope that her father would yield so far as that. Other girls, she knew, stayed till their lovers came to them, or met them abroad in public places—at the gardens and music halls, or perhaps at church; but no such joys as these were within reach of Nina. The public gardens, indeed, were open to her and to Anton Trendellsohn as they were to others; but she knew that she would not dare to be seen in public with her Jew lover till the thing was done and she and the Jew had become man and wife. On this occasion, before she left her home, she was careful to tell her father where she was going. "Have you any message to the Trendellsohns?" she asked. "So you are going there again?" her father said. "Yes, I must see them. I told you that I had a commission from them to the Zamenoys, which I have performed, and I must let them know what I did. Besides, father, if this man is to be my husband, is it not well that I should see him?" Old Balatka groaned, but said nothing further, and Nina went forth to the Jews' quarter.

On this occcasion she found Trendellsohn the elder standing at the door of his own house.

"You want to see Anton," said the Jew. "Anton is out. He is away somewhere in the city—on business."

"I shall be glad to see you, father, if you can spare me a minute."

"Certainly, my child,—an hour, if it will serve you. Hours are not scarce with me now, as they used to be when I was Anton's age, and as they are with him now. Hours, and minutes too, are very scarce with Anton in these days." Then he led the way up the dark stairs to the sitting-room, and Nina followed him. Nina and the elder Trendellsohn had always hitherto been friends. Before her engagement with his son they had been affectionate friends, and since that had been made known to him there had been no quarrel between them. But the old man had hardly approved of his son's purpose, thinking that a Jew should look for the wife of his bosom among his own people, and thinking also, perhaps, that one who had so much of worldly wealth to offer as his son should receive something also of the same in his marriage. Old Trendellsohn had never uttered a word of complaint to Nina—had said nothing to make her suppose that she was not welcome to the house; but he had never spoken to her with happy, joy-giving words, as the future bride of his son. He still called her his daughter, as he had done before; but he did it only in his old fashion, using the affectionate familiarity of an old friend to a young maiden. He was a small, aged man, very thin and meagre in aspect—so meagre as to conceal in part, by the general tenuity of his aspect, the shortness of his stature. He was not even so tall as Nina, as Nina had discovered, much to her surprise. His hair was grizzled, rather than grey, and the beard on his thin, wiry, wizened face was always close shorn. He was scrupulously clean in his person, and seemed, even at his age, to take a pride in the purity and fineness of his linen. He was much older than Nina's

father—more than ten years older, as he would sometimes boast; but he was still strong and active, while Nina's father was worn out with age. Old Trendellsohn was eighty, and yet he would be seen trudging about through the streets of Prague, intent upon his business of money-making; and it was said that his son Anton was not even as yet actually in partnership with him, or fully trusted by him in all his plans.

"Father," Nina said, "I am glad that Anton is out, as now I can speak a word with you."

"My dear, you shall speak fifty words."

"That is very good of you. Of course I know that the house we live in does in truth belong to you and Anton."

"Yes, it belongs to me," said the Jew.

"And we can pay no rent for it."

"Is it of that you have come to speak, Nina? If so, do not trouble yourself. For certain reasons, which Anton can explain, I am willing that your father should live there without rent."

Nina blushed as she found herself compelled to thank the Jew for his charity. "I know how kind you have been to father," she said.

"Nay, my daughter, there has been no great kindness in it. Your father has been unfortunate, and, Jew as I am, I would not turn him into the street. Do not trouble yourself to think of it."

"But it was not altogether about that, father. Anton spoke to me the other day about some deeds which should belong to you."

"They do belong to me," said Trendellsohn.

"But you have them not in your own keeping."

"No, we have not. It is, I believe, the creed of a Christian that he may deal dishonestly with a Jew, though the Jew who shall deal dishonestly with a Christian is to be hanged. It is strange what latitude men will give themselves under the cloak of their religion! But why has Anton spoken to you of this? I did not bid him."

"He sent me with a message to my aunt Sophie."

"He was wrong; he was very foolish; he should have gone himself."

"But, father, I have found out that the papers you want are certainly in my uncle's keeping in the Ross Markt."

"Of course they are, my dear. Anton might have known that without employing you."

So far Nina had performed but a small part of the task which she had before her. She found it easier to talk to the old man about the title-deeds of the house in the Kleinseite than she did to tell him of her own affairs. But the thing was to be done, though the doing of it was difficult; and, after a pause, she persevered. "And I told aunt Sophie," she said, with her eyes turned upon the ground, "of my engagement with Anton."

"You did?"

"Yes; and I told father."

"And what did your father say?"

"Father did not say much. He is poorly and weak."

"Yes, yes; not strong enough to fight against the abomination of a Jew son-in-law. And what did your aunt say? She is strong enough to fight anybody."

"She was very angry."

"I suppose so, I suppose so. Well, she is right. As the world goes in Prague, my child, you will degrade yourself by marrying a Jew."

"I want nothing prouder than to be Anton's wife," said Nina.

"And to speak sooth," said the old man, "the Jew will degrade himself fully as much by marrying you."

"Father, I would not have that. If I thought that my love would injure him, I would leave him."

"He must judge for himself," said Trendellsohn, relenting somewhat.

"He must judge for himself and for me too," said Nina.

"He will be able, at any rate, to keep a house over your head."

"It is not for that," said Nina, thinking of her cousin Ziska's offer. She need not want for a house and money if she were willing to sell herself for such things as them.

"Anton will be rich, Nina, and you are very poor."

"Can I help that, father? Such as I am, I am his. If all Prague were mine I would give it to him."

The old man shook his head. "A Christian thinks that it is too much honour for a Jew to marry a Christian, though he be rich, and she have not a ducat for her dower."

"Father, your words are cruel. Do you believe I would give Anton my hand if I did not love him? I do not know much of his wealth; but, father, I might be the promised wife of a Christian to-morrow, who is, perhaps, as rich as he—if that were anything."

"And who is that other lover, Nina?"

"It matters not. He can be nothing to me—nothing in that way. I love Anton Trendellsohn and I could not be the wife of any other but him."

"I wish it were otherwise. I tell you so plainly to your face. I wish it were otherwise. Jews and Christians have married in Prague, I know, but good has never come of it. Anton should find a wife among his own people; and you—it would be better for you to take that other offer of which you spoke."

"It is too late, father."

"No, Nina, it is not too late. If Anton would be wise, it is not too late."

"Anton can do as he pleases. It is too late for me. If Anton thinks it well to change his mind, I shall not reproach him. You can tell him so, father,—from me."

"He knows my mind already, Nina. I will tell him, however, what you say of your own friends. They have heard of your engagement, and are angry with you, of course."

"Aunt Sophie and her people are angry."

"Of course they will oppose it. They will set their priests at you, and frighten you almost to death. They will drive the life out of your young heart with their curses. You do not know what sorrows are before you."

"I can bear all that. There is only one sorrow that I fear. If Anton is true to me, I will not mind all the rest."

The old man's heart was softened towards her. He could not bring himself to say a word to her of direct encouragement, but he kissed her before she went, telling her that she was a good girl, and bidding her have no care as to the house in the Kleinseite. As long as he lived, and her father, her father should not be disturbed. And as for deeds, he declared, with something of a grim smile on his old visage, that though a Jew had always a hard fight to get his own from a Christian, the hard fighting did generally prevail at last. "We shall get them, Nina, when they have put us to such trouble and expense as their laws may be able to devise. Anton knows that as well as I do."

At the door of the house Nina found the old man's granddaughter waiting for her. Ruth Jacobi was the girl's name, and she was the orphaned child of a daughter of old Trendellsohn. Father and mother were both dead; and of her father, who had been dead long, Ruth had no memory. But she still wore some remains of the black garments which had been given to her at her mother's funeral; and she still grieved bitterly for her mother, having no woman with her in that gloomy house, and no other child to comfort her. Her grandfather and her uncle were kind to her—kind after their own gloomy fashion; but it was a sad house for a young girl, and Ruth, though she knew

nothing of any better abode, found the days to be very long, and the months to be very wearisome.

"What has he been saying to you, Nina?" the girl asked, taking hold of her friend's dress, to prevent her escape into the street. "You need not be in a hurry for a minute. He will not come down."

"I am not afraid of him, Ruth."

"I am, then. But perhaps he is not cross to you."

"Why should he be cross to me?"

"I know why, Nina, but I will not say. Uncle Anton has been out all the day, and was not home to dinner. It is much worse when he is away."

"Is Anton ever cross to you, Ruth?"

"Indeed he is,—sometimes. He scolds much more than grandfather. But he is younger, you know."

"Yes; he is younger, certainly."

"Not but what he is very old, too; much too old for you, Nina. When I have a lover I will never have an old man."

"But Anton is not old."

"Not like grandfather, of course. But I should like a lover who would laugh and be gay. Uncle Anton is never gay. My lover shall be only two years older than myself. Uncle Anton must be twenty years older than you, Nina."

"Not more than ten—or twelve at the most."

"He is too old to laugh and dance."

"Not at all, dear; but he thinks of other things."

"I should like a lover to think of the things that I think about. It is all very well being steady when you have got babies of your own; but that should be after ever so long. I should like to keep my lover as a lover for two years. And all that time he should like to dance with me, and to hear music, and to go about just where I would like to go."

"And what then, Ruth?"

"Then? Why, then I suppose I should marry him, and become stupid like the rest. But I should have the two years to look back at and to remember. Do you think, Nina, that you will ever come and live here when you are married?"

"I do not know that I shall ever be married, Ruth."

"But you mean to marry Uncle Anton?"

"I cannot say. It may be so."

"But you love him, Nina?"

"Yes, I love him. I love him with all my heart. I love him better than all the world besides. Ruth, you cannot tell how I love him. I would lie down and die if he were to bid me."

"He will never bid you do that."

"You think that he is old, and dull, and silent, and cross. But when he will sit still and not say a word to me for an hour together, I think that I almost love him the best. I only want to be near him, Ruth."

"But you do not like him to be cross?"

"Yes, I do. That is, I like him to scold me if he is angry. If he were angry and did not scold a little, I should think that he was really vexed with me."

"Then you must be very much in love, Nina?"

"I am in love—very much."

"And does it make you happy?"

"Happy! Happiness depends on so many things. But it makes me feel that there can only be one real unhappiness; and unless that should come to me, I shall care for nothing. Good-bye, love. Tell your uncle that I was here, and say—say to him when no one else can hear, that I went away with a sad heart because I had not seen him."

It was late in the evening when Anton Trendellsohn came home, but Ruth remembered the message that had been intrusted to her, and managed to find a moment in which to deliver it. But her uncle took it amiss, and scolded her. "You two have been talking nonsense together here half the day, I suppose."

"I spoke to her for five minutes, uncle; that was all."

"Did you do your lessons with Madame Pulsky?"

"Yes, I did, uncle—of course. You know that."

"I know that it is a pity you should not be better looked after."

"Bring Nina home here and she will look after me."

"Go to bed, miss—at once, do you hear?"

Then Ruth went off to her bed, wondering at Nina's choice, and declaring to herself, that if ever she took in hand a lover at all, he should be a lover very different from her uncle, Anton Trendellsohn.

CHAPTER V.

The more Madame Zamenoy thought of the terrible tidings which had reached her, the more determined did she become to prevent the degradation of the connection with which she was threatened. She declared to her husband and son that all Prague were already talking of the horror, forgetting, perhaps, that any knowledge which Prague had on the subject must have come from herself. She had, indeed, consulted various persons on the subject in the strictest confidence. We have already seen that she had told Lotta Luxa and her son, and she had, of course, complained frequently on the matter to her husband. She had unbosomed herself to one or two trusty female friends who lived near her, and she had applied for advice and assistance to two priests. To Father Jerome she had gone as Nina's confessor, and she had also applied to the reverend pastor who had the charge of her own little peccadilloes. The small amount of assistance which her clerical allies offered to her had surprised her very much. She had, indeed, gone so far as to declare to Lotta that she was shocked by their indifference. Her own confessor had simply told her that the matter was in the hands of Father Jerome, as far as it could be said to belong to the Church at all; and had satisfied his conscience by advising his dear friend to use all the resources which female persecution put at her command. "You will frighten her out of it, Madame Zamenoy, if you go the right way about it," said the priest. Madame Zamenoy was well inclined to go the right way about it, if she only knew how. She would make Nina's life a burden to her if she could only get hold of the girl, and would scruple at no threats as to this world or the next. But she thought that her priest ought to have done more for her in such a crisis than simply giving her such ordinary counsel. Things were not as they used to be, she knew; but there was even yet something of the prestige of power left to the Church, and there were convents with locks and bars, and excommunication might still be made terrible, and public opinion, in the shape of outside persecution, might, as Madame Zamenoy thought, have been brought to bear. Nor did she get much more comfort from Father Jerome. His reliance was placed chiefly on operations to be carried on with the Jew; and, failing them, on the opposition which the Jew would experience among his own people. "They think more of it than we do," said Father Jerome.

"How can that be, Father Jerome?"

"Well, they do. He would lose caste among all his friends by such a marriage, and would, I think, destroy all his influence among them. When he perceives this more fully he will be shy enough about it himself. Besides, what is he to get?"

"He will get nothing."

"He will think better of it. And you might manage something with those deeds. Of course he should

have them sooner or later, but they might be surrendered as the price of his giving her up. I should say it might be managed."

All this was not comfortable for Madame Zamenoy; and she fretted and fumed till her husband had no peace in his house, and Ziska almost wished that he might hear no more of the Jew and his betrothal. She could not even commence her system of persecution, as Nina did not go near her, and had already told Lotta Luxa that she must decline to discuss the question of her marriage any further. So, at last, Madame Zamenoy found herself obliged to go over in person to the house in the Kleinseite. Such visits had for many years been very rare with her. Since her sister's death and the days in which the Balatkas had been prosperous, she had preferred that all intercourse between the two families should take place at her own house; and thus, as Josef Balatka himself rarely left his own door, she had not seen him for more than two years. Frequent intercourse, however, had been maintained, and aunt Sophie knew very well how things were going on in the Kleinseite. Lotta had no compunctions as to visiting the house, and Lotta's eyes were very sharp. And Nina had been frequently in the Windberg Gasse, having hitherto believed it to be her duty to attend to her aunt's behest's. But Nina was no longer obedient, and Madame Zamenoy was compelled to go herself to her brother-in-law, unless she was disposed to leave the Balatkas absolutely to their fate. Let her do what she would, Nina must be her niece, and therefore she would yet make a struggle.

On this occasion Madame Zamenoy walked on foot, thinking that her carriage and horses might be too conspicuous at the arched gate in the little square. The carriage did not often make its way over the bridge into the Kleinseite, being used chiefly among the suburbs of the New Town, where it was now well known and quickly recognised; and she did not think that this was a good opportunity for breaking into new ground with her equipage. She summoned Lotta to attend her, and after her one o'clock dinner took her umbrella in her hand and went forth. She was a stout woman, probably not more than forty-five years of age, but a little heavy, perhaps from too much indulgence with her carriage. She walked slowly, therefore; and Lotta, who was nimble of foot and quick in all her ways, thanked her stars that it did not suit her mistress to walk often through the city.

"How very long the bridge is, Lotta," said Madame Zamenoy.

"Not longer, ma'am, than it always has been," said Lotta, pertly.

"Of course it is not longer than it always has been; I know that: but still I say it is very long. Bridges are not so long in other places."

"Not where the rivers are narrower," said Lotta. Madame Zamenoy trudged on, finding that she could get no comfort from her servant, and at last reached Balatka's door. Lotta, who was familiar with the place, entered the house first, and her mistress followed her. Hanging about the broad passage which communicated with all the rooms on the ground floor, they found Souchey, who told them that his master was in bed, and that Nina was at work by his bedside. He was sent in to announce the grand arrival, and when Madame Zamenoy entered the sitting-room Nina was there to meet her.

"Child," she said, "I have come to see your father."

"Father is in bed, but you can come in," said Nina.

"Of course I can go in," said Madame Zamenoy; "but before I go in let me know this. Has he heard of the disgrace which you purpose to bring upon him?"

Nina drew herself up and made no answer; whereupon Lotta spoke.

"The old gentleman knows all about it, ma'am, as well as you do."

"Lotta, let the child speak for herself. Nina, have you had the audacity to tell your father—that which you told me?"

"I have told him everything," said Nina; "will you come into his room?" Then Madame Zamenoy lifted up the hem of her garment and stepped proudly into the old man's chamber.

By this time Balatka knew what was about to befall him, and was making himself ready for the visit. He was well aware that he should be sorely perplexed as to what he should say in the coming interview. He could not speak lightly of such an evil as this marriage with a Jew; nor when his sister-in-law should abuse the Jews could he dare to defend them. But neither could he bring himself to say evil words of Nina, or to hear evil words spoken of her without making some attempt to screen her. It might be best, perhaps, to lie under the bedclothes and say nothing, if only his sister-in-law would allow him to lie there. "Am I to come in with you, aunt Sophie?" said Nina. "Yes, child," said the aunt; "come and hear what I have to say to your father." So Nina followed her aunt, and Lotta and Souchey were left in the sitting-room.

"And how are you, Souchey?" said Lotta with unusual kindness of tone. "I suppose you are not so busy but you can stay with me a few minutes while she is in there?"

"There is not so much to do that I cannot spare the time," said Souchey.

"Nothing to do, I suppose, and less to get?" said Lotta.

"That's about it, Lotta; but you wouldn't have had me leave them?"

"A man has to look after himself in the world; but you were always easy-minded, Souchey."

"I don't know about being so easy-minded. I know what would make me easy-minded enough."

"You'll have to be servant to a Jew now."

"No; I'll never be that."

"I suppose he gives you something at odd times?"

"Who? Trendellsohn? I never saw the colour of his money yet, and do not wish to see it."

"But he comes here—sometimes?"

"Never, Lotta. I haven't seen Anton Trendellsohn within the doors these six months."

"But she goes to him?"

"Yes; she goes to him."

"That's worse—a deal worse."

"I told her how it was when I saw her trotting off so often to the Jews' quarter. 'You see too much of Anton Trendellsohn,' I said to her; but it didn't do any good."

"You should have come to us, and have told us."

"What, Madame, there? I could never have brought myself to that; she is so upsetting, Lotta."

"She is upsetting, no doubt; but she don't upset me. Why didn't you tell me, Souchey?"

"Well, I thought that if I said a word to her, perhaps that would be enough. Who could believe that she would throw herself at once into a Jews' arms—such a fellow as Anton Trendellsohn, too, old enough to be her father, and she the bonniest girl in all Prague?"

"Handsome is that handsome does, Souchey.'

"I say she's the sweetest girl in all Prague; and more's the pity she should have taken such a fancy as this."

"She musn't marry him, of course, Souchey."

"Not if it can be helped, Lotta."

"It must be helped. You and I must help it, if no one else can do so."

"That's easy said, Lotta."

"We can do it, if we are minded—that is, if you are minded. Only think what a thing it would be for her to be the wife of a Jew! Think of her soul, Souchey!"

Souchey shuddered. He did not like being told of people's souls, feeling probably that the misfortunes of this world were quite heavy enough for a poor wight like himself, without any addition in anticipation of futurity. "Think of her soul, Souchey," repeated Lotta, who was at all points a good churchwoman.

"It's bad enough any way," said Souchey.

"And there's our Ziska would take her to-morrow in spite of the Jew."

"Would he now?"

"That he would, without anything *but* what she stands up in. And he'd behave very handsome to *any* one that would help him."

"He'd be the first of his name that ever did, then. I've known the time when old Balatka there, poor as he is now, would give a florin when Karil Zamenoy begrudged six kreutzers."

"And what has come of such giving? Josef Balatka is poor, and Karil Zamenoy bids fair to be as rich as any merchant in Prague. But no matter about that. Will you give a helping hand? There is nothing I would'nt do for you, Souchey, if we could manage this between us."

"Would you now?" And Souchey drew near, as though some closer bargain might be practicable between them.

"I would indeed; but, Souchey, talking won't do it."

"What will do it?"

Lotta paused a moment, looking round the room carefully, till suddenly her eyes fell on a certain article which lay on Nina's work-table. "What am I to do?" said Souchey, anxious to be at work with the prospect of so great a reward.

"Never mind," said Lotta, whose tone of voice was suddenly changed. "Never mind it now at least. And, Souchey, I think you'd better go to your work. We've been gossiping here ever so long."

"Perhaps five minutes; and what does it signify?"

"She'd think it so odd to find us here together in the parlour."

"Not odd at all."

"Just as though we'd been listening to what they'd been saying. Go now, Souchey—there's a good fellow; and I'll come again the day after to-morrow and tell you. Go, I say. There are things that I must think of by myself." And in this way she got Souchey to leave the room.

"Josef," said Madame Zamenoy, as she took her place standing by Balatka's bedside—"Josef, this is very terrible;" Nina also was standing close by her father's head, with her hand upon her father's pillow. Balatka groaned, but made no immediate answer.

"It is terrible, horrible, abominable, and damnable," said Madame Zamenoy, bringing out one epithet after the other with renewed energy. Balatka groaned again. What could he say in reply to such an address?

"Aunt Sophie," said Nina, "do not speak to father like that. He is ill."

"Child," said Madame Zamenoy, "I shall speak as I please. I shall speak as my duty bids me speak. Josef, this that I hear is very terrible. It is hardly to be believed that any Christian girl should think of marrying—a Jew."

"What can I do?" said the father. "How can I prevent her?"

"How can you prevent her, Josef? Is she not your daughter? Does she mean to say, standing there, that she will not obey her father? Tell me, Nina, will you or will you not obey your father?"

"That is his affair, aunt Sophie; not yours."

"His affair! It is his affair, and my affair, and all our affairs. Impudent girl!—brazen-faced, impudent, bad girl! Do you not know that you would bring disgrace upon us all?"

"You are thinking about your-

self, aunt Sophie; and I must think for myself."

"You do not regard your father, then?"

"Yes, I do regard my father. He knows that I regard him. Father, is it true that I do not regard you?"

"She is a good daughter," said the father.

"A good daughter, and talk of marrying a Jew!" said Madame Zamenoy. "Has she your permission for such a marriage? Tell me that at once, Josef, that I may know. Has she your sanction for—for—for this accursed abomination?" Then there was silence in the room for a few moments. "You can at any rate answer a plain question, Josef," continued Madame Zamenoy. "Has Nina your leave to betroth herself to the Jew, Trendellsohn?"

"No, I have not got his leave," said Nina.

"I am speaking to your father, miss," said the enraged aunt.

"Yes; you are speaking very roughly to father, and he is ill. Therefore I answer for him."

"And has he not forbidden you to think of marrying this Jew?"

"No, he has not," said Nina.

"Josef, answer for yourself like a man," said Madame Zamenoy. "Have you not forbidden this marriage? Do you not forbid it now? Let me at any rate hear you say that you have forbidden it." But Balatka found silence to be his easiest course, and answered not all. "What am I to think of this?" continued Madame Zamenoy. "It cannot be that you wish your child to be the wife of a Jew!"

"You are to think, aunt Sophie, that father is ill, and that he cannot stand against your violence."

"Violence, you wicked girl! It is you that are violent."

"Will you come out into the parlour, aunt?"

"No, I will not come out into the parlour. I will not stir from this spot till I have told your father all that I think about it. Ill, indeed! What matters illness when it is a question of eternal damnation!" Madame Zamenoy put so much stress upon the latter word that her brother-in-law almost jumped from under the bed-clothes. Nina raised herself, as she was standing, to her full height, and a smile of derision came upon her face. "Oh, yes!—I daresay you do not mind it," said Madame Zamenoy. "I daresay you can laugh now at all the pains of hell. Castaways such as you are always blind to their own danger; but your father, I hope, has not fallen so far as to care nothing for his religion, though he seems to have forgotten what is due to his family."

"I have forgotten nothing," said old Balatka.

"Why then do you not forbid her to do this thing?" demanded Madame Zamenoy. But the old man had recognized too well the comparative security of silence to be drawn into argument, and therefore merely hid himself more completely among the clothes. "Am I to get no answer from you, Josef?" said Madame Zamenoy. No answer came, and therefore she was driven to turn again upon Nina.

"Why are you doing this thing, you poor deluded creature? Is it the man's money that tempts you?"

"It is not the man's money. If money could tempt me, I could have it elsewhere, as you know."

"It cannot be love for such a man as that. Do you not know that he and his father between them have robbed your father of everything?"

"I know nothing of the kind."

"They have; and he is now making a fool of you in order that he may get whatever remains."

"Nothing remains. He will get nothing."

"Nor will you. I do not believe that after all he will ever marry you. He will not be such a fool.

"Perhaps not, aunt; and in that case you will have your wish."

"But no one can ever speak to you again after such a condition. Do you think that I or your uncle could have you at our house when all the world shall know that you have been jilted by a Jew?"

"I will not trouble you by going to your house."

"And is that all the satisfaction I am to have?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to say that you will give this man up, and return to your duty as a Christian."

"I will never give him up—never. I would sooner die."

"Very well. Then I shall know how to act. You will not be a bit nearer marrying him; I can promise you that. You are mistaken if you think that in such a matter as this a girl like you can do just as she pleases." Then she turned again upon the poor man in bed. "Josef Balatka, I am ashamed of you. I am indeed—I am ashamed of you."

"Aunt Sophie," said Nina, "now that you are here, you can say what you please to me; but you might as well spare father."

"I will not spare him. I am ashamed of him — thoroughly ashamed of him. What can I think of him when he will lie there and not say a word to save his daughter from the machinations of a filthy Jew?"

"Anton Trendellsohn is not a filthy Jew."

"He is a robber. He has cheated your father out of everything."

"He is no robber. He has cheated no one. I know who has cheated father, if you come to that."

"Whom do you mean, hussey?"

"I shall not answer you; but you need not tell me any more about the Jews cheating us. Christians can cheat as well as Jews, and can rob from their own flesh and blood too. I do not care for your threats, aunt Sophie, nor for your frowns. I did care for them, but you have said that which makes it impossible that I should regard them any further."

"And this is what I get for all my trouble—for all your uncle's generosity!" Again Nina smiled. "But I suppose the Jew gives more than we have given, and therefore is preferred. You poor creature—poor wretched creature!"

During all this time Balatka remained silent; and at last, after very much more scolding, in which Madame Zamenoy urged again and again the terrible threat of eternal punishment, she prepared herself for going. "Lotta Luxa," she said —"where is Lotta Luxa?" She opened the door, and found Lotta Luxa seated demurely by the window. "Lotta," she said, "I shall go now, and shall never come back to this unfortunate house. You hear what I say; I shall never return here. As she makes her bed, so must she lie on it. It is her own doing, and no one can save her. For my part, I think that the Jew has bewitched her."

"Like enough," said Lotta.

"When once we stray from the Holy Church, there is no knowing what terrible evils may come upon us," said Madame Zamenoy.

"No, indeed, ma'am," said Lotta Luxa.

"But I have done all in my power."

"That you have, ma'am."

"I feel quite sure, Lotta, that the Jew will never marry her. Why should a man like that, who loves money better than his soul, marry a girl who has not a kreutzer to bless herself?"

"Why indeed, ma'am? It's my mind that he don't think of marrying her."

"And, Jew as he is, he cares for his religion. He will not bring trouble upon everybody belonging to him by taking a Christian for his wife."

"That he will not, ma'am, you may be sure," said Lotta.

"And where will she be then? Only fancy, Lotta—to have been

jilted by a Jew!" Then Madame Zamenoy, without addressing herself directly to Nina, walked out of the room; but as she did so she paused in the doorway, and again spoke to Lotta. "To be jilted by a Jew, Lotta! Think of that."

"I should drown myself," said Lotta Luxa. And then they both were gone.

The idea that the Jew might jilt her disturbed Nina more than all her aunt's anger, or than any threats as to the penalties she might have to encounter in the next world. She felt a certain delight, an inward satisfaction, in giving up everything for her Jew lover—a satisfaction which was the more intense, the more absolute was the rejection and the more crushing the scorn which she encountered on his behalf from her own people. But to encounter this rejection and scorn, and then to be thrown over by the Jew, was more than she could endure. And would it, could it, be so? She sat down to think of it; and as she thought of it, terrible fears came upon her. Old Trendellsohn had told her that such a marriage on his son's part would bring him into great trouble; and old Trendellsohn was not harsh with her as her aunt was harsh. The old man, in his own communications with her, had always been kind and forbearing. And then Anton himself was severe to her. Though he would now and again say some dear, well-to-be-remembered happy word, as when he told her that she was his sun, and that he looked to her for warmth and light, such soft speakings were few with him and far between. And then he never mentioned any time as the probable date of their marriage. If only a time could be fixed, let it be ever so distant, Nina thought that she could still endure all the cutting taunts of her enemies. But what would she do if Anton were to announce to her some day that he found himself, as a Jew, unable to marry with her as a Christian? In such a case she thought that she must drown herself, as Lotta had suggested to her.

As she sat thinking of this, her eyes suddenly fell upon the one key which she herself possessed, and which, with a woman's acuteness of memory, she perceived to have been moved from the spot on which she had left it. It was the key of the little press which stood in the corner of the parlour; and in the press, on the top of all the papers, was deposited the necklace with which she intended to relieve the immediate necessities of their household. She at once remembered that Lotta had been left for a long time in the room, and with anxious, quick suspicion she went to the cupboard. But her suspicions had wronged Lotta. There, lying on a bundle of letters, was the necklace, in the exact position in which she had left it. She kissed the trinket, which had come to her from her mother, replaced it carefully, and put the key into her pocket.

What should she do next? How should she conduct herself in her present circumstances? Her heart prompted her to go off at once to Anton Trendellsohn and tell him everything; but she greatly feared that Anton would not be glad to see her. She knew that it was not well that a girl should run after her lover; but yet how was she to live without seeing him? What other comfort had she? and from whom else could she look for guidance? She declared to herself at last that she, in her position, would not be stayed by ordinary feelings of maiden reserve. She would tell him everything, even to the threat on which her aunt had so much depended, and would then ask him for his counsel. She would describe to him, if words from her could describe them, all her difficulties, and would promise to be guided by him absolutely in everything. "Everything," she would say to him, "I have given up for you. I am yours entirely, body and soul.

Do with me as you will." If he should then tell her that he would not have her, that he did not want the sacrifice, she would go away from him—and drown herself. But she would not go to him to-day—no, not to-day; not perhaps to-morrow. It was but a day or two as yet since she had been over at the Trendellsohns' house, and though on that occasion she had not seen Anton, Anton of course would know that she had been there. She did not wish him to think that she was hunting him. She would wait yet two or three days—till the next Sunday morning perhaps—and then she would go again to the Jews' quarter. On the Christian Sabbath Anton was always at home, as on that day business is suspended in Prague both for Christian and Jew.

Then she went back to her father. He was still lying with his face turned to the wall, and Nina, thinking that he slept, took up her work and sat by his side. But he was awake, and watching. "Is she gone?" he said, before her needle had been plied a dozen times.

"Aunt Sophie? Yes, father, she has gone."

"I hope she will not come again."

"She says that she will never come again."

"What is the use of her coming here? We are lost and are perishing. We are utterly gone. She will not help us, and why should she disturb us with her curses?"

"Father, there may be better days for us yet."

"How can there be better days when you are bringing down the Jew upon us? Better days for yourself, perhaps, if mere eating and drinking will serve you."

"Oh, father!"

"Have you not ruined everything, with your Jew lover? Did you not hear how I was treated? What could I say to your aunt when she stood there and reviled us?"

"Father, I was so grateful to you for saying nothing!"

"But I knew that she was right. A Christian should not marry a Jew. She said it was abominable; and so it is."

"Father, father, do not speak like that! I thought that you had forgiven me. You said to aunt Sophie that I was a good daughter. Will you not say the same to me—to me myself?"

"It is not good to love a Jew."

"I do love him, father. How can I help it now? I cannot change my heart."

"I suppose I shall be dead soon," said old Balatka, "and then it will not matter. You will become one of them, and I shall be forgotten."

"Father, have I ever forgotten you?" said Nina, throwing herself upon him on his bed. "Have I not always loved you? Have I not been good to you? Oh, father, we have been true to each other through it all. Do not speak to me like that at last."

BRITISH AMERICA.

By the force of political events, and by the operation of social causes, the British people have become the greatest existing colonisers of the waste places of the world. A hundred years ago, France, Spain, and Portugal were also colonisers upon a large scale; but these states have not only abandoned the systematic colonisation of former times, but their people have almost ceased to emigrate, leaving to Great Britain and Ireland—and, in a minor degree, to the Germans—the task of planting the seeds of future empires and nations across the ocean. Whatever may have been the causes that have prevented the Continental inhabitants of Western Europe from following in the courses of their adventurous ancestors in the fifteenth and sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—whether apathy, misgovernment, or the depletion of their best blood, caused by wars and revolutions—no such considerations have weighed upon the hardy and enterprising people of these isles. Pressed by overwhelming numbers at home, elbowed out of existence, as it were, in the narrow area left for the hewers of wood and the drawers of water in the Old World, the strong, the brave, the reckless, and the youthful have built up the United States, overrun British North America, peopled the south of Africa, and converted the solitudes of Australia and New Zealand into populous and prosperous commonwealths. The British Government may have abandoned, or, at all events, ceased to act largely upon the idea of systematic colonisation, but the people, like swarms of bees, driven out of the hive by imperious necessity, have never ceased to emigrate, and remain to this day the greatest existing fulfillers of the Divine law which commands mankind to subdue and replenish the earth.

This emigration, however—on a similar principle, it may be supposed, to that which conducts all rivers into the sea—has lately been directing itself almost exclusively into the United States,—a rival, and, it may at some future time prove, a hostile power. The question has long since arisen, whether the British Government were wise and provident in not attempting to direct some portion of this natural efflux into other channels, and whether, in view of all the possible contingencies which render a balance of power on the North American continent a matter of concern to the civilized world, it was not the duty of the mother country to take a little more interest in its American colonies than it has hitherto displayed, and so endeavour to consolidate and unite them as to make them sources of strength rather than of weakness. There is amongst us, as every one knows, a class of political philosophers who are of opinion that the concentration of the British Empire within the limits of the British Isles is our true policy as a nation, and that the diffusion of our authority and responsibilities over India, Australia, South Africa, British America, the West Indies, and every nook and corner of the world where our flag may be hoisted, is the weakness of pride, the error of obstinacy, and the fruitful source of difficulty, debt, and war. But these opinions do not meet with universal or even with general favour. The instinct combines with the reason of the people to foster and protect such colonies of our own race and blood as have grown up in America, Africa, and Australia, until they are rich and populous enough to ask and receive their independence from the willing hands of their Sovereign and the Legislature of Great Britain; and when the hour is ripe for their

severance from the parent stem, to bid them God-speed in their new career, and cultivate with them all the kindly relations which spring from a common origin and language, and the more readily appreciated, because more profitable, relations of a constantly expanding commerce.

The conclusion of the civil war in America did much to enlighten English opinion on this subject, and to diminish any latent feeling that might previously have existed among the colonists in favour of annexation to the United States. Yet, although the prevailing ignorance on the subject of British North America has been somewhat enlightened, it has not been entirely removed. The model or representative Englishman—or, in due deference to Professor Blackie, let us say "Briton"—does not look far around or "ahead." His politics are parochial rather than cosmopolitan, and, if the truth must be told, are sometimes almost contemptible for their pettiness. There is a large class of people who stay at home and have no intention of emigrating—who think, like Spaniards and Frenchmen, that their village is the centre of the universe, and their country the most conspicuous spot on the map of Europe, and who consequently have but vague ideas of British America or of any other part of the world. They have heard, in the Sunday-school, of the Brook Kedron and the Valley of Jehosaphat, and have learned something from the newspapers about the United States, and the wealth, energy, and greatness of the Republic; but if they have heard of the British Possessions, it is only of Canada, which they seem to think is a kind of Transatlantic Siberia—a howling wilderness of large extent but of very little value. The number of such people is fast decreasing, and it begins to be known beyond the limits of the emigrating classes, that the possessions of the British Crown on the North American continent cover an area of nearly three and a half millions of square miles, and form almost as large a territory as that of the United States. But many who know as much as this are apt to believe that these vast regions are for the most part uninhabitable. It must be confessed that the British is the bleakest and most barren portion of the continent. At the same time, it is equally true that no Smellfungus, travelling from its Dan to its Beersheba, could conscientiously declare it to be "all barren," or shut his eyes to the fact that many hundreds of millions of acres in that wide domain are as fertile as England, France, or Germany, and produce, with little labour and in great abundance, crops of barley, oats, rye, wheat, maize, potatoes, apples, pears, strawberries, and grapes—that there is pasturage for countless millions of flocks and herds—that there is water-power enough to turn the wheels of all the machinery in the world, were coal no longer available for the creation of steam—that coal itself is found in great abundance—that the forests are all but limitless, and productive of the finest timber in the world for house and ship building—that its multitudinous lakes and rivers, some of the latter navigable for a thousand miles, swarm with fish of a magnitude and delicacy unknown in Europe—that, in short, were these provinces fully developed and peopled, they could easily maintain a population three times larger than that of the United Kingdom.

These splendid possessions are Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, in what may be called the eastern or Atlantic group; the large territory in the nominal ownership of the Hudson Bay Company, which may be called the middle or inland group; and, lastly, the colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, on the coast of the Pacific. A short description of each will serve as the best introduction to the arguments

in favour of their confederation or consolidation, which it is the purpose of this paper to place before the reader.

Canada, which as yet, if considered with regard to its agricultural development alone, is but two narrow strips along the banks of the St Lawrence, covers a superficies of nearly 350,000 square miles, or three times as much as Great Britain and Ireland, or almost as much as Holland, Belgium, France, Portugal, and Spain. It contains a population, rapidly increasing, of 2,600,000, and many noble cities, two of which, Montreal and Quebec, are the pride of the North American continent. Mr. Seward, the well-known Secretary of State under Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, has rendered eloquent tribute to the greatness of this colony. In a speech delivered a few months prior to the outbreak of the civil war, he publicly proclaimed how much he had formerly been mistaken on the subject.

"Hitherto," he said, "in common with most of my countrymen, I have thought Canada—or, to speak more accurately, British America—a mere strip lying north of the United States, easily detachable from the parent state, but incapable of sustaining itself, and therefore ultimately, nay, right soon, to be taken on by the Federal Union, without materially changing or affecting its own condition or development. I have dropped the opinion as a national conceit. I see in British North America, stretching as it does across the continent, from the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland to the Pacific, and occupying a considerable belt of the temperate zone, traversed equally with the United States by the lakes, and enjoying the magnificent shores of the St. Lawrence, with its thousands of islands in the river and gulf, a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire. In its wheat fields in the west, its broad ranges of the chase at the north, its inexhaustible lumber lands, the most extensive now remaining on the globe, its invaluable fisheries, and its yet undisturbed mineral deposits, I see the elements of wealth. I find its inhabitants vigorous, hardy, energetic, perfected by the Protestant religion and British constitutional liberty. I find them jealous of the United States and of Great Britain as they ought to be; and therefore, when I look at their resources, I know they cannot be conquered by the former, nor permanently held by the latter."

Mr. Seward's countrymen are not all as well informed as in this speech, as on other occasions still more recent, he has proved himself to be; and both in and out of Congress, the threat is from time to time raised by unscrupulous agitators, that annexation to the United States, peaceably if possible, forcibly if no other means be available, is the doom of Canada. They quote continually the well-known lines—

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours;"

and *doctrinaires* and pseudo-liberals at home re-echo the sentiment, and consider the consummation as not only inevitable, but devoutly to be wished.

New Brunswick, the second member of the group, is 190 miles in length, and 150 in breadth, or about as large as Ireland. It covers an area of upwards of 22 millions of acres, and contains a population of 300,000. The climate is bright and bracing; and the winters, though sharp, are enjoyable and wholesome. Its coast-line extends for 400 miles; and its people are among the best lumbermen, the best farmers, and the best sailors in the world, and almost equally good in each avocation. Its great river St John is one of the most picturesque and romantic in America, and is navigable for large vessels from the thriving city of St John at its mouth, to Fredericton, the capital, a distance of about 120 miles, of well-settled and fertile country.

Nova Scotia, one of the most brilliant jewels in the British Crown, possesses in Halifax, its capital city, a station for a navy, and a harbour, that are the envy of America. Very early in its history the

colony was unpopular in England, but has gradually obtained a position in the esteem of the Imperial Government, which would make it the very last foothold on the American continent which adverse circumstances would compel the mother country to relinquish. "The province of Nova Scotia," said Edmund Burke in the House of Commons on the 11th of February 1780, in his famous speech on Economical Reform, "is the youngest and the favourite child of the Board (of Trade and Plantations). Good God!" he added, "what sums the nursing of that ill-thriven, hard visaged, and ill-favoured brat has cost to this wittol nation!" "Hard-visaged" and "ill-favoured" the colony may still appear to such travellers as have neither time nor inclination to diverge from the beaten tracks, or to the English school of politicians who, in 1866, are of the opinion of Edmund Burke in 1780, that the only money which colonies ought to cost the mother country is that expended in the effort to get rid of them; but "ill-thriven" she certainly is not. There is no source of wealth which Nova Scotia does not possess. Her soil, it is true, is not remarkably fertile, and the greater part of her territory is rocky and mountainous; but there are long stretches of rich alluvial land on her coasts, and of fertile belts, or "intervales," as they are called, which wind amid the hills, and are so valuable for agricultural purposes as to be worth a hundred pounds per acre. The harbour of Halifax is admitted to be the finest in the world; and there are scores of other harbours, scarcely known to European fame, that are almost as commodious. Her coasts swarm with fish, and offer wealth in abundance to all who are adventurous enough to come and take it. And the "hard-visaged" and "ill-favoured" districts which travellers have so often described, and which Burke for a political purpose exaggerated, are what he and the people of his day did not suspect, the richest portions of her territory. Beneath the sterile mountain-ranges, and under the long tracts of apparently worthless land that no one would think of purchasing for a shilling an acre, and over which huge boulder-stones and fragments as of some dismembered satellite have been thrown broadcast in heterogeneous profusion, are gold mines which yield a liberal return for the skill and capital employed in working them. It is not only the most precious of all metals which Nova Scotia yields to the labour of her people, but coal of excellent quality, and in great abundance. And as if these two were not sufficient to designate the future rank of the colony in the commercial brotherhood of nations, iron has been added to the list of her treasures, and found to exist throughout the province in large quantities. Much is obtainable on the surface, but the best has to be mined, and rivals for the manufacture of steel the most esteemed ores of Sweden. Thus it would appear that Nova Scotia—no longer a child not worth the rearing, as Burke described her—has reached a comely maturity, and presents such an appearance of health and vigour as may well make the mother country proud of so hopeful a progeny. The physical conformation of Nova Scotia is that of a peninsula 280 miles in length by about 100 in width, joined to the mainland by an isthmus 15 miles broad. Its coast-line extends for upwards of 700 miles. The population amounted, by the census of 1851, to nearly 277,000, and is now computed at 350,000.

Prince Edward Island, formerly, when in possession of the French, called the Isle St. Jean, received its present name from the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, and is the smallest and most thickly-peopled of the maritime provinces. It lies to the north and east of Nova Scotia, in the Great Gulf of St. Lawrence; is about 130 miles in

length by 80 in width; and maintains a purely agricultural population of upwards of 80,000. The mackerel fisheries on the coast are highly productive, but are neglected by the natives, and left almost wholly to the fishermen of the neighbouring States of Maine and Massachusetts, who in the year 1865 were known to have carried away, under the provisions of the Reciprocity Act, mackerel, oysters, and lobsters to the value of four millions of dollars, or £800,000 sterling.

Newfoundland has an area of 23,000,000 acres, of which but a small portion is cultivable, and a population of 130,000. Its cod-fisheries have long been famous, and its hardy seafaring population are among the bravest and best sailors in the New World, having a strong British feeling, and no sympathies whatever with the Republic of the United States. Newfoundland carries on a large trade not only with England, but with Spain, Portugal, Italy, the West Indies, Brazils, and the United States.

Such are the maritime provinces of British America, sufficient, in union with Canada, to form one of the leading Powers of the earth, should it please them to ask of Great Britain the boon of independence; and sufficient to add largely to the power and glory of the mother country, if it please them to perpetuate the connection.

The possessions of the Hudson Bay Company—whose rights, neither suzerain nor proprietarial, are, whatever they may be, very vague and ill-defined—are less known than the elder provinces on the Atlantic seaboard. They are not, however, a *terra incognita*, although the old Hudson Bay Company did its best to make them so. From the western shore of Lake Superior, over twenty degrees of longitude to the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and again westwards over their frozen sierras for fourteen degrees farther, to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, extends a country which was once thought uninhabitable for all but the white trapper and the wild Indian; but which the explorations of Professor Hinde, Mr. Dawson, and other more recent travellers, and the active irrepressible curiosity of the Americans who live on the conterminous States of Minnesota and Dacotah, have proved to be capable of producing almost every kind of agricultural and mineral wealth. Under the selfish and shortsighted rule of the Hudson Bay Company, immigration was discouraged, if not absolutely prevented; and a region which, if it had belonged to the United States, would long ago have been covered with cities, towns, and villages, by a hardy and enterprising people, has been left to the foxes, the bears, the beavers, the squirrels, and the hunters, European and Indian, who make a traffic of peltry. In an official report from the New York Chamber of Commerce, communicated to the Federal Government in 1858, it is stated: "That the region of Lake Winnipeg, like the valley of the Mississippi, is distinguished for the fertility of its soil, and for the extent and gentle slope of its great plains, watered by rivers of great length, and admirably adapted to steam navigation. It will in all respects compare favourably with some of the most densely-peopled regions of Europe. In other words, it is admirably fitted to become the seat of a numerous, hardy, and prosperous community. It has an area equal to eight or ten first-class American States. Its great river, the Saskatchewan, carries a navigable water-line to the base of the Rocky Mountains. It is not at all improbable that the valley of this river may offer the best route for a railroad to the Pacific. The navigable waters of this great subdivision interlock with those of the Mississippi. Red River of the

North, navigable in connection with Lake Winnipeg for 800 miles directly north and south, is one of the best adapted for steam in the world, and waters one of the finest regions on this continent."

The New York Chamber did not enlarge upon the climate and productions of this country, but, in other official communications to the Government, appended to the report, it is stated that the northern shores of the lake, for a distance of two hundred miles northwards, has a mean summer heat equal to that of Bordeaux in France; and that at Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan, the summer temperature is higher than that of Paris. The soil is for the most part a black mould, of great depth and fertility, producing "a plump and heavy wheat" of from twenty to forty bushels to the acre. Potatoes, barley, and oats can be profitably cultivated between the forty-ninth and fifty-fourth parallels of latitude, and maize or Indian corn to the fiftieth. A hundred miles to the east of the Rocky Mountains commences a great coal-bed, sixty miles in width, and extending over sixteen degrees of latitude to the Arctic Sea.

Under the colonial secretaryship of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton*—by the universal consent of the British North Americans the ablest Minister who ever held the seals of that department—and afterwards under the administration of the Duke of Newcastle, it was in the contemplation of the Colonial Office, by the aid and with the consent of the Hudson Bay Company, to establish a Crown colony in this region, the Hudson Bay Company agreeing to renounce a portion of its supposed rights, to procure a valid title to the remainder. For some reason or other the negotiations to this end appear to have remained in hopeless abeyance under Mr. Cardwell. Meanwhile the Americans, fully aware of the value of this new country, were on the alert—as, to do them justice, they always are, even on questions of much less importance—and in large numbers swarmed over the border from Wisconsin and Minnesota, and took possession of the coveted territory. Already American citizens form the large majority of the settlers, and will in the course of a year or two, if nothing be done by Great Britain in the interval for the vindication of its sovereignty over the soil, proceed to organise a territorial government, such as they are in the habit of doing in all the outlying territories of the Union, which are afterwards to be converted into States. Of course the question of the right to the occupancy of this country will come up for discussion between the Federal Government and the authorities of Downing Street; and, of course, as on all previous occasions, our peacemongers and Manchester politicians will back the American claim, and inveigh loudly against the burden of colonies. If the Government of the day be impressed with such reasons, and disinclined to quarrel with the United States, it will yield the point, as has been done on similar occasions before, and a new State, as large as New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania combined, will be added to the Federal Union.

The new Hudson Bay Company, more intelligent and active than the old, do not of course desire such a catastrophe; and a large and influential section of the shareholders will probably, as present appearances indicate, endeavour to re-

* Men of letters and admirers of genius throughout the world will rejoice in Sir Edward's elevation to the peerage as Baron Lytton; and those who are acquainted with the way in which he performed the duties of Colonial Minister will see in his promotion a just tribute to his merits as a clear-headed, far-sighted statesman. —Ed. B. M.

sume negotiations with the Colonial Office for the establishment of a Crown colony, on the terms proposed to and sanctioned by the Duke of Newcastle. The Canadian Government has very unwisely advanced a claim to this territory, as forming of right a portion of Canada, and talks of paying the Hudson Bay Company five millions of dollars for the cession of its sovereignty or privilege, whatever it may be called, over these lands as far as the Rocky Mountains. The Canadian Government forgets, however, that there is no right in the matter, but such as may be exercised by the British Crown; that the Queen is the suzerain, and can, by the exercise of her prerogative, establish as many Crown colonies as she may be advised in the region in question, leaving the rights of the Hudson Bay Company to be abrogated, if the public advantage requires, for such fair compensation as Parliament may grant. It also forgets that Canada itself needs development; that it has millions of cultivable but uncultivated acres; that it could readily absorb and find remunerative employment for a million of hard-working tillers of the soil; and that if it have five millions of loose cash to spare, they might be better employed either in assisting immigration and diverting it from the United States, or in enlarging the canals to such a width and depth as to permit the largest class of merchant vessels to sail or steam from Chicago and the Upper Lakes, without transhipment of cargo, direct to Liverpool.

British Columbia is the youngest member of the colonial family, and owes its political existence, firstly, to the impetus given to immigration by the discovery of gold on the Fraser river; and secondly, to the sagacious statesmanship of Sir E. B. Lytton, who, by establishing a Crown colony on the shores of the Pacific, took the first great step towards the formation of what may yet prove the great highroad of European commerce to China and Japan. The colony includes the large continental area formerly called New Caledonia and Columbia, and the islands of Vancouver and Queen Charlotte. Vancouver Island covers an area of 16,200 square miles, and is thus as large as the two Federal States of Vermont and New Hampshire. The population is about 20,000. The climate is as mild as that of England, and much less variable. A report presented to the United States Government in 1862 describes the country as "fertile and well timbered, diversified by intersecting mountain-ranges." It contains extensive coal-fields, is fortunate in its very excellent harbours, one of which, called Esquimaux, on which Victoria, the capital, is situated, is equal in every respect to that of San Francisco, formerly thought the first in the world. Queen Charlotte Island, lying to the northward, is not more than half the size of Vancouver, and has as yet been but imperfectly explored. It is, however, the mainland of Columbia —which it is not perhaps too late to name Lyttonia —that is most likely to be the future home of a large and prosperous community, if not of a nation. The gold that it yields, and which, when the future immigration of fifty or a hundred thousand men has overflowed into its now solitary mountain-ranges, is expected to add almost as largely to the world's wealth as California and Australia have done, is but one of its attractions. Mr. de Smet, an American traveller who explored the country in 1858, and portions of whose reports are quoted in the official report presented to the House of Representatives at Washington in 1862, describes its beauties and advantages in glowing terms:—

"Advancing," he says, "toward the territory of the Hootanais, we were enchanted with the beautiful and diversified scenery. . . . An extensive plain at the base of the Portage Mountains

(probably near the western extremity of the Hootanais Pass) presents every advantage for the formation of a city. The mountains surrounding this agreeable site are majestic and picturesque. They forcibly recalled to my memory the Mapacho Mountains that encompass the beautiful capital of Chili (Santiago). . . . The quarries and forests are inexhaustible; and having remarked large pieces of coal along the river, I am convinced that this fossil could be abundantly procured. Great quantities of lead are found on the surface of the earth; and from the appearance of its superior quality, I am led to believe that there may be some mixture of silver. After a few days' journey we arrived at the Prairie du Tabac, the usual abode of the Hootanais. Their camp is situated in an immense and delightful valley, bounded by two eminences, which, from their gentle and regular declivity, appear to have originally bounded an extensive lake. . . . Thence I journeyed on towards the sources of the Columbia. The country we traversed was highly picturesque, and agreeably diversified by beautiful prairies, smiling valleys and lakes surrounded by heavy and solemn pines, gracefully waving their flexible branches. We also crossed dark alpine forests, where the sound of the axe has never resounded. . . . . On the 4th of September I found myself at the source of the Columbia. When immigration, accompanied by industry, the arts, and sciences, shall have penetrated the numberless valleys of the Rocky Mountains, the source of the Columbia will prove a very important point. The climate is delightful; the extremes of heat and cold are seldom known. The snow disappears as fast as it falls. The laborious hand that would till these valleys would be repaid a hundred-fold. Innumerable herds could graze throughout the year in these meadows, where the sources and streams nurture a perpetual freshness and abundance. These hillocks and declivities of the mountains are generally studded with inexhaustible forests, in which the birch tree, pine of different species, cedar, and cypress abound. . . . The advantages nature seems to have bestowed on the source of the Columbia will render its geographical position very important at some future day. The magic hand of civilised man would transform it into a terrestrial paradise."

The superficial area of this favoured land is upwards of 200,000 square miles, up to the isothermal line of fifty degrees north latitude, the highest point for the production of Indian-corn. Thus British Columbia is larger than France, and nearly twice as large as the four maritime colonies of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. Its population is estimated at 80,000.

Such, briefly, is British America, with the exception of the uninhabitable wilderness and frozen wastes that stretch towards the North Pole, or encircle the mighty inland sea known by the inadequate name of Hudson Bay—vast regions which may be well left to the enterprise of the Hudson Bay Company for the purposes of the hunter and trapper, or which may form hereafter the hunting-grounds wherein the sport-loving inhabitants of a hundred prosperous states may take their summer holidays, and taste those delights of savage nature which have been congenial to noble souls from the days of Nimrod to our own. The whole domain is a magnificent appanage to the British crown—would form in a few years, if united and independent, a powerful empire, kingdom, or commonwealth; or, if annexed to the United States by the consent of its several populations, or even by the force of arms, would add immensely to the prestige and power of the great Republic, and place it at one stroke in the leadership of the world, in room of Great Britain, deposed for incompetency and weakness from the supremacy she now holds, and relegated to the second rank, more becoming to a state that could not rise to the level of its duties and opportunities.

The question of the union, the confederation, or the consolidation of these colonies is not a new one, though the remarkable display of power made by the Government of the United States in crushing the Southern rebellion, and maintaining the Union in spite of the most

formidable opposition with which any government at any period of history was ever confronted, has given it a new importance. Were the inhabitants of British America of opinion that their interests would be better served, and their happiness more surely promoted, by incorporation with the great system of free republics that lies to the south of the lakes, the question would be simple; for there is not a statesman of any party in England who would spend an ounce of hostile gunpowder in resisting their wishes. But this is not the case. The colonies are not only loyal, but ultra-loyal. They not only do not desire to unite their fortunes with those of the United States, but, when the idea is broached by aggressive Americans, resent it with indignation. On this point there can be no mistake. The British Americans, whatever may be their future destiny, will never consent to be incorporated with the United States, unless a total revolution be wrought in all their present feelings and aspirations; unless they learn to love what they now dislike, and cease to take a pride in what is now their glory—the connection with the dear old land of home, which has showered so many benefits upon them, and left them all the blessings of the fullest freedom with the smallest possible share of its burdens and liabilities.

It was said of the late Sir Robert Peel, as it has also been said of his favorite disciple, Mr. Gladstone, that in making any statement of the difficulties of a case, he always saw three courses which it was possible to pursue. In deciding the case of the future of British America, the statesmen of our day have a greater variety of choice, for there are at least seven ways before them, any one of which may be adopted, and for each of which there is something to be said. We shall state the seven *seriatim*.

First, Let British America alone.

Second, Do no more than colonise the Hudson Bay Company's territory.

Third, Let the colonies drift off and become independent.

Fourth, Let Canada and the maritime colonies form a confederation under British protection.

Fifth, Let Canada and the maritime provinces consolidate into one State.

Sixth, Let the whole of British America enter into a confederation stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Seventh, Let the whole of British America be consolidated into one State or Empire, and not confederated.

The first of these seven courses is pleasant to the minds of many timid people in the colonies, and also to some local dignitaries and office-holders, who think their present social importance may be diminished or extinguished in any change that may be effected. They argue that they are well as they are, and see no necessity for a political revolution of which they cannot foresee the consequences. The arguments they employ are unavailing. The majority of the people take a different view, and that view is supported by the Imperial Government. The United States are England's next-door neighbour in America. That neighbour is very powerful and very ambitious, and, though now friendly, may at some future time become hostile. Should such hostility arise, the colonies would be the first sufferers; and it is therefore a wise policy and a safe precaution on their part to make themselves strong, and to unite for mutual protection, so as to enable Great Britain, in case of need, to defend them at a minimum cost of men and money.

The second course of procedure is condemned by the arguments which apply against the first. There is nothing to be said against the colonisation of the great central district of the Red River, the Saskatchewan, and the Assiniboin

but everything to be said in its favour. And the confederation or consolidation of Canada and the maritime provinces need by no means be abandoned, because it is desirable, if not imperative, to prevent this large country from being overrun and settled by the Americans.

The third proposal may, by one school of political economists, be looked upon with complacency, but it has the fatal demerit of being impossible of fulfilment as long as the several colonies do not desire their independence. While they are in the mood, and anxious above all things to retain their connection with home, Great Britain cannot abandon them as too costly or too troublesome for her keeping—or for any reason whatsoever—without forfeiting her high position in the world, and taking the first step towards her downfall as a nation.

The fourth proposition, that Canada and the maritime provinces should confederate, upon such term as may be mutually agreeable to the contracting parties, and form a union similar to that of the United States, with the sole differences, that they shall retain their connection with the mother country, form a component part of the British Empire, and be governed by a Viceroy appointed by the Crown, originated in and finds favour in Canada, but has, until very lately, been opposed in the other provinces. It has, however, made considerable progress in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, an anti-confederation ministry having been recently driven from office in the former, and the latter possessing a legislature and a ministry very strongly in its favour. The invasion of Canada and the threatened invasion of New Brunswick by the Fenian conspirators did much to mature and popularise the question, and to bring over a large body of waverers and quiet people averse from change. In this respect the Fenians did excellent service without intending it. This scheme was supported by the Russell Administration, and will probably find favour with Lord Carnarvon, who served as Under-Secretary to Sir E. B. Lytton, had the advantage of his instructions, and assumes the seals of the Colonial Department under the most favourable auspices.

That Canada and the maritime provinces should abandon the idea of confederation, which is proved to have worked so badly in the United States, and consolidate themselves into one government and nationality, thus abolishing all such petty local legislatures as that of Prince Edward Island, which, with a population of 80,000—not a fifth part of that of a London parish—has its Upper and Lower House of Parliament and all the forms and paraphernalia of a constitutional monarchy, is a favourite idea with that class of persons in America who think that republicanism is a failure, and who preserve that European attachment to monarchical forms which they imbibed in early life, and which they have strengthened by reading and reflection. They think that such a colony, one and indivisible, might become in due time a monarchy under the name of Canadia, and under the hereditary government of the Duke of Edinburgh, or some other scion of the blood royal of England, with the title of Viceroy, if not of King.

The sixth proposition is but an extension of the fourth, and is supported by exactly the same arguments, but may be met with the objection that it will be quite time enough to establish a confederation of colonies when these colonies are in existence.

The seventh proposition, that the whole of British America, from ocean to ocean, from Newfoundland to Vancouver, be consolidated, is the grandest idea of all. That under an English prince there should arise a monarchy or an em-

pire in America, greater than any which now exists in the Old World, to keep up the language and the ideas of England, and to remain for ever associated with her in friendly alliance, is a dream of the future, which may perhaps be realised, and which may be wisely left to that inevitable to-morrow which will produce its own combinations, and be governed by its own necessities, but of which we know nothing.

Taking the whole of these seven courses under review, all of them, except the fourth and a portion of the second, may be dismissed from notice either as impracticable or premature. It is obvious alike from what is passing in America, the tone of public opinion in England, and the position assumed both by the Russell and the Derby Administration on the question, that a new British colony, or more than one, will be formed in the Hudson Bay Company's territory; and that the confederation of Canada and the maritime provinces will be pushed forward, with the consent of the provinces themselves, as rapidly as circumstances will allow. Neither admits of delay. While the native-born Americans of the North and West, continually reinforced by an influx of the hardiest spirits of the Old World, are yearly laying the foundations of new States as large as European kingdoms, and developing the marvellous wealth of such new-comers into the family of nations as Nevada, Colorado, Dakotah, Nebraska, Montana, and other regions, whose very names are as yet unfamiliar in Europe, it is not to be expected that they will permit the Hudson Bay Company to monopolise and shut up the long line of available territory that stretches from Lake Superior to the bases of the Rocky Mountains —a region rich in minerals, in fisheries, in furs, in forests, and, better than all, in productive arable lands, broad and fertile enough to feed forty millions of people.

The Imperial Government must undertake the task, or, in its default, it will be undertaken by the Americans, under circumstances and with complications that may lead to war, if the pride and self-respect of the British Government are half what they used to be in the days when Lord Palmerston sprang into late but enduring popularity by his famous speech on the Greek question, and his haughty quotation in assertion that wherever a British subject was, *there* was the whole might and majesty of England to protect him.

Lord Derby's dignified and statesmanlike speech in the House of Lords, on assuming the reins of Government, distinctly pledged his Administration to support the confederation of the colonies;—and as there is nothing to be said against the Canadian or Quebec scheme, except that it does not go so far as many people wish, and as it has the essential advantage of being the only scheme that is really before the colonies or the Imperial Government, the only one that has been fully debated and a verdict taken upon, we may be justified in the hope and the belief that, under the auspices of Lord Derby, it will be speedily carried to completion. *Pari passu* with it, that other project, the colonisation of the Red River and Saskatchewan districts, may also be pushed forward; and when in due time a long line of British states and colonies fully organised shall stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and railways and telegraphic wires shall virtually convert them into one community, the greater question of consolidation, as distinct from that of confederation, will arise to be handled by the statesmanship of both hemispheres.

Meanwhile the confederation of the Atlantic provinces will afford a noble opportunity to Lord Derby's Government to win for itself a lasting claim to public gratitude. A war between Great Britain and the

United States would be the most odious war in which either people could be engaged; and a strong nationality to the north of the Great Lakes, that could defend itself against insult and aggression, would be a pledge of peace as greatly to be desired by American as by British statesmanship. There are in reality no political and social difficulties to be surmounted—nothing, in fact, but a few local jealousies of little men that may easily be rubbed off and soothed away, by compensation to dismissed placeholders, and the judicious disposal of a few cheap honours, that can cost the Crown nothing but a word. The main difficulty to be surmounted is one of money for the construction of about four hundred miles or less of railway between the always open port of Halifax and Rivière du Loup, a station of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, a hundred and twenty miles eastward of Quebec, and about two hundred and forty eastward of Montreal. There can be no doubt of the necessity for the construction of this line. Without it, during the four winter months when the navigation of the St. Lawrence is closed by the ice, communication between one part of the confederation and the other—between Ottawa, the capital, for instance, and any of the ports on the seaboard—could only be carried on by means of the Grand Trunk Railway to Portland in Maine, or through a foreign country. There can be as little doubt, that if these provinces were annexed to the United States, the financial difficulty would speedily disappear, and that a railway right through the heart of New Brunswick would be constructed within a twelvemonth. So small a matter would not be a stumbling-block in the way of the Federal Government and the American people; and that it should remain, as it seems to do at present, a stumbling block in the way of the British American, or of the Imperial Parliament, we cannot bring ourselves to believe. The country offers no engineering obstructions. The only impediment ever hinted at is the snow; but as the snows of New England are quite as severe and deep, and lie as long on the ground as the snows of New Brunswick, and as New England is intersected by railways, and by the Grand Trunk among the number, none of which have been unprofitable or unworkable on account of an occasional snow-drift, there appears to be no reason for refusing to make a railway through New Brunswick on this account, or for imagining that, if it were constructed, the cost of clearing the snow from the tracks, wherever necessary, would make so serious an inroad upon the income of the shareholders as to deprive them of a dividend. The five millions of dollars that some of the Canadians are willing to spend upon the, to Canada, utterly useless acquisition of the Hudson Bay Company's territory, would, if expended on the Halifax and Rivière du Loup Railway, go far towards making the line, and be a greatly more remunerative investment of Canadian capital. It was understood that Earl Russell's Government did not favour the idea of aiding the construction of the line by an Imperial loan or a guarantee; but it is possible and probable, that for so great a military and political purpose as the line would serve, the Administration of the Earl of Derby will see reason to carry out, under the Earl of Carnarvon, the views of Sir Bulwer Lytton in this respect, and aid as well as favour the construction of the railway, as a physical bond of union between the colonies, without which their merely political union would be liable in time of war to serious if not fatal interruption.

In supporting the scheme for the confederation of Canada and the maritime provinces, the Imperial

Government stands in the enviable position of sympathising with, and not acting against, the wishes of its colonial subjects. It was the colonists who inaugurated, and it is the colonists who desire, this friendly change in their relations to the Crown. Without their active aid and countenance, however desirable the change might have been in itself, it would not have been pressed upon their attention. The United States erected themselves into a nation in violent opposition to the policy and the wishes of the mother country by the red hand of war, and after a bitter struggle which, notwithstanding all their bravery, might have ended disastrously to the Americans, if it had not been for the aid of a foreign country with which Great Britain happened unfortunately to be at war. The new nation, destined, we cannot doubt, to be born in America, will be of more auspicious birth, and of almost equal promise. Aided by the good wishes, and by the more palpable support, of the armies and navies of the State from whose loins she sprang—fostered and encouraged in every possible way—and only held in allegiance to the Crown by the invisible but invincible bond of sympathy and mutual respect and affection, Canadia, if such is to be the name of the new State or Empire, will start in her career with every possible advantage on her side. If she wish to be independent, like a son arrived at the legal age, she can have the gift for the asking. If she wish to remain a portion of the British Empire, and to share in its glories and in its fate, no power in the world shall be able to wrest her away without a life-and-death struggle which shall either leave England greater than before, or enable some jealous rival to vault into her voided throne. And once formed into a State, relieved by its constitutional compact and its relations to Great Britain from that perpetual source of confusion, ill blood, and strife, and, as it has but recently proved, of desperate civil war—the popular and constantly recurring election of a chief magistrate; free also from the heavy burden of debt and taxation, that weighs upon her great though still afflicted neighbour—the stream of European emigration, too long diverted from her shores, will flow with yearly increasing volume into British America, and irrigate the waste places which only require the presence of industrious men to blossom like the rose, and overflow with the abundant prosperity that never in any part of the New World fails to fall into the arms of those who honestly and persistently labour to attain it. It has been not alone the superior attraction of the United States, but the disunion of the colonies, which has enabled Federal America to draw into its bosom the main stream of the great current of European Emigration. People preferred to cast their lot with a large and powerful nation rather than with a small and weak dependency. In the one case they dreaded no disturbance of their ordinary avocations by the cruel necessities of war—a reliance upon the *status quo*, which the events of the last four unhappy years of civil strife proved to be singularly unfounded. In the other they dreaded unpleasant complications, either with the Federal or the Imperial Government, which might imperil their fortunes or roughen the calm flow of their existence—a forecast of the future which proved to be as utterly baseless as the first. Once united, with one system of laws and revenues, with one directing agency, and with adequate means to systematise immigration, the British confederation would be able to compete on fair terms with the United States in the demand for European labour. Every thousand persons who emigrate to a particular spot of the globe, and prosper there, leave a thousand friends and relatives in the old home,

with whom they do not fail to correspond by letter, describing their changed fortunes, and urging all who are young and strong enough to expatriate themselves to imitate their example. This has been the case to an immense extent in the new States of the great western prairies, as well as in the older States of the seaboard, and is also the case in a minor degree in Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. Wealth creates wealth—immigration creates immigration; when more go, more follow; and a confederation of States strong enough to hold their own against the world, will naturally attract a larger portion of the migrating stream of men than could be hoped for by a congeries of unconnected colonies.

Great Britain will not be without abounding recompense for her wise, liberal, and truly conservative policy in this great work. The one weak point in her intercourse with the Transatlantic world will be weak no longer. And if at any time she be pressed by a serious danger, or a combination of foes, commenced in Europe, and supplemented or completed in America, there will be one place beyond the teeming limits of her home domain where she may look, and not in vain, for a supply of hardy mariners—inured to danger and fervid with patriotism—more than is sufficient to man as splendid a fleet in her defence as ever steamed or sailed upon the ocean. The fishermen of New Brunswick, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland will be ready to her call; and, honouring the traditions of her glorious flag, will do their parts, without stint of blood or bravery, to add many years to the old and memorable thousand during which it has "braved the battle" and courted the breeze, and carried the blessings of civilisation beneath its folds to the remotest corners of the earth.

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART XV.

CHAPTER LVII.—SOME OF SEWELL'S OPINIONS.

Sewell was well received by the magistrate, and promised that he should be admitted to see the prisoner on the next morning; having communicated which tidings to the Chief Baron, he went off to dine with his mother in Merrion Square.

"Isn't Lucy coming?" said Lady Lendrick, as he entered the drawing-room alone.

"No. I told her I wanted a long confidential talk with you; I hinted that she might find it awkward if one of the subjects discussed should happen to be herself, and advised her to stay at home, and she concurred with me."

"You are a great fool, Dudley, to treat her in that fashion. I tell you there never was a woman in the world who could forgive it."

"I don't want her to forgive it, mother; there's the mistake you are always making. The way she baffles me is by non-resistance. If I could once get her to resent something—anything—I could win the game."

"Perhaps some one might resent for her," said she, dryly.

"I ask nothing better. I have tried to bring it to that scores of times, but men have grown very cautious latterly. In the old days of duelling a fellow knew the cost of what he was doing; now that we have got juries and damages, a man thinks twice about an entangle-

ment, without he be a very young fellow.

"It is no wonder that she hates you," said she, fiercely.

"Perhaps not," said he, languidly; "but here comes dinner."

For a while the duties of the table occupied them, and they chatted away about indifferent matters; but when the servants left the room, Sewell took up the theme where they had left it, and said, "It's no use to either of us, mother, to get what is called judicial separation. It's the chain still, only that the links are a little longer, and it's the chain we *hate!* We began to hate it before we were a month tied to each other, and time, somehow, does not smooth down these asperities. As to any other separation, the lawyers tell me it is hopeless. There's a functionary called the 'Queen's' something or other who always intervenes in the interests of morality, and compels people who have proved their incompatibility by years of dissension to go back and quarrel more."

"I think if it were only for the children's sake——"

"For the children's sake!" broke he in. "What can it possibly matter whether they be brought up by their mother alone, or in a house where their father and mother are always quarrelling? At all events, they form no element in the question so far as *I* am concerned."

"I think your best hold on the Chief Baron is his liking for the children; he is very fond of Reginald."

"What's the use of a hold on an old man who has more caprices than he has years? He has made eight wills to my own knowledge since May last. You may fancy how far afield he strays in his testamentary dispositions when in one of them he makes *you* residuary legatee."

"*Me! Me!*"

"You; and what's more, calls you his faithful and devoted wife, 'who—for five-and-twenty years that we lived apart—contributed mainly to the happiness of my life.'"

"The parenthesis, at least, is like him," said she, smiling.

"To the children he has bequeathed I don't know what, sometimes with Lucy as their guardian, sometimes myself. The Lendrick girl was always handsomely provided for till lately when he scratched her out completely; and in the last document which I saw there were the words, 'To my immediate family I bequeath my forgiveness for their desertion of me, and this free of all legacy duty and other charges.' I am sure, mother, he's a little mad."

"Nothing of the kind—no more than you are."

"I don't know that. I always suspect that 'the marvellous vigour' of old age gets its prime stimulus from an over-excited brain. He sat up a whole night last week—I know it to my cost, for I had to copy it out—writing a letter to the 'Times' on the Land Tenure Bill, and he nearly went out of his mind on seeing it in small type."

"He is vain, if you like; but not mad certainly."

"For a while I thought one of his fits of passion would do for him—he gets crimson, and then lividly pale, and then flushed again, and his nails are driven into his palms, and he froths at the mouth; but somehow the whole subsides at last, and his voice grows gentle, and his manner courteous—you'd think him a lamb, if you had never seen him as a tiger. In these moods he becomes actually humble, so that the other night he sat down and wrote his resignation to the Home Office, stating that the increasing burden of years and infirmity left him no other choice than that of descending from the Bench he had occupied so long and so unworthily, and begging Her Majesty would graciously accord a retreat to one 'who had outlived everything but his loyalty.'"

"What became of this?"

"He asked me about it next morning, but I said I had burned it by his orders; but I have it this moment in my desk."

"You have no right to keep it. I insist on your destroying it."

"Pardon me, mother. I'd be a rich man to-day if I hadn't given way to that foolish habit of making away with papers supposed to be worthless. The three lines of a man's writing, that the old Judge said he could hang any man on, might, it strikes me, be often used to better purpose."

"I wish you would keep your sharp practices for others and spare *him*," said she, severely.

"It's very generous of you to say so, mother, considering the way he treats you and talks of you."

"Sir William and I were ill met and ill matched, but that is not any reason that I should like to see him treacherously dealt with."

"There's no talk of treachery here. I was merely uttering an abstract truth about the value of old papers, and regretting how late I came to the knowledge. There's that bundle of letters of that fool Trafford, for instance, to Lucy. I can't get a divorce on them, it's true; but I hope to squeeze a thousand pounds out of him before he has them back again."

"I hope in my heart that the world does not know you!" said she, bitterly.

"Do you know, mother, I rather suspect it does? The world is aware that a great many men, some of whom it could ill spare, live by what is called their Wits—that is to say, that they play the game entitled 'Life' with what Yankees call 'the advantages;' and the world no more resents *my* living by the sharp practice long experience has taught me, than it is angry with this man for being a lawyer, and that one for being a doctor."

"You know in your heart that Trafford never thought of stealing Lucy's affections."

"Perhaps I do; but I don't know what were Lucy's intentions towards Trafford."

"Oh, fie, fie!"

"Be shocked if you like. It's very proper, perhaps, that you should be shocked; but nature has endowed me with strong nerves or coarse feelings, whichever you like to call them, and consequently I can talk of these things with as little intermixture of sentiment as I would employ in discussing a protested bill. Lucy herself is not deficient in this cool quality, and we have discussed the social contract styled Marriage with a charming unanimity of opinion. Indeed, when I have thought over the marvellous agreement of our sentiments, I have been actually amazed why we could not live together without hating each other."

"I pity her—from the bottom of my heart I pity her."

"So do I, mother. I pity her, because I pity myself. It was a stupid bargain for each of us. I thought I was marrying an angel with sixty thousand pounds. She fancied she was getting a hero, with a peerage in the distance. Each made a 'bad book.' It is deuced hard, however," continued he, in a fiercer strain, "if one must go on backing the horse that you know will lose, staking your money where you see you cannot win. My wife and myself awoke from our illusions years ago; but to please the world, to gratify that amiable thing called Society, we must go on still, just as if we believed all that we know and have proved to be rotten falsehoods. Now I ask you, mother, is not this rather hard? Wouldn't it be hard for a good-tempered, easy-going fellow? And is it not more than hard for a hasty, peevish, irritable dog like myself? We know and see that we are bad company for each other, but you—I mean the world—you insist that we should go on quarrelling to the end, as if there was anything edifying in

the spectacle of our mutual dislike."

"Too much of this. I beseech you, drop the subject, and talk of something else."

"I declare, mother, if there was any one I could be frank and outspoken with on this theme, I believed it to be yourself. You have had 'your losses' too, and know what it is to be unhappily mated."

"Whatever I may have suffered, I have not lost self-respect," said she, haughtily.

"Heigho!" cried he, wearily, "I always find that my opinions place me in a minority, and so it must ever be while the world is the hypocritical thing we see it. Oh dear, if people could only vote by ballot, I'd like to see marriage put to the test."

"What did Sir William say about my going to the picnic?" asked she, suddenly.

"He said you were quite right to obtain as many attentions as you could from the Castle, on the same principle that the vicar's wife stipulated for the sheep in the picture—'as many as the painter would put in for nothing.'"

"So that he is firmly determined not to resign?"

"Most firmly; nor will he be warned by the example of the well-bred dog, for he sees, or he might see, all the preparations on foot for kicking him out."

"You don't think they would compel him to resign?"

"No; but they'll compel him to go, which amounts to the same. Balfour says they mean to move an address to the Queen praying her Majesty to superannuate him."

"It would kill him—he'd not survive it."

"So it is generally believed—all the more because it is a course he has ever declared to be impossible—I mean constitutionally impossible."

"I hope he may be spared this insult."

"He might escape it by dying first, mother; and really, under the circumstances, it would be more dignified."

"Your morals were not, at any time, to boast of, but your manners used to be those of a gentleman," said she, in a voice thick with passion.

"I am afraid, mother, that both morals and manners, like this hat of mine, are a little the worse for wear; but, as in the case of the hat too, use has made them pleasanter to me than spec and span new ones, with all the gloss on. At all events, I never dreamed of offending when I suggested the possibility of your being a widow. Indeed, I fancied it was feminine for widower, which I imagined to be no such bad thing."

"If the Chief Baron should be compelled to leave the bench, will it affect your tenure of the Registrarship?"

"That is what nobody seems to know. Some opine one way, some another, and though all ask me what does the Chief himself say on the matter, I have never had the courage to ask the question."

"You are quite right. It would be most indiscreet to do so."

"Indeed if I were rash enough to risk the step, it would redound to nothing, since I am quite persuaded that he believes that whenever he retires from public life or quits this world altogether, a general chaos will ensue, and that all sorts of ignorant and incompetent people will jostle the clever fellows out of the way, just because the one great directing mind of the age has left the scene and departed."

"All his favours to you have certainly not bought your gratitude Dudley."

"I don't suspect it is a quality I ever laid up a large stock of, mother—not to say that I have always deemed it a somewhat unworthy thing to swallow the bad qualities of a man simply because he was civil to you personally."

"His kindness might at least secure your silence."

"Then it would be a very craven silence. But I will join issue with you on the other counts. What is this great kindness for which I am not to speak my mind about him? He has housed and fed me: very good things in their way, but benefits which never cost him anything but his money. Now, what have I repaid him with? My society, my time, my temper, I might say my health, for he has worried me to that degree some days that I have been actually on the verge of a fever. And *if* his overbearing insolence was hard to endure, still harder was it to stand his inordinate vanity without laughter. I ask you frankly, isn't he the vainest man, not that you ever met, but that you ever heard of?"

"Vain he is, but not without some reason. He has had great triumphs, great distinctions in life."

"So he has told me. I have listened for hours long to descriptions of the sensation he created in the House—it was the Irish House, by the way—by his speech on the Regency Bill, or some other obsolete question; and how Flood had asked the House to adjourn and recover their calm and composure, after the overwhelming power of the speech they had just listened to; and how, at the Bar, Plunkett once said to a jury, 'Short of actual guilt, there is no such misfortune can befall a man as to have Sergeant Lendrick against him.' I wish I was independent—I mean, rich enough, to tell him what I think of him; that I had just five minutes—I'd not ask more—to convey my impression of his great and brilliant qualities! and to show him that, between the impulses of his temper and his vanity together, he is, in matters of the world, little better than a fool! What do you think he is going to do at this very moment? I had not intended speaking of it, but you have pushed me to it. In revenge for the Government having passed him over on the Commission, he is going to supply some of these 'Celt' rascals with means to employ counsel, and raise certain questions of legality, which he thinks will puzzle Pemberton to meet. Of course, rash and indiscreet as he is, this is not to be done openly. It is to be accomplished in secret, and through *me!* I am to go to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock to the Richmond Gaol. I have the order for my admission in my pocket. I am there to visit heaven knows whom; some scoundrel or other—just as likely a Government spy as a rebel, who will publish the whole scheme to the world. At all events, I am to see and have speech of the fellow, and ascertain on what evidence he was committed to prison, and what kind of case he can make as to his innocence. He is said to be a gentleman—the very last reason, to my thinking, for taking him up; for whenever a gentleman is found in any predicament beneath him, the presumption is that he ought to be lower still. The wise Judge, however, thinks otherwise, and says, 'Here is the very opportunity I wanted.'"

"It is a most disagreeable mission, Dudley. I wish sincerely you could have declined it."

"Not at all. I stand to win, no matter how it comes off; if all goes right, the Chief must make me some acknowledgment on my success; if it be a failure, I'll take care to be so compromised that I must get away out of the country, and I leave to yourself to say what recompense will be enough to repay a man for the loss of his home, and his wife, and his children."

The laugh with which he concluded this speech rang out with something so devilish in its cadence, that she turned away sickened and disgusted.

"If I thought you as base as your words bespeak you, I'd never see you again," said she, rising and moving towards the door.

"I'll have one cigar, mother, before I join you in the drawing-room," said he, taking it out as he spoke. "I'd not have indulged if you had not left me. May I order a little more sherry?"

"Ring for whatever you want," said she coldly, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER LVIII.—THE VISIT TO THE GAOL.

Colonel Sewell was well known in the city, and when he presented himself at the Gaol, was received by the deputy-governor with all fitting courtesy. "Your house is pretty full, I believe, Mr. Bland," said Sewell, jocularly.

"Yes sir, I never remember to have had so many prisoners in charge; and the Mountjoy Prison has sent off two drafts this morning to England, to make room for the new committals. The order is all right, sir," said he, looking at the paper Sewell extended towards him. "The governor has given him a small room in his own house. It would have been hard to put him with the others, who are so inferior to him."

"A man of station and rank, then?" asked Sewell.

"So they say, sir."

"And his name?"

"You must excuse me, Colonel. It is a case of great caution; and we have been strictly enjoined not to let his name get abroad at present. Mr. Spencer's note—for he wrote to us last night—said, 'If it should turn out that Colonel Sewell is acquainted with the prisoner, as he opines, you will repeat the caution I already impressed upon him, not to divulge his name.' The fact is, sir," said he, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "I may venture to tell you that his diary contains so many names of men in high position, that it is all-important we should proceed with great secrecy, for we find persons involved whom nobody could possibly have suspected could be engaged in such a scheme."

"It is not easy to believe men could be such asses," said Sewell, contemptuously. "Is this gentleman Irish?"

"Not at liberty to say, sir. My orders are peremptory on the subject of his personality."

"You are a miracle of discretion, Mr. Bland."

"Charmed to hear you say so, Colonel Sewell. There's no one whose good word I'd be more proud of."

"And why isn't he bailed?" said Sewell, returning to the charge. "Had he no one to be his surety."

"That's strange enough, sir. Mr. Spencer put it to him that he'd better have some legal adviser; and though he wouldn't go so far as to say they'd take bail for him, he hinted that probably he would like to confer with some friend, and all the answer he got was, 'It's all a mistake from beginning to end. I'm not the man you're looking for; but if it gives the poor devil time to make his escape, perhaps he'll live to learn better; and so I'm at your orders.'"

"I suppose that pretext did not impose upon the magistrate?"

"Not for a moment, sir. Mr. Spencer is an old bird, and not to be caught by such chaff. He sent him off here at once. He tried the same dodge, though, when he came in. 'If I could have a quiet room for the few days I shall be here, it would be a great comfort to me,' said he to the governor. 'I have a number of letters to write; and if you could manage to give me one with a north light, it would oblige me immensely, for I'm fond of painting.' Not bad that, sir, for a man suspected of treason-felony—a north light to paint by!"

"You need not announce me by name, Mr. Bland, for it's just as

likely I shall discover that this gentleman and I are strangers to each other; but simply say, a gentleman who wishes to see you."

"Take Colonel Sewell up to the governor's corridor," said he to a turnkey, "and show him to the small room next the chapel."

Musing over what Mr. Bland had told him, Sewell ascended the stairs. His mission had not been much to his taste from the beginning. If it at first seemed to offer the probability of placing the old Judge in his power by some act of indiscretion, by some rash step or other, a little reflection showed that to employ the pressure such a weakness might expose him to, would necessitate the taking of other people into confidence. "I will have no accomplices!" muttered Sewell; "no fellows to dictate the terms on which they will not betray me! If I cannot get this old man into my power by myself alone, I'll not do it by the help of another."

"I shall have to lock you in, sir," said the man, apologetically, as he proceeded to open the door.

"I suppose you will let me out again," said Sewell, laughing.

"Certainly, sir. I'll return in half an hour."

"I think you'd better wait and see if five minutes will not suffice."

"Very well, sir. You'll knock whenever you wish me to open the door."

When Sewell entered the room, the stranger was seated at the window, with his back towards the door, and apparently so absorbed in his thoughts that he had not heard his approach. The noise of the door being slammed to and locked, however, aroused him, and he turned suddenly round, and almost as suddenly sprang to his feet. "What! Sir Brook Fossbrooke!" cried Sewell, falling back towards the door.

"Your surprise is not greater than mine, sir, at this meeting. I have no need to be told, however, that you did not come here to see *me*."

"No; it was a mistake. The man brought me to the wrong room. My visit was intended for another," muttered Sewell, hastily.

"Pray, sir, be seated," said Fossbrooke, presenting a chair. "Chance will occasionally do more for us than our best endeavours. Since I have arrived in Ireland I have made many attempts to meet you, but without success. Accident, however, has favoured me, and I rejoice to profit by my good luck."

"I have explained, Sir Brook, that I was on my way to see a gentleman to whom my visit is of great consequence. I hope you will allow me to take another opportunity of conferring with you."

"I think my condition as a prisoner ought to be the best answer to your request. No, sir. The few words we need say to each other must be said now. Sit there, if you please;" and as he placed a chair for Sewell towards the window, he took his own place with his back to the door.

"This is very like imprisonment," said Sewell, with an attempt at a laugh.

"Perhaps, sir, if each of us had his due, you have as good a right to be here as myself; but let us not lose time in an exchange of compliments. My visit to this country was made entirely on your account."

"On mine! how upon mine?"

"On yours, Colonel Sewell. You may remember at our last conversation—it was at the Chief Baron's country-house—you made me a promise with regard to Miss Lendrick——"

"I remember," broke in Sewell hastily, for he saw in the flush of the other's cheek how the difficulty of what he had to say was already giving him a most painful emotion. "You stipulated something about keeping my wife apart from that young lady. You expressed certain fears about contamination——"

"Oh, sir, you wrong me deeply," said the old man, with broken utterance.

"I'd be happy to think I had misunderstood you," said Sewell, still pursuing his advantage. "Of course, it was very painful to me at the time. My wife, too, felt it bitterly."

Fossbrooke started at this as if stung, and his brow darkened and his eyes flashed as he said, "Enough of this, sir. It is not the first time I have been calumniated in the same quarter. Let us talk of something else. You hold in your hand certain letters of Major Trafford—Lionel Trafford—and you make them the ground of a threat against him. Is it not so?"

"I declare, Sir Brook, the interest you take in what relates to my wife somewhat passes the bounds of delicacy."

"I know what you mean. I know the advantage you would take of me, and which you took a while ago; but I will not suffer it. I want these letters—what's their price?"

"They are in the hands of my solicitors, Kane & Kincaid; and I think it very unlikely they will stay the proceedings they have taken on them by any demand of yours."

"I want them, and must have them."

Sewell shrugged his shoulders, and made a gesture to imply that he had already given him his answer.

"And what suit would you pretend—— But why do I ask you? What is it to me by what schemes you prosecute your plans? Look here, sir; I was once on a time possessed of a document which would have subjected you to the fate of a felon; it was the forgery of my name——"

"My dear Sir Brook, if your memory were a little better you would remember that you had once to apologise for that charge, and avow it was totally unfounded."

"It is untrue, sir; and you know it is untrue. I declared I would produce a document before three or four of your brother officers, and it was stolen from me on the night before the meeting."

"I remember that explanation, and the painful impression your position excited at the time; but really I have no taste for going back over a long past period. I'm not old enough, I suppose, to care for these reminiscences. Will you allow me to take my leave of you?"

"No, sir; you shall hear me out. It may possibly be to your own advantage to bestow a little time upon me. You are fond of compromises—as you ought to be, for your life has been a series of them: now I have one to propose to you. Let Trafford have back his letters, and you shall hear of this charge no more."

"Really, sir, you must form a very low estimate of my intelligence, or you would not have made such a proposition; or probably," added he, with a sneer, "you have been led away by the eminence of the position you occupy at this moment to make this demand."

Fossbrooke started at the boldness of this speech, and looked about him, and probably remembered for the first time since the interview began that he was a prisoner. "A few days—a few hours, perhaps—will set me free," said the old man, haughtily. "I know too well the difficulties that surround men in times like these to be angry or impatient at a mistake whose worst consequences are a little inconvenience."

"I own, sir, I was grieved to think you could have involved yourself in such a scheme."

"Nothing of the kind, sir; you were only grieved to think that there could be no solid foundation for the charge against me. It would be the best tidings you could hear to learn that I was to leave this for the dock, with the convict hulk in the distance;—but I forget I had promised myself not to discuss my own affairs with you. What say you to what I have proposed?"

"You have proposed nothing,

Sir Brook—at least nothing serious, since I can scarcely regard as a proposition the offer not to renew a charge which broke down once before for want of evidence."

"What if I have that evidence? What if I am prepared to produce it? Ay, sir, you may look incredulous if you like. It is not to a man of *your* stamp I appeal to be believed on my word; but you shall see the document—you shall see it on the same day that a jury shall see it."

"I perceive, Sir Brook, that it is useless to prolong this conversation. Your old grudge against me is too much even for your good sense. Your dislike surmounts your reason. Yes, open the door at once. I am tired waiting for you," cried he, impatiently, as the turnkey's voice was heard without.

"Once more I make you this offer," said Fossbrooke, rising from his seat. "Think well ere you refuse it."

"You have no such document as you say."

"If I have not, the failure is mine."

The door was now open, and the turnkey standing at it.

"They will accept bail, won't they?" said Sewell, adroitly turning the conversation. "I think," continued he, "this matter can be easily arranged. I will go at once to the Head Office, and return here at once."

"We are agreed, then?" said Fossbrooke, in a low voice.

"Yes," said Sewell, hastily, as he passed out and left him.

The turnkey closed and locked the door, and overtook Sewell as he walked along the corridor. "They are taking information this moment, sir, about the prisoner. The informer is in the room."

"Who is he? What's his name?"

"O'Reardon, sir; a fellow of great 'cuteness. He's in the pay of the Castle these thirty years."

"Might I be present at the examination? Would you ask if I might hear the case?"

The man assured him that this was impossible, and Sewell stood with his hand on the balustrade, deeply revolving what he had just heard.

"And is O'Reardon a prisoner here?"

"Not exactly, sir; but partly for his own safety, partly to be sure he's not tampered with, we often keep the men in confinement till a case is finished."

"How long will this morning's examination last? At what hour will it probably be over?"

"By four, sir, or half-past, they'll be coming out."

"I'll return by that time. I'd like to speak to him."

CHAPTER LIX.—A GRAND DINNER AT THE PRIORY.

The examination was still proceeding, when Sewell returned at five o'clock; and although he waited above an hour in the hope of its being concluded, the case was still under consideration; and as the Chief Baron had a large dinner-party on that day from which the Colonel could not absent himself, he was obliged to hasten back in all speed to dress.

"His lordship has sent three times to know if you had come in, sir," said his servant as he entered his room.

And while he was yet speaking came another messenger to say that the Chief Baron wanted to see the Colonel immediately. With a gesture of impatience Sewell put on again the coat he had just thrown off, and followed the man to the Chief's dressing-room.

"I have been expecting you since three o'clock, sir," said the old man, after motioning to his valet to leave the room.

"I feared I was late, my lord, and was going to dress when I got your message."

"But you have been away seven hours, sir."

The tone and manner of this speech, and the words themselves, calling him to account in a way a servant would scarcely have brooked, so overcame Sewell that only by an immense effort of self-control could he restrain his temper, and avoid bursting forth with the long-pent-up passion that was consuming him.

"I was detained, my lord—unavoidably detained," said he, with a voice thick and husky with anger. What added to his passion was the confusion he felt; for he had not determined, when he entered the room, whether to avow that the prisoner was Fossbrooke or not, resolving to be guided by the Chief's manner and temper as to the line he should take. Now this outburst completely routed his judgment and left him uncertain and vacillating.

"And now, sir, for your report," said the old man, seating himself and folding his arms on his chest.

"I have little to report, my lord. They affect a degree of mystery about this person, both at the Head Office and at the Gaol, which is perfectly absurd; and will neither give his name nor his belongings. The pretence is, of course, to enable them to ensnare others with whom he is in correspondence. I believe, however, the truth to be, he is a very vulgar criminal—a ganger, it is said, from Loughrea, and no such prize as the Castle people fancied. His passion for notoriety, it seems, has involved him in scores of things of this kind; and his ambition is always to be his own lawyer and defend himself."

"Enough, sir; a ganger and self-confident prating rascal combine the two things which I most heartily detest. Pemberton may take his will of him for me; he may make him illustrate every blunder of his bad law, and I'll not say him nay. You will take Lady Ecclesfield in to dinner to-day, and place her opposite me at table. Your wife speaks French well—let her sit next Count de Lanoy, but give her arm to the Bishop of Down. Let us have no politics over our wine; I cannot trust myself with the law officers before me, and at my own table they must not be sacrificed."

"Is Pemberton coming, my lord?"

"He is, sir—he is coming on a tour of inspection—he wants to see from my dietary how soon he may calculate on my demise; and the Attorney-General will be here on the like errand. My hearse, sir, it is, that stops the way, and I have not ordered it up yet. Can you tell me is Lady Lendrick coming to dinner, for she has not favoured me with a reply to my invitation?"

"I am unable to say, my lord; I have not seen her; she has, however, been slightly indisposed of late."

"I am distressed to hear it. At all events I have kept her place for her, as well as one for Mr. Balfour, who is expected from England to-day. If Lady Lendrick should come, Lord Kilgobbin will take her in."

"I think I hear an arrival. I'd better finish my dressing. I scarcely thought it was so late."

"Take care that the topic of India be avoided, or we shall have Colonel Kimberley and his tiger stories."

"I'll look to it," said Sewell, moving towards the door.

"You have given orders about decanting the champagne?"

"About everything, my lord. There comes another carriage. I must make haste;" and so saying, he fled from the room before the Chief could add another question.

Sewell had but little time to think over the step he had just taken, but in that little time he satisfied himself that he had acted

wisely. It was a rare thing for the Chief to return to any theme he had once dismissed. Indeed, it would have implied a doubt of his former judgment, which was the very last thing that could occur to him. "My decisions are not reversed," was his favourite expression; so that nothing was less probable than that he would again revert to the prisoner or his case. As for Fossbrooke himself and how to deal with him, that was a weightier question, and demanded more thought than he could now give it.

As he descended to the drawing-room the last of the company had just entered, and dinner was announced. Lady Lendrick and Mr. Balfour were both absent. It was a grand dinner on that day, in the fullest sense of that formidable expression. It was very tedious, very splendid, very costly, and intolerably wearisome and stupid. The guests were overlaid by the endless round of dishes and the variety of wines; and such as had not sunk into a drowsy repletion occupied themselves in criticising the taste of a banquet which was, after all, a travestie of a foreign dinner without that perfection of cookery and graceful lightness in the detail which gives all the elegance and charm to such entertainments. The more fastidious part of the company saw all the defects; the homelier ones regretted the absence of meats that they knew, and wines they were accustomed to. None were pleased—none at their ease but the host himself. As for him, seated in the centre of the table, overshadowed almost by a towering epergne, he felt like a king on his throne. All around him breathed that air of newness that smacked of youth; and the table spread with flowers, and an ornamental dessert, seemed to emblematise that modern civilisation which had enabled himself to throw off the old man and come out into the world fresh, curled, and carmined, bewigged and be-waistcoated.

"Eighty-seven! my father and he were contemporaries," said Lord Kilgobbin, as they assembled in the drawing-room: "a wonderful man—a really wonderful man for his age."

The Bishop muttered something in concurrence, only adding, "Providence" to the clause; while Pemberton whispered the Attorney-General that it was the most painful attack of acute youth he had ever witnessed. As for Colonel Kimberley, he thought nothing of the Chief's age, for he had shot a brown bear up at Rhumnuggher "the natives knew to be upwards of two hundred years old, some said three hundred."

As they took their coffee in groups or knots, Sewell drew his arm within Pemberton's, and led him through the open sash-door into the garden. "I know you want a cigar," said he, "and so do I. Let us take a turn here and enjoy ourselves. What a bore is a big dinner! I'd as soon assemble all my duns as I'd get together all the dreary people of my acquaintance. It's a great mistake—don't you think so?" said Sewell, who, for the first time in his life, accosted Pemberton in this tone of easy familiarity.

"I fancy, however, the Chief likes it," said the other cautiously; "he was particularly lively and witty to-day."

"These displays cost him dearly. You should see him after the thing was over. With the paint washed off, palpitating on a sofa steeped with sulphuric ether, and stimulated with ammonia, one wouldn't say he'd get through the night."

"What a constitution he must have!"

"It's not that; at least, that's not the way I read him. My theory is, it is his temper—that violent, irascible, fervid temper—burning like a red-hot coal within him, sustains the heat that gives life and vigour to his nature. If he has a good-humoured day—it's

not a very frequent occurrence, but it happens now and then — he grows ten years older. I made that discovery lately. It seems as though if he couldn't spite the world, he'd have no objection to taking leave of it."

"That sounds rather severe," said Pemberton, cautiously; for though he liked the tone of the other's conversation, he was not exactly sure it was quite safe to show his concurrence.

"It's the fact, however, severe or not. There's nothing in our relations to each other that should prevent my speaking my mind about him. My mother had the bad luck to marry him, and being gifted with a temper not very unlike his own, they discovered the singular fact that two people who resemble each other can become perfectly incompatible. I used to think that she couldn't be matched. I recant, however, and acknowledge candidly he could 'give her a distance.'"

Pemberton gave a little laugh, as it were of encouragement to go on, and the other proceeded.

"My wife understands him best of all. She gives way in everything, all he says is right, all he opines is wisdom, and it's astonishing how this yielding, compliant, submissive spirit breaks him down; he pines under it, just as a man accustomed to sharp exercise would waste and decay by a life of confinement. I declare there was one week here we had got him to a degree of gentleness that was quite edifying, but my mother came and paid a visit when we were out, and when we returned there he was! violent, flaring, and vigorous as ever, wild with vanity, and mad to match himself with the first men of the day."

While Sewell talked in this open and indiscreet way of the old Judge, his meaning was to show with what perfect confidence he treated his companion, and at the same time how fair and natural it would be to expect frankness in return. The crafty lawyer, however, trained in the school where all these feints and false parries are the commonest tricks of fence, never ventured beyond an expression of well-got-up astonishment, or a laugh of enjoyment at some of Sewell's smartnesses.

"You want a light?" said Sewell, seeing that the other held his cigar still unlit in his fingers.

"Thanks. I was forgetting it. The fact is, you kept me so much amused, I never thought of smoking; nor am I much of a smoker at any time."

"It's the vice of the idle man, and you are not in that category. By the way, what a busy time you must have of it now, with all these committments?"

"Not so much as one might think. The cases are numerous, but they are all the same. Indeed, the informants are identical in nearly every instance. Tim Branegan had two numbers of the 'Green Flag' newspaper, some loose powder in his waistcoat-pocket, and an American drill-book in the crown of his hat."

"And is that treason-felony?"

"With a little filling up it becomes so. In the rank of life these men belong to, it's as easy to find a rebel as it would be in Africa to discover a man with a woolly head."

"And this present movement is entirely limited to that class?" said Sewell, carelessly.

"So we thought till a couple of days ago, but we have now arrested one whose condition is that of a gentleman."

"With anything like strong evidence against him?"

"I have not seen the informations myself, but Burrowes, who has read them, calls them highly important; not alone as regards the prisoner, but a number of people whose loyalty was never so much as suspected. Now the Viceroy is away, the Chief Secretary on the Continent, and even Balfour, who can always

find out what the Cabinet wishes—Balfour absent, we are actually puzzled whether the publicity attending the prosecution of such a man would not serve rather than damage the rebel cause, displaying as it would that there is a sympathy for this movement in a quarter far removed from the peasant."

"Isn't it strange that the Chief Baron should have, the other evening in the course of talk, hit upon such a possibility as this, and said, 'I wonder would the Castle lawyers be crafty enough to see that such a case should not be brought to trial? One man of education, and whose motives might be ascribed to an exalted, however misdirected, patriotism,' said he, 'would lift this rabble out of the slough of their vulgar movement and give it the character of a national rising.'"

"But what would he do? did he say how he would act?"

"He said something about 'bail,' and he used a word I wasn't familiar with—like estreating: is there such a word?"

"Yes, yes, there is; but I don't see how it's to be done. Would it be possible to have a talk with him on the matter, informally, of course?"

"That would betray me, and he would never forgive my having told you his opinion already," said Sewell. "No, that is out of the question; but if you would confide to me the points you want his judgment on, I'd manage to obtain it."

Pemberton seemed to reflect over this, and walked along some paces in silence.

"He mentioned a curious thing," said Sewell, laughingly; "he said that in Emmett's affair there were three or four men compromised, whom the Government were very unwilling to bring to trial, and that they actually provided the bail for them—secretly, of course—and indemnified the men for their losses on the forfeiture."

"It couldn't be done now," said Pemberton.

"That's what the Chief said. They couldn't do it now, for they have not got M'Nally—whoever M'Nally was."

Pemberton coloured crimson, for M'Nally was the name of the Solicitor-General of that day, and he knew well that the sarcasm was in the comparison between that clever lawyer and himself.

"What I meant was, that Crown lawyers have a very different public to account to in the present day from what they had in those lawless times," said Pemberton, with irritation. "I'm afraid the Chief Baron, with all his learning and all his wit, likes to go back to that period for every one of his illustrations. You heard how he capped the Archbishop's allusion to the Prodigal Son to-day?—I don't think his Grace liked it—that it requires more tact to provide an escape for a criminal than to prosecute a guilty man to conviction."

"That's so like him!" said Sewell, with a bitter laugh. "Perhaps the great charm that attaches him to public life is to be able to utter his flippant impertinences *ex cathedra*. If you could hit upon some position from which he could fulminate his bolts of sarcasm with effect, I fancy he'd not object to resign the Bench. I heard him once say, 'I cannot go to church without a transgression, for I envy the preacher, who has the congregation at his mercy for an hour."

"Ah, he'll not resign," sighed Pemberton, deeply.

"I don't know that."

"At least he'll not do so on any terms they'll make with him."

"Nor am I so sure of that," repeated the other, gravely. Sewell waited for some rejoinder to this speech, of which he hoped his companion would ask the explanation, but the cautious lawyer said not a word.

"No man with a sensitive, irascible, and vain disposition is to be turned from his course, whatever it be, by menace or bully," said

Sewell. "The weak side of these people is their vanity, and to approach them by that you ought to know and to cultivate those who are about them. Now, I have no hesitation in saying there were moments—ay, there were hours—in which, if it had been any interest to me, I could have got him to resign. He is eminently a man of his word, and once pledged nothing would make him retire from his promise."

"I declare, after all," said Pemberton, "if he feels equal to the hard work of the Court, and likes it, I don't see why all this pressure should be put upon him. Do *you?*"

"I am the last man probably to see it," said Sewell, with an easy laugh. "His abdication would, of course, not suit *me*. I suppose we'd better stroll back into the house—they'll miss us." There was an evident coldness in the way these last words were spoken, and Sewell meant that the lawyer should see his irritation.

"Have you ever said anything to Balfour about what we have been talking of?" said Pemberton, as they moved towards the house.

"I may or I may not. I talk pretty freely on all sorts of things, and unfortunately with an incaution, too, that is not always profitable."

"Because, if you were to show *him* as clearly as a while ago you showed *me*, the mode in which this matter might be negotiated, I have little doubt—that is, I have reason to suppose—or I might go further and say that I know——"

"I'll tell you what *I* know, Mr. Solicitor, that I wouldn't give that end of a cigar," and he pitched it from him as he spoke, "to decide the question either way." And with this they passed on and mingled with the company in the drawing-room. "I have hooked you at last, my shrewd friend; and if I know anything of mankind, I'll see you, or hear from you, before twelve hours are over."

"Where have you been, Colonel, with my friend the Solicitor-General!" said the Chief Baron.

"Cabinet-making, my lord," said Sewell, laughingly.

"Take care sir," said the Chief, sternly—"take care of that pastime. It has led more than one man to become a Joiner and a Turner!" And a buzz went through the room as men repeated this *mot*, and people asked each other, "Is this the man we are calling on to retire as worn-out, effete, and exhausted?"

CHAPTER LX.—CHIEF SECRETARY BALFOUR.

Mr. Balfour returned to Ireland a greater man than he left it. He had been advanced to the post of Chief Secretary, and had taken his seat in the House as member for Muddleport. Political life was therefore dawning very graciously upon him, and his ambition was budding with every prospect of success.

The Secretary's lodge in the Phœnix Park is somewhat of a pretty residence, and with its gardens, its shrubberies, and conservatory, seen on a summer's day when broad cloud-shadows lie sleeping on the Dublin mountains, and the fragrant white thorn scents the air, must certainly be a pleasant change from the din, the crush, and the turmoil of "town" at the fag end of a season. English officials call it damp. Indeed they have a trick of ascribing this quality to all things Irish; and national energy, national common sense, and national loyalty seem to them to be ever in a diluted form. Even our drollery is not as dry as our neighbours.'

In this official residence Mr. Balfour was now installed, and while

Fortune seemed to shower her favours so lavishly upon him, the *quid amarum* was still there,—his tenure was insecure. The party to which he belonged had contrived to offend some of its followers and alienate others, and, without adopting any such decided line as might imply a change of policy, had excited a general sense of distrust in those who had once followed it implicitly. In the emergencies of party life, the manœuvre known to soldiers as a "change of front" is often required. The present Cabinet were in this position. They had been for some sessions trading on their Protestantism. They had been Churchmen "*par sang*." Their bishops, their deans, their colonial appointments, had all been of that orthodox kind that defied slander; and as it is said that a man with a broad-brimmed hat and drab gaiters may indulge unsuspected in vices which a more smartly got-up neighbour would bring down reprobation upon his head for practising, so may a ministry under the shadow of Exeter Hall do a variety of things denied to less sacred individuals. "The Protestant ticket" had carried them safely over two sessions, but there came now a hitch in which they needed that strange section called "the Irish party," a sort of political flying column, sufficiently uncertain always to need watching, and if not very compact or highly disciplined, rash and bold enough to be very damaging in moments of difficulty. Now, as Under-Secretary, Balfour had snubbed this party repeatedly. They had been passed over in promotion, and their claims to advancement coldly received. The amenities of the Castle—that social Paradise of all Irish men and women—had been denied them. For them were no dinners,—no mornings at the Lodge, and great were the murmurs of discontent thereat. A change, however, had come; an English defection had rendered Irish support of consequence, and Balfour was sent over to, what in the slang of party is called, conciliate, but which, in less euphuistic phrase, might be termed to employ a system of general and outrageous corruption.

Some averred that the Viceroy, indignantly refusing to be a party to this policy, feigned illness and stayed away; others declared that his resignation had been tendered and accepted, but that measures of state require secrecy on the subject; while a third section of guessers suggested that when the coarse work of corruption had been accomplished by the Secretary, his Excellency would arrive to crown the edifice.

At all events the Ministry stood in need of these "free lances," and Cholmondeley Balfour was sent over to secure them. Before all governmental changes there is a sort of "ground swell" amongst the knowing men of party that presages the storm; and so, now, scarcely had Balfour reached the Lodge than a rumour ran that some new turn of policy was about to be tried, and that what is called the "Irish difficulty" was going to be discounted into the English necessity.

The first arrival at the Lodge was Pemberton. He had just been defeated at his election for Mallow, and ascribed his failure to the lukewarmness of the Government, and the indifference with which they had treated his demands for some small patronage for his supporters. Nor was it mere indifference—there was actual reason to believe that favour was shown to his opponent, and that Mr. Heffernan, the Catholic barrister of extreme views, had met the support of more than one of those known to be under Government influence. There was a story of a letter from the Irish Office to Father O'Hea, the parish priest. Some averred they had read it, declaring that the Cabinet only desired to know "the real sentiments of Ireland, what Irishmen actually wished and

wanted," to meet them. Now, when a Government official writes to a priest his party is always *in extremis*.

Pemberton reached the Lodge feverish, irritated, and uneasy. He had, not very willingly, surrendered a great practice at the bar to enter life as a politician, and now what if the reward of his services should turn out to be treachery and betrayal? Over and over again had he been told he was to have the bench; but the Chief Baron would neither die nor retire, nor was there any vacancy among the other courts. Nor has he done very well in Parliament; he was hasty and irritable in reply, too discursive in statement, and worse than these, not plodding enough nor sufficiently given to repetition to please the House; for the "assembled wisdom" is fond of its ease, and very often listens with a drowsy consciousness that if it did not catch what the orator said aright, it was sure to hear him say it again later on. He had made no "hit" with the House, and he was not patient enough nor young enough to toil quietly on to gain that estimation which he had hoped to snatch at starting.

Besides all these grounds of discontent, he was vexed at the careless way in which his party defended him against the attacks of the Opposition. Nothing probably teaches a man his value to his own set so thoroughly as this test; and he who is ill defended in his absence generally knows that he may retire without cause of regret. He came out, therefore, that morning to see Balfour, and, as the phrase is, "have it out with him." Balfour's instructions from the "other side," as Irishmen playfully denominate England, were to get rid of Pemberton as soon as possible,—but, at the same time, with all the caution required not to convert an old adherent into an enemy.

Balfour was at breakfast, with an Indian greyhound on a chair beside him, and a Maltese terrier seated on the table, when Pemberton was announced. He lounged over his meal, alternating tea with the 'Times,' and now and then reading scaps of the letters which lay in heaps around him.

After inviting his guest to partake of something, and hearing that he had already breakfasted three hours before, Balfour began to give him all the political gossip of town. This, for the most part, related to changes and promotions —how Griffith was to go to the Colonial, and Haughton to the Foreign Office; that Forbes was to have the Bath, and make way for Betmore, who was to be Under-Secretary. "Chadwick, you see, gets nothing. He asked for a commissionership, and we offered him the governorship of Bermuda; hence has he gone down below the gangway, and sits on the seat of the scornful."

"Your majority was smaller than I looked for on Tuesday night. Couldn't you have made a stronger muster?" said Pemberton.

"I don't know: twenty-eight is not bad. There are so many of our people in abeyance. There are five fighting petitions against their return, and as many more seeking re-election, and a few more, like yourself, Pem, 'out in the cold.'"

"For which gracious situation I have to thank my friends."

"Indeed! how is that?"

"It is somewhat cool to ask me. Have you not seen the papers lately? have you not read the letter that Sir Gray Chadwell addressed to Father O'Hea of Mallow?"

"Of course I have read it—an admirable letter—a capital letter. I don't know where the case of Ireland has been treated with such masterly knowledge and discrimination."

"And why have my instructions been always in an opposite sense? Why have I been given to believe that the Ministry distrusted

that party and feared their bad faith?"

"Have you ever seen Grünzenhoff's account of the battle of Leipsic?"

"No; nor have I the slightest curiosity to hear how it applies to what we are talking of."

"But it does apply. It's the very neatest apropos I could cite for you. There was a moment, he says, in that history, when Schwarzenberg was about to outflank the Saxons, and open a terrific fire of artillery upon them; and either they saw what fate impended over them, or that the hour they wished for had come, but they all deserted the ranks of the French and went over to the Allies."

"And you fancy that the Catholics are going to side with you?" said Pemberton, with a sneer.

"It suits both parties to believe it, Pem."

"The credulity will be all your own, Mr. Balfour. I know my countrymen better than you do."

"That's exactly what they won't credit at Downing Street, Pem; and I assure you that my heart is broken defending you in the House. They are eternally asking about what happened at such an assize, and why the Crown was not better prepared in such a prosecution; and though I *am* accounted a ready fellow in reply, it becomes a bore at last. I'm sorry to say it, Pem, but it it is a bore."

"I am glad, Mr. Balfour, exceedingly glad, you should put the issue between us so clearly; though I own to you that coming here this morning as the plaintiff, it is not without surprise I find myself on my defence."

"What's this, Banks?" asked Balfour, hastily, as his private secretary entered with a despatch.

"From Crew, sir; it must be his Excellency sends it."

Balfour broke it open and exclaimed, "In cipher, too! Go and have it transcribed at once; you have the key here."

"Yes, sir; I am familiar with the character, too, and can do it quickly." Thus saying, he left the room.

While this brief dialogue was taking place, Pemberton walked up and down the room, pale and agitated in features, but with a compressed lip and bent brow, like one nerving himself for coming conflict.

"I hope we're not out," said Balfour, with a laugh of assumed indifference. "He rarely employs a cipher; and it must be something of moment, or he would not do so now."

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to *me*," said Pemberton. "Treated as I have been, I could scarcely say I should regret it."

"By Jove! the ship must be in a bad way when the officers are taking to the boats," said Balfour. "Why, Pem, you don't really believe we are going to founder?"

"I told you, sir," said he haughtily, "that it was a matter of the most perfect indifference to me whether you should sink or swim."

"You are one of the crew, I hope, an't you?"

Pemberton made no reply, and the other went on—"To be sure, it may be said that an able seaman never has long to look for a ship; and in these political disasters, it's only the captains that are really wrecked."

"One thing is certainly clear," said Pemberton, with energy, "you have not much confidence in the craft you sail in."

"Who has, Pem? Show me the man that has, and I'll show you a consummate ass. Parliamentary life is a roadstead with shifting sands, and there is no going a step without the lead-line; and that's one reason why the nation never likes to see one of your countrymen as the pilot—you won't take soundings."

"There are other reasons too," said Pemberton, sternly, "but I have not come here to discuss this sub-

ject. I want to know, once for all, is it the wish of your party that I should be in the House?"

"Of course it is; how can you doubt it?"

"That being the case, what steps have you taken, or what steps can you take, to secure me a seat?"

"Why, Pem, don't you know enough of public life to know that when a minister makes an attorney-general, it is tacitly understood that the man can secure his return to Parliament? When I order out a chaise and pair, I don't expect the innkeeper to tell me I must buy breeches and boots for the postilion."

"You deluge me with figures, Mr. Balfour, but they only confuse me. I am neither a sailor nor a postboy; but I see Mr. Banks wishes to confer with you—I will retire."

"Take a turn in the garden, Pem, and I will be with you in a moment. Are you a smoker?"

"Not in the morning," said the other, stiffly, and withdrew.

"Mr. Heffernan is here, sir; will you see him?" asked the secretary.

"Let him wait; whenever I ring the bell, you can come and announce him. I will give my answer then. What of the despatch?"

"It is nearly all copied out, sir. It was longer than I thought."

"Let me see it now; I will read it at once."

The secretary left the room, and soon returned with several sheets of note-paper in his hand.

"Not all that, Banks?"

"Yes, sir. It was two hundred and eighty-eight signs—as long as the Queen's Speech. It seems very important too."

"Read," said Balfour, lighting his cigar.

"'To Chief Secretary Balfour, Castle, Dublin.—What are your people about? What new stupidity is this they have just accomplished? Are there law advisers at the Castle, or are the cases for prosecution submitted to the members of the police force? Are you aware, or is it from me you are to learn, that there is now in the Richmond Gaol, under accusation of "Celtism," a gentleman of loyalty the equal of my own? Some blunder, if not some private personal malignity, procured his arrest, which, out of regard for me as an old personal friend, he neither resisted nor disputed, withholding his name to avoid the publicity which could only have damaged the Government. I am too ill to leave my room, or would go over at once to rectify this gross and most painful blunder. If Pemberton is too fine a gentleman for his office, where was Hacket, or, if not Hacket, Burrowes? Should this case get abroad and reach the Opposition, there will be a storm in the House you will scarcely like to face. Take measures—immediate measures—for his release, by bail or otherwise, remembering, above all, to observe secrecy. I will send you by post to-night the letter in which F. communicates to me the story of his capture and imprisonment. Had the mischance befallen any other than a true gentleman and an old friend, it would have cost us dearly. Nothing equally painful has occurred to me in my whole official life.

"'Let the case be a warning to you in more ways than one. Your system of private information is degenerating into private persecution, and would at last establish a state of things perfectly intolerable. Beg F., as a great favour to me, to come over and see me here, and repeat that I am too ill to travel, or would not have delayed an hour in going to him. There are few men, if there be one, who would in such a predicament have postponed all consideration of self to thoughts about his friends and their interests, and in all this we have had better luck than we deserved.

"'WILMINGTON.'"

"Go over it again," said Balfour as he lit a cigar, and, placing

chair for his legs, gave himself up to a patient rehearing of the despatch. "I wonder who F. can be that he is so anxious about. It *is* a confounded mess, there's no doubt of it; and if the papers get hold of it we're done for. Beg Pemberton to come here, and leave us to talk together.

"Read that, Pem," said Balfour, as he smoked on, now and then puffing a whiff of tobacco at his terrier's face—"read that, and tell me what you say to it."

Though the lawyer made a great effort to seem calm and self-possessed, Balfour could see that the hand that held the paper shook as he read it. As he finished he laid the document on the table without uttering a word.

"Well?" cried Balfour interrogatively—"well?"

"I take it, if all be as his Excellency says, that this is not the first case in which an innocent man has been sent to gaol. Such things occur now and then in the model England, and I have never heard that they formed matter to impeach a ministry."

"You heard of this committal, then?"

"No, not till now."

"Not till now?"

"Not till now. His Excellency, and indeed yourself, Mr. Balfour, seem to fall into the delusion that a Solicitor-General is a detective officer. Now, he is not,—nor any more is he a police magistrate. This arrest, I suppose—I know nothing about it, but I suppose—was made on certain sworn information. The law took its ordinary course; and the man who would neither tell his name nor give the clue to any one who would answer for him went to prison. It is unfortunate, certainly; but they who made this statute forgot to insert a clause that none of the enumerated penalties should apply to any one who knew or had acquaintance with the Viceroy for the time being."

"Yes, as you remark, that was a stupid omission; and now, what's to be done here?"

"I opine his Excellency gives you ample instructions. You are to repair to the Gaol, make your apologies to F.—whoever F. may be—induce him to let himself be bailed, and persuade him to go over and pass a fortnight at Crew Keep. Pray tell him, however, before he goes, that his being in prison was not in any way owing to the Solicitor-General's being a fine gentleman."

"I'll send for the informations," said Balfour, and rang his bell. "Mr. Heffernan, sir, by appointment," said the private secretary, entering with a card in his hand.

"Oh, I had forgotten. It completely escaped me," said Balfour, with a pretended confusion. "Will you once more take a turn in the garden, Pem?—five minutes will do all I want."

"If my retirement is to facilitate Mr. Heffernan's advance, it would be ungracious to defer it; but give me till to-morrow to think of it."

"I only spoke of going into the garden, my dear Pem."

"I will do more—I will take my leave. Indeed, I have important business in the Rolls Court."

"I shall want to see you about this business," said the other, touching the despatch.

"I'll look in on you about five at the office, and by that time you will have seen Mr. F."

"Mr. Heffernan could not wait, sir—he has to open a Record case in the Queen's Bench," said the secretary, entering, "but he says he will write to you this evening."

The Solicitor-General grinned. He fancied that the whole incident had been a most unfortunate *mal-apropos*, and that Balfour was sinking under shame and confusion.

"How I wish Baron Lendrick could be induced to retire!" said Balfour; "it would save us a world of trouble."

"The matter has little interest for me personally."

"Little interest for *you*?—how so?"

"I mean what I say; but I mean also not to be questioned upon the matter," said he, proudly. "If, however, you are so very eager about it, there is a way I believe it might be done."

"How is that?"

"I had a talk, a half-confidential talk, last night with Sewell on the subject, and he distinctly gave me to understand it could be negotiated through *him*."

"And you believed him?"

"Yes, I believed him. It was the sort of tortuous, crooked transaction such a man might well move in. Had he told me of something very fine, very generous, or self-devoting he was about to do, I'd have hesitated to accord him my trustfulness."

"What it is to be a lawyer!" said Balfour, with affected horror.

"What it must be if a Secretary of State recoils from his perfidy! Oh, Mr. Balfour, for the short time our official connection may last let us play fair. I am not so cold-blooded, nor are you as crafty, as you imagine. We are both of us better than we seem."

"Will you dine here to-day, Pem?"

"Thanks, no; I am engaged."

"To-morrow, then?—I'll have Branley and Keppel to meet you."

"I always get out of town on Saturday night. Pray excuse me."

"No tempting you, eh?"

"Not in that way, certainly. Good-bye till five o'clock."

ART POLITICS AND PROCEEDINGS.

THE materials for our annual survey are more than usually diversified. Not only do the ordinary Exhibitions claim notice, but the estate and prospects of our national art-collections demand, both of Parliament and the public, grave deliberation. We know that over the National Gallery, the Royal Academy, the British Museum, and the South Kensington collections and schools, changes are impending. London itself, in common with other of our great towns, is pulled about, undermined, and in course of reconstruction. The Thames is submitting to embankment; and never, since the time when Sir Christopher Wren repaired the ravages made by the Great Fire, have structures so vast and numerous been designed and executed. We propose, then, that our review of the art-season shall this year take the wider range to which these constructional and administrative changes invite. We must for once be content with a concise sketch of the Academy and other Exhibitions, in order to make space for topics of great novelty and urgency.

We commence our survey with the Royal Academy. The idea seems to have gone abroad that the Exhibition was below average. However this may be, there were, at all events, some eight or ten great works which will remain memorable in the history of English painting—'The Death of Nelson,' by Maclise; 'The Last Moments of Raphael,' by O'Neil; 'The Syracusan Bride,' by Leighton; 'Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness,' by Goodall; 'Her Puissant Grace,' by Calderon; 'Queen Elizabeth receiving the French Ambassadors after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew,' by Yeames; 'An Arrest for Witchcraft,' by Pettie; 'Paying the Rent,' by Nicol; 'Stealing the Keys,' by Marcus Stone; and last, but not least, that admirable portrait-picture, 'Volunteers at a Firing Point,' by Wells. Without going further, here are at once ten works which would redeem any Academy from the charge of mediocrity.

An analysis of the contents of

the Royal Academy brings out the ordinary diversity in subjects and styles. High art was as usual at a discount; sacred subjects gave place to secular; historic works, in the strictly academic sense of the word, were few. On the other hand, quasi-historic compositions, pictures of circumstance and costume, abounded; realistic truth beat out of the field ideal beauty; and the literal transcript of scenes in humble life, as usual in northern schools, obtained more favour than creations of the imagination. Landscapes, as far as the hangers permitted them to be seen, were, as a matter of course, choice in quality. And portraits, an art which, in this country of ancient families and honoured ancestry, has always obtained patronage, were not only seen in accustomed numbers, but deserved commendation for the truth, simplicity, and power, which Gordon and others made characteristic of the British school.

The pictures we have enumerated, with many others, call for more detailed notice than we can give. Of 'The Death of Nelson,' by Maclise, for example, much might be written by way both of description and criticism. This composition, the finished oil-study for the large mural picture in the House of Parliament, may be taken as a manifesto of the manner in which history is now treated. The picturesque grouping and the circumstantial detail, though little in keeping with the historic dignity which attached to the old school, gain the persuasive truth which pertains to the new. Mr. Maclise has brought to the treatment of a tragic incident, which was deemed by the Royal Commissioners worthy of a prominent position in the series of historic works which decorate the House of Parliament, his accustomed power, realistic skill, and dramatic intensity. It is known that the artist's board-built studio in the Royal Gallery has been stored with marine stores as a yard in the Admiralty. With illusive reality have these ropes, pulleys, blocks, and shot, been, in the picture, transferred to the deck of the Victory. The dead and the dying tell a terrible tale. The spectator, in fact, is present in the action. Yet it must be confessed that the incidents are recounted with a cold severity which leaves the heart unmoved. The picture wants a touch of tenderness. In fact, the narrative is all but destitute of the pathos which, in another death-scene—'The Last Moments of Raphael'—is so potent. The thought which comes nearest to poetry is in that clear space of blue sky which the painter has opened over the head of the dying man. The thick smoke of battle has been rolled away, and the open heaven gives welcome to the many heroes who that day had done their duty.

'The Last Moments of Raphael,' by H. O'Neil, is a contrast to 'The Death of Nelson,' both in sentiment and technical qualities. The solemnity which renders pictures of deathbeds impressive, Mr. O'Niel has turned to profitable account. The genius of Raphael, indeed, has inspired so much reverence, and his early death in the midst of labour moved at the time to such deep sympathy, that the painter could scarcely fail of making a touching picture. The scene is solemn in silence. Raphael is on his death-couch, and his friends and fellow-workers stand around the bed watching the lamp of life as it still flickers in the socket. The great painter, never strong, had been stricken by the malignant fever of Rome, which, having run a course of fourteen days, now hurries its victim to the grave. Hope there is none. Primroses of the spring-time, gathered it may be on Monte Mario, which is seen from the open window beyond the piazza of St. Peter's, have fallen from the hand's relaxing grasp. Raphael died a little before five in the afternoon, and the evening light, catching the summit of Monte Mario, signals

the hour's approach. The chalice, candle, and monstrance on the side-table, tell that extreme unction has prepared the soul for its flight. The painter's last great work, 'The Transfiguration,' still unfinished, is placed, as tradition tells us, before the death-couch. The curtain has been just drawn aside, and, as oft happens when the spirit is about to leave its earthly tenement, the face lightens with an expiring gleam. Raphael rises in the bed, utters a few words of regret over the cherished work which it pains him to leave incomplete, and then sinks back and dies. The scene, as we have said, is impressive, and each incident has been rendered lovingly.

The old routine of Biblical subjects prescribed by the Romish Church is all but obsolete. Nativities, Holy Families, Flights into Egypt, are seldom painted by our English artists. The rights of private judgment and free discussion which Protestantism secured, have given greater freedom and scope to the painter in the choice of subjects. We are told, in the language of bold hyperbole, that the world could not contain all which might be written of what Jesus did. The compositions of Delaroche and others, indeed, show that a painter of imagination need never lack novelty of sacred theme. The pictures of the year which abide by prescriptive forms, such as Signol's 'Holy Family' and Dobson's 'Finding in the Temple,' are less successful than the works which venture on a novel range. It is astonishing to find what little account is now taken of that balanced symmetry, that ideal, or rather unreal, beauty, that colour of washed-out innocence or sugared sweetness, which formerly obtained so much favour in Carlo Dolce, Sasso Ferrato, and their followers. We think it fortunate that our English school has, under a vigorous naturalism, obtained emancipataion from such emasculate mannerisms. In such works as 'The Remorse of Judas,' by Mr. Armitage, strong and even repulsive in literal truth, we see the style of treatment which has obtained ascendancy in Europe. The paramount intent is to represent every event just as it took place. By the use of telling incident and detail the actual situation is realised to the life. There is a like verisimilitude in that other picture by Mr. Armitage, 'The Parents of Christ seeking him.' Mary, the mother of our Lord, already touched with sorrow, makes urgent appeal to the frequenters of a wayside well in the Holy City: "Our son is lost, —have ye not seen him?" A group of boys are in the distance at play in the streets of Jerusalem; perchance the child Jesus is among them. No; He is not there, but in the Temple, as seen in a well-known picture by Holman Hunt, holding serious dispute with the doctors. Among compositions which clothe incidents taken from the Scriptures with the beauty that pertains to romantic rather than to severe academic schools, must be signalised Mr. Goodall's impressive reading of the story of Hagar and Ishmael. The ascendancy of landscape in modern art is seen in the preponderance given to the desert waste in which the figures have been cast. The human element is indeed held supreme, but nature has been called as a witness to suffering, and in dark shadows cast over the vast solitude responds to the heart cruelly stricken. Pictures which thus proclaim the concord between the outward world and the inner sphere of thought, which establish the relation between the theatre of surrounding circumstance and the enacted drama of history, seldom fail to make on the mind a deep impression. It is to be regretted that our modern Exhibitions do not more frequently display earnest purpose. Painters in the present day think less of noble thought than of the effective forms in which a pretty idea may be cast.

The pictures which in the hands of our English artists are often the most pleasing and successful, lie on the boundary-line between history and biography, or choose as their themes such facts as admit of the play of fancy. A thought which may be rounded into a sonnet, a truth which a poet may expand into a stanza, incidents which can be woven into ballads, afford subjects fitted to the painter's hand. Of pictures within this wide range, to which the French assign the name of *genre*, our English painters year by year produce abundant supplies. Mr. Pettie, who made a successful *début* last season by 'The Drumhead Court-Martial,' has already won the distinction of Associate by a composition pointed in character, 'The Arrest for Witchcraft.' Mr. John Archer has also followed up his success of last year by the worthy sequel, 'Hearts are Trumps.' Mr. Marcus Stone, too, must not be overlooked in the chronicle of the year's progress. At length, in a skilfully-managed composition, 'The Stealing of the Keys,' he offers direct proof of the ready wits for which his friends have given him credit. Mr. Noel Paton's 'Mors Janua Vitæ' has the refined and elevated sentiment habitual to the artist; it is a pity that this well-meant picture lacks vigour and harmony. Mr. Calderon's satire on the mock majesty of her little "puissant Grace," every inch a queen, though but few inches in height, is the artist's best work. The pictures of Mr. Calderon are among the few examples of the association of foreign with domestic styles. Cleverness, adroitness, neatness in telling a story, point of incident, and keenness in satire—qualities with which the French Gallery in London and successive international exhibitions have made the English public familiar—will be recognised in the works of a painter whose foreign name may possibly indicate the origin of his art. Among the young men who are winning a way by thought and industry must not be forgotten Mr. Yeames, elected to the honour of Associate on the strength of his last picture, 'Queen Elizabeth receiving the French Ambassadors after the News of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.' Mrs. E. M. Ward also exhibits her best work, 'Palissy the Potter,' which places her in the foremost rank among ladies who in Europe have used the brush. In the pending reconstitution of the Royal Academy, it is worthy of consideration whether means can be devised by which female talent shall receive fair recognition. Mr. E. M. Ward exhibits a brilliantly painted picture, 'Amy Robsart and Leicester.' The face of the fair lady has beauty and tenderness of expression. We hope this painter is reserving his powers for that class of manly historic compositions to which we have often pointed as conferring honour upon the English school.

Four Academicians, Herbert, Elmore, Webster, and Millais, accustomed to make a mark upon the walls, were conspicuous only in absence; and for two years the line of the Academy for so long a time adorned by David Roberts has lacked his presence. The venerable Clarkson Stanfield we were glad to greet once more. It could have been wished that Sir Edwin Landseer had been represented by at least one picture the fewer. Poor Lady Godiva little thought of the shame to which she might be brought. If she could have foreseen this picture, she would never have ventured on her celebrated ride.

This summary of the Exhibition we must bring to a close by the cursory notice of a few remaining works. Mr. T. Faed's 'Pot-Luck' is graphic and picturesque, after the artist's usual manner. In 'The Chat round the Brasero' Mr. John Phillip concentrates unexampled power on an unworthy subject. Mr. Frith's 'Widow Wadman' shows the artist's accus-

tomed cleverness. Mr. Marks again indulges in the sly satire of which he is master. Mr. Horsley rejoices in a quiet humour like to that which sparkles in the pages of Addison. Passing from genteel life to the manners of the lower classes, Hardy, Clark, Nicol, and others are at home in the cottage and the kitchen. All this may be taken as a matter of course. The positions won by rising men such as Orchardson and Leslie are novelties provoking to more extended comment. Unfortunately we have space to add a word only. We would say that Mr. Orchardson in 'The Story of a Life,' though clever, is scarcely sufficiently studious. Mr. Leslie's 'Clarissa' has been accepted as a conception delicate and refined. The picture is removed just sufficiently from actual life and nature to carry the imagination back to the romance of last century.

The new President is seen to advantage in portraits of a style and grace which comport well with the manners of good society. But the most remarkable portrait-picture of the year is due to one of the youngest Associates in the Academy. 'Volunteers at a Firing Point' is free, indeed, from the faults which have affected our English school of portrait-painting. There is no weakness in the drawing, no prettiness or pretence in attitude, no seeking for meretricious display in colour or effect. We have had enough of Lely and Kneller, and other mongrel descendants of Vandyck, and are thankful to revert to the solid sober style which Holbein would have owned and Van Helst honoured. Mr. Phillip's portrait of the Justice-General of Scotland is true as a likeness and admirable as a picture. Close by hangs 'A Little Man,' the pretty portrait of a child, painted by E. U. Eddis.

The diversity of styles brought in juxtaposition and conflict within the English school has been and is truly cosmopolitan. What contrast, for example, can be more violent than that of 'The Syracusan Bride leading Wild Beasts in Procession to the Temple of Diana,' by F. Leighton, and 'The Rent-day,' by E. Nicol? Mr. Leighton's beauteous composition, to which the public has given a cold reception, stands, by its ideal forms, an anomaly in this unideal age. Mr. Leighton has made a long frieze-like sequence of figures, such as a Greek artist might have put on a temple or a vase, his special study. 'The Cimabue Procession,' 'The Ten Virgins' in the church at Lyndhurst, and the present picture, 'The Syracusan Bride,' are all compositions of this class. Mr. Leighton paints, in fact, as an artist learned in the history of the schools. A Greek artist might have been more severe; a middle-age painter would have been in outline more decisive, and in sentiment less voluptuous. This is perhaps saying little more than that Mr. Leighton has a manner of his own, which proves his independence. It has been objected, with reason, that the forms are wanting in character and variety—that in approaching the Greek type the artist falls into monotony. It is evident, indeed, that Mr. Leighton has painted from an ideal within his own mind—a practice which, though dangerous, was, it will be remembered, defended by Raphael. That greatest of Italian painters said that beauty was so rare in the world that an artist did well to form for himself an ideal type. It is worthy of remark, however, that Raphael seldom repeated himself, and that the figures and motives in his pictures are pre-eminent for variety and dramatic expression. We cannot but think that Mr. Leighton's works would be better for more of individual accident and the vigour and health which come direct from nature. All honour, however, is due to a painter who, in antagonism to the age, dares follow after ideal beauty, and who strives

to reach those types and graces which we believe a Greek artist, were he now living, would not ignore.

In opposition to this ideal art we place 'Paying the Rent,' 'Both Puzzled,' and 'Missed It,' by E. Nicol, now honoured with the title of Associate. The expressly materialistic, plebeian, and democratic propensities of the English school are here pushed to an astounding climax. Never has an artist ventured to introduce ragamuffins on so large a scale into polite society. The clever assurance which emboldened the Neapolitan Naturalisti to make prophets of Lazzaroni has provoked just reprobation. With like master-stroke does Mr. Nicol pass muster through the Royal Academy sansculottes guiltless of soap. These are the people whom Mr. Gladstone wished to reward with political power! There was reason to believe, indeed, that artists' models generally would have been enfranchised under a law which recognised the genius that thrives on tobacco and beer. On the walls of London exhibitions have hung for years a large unrepresented population. These needy knife-grinders, these picturesque figures out at the elbows, will, under the millennium of Reform, have something better to do than sit to the artists at a shilling an hour. Mr. Nicol had better paint while he can: his models, we fear, may run off any day to mob Lord Elcho or Mr. Lowe.

We recall few landscapes which need provoke special praise or censure. The eulogy we have been accustomed to bestow on this branch of the English school there is no reason to recant. Only we say there is little opportunity given to the critic of adding a new thought or word. Creswick, as usual, clothes nature in simple grey; the Linnells blaze fireworks into the sky to an extent truly alarming; some few painters still persist in Preraphaelite malpractices, and others, we are glad to observe, revert to a manner large and impressive as nature herself. A landscape by P. Graham is a forcible example of the dramatic treatment of nature. This is a wonderfully fine landscape: the anatomy of the mountain is firm and inert, but the elements are all alive—the torrent dashes its wild waters onward, and light bursts from the storm-cloud. Thus action, and even speech, are given to dumb nature. The landscapes by Vicat Cole and Leader continue to add to the high estate of the English school the promise of advance. These men will at no distant date fill the places of veteran Academicians, who still persist in stopping the way.

In art, as in life, we are in the midst of death; and while summing up art's vital forces, it may be profitable to remember the mortality of the artist himself. The necrology of the past twelve or eighteen months makes many blanks in the old registry of the living. A year ago we had to record the death of Sir John Watson Gordon, David Roberts, and John Leech. The Academy has since lost its President, Sir Charles Eastlake, and the venerable sculptor, John Gibson. The department at South Kensington has likewise suffered in the death of Captain Fowke and Godfrey Sykes. We shall venture on no comment save the one which perhaps first suggests itself to the mind, that these are losses difficult to repair. Death snatches away the men whom the world can least spare, and the good works which survive death seem to tell but of the value of the lives which have been taken from us. Labour should become to the fellow-workers still left the graver duty. Upon younger men devolves the responsibility of sustaining the honour which their forerunners guarded well. Sometimes, as we take a survey of the artists who must fill the gaps made by time, we distrust the future of the Eng-

lish school. Let us hope, however, the fear is groundless. It is, at all events, useless to expect that the past will tarry or return, that either art or nature will repeat old forms. Change is inevitable, and in that change is the possibility of progress. Without undue assumption, it may at least be affirmed that the English school, at the present moment, does not wholly lack the vitality of youth or the health of nature.

From pictures we will now pass to what, for want of a better term, we have called Art-politics, or, in other words, Parliamentary legislation and public proceedings which affect the existence and distribution of national institutions, and the weal of art generally. We will consider the condition of the Royal Academy first. Two years ago we expressed a decisive judgment on the reforms then as now imperative. There can be no doubt that the constitution of the Academy ought to be made more liberal and catholic. An institution professedly public and national should expand beyond the narrow prejudices of a clique and coterie, seek to be large as the national arts, tolerant and comprehensive of all talents,—a school for the young, a staff of support for the aged, a parent kind and wise to aid and direct. We need scarcely say that the opinion of the profession and of the public is all but universal, that the Academy lags far behind the requirements of the times, that she has failed to expand with the development of art and the growing needs of the country, that, in short, she no longer performs the duties implied in her position. It is perhaps more a misfortune than a fault that the Exhibition rooms are wholly inadequate to the reception and fair display of the pictures which by merit have a right to admission. The President stated that the average number of pictures each year, accepted on their merits, and subsequently rejected for want of space, was no less than 180. It is a crying and a constant evil, not only that these works are thrown out, but that a large proportion of the pictures admitted are so hung as to inflict on the painters cruel injury. Again, this want of space, this chronic congestion in Trafalgar Square, aggravates the notoriously inefficient state of the schools. The students, it is true, are taught for nothing, and the quality of the instruction is just of commensurate value. Competent judges, indeed, have not scrupled to assert that the drawing of the English school of painting is weak and even slovenly, and certainly international exhibitions prove that English painters evade difficulties which French draughtsmen court. It cannot be questioned that the schools need reorganisation. It is admitted on all hands that they should not be closed in the months of May, June, and July. Furthermore, the students should not be left to the haphazard teaching of voluntary visitors; on the contrary, English artists ought to enjoy the advantage of the thorough and systematic training which, in Paris, is secured by a competent and paid Director. We also hold strongly the opinion, that by endowed scholarships and the possible establishment of a branch Academy in Rome, young artists should be placed in a position, free from pressing care, to form and finally settle their style in the immediate presence of historic master-works. Furthermore, examinations added to accredited honours should give to the curriculum of study wholesome check and deserved sanction and reward.

Other reforms, too, must be granted before the Academy can free itself from the prejudice attaching to a private clique, and enter on the privileges of a national institution. Academicians, it is known, have a dread of "the lay element." Having absolute faith in the brush, they do not seek alliance with the intellect, the learning, and the science of the country.

It is understood, then, that a not unnatural jealousy precludes the adoption of the recommendation of the Royal Commissioners, that a certain number of noblemen and non-professional men, possessing influence in the State and express knowledge of art, should add their forces to the Academy. But short of such a measure, from which human nature seems to recoil, there are some concessions to which men jealous for professional rights and liberties need not object. Mere trade considerations even might suggest an increase in the number of Associaties and Academicians, and a more enlarged view of the ends and the mission of art would surely open the way to other no less liberal provisions. English art, for example, could scarcely fail to gain extent and elevation by closer relationship to Continental schools. With increased space, provision should be made for the exhibition of leading foreign works. The creation, moreover, of a class of honorary members among foreign artists of distinction would add to the force and prestige of the Academy. Thus painters of European repute, such as Ingres, Gérôme, Meissonnier, Gallait, Tidemand, Cornelius, Overbeck, and Kaulbach, would impart interest to the annual exhibitions, and bring to our artists knowledge and skill. It may also be safely asserted that the Academy will never assume the position to which it is entitled, until it shall cease to be expressly a "painters' club." Sculpture and architecture must obtain equal rights and privileges; the Academy, in fine, must embody all arts without invidious distinctions. In such union will be strength.

The Academy, thus reformed, would have a right to expect from the State liberal aid. A body which should thus incorporate the collective talent of the country, and in all essential points be efficient in the performance of its duties, would not fail to make its influence felt. The Government on matters of national import might take counsel at the Academy Board as of a committee of taste. Students throughout the country would naturally, in the direction of their labours, look to the Academy as to an art university. Public works and national monuments, long a disgrace to the nation, should be amenable to the collective wisdom of the profession. In the rebuilding, too, of our great cities, and the better ordering of street architecture generally, the voice of the Academy might with advantage be heard. In short, the Academy should make its authority respected in all matters, great or small, within the kingdom of art. Monumental works, the decoration of public institutions, even State ceremonials, private costume, and points which involve the minor morals of society, might be saved from absurdity, and a state worse than barbarous, by the oversight of men of approved taste and admitted art-knowledge. Such is the ideal of what a Royal Academy should be in its constitution and functions.

Let us ask what the Academicians are willing to do towards the realisation of this ideal—what concessions they are ready to make to public demands? The accepted reforms, if not all that could be desired, go some way to remedy the evils we have pointed out. The difficulty, indeed the turning-point of the whole question, becomes one of space. The problem is, how and where an adequate building may be obtained or erected? Two sites, it is well known, have come into competition—that of Trafalgar Square and that of Burlington House, Piccadilly. We adduced two years ago reasons in favour of the former. We showed why the Academy should retain possession of the existing building in Trafalgar Square, and why a new National Gallery for the reception of the old pictures should be erected in the grounds of Burlington House, Piccadilly. It is

well known that the Academicians desire nothing better than to remain where they are. As an income of about £10,000 is derived from the receipt of shillings at the door of the Exhibition, above all things some central situation is needed, to which the public will readily flock. It is to be feared that either in Piccadilly or at Kensington the Exhibition would suffer from a falling-off in the number of visitors. The Academy, moreover, if driven to erect a building at Burlington House or Kensington, must sink so large a portion of its accumulated capital of £140,000, that its remaining resources would prove inadequate to the performance of the important functions for which such a body is constituted. These are some of the reasons why the Academy should be allowed to remain where it is; and there are at the same time special considerations which urge the removal of the National Gallery to the site of Burlington House. The present Gallery is not fireproof, it is not protected against the slightest attack or mob outrage, and certainly it is little suited to the exhibition of the national pictures. Even the entire building were inadequate to the ever-increasing demands for more space. And whatever sums may be expended in the purchase of additional ground, and in the erection of further rooms, the result, it is felt, will prove in the end unsatisfactory. On the other hand, architectural plans already exist which prove that at Burlington House might be built a grand National Gallery, fireproof, well lighted, and commodious, not inferior to any picture museum in the world. These arguments point to the conclusion, already supported by the Royal Commission, that the Academy should, under certain conditions, retain the entire building in Trafalgar Square. That the Academicians will consent to build at Burlington House is now understood to be out of the question, and the threatened removal to the distant suburb of Kensington is thought of only as a dire necessity. We cannot but hope that Lord John Manners, as Commissioner of Works under the Derby Administration, will devise some satisfactory solution to this long pending and perplexed question.

The people of this country, not to say the great body of artists, have an interest in making the Academy strong and efficient. All persons, indeed, ought to have at heart the welfare of a body which, though sometimes crafty and narrow, has on the whole deserved well of the country. The Academy, once secure in a home, could afford to be more generous and just. The opprobrium under which it has long suffered, arising in the main from the necessity of rejecting pictures which deserved better treatment, would with the increase of space be removed. In an Academy of double the present area, room would be found enough for the fair exhibition of English as well as certain Continental works, sufficient for the schools, and adequate to the performance of all public and educational functions. Furthermore, it is to be desired that the relation between the Government and the Academy, whether by the appointment of an express Minister of Art or otherwise, should be rendered more close and operative. The Academy, under wisely-devised State control and subsidy, would, indeed, gain not only discretion but strength; and the public at large, under such guarantees, might learn to repose, in a truly national institution for the promotion of art, a well-placed confidence. The less, indeed, a body intrusted with the performance of onerous national duties, is allowed to be private, and the more it is made public and responsible, the better for itself, for artists, and for the common interests of art. We cannot but hope that, before this article is published,

these vital questions will have approached a wise adjustment.

The British Museum is another of our public institutions which, however fiercely or frequently attacked, still defies reformation. Last season Lord Henry Lennox reiterated before the Society of Arts the charge, that the Trustees of the British Museum "lag indolently behind the spirit of the age, and either cannot or will not administer their magnificient collection, their vast revenue, so that it should be made as available as possible for the education and recreation of the people." The annual income voted by Parliament to this museum is above £100,000, the vast library is augmented yearly by the addition of more than 20,000 volumes, and for the zoological collections of birds and beasts Professor Owen demands an area of ten acres. The department of antiquities is without an equal in the number and value of its marbles, from Greece, Egypt, Etruria, Asia Minor, and Assyria. Medieval and Christian arts, too, are fairly represented by choice remains. And the nucleus at least exists of an instructive museum of British and Northern antiquities illustrative of early races and prehistoric periods. This enumeration we make in order to show that the British Museum is a kingdom of knowledge in itself, and that it becomes of grave import that such a dominion should not fall into anarchy. The indictment lodged against the Trustees, however, is nothing less than the charge that the resources of the Museum have been disgracefully maladministered. The condition into which the noble collections have been permitted to sink has been designated a national shame. The Museum is arranged on no adequate system, the objects are without catalogue, sometimes without labels: there reigns, in short, "throughout, an air of sleepy, slatternly shabbiness," and dust and dirt seem courted as congenial to the dark ages. These charges, we trust, are not likely to be painfully personal: it is a comfort to know that there are forty-eight Trustees among whom the blame may be divided. The faults, as in the Academy, radically arise from want of space, an ill-devised building, and a system of administration which, though pertinaciously maintained, has long been pronounced rotten. As for the system, we would urge, in common with others well qualified to speak, the substitution of a responsible Minister of Science and Art in place of the existing irresponsible dilettante direction. And as for building and increased accommodation, it remains to be seen whether the proposed separation of the Museum of Antiquities from the Natural History Collections will obtain the approval of contending factions. If Parliament should adopt an estimate set down by the late Government, a Museum of Natural History, after the approved designs of Captain Fowke, will be erected at Kensington on the confines of the Royal Horticultural Gardens. Thus, in part, may be realised the grand ideas of Buffon and Cuvier in the collective design of the Jardin des Plantes.

Our national institutions have, in fact, reached a point of complex and overgrown development which demands some bold and scientific basis of classification and distribution. To sketch in outline an intelligent system of rearrangement is not so difficult as might seem. It has been suggested, for example, that the works of God, which we call nature, should form one kingdom or museum; and that the works of man, known as art, should be collected into another and separate collection. It may possibly be discovered that South Kensington has a clearness of sky and a general salubrity congenial to the former; and on the other hand, that Great Russell Street, the present habitat of the British Museum, rejoices in a density of population which the

works of man may be supposed to affect. Branching out into detail, it might be found that existing collections would best be distributed into some four or five museums or galleries, each forming in itself a distinct intellectual centre. The British Museum, for instance, should be the grand receptacle for the arts in which are written the world's civilisation. The new National Gallery should be set apart for the pictures of all schools and countries. The Royal Academy will be devoted to the rearing of young artists, and to the annual exhibition of modern works. The existing South Kensington Museum would continue, as at present, the emporium of art-industries, the nidus of normal schools for art-workmen, the location where shall be gathered historic examples which can aid and elevate the art-industries of the country. Lastly, also at South Kensington, in proximity with the Royal Horticultural Gardens, in the neighbourhood of the so-christened "Hall of Omniscience" and of the national Albert Memorial, shall be placed the museum of science, the natural history collections, or, to use the words of Lord Bacon, Solomon's house, or the college of God's six days' creation. Here, then, is a ground-plan for the topographical arrangement and distribution of the existing museums of art and of science, now, alas! at once scattered and crowded in our overgrown metropolis.

These varied and rich collections, we need scarcely say, ought to be made expressly educational. And as an example of what might and should be done, we will point to a possible rearrangement of the antiquities in the British Museum. A household can scarcely be well regulated when the inmates are so crowded that gorillas jostle Greek gods. A collection in which flint implements are in the midst of stuffed beasts, ivories, enamels, and Etruscan vases, can scarcely lead to other than mental confusion. A museum should be plotted out, like Nature herself, on an intelligent plan, according to a definite system or idea, in illustration, it may be, of the scheme of development and progress manifest in created things. Thus a primary object in the collocation of national antiquities should be the ocular demonstration of the world's civilisations. For this end galleries require, of course, to be distributed both geographically and chronologically. Corridors might be set apart to certain centuries; halls might be given up to continents; cabinets would fall to the possession of minor states or islands. Thus the museum could be apportioned into zones and latitudes, thus the student would be invited to take his morning walk towards the pole or equator, might gather fragments of rudimentary knowledge in Northern Europe among Fins or Esquimaux, or in Africa make note of the advanced civilisations of Egypt or Carthage. As all historic events have happened in time and space, which metaphysicians tell us are the two essential categories, so, as we have said, the British Museum of Antiquities should be arranged on a combined chronological and geographical basis. The sequence in which works were produced should be the order in which they are placed and seen, otherwise the book of the world's history would be read backwards. It is manifest that the earlier products should not stand last as a climax, or the most mature come as a preface or introduction. Elementary civilisations and their correlative arts should lead the way as preludes to later and more mature manifestations. Prehistoric remains, ranged in vestibules and outer halls, might serve as approaches to the inner temple of national arts. The master-works of culminating epochs would fitly crown a central position, to which the tentative efforts might gradually rise, and then from such highest developments a descent could be

made on the other side down to corrupt ages of decline. It would obviously require some little tact in order that chronological sequence and geographic distance should dovetail together with as little break as practicable. The chief point to be guarded against is that mixing of ideas essentially distinct, which involves confusion. The end to be aimed at, is that the world's great epochs should be thrown into prominent relief, and yet at the same time that such minor details should be filled in as would make the panorama of history full and complete. Thus, as we have said, will the chronicle of races and of civilizations be made manifest in monumental art, ranged in historic sequence. This sketch we have given to elucidate the method in which our diverse public collections—whether of pictures or sculptures, of animals, birds, fishes, or minerals—should be placed on view. The panorama of universal knowledge, the illustrated cyclopædia of all arts and sciences, would thereby be made thorough and clear. The student would thus be saved trouble, and the general public might be put in the way of insensibly imbibing knowledge. This is what is meant when it is said that our institutions should be made educational. It is manifest that much yet remains to be done.

We have already spoken of South Kensington as a chief art-centre. In the corridor devoted to refreshments in the last International Exhibition have been collected, at the suggestion of the Earl of Derby, historic portraits of an importance which may claim in our pages distinctive notice. Other developments, however, there are in this locality which must obtain some slight record now. The Museum pushes vigorously its ambitious growth. The Blue-book just published—the Thirteenth Report of the Science and Art Department—sets forth how much the universe is indebted to the Committee of Council on Education! This mysterious body has doubtless been intent on a good work, stretching, albeit, to dimensions far beyond our present limits. "The Central Hall of Arts and Sciences," irreverently nicknamed "the Hall of Omniscience," appears to be on the point of departure from paper plans and subscription-lists to solid foundations. The Patron is the Queen, and the President the Prince of Wales. The idea was conceived by the late Prince Consort. A hall or theatre which shall cost £200,000, and be large enough to seat 5600 people, may probably be turned to some account. Industrial exhibitions and monster musical performances may at any rate give salaries to secretaries and doorkeepers.

A survey of art-proceedings cannot exclude the destruction and the rebuilding of London, though it may be a question how far art-interests are thereby promoted. The changes wrought by metropolitan railway schemes, the improvements incident to the Thames embankment, and the consequent opening of new streets, squares, and terraces, have necessarily obtained the consideration, not only of engineers, but of architects and others committed to the development of a vast metropolis. The Royal Institute of Architects—the self-constituted guardian of art-interests—has sought, though apparently with little result, to make the collective wisdom of the profession felt upon this expressly architectural problem. Yet it is to be feared that in this constructive revolution commercial profit will override art-propriety; that the conflict of individual interests and opinions will confound positive principles; and that so the opportunity, which is not likely to occur again between this day and the millennium, will be turned to little or no good account. After the great fire of London, Sir Christopher Wren and the men of that day managed things better. And what good work

may be done under wisely-devised schemes, which make details conform to general plans, and compel individual profit to bend to the imperial weal, can be judged from an analogous case—the reconstruction of Paris; a great fact accomplished under our own observation. The contrast presented by the architectural and constructive confusion which has fallen upon London and other chief cities, ought to suggest to England better administration. Even in the river improvements stupid blunders have been committed. At Hungerford, for instance, we have allowed a railway company to hang a hideous boiler in the air as a covering to the station. Literally, this horrid thing catches the eye on the river more than the dome of St. Paul's or the towers of Westminster. Now, surely, it would have been easy to make the railway company conceal this monstrosity by some ornamental screen or façade. We need not follow the example of some countries which have no escape from anarchy save in one despotic will. We possess in England, fortunately, constitutional methods of overcoming specific maladies. Surely, without the violation of individual thought or enterprise, means might be devised for the amicable accommodation of conflicting rights. We believe on all hands it is admitted that some duly-constituted body is needed to hold in check, at least, individual eccentricities in taste. Cases may and do occur in which a man, even in matters so minor as a chimney or a gable-end, should not be allowed to do what he likes with his own. A builder is not permitted to erect a tenement dangerous to his neighbours; can it then be quite right that he should put up an ugly house, obnoxious to all right-minded citizens and abhorrent to nature herself? Sanitary laws prevent a householder from bringing into a street a nuisance or a fever: is there no way by which æsthetic principles may be so enforced as to save a city from the malaria of ugliness and the mania which throws each architectural member into violent and distorted attitude?

In the mean time, however, let us take some courage and consolation. A ride through almost any of our chief towns will show signs of no inconsiderable street improvements. Instead of long and monotonous vistas of square-built houses, in the place of rows of perhaps a thousand of the plainest windows and doors in endless repetition, without the break of a single brick or stone, what now do we see? Certainly, as we have said, much confusion is to be deplored; but then, even by virtue of that confusion, we are at least amused by variety. In Manchester and London, warehouses have risen worthy of the merchant princes of Venice or of Florence. Insurance offices too, though a class of buildings expressly lawless and erratic, are conspicuous, at any rate, for novel architectural developments. And suburban villas there are which depart with advantage from the routine into which country builders had for too long fallen. Thus Mr. Beresford Hope, as President of the Royal Institute of Architects, was able to take of recent developments a cheerful view. Our architecture, he conceived, had gained in truth, resource, abundance, and richness of materials. Variety of colour now breaks the old monotony of brown, red, and whitewash. The flat lintel takes to itself an aspiring point, windows and doors receive ornament, and the everlasting acanthus and honeysuckle are helped out by the flowers and the leaves which grow in the fields and woods of Old England. Nature, in fact, again owns architecture among her children, and the fabled origin of the arch in the meeting branches of the forest seems, under our daily practice, to have less of fiction than reality. In fact, Architecture speaks no longer in a dead language; she has taken to herself the strong arm of construction — she has joined

hands with the sister arts of Painting and Sculpture. In fine, architecture wants, as we have shown, but law, order, and intelligent direction, to restore to her the beauty and the life of the days of old.

Fortunately some compensation is found for the destruction of much that is venerable, and the upstarting of new and strange impertinences. Restoration, in fact, is the order of the day. Mr. Beresford Hope, in the address already quoted, justly observed that "the epoch which witnesses simultaneously the decoration of St. Paul's, of Westminster Abbey, and the undercroft of St. Stephen's Chapel, the restoration of the Tower and Guildhall, of the Temple, Austin Friars, and St. Bartholomew's churches, and the Savoy Chapel, and the resurrection of Charing Cross, is one in which the spirit of reverence for old forms of beauty must be abroad." Such restorations, however, are sometimes but destructions in disguise. The works, for example, carried on at Lincoln Cathedral are in violation of the principles accepted as essential to the conservation of our ancient monuments. In like manner, the restoration of St. Patrick's, Dublin, though a praiseworthy act of private munificence, has provoked the protest of the Ecclesiological Society, and brought down the censure of antiquaries generally. On the other hand, we have reason to know that the restoration of the Chapter-House, Westminster, will be carried out by Mr. Gilbert Scott on true conservative principles. As to the decoration of St. Paul's, it may be fortunate that the slow influx of funds affords time for deliberation. The only mosaic as yet put up beneath the dome is, save in its material, a miserable failure. The forms want decision, force, and perspicuity, and the general composition is out of harmony with the adjacent architectural lines. We fear that our artists have need of thorough and long apprenticeship before they can be fellow-workers with the great architects of former days, whether Gothic or Italian. The restoration of the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, is a fair example of that thorough system of polychromy which antiquarian research and the revival of art-manufactures have enabled our architects to practise with tolerable success. Only a few years ago the numbers of such highly-wrought chromatic interiors to be found in Europe were comparatively few. La Sainte Chapelle, the Church of St. Catherine, which looks down on the town of Rouen, Giotto's Chapel, Padua, a small church at Palermo, the larger one of Monte Reale on the hill above, a well-known church at Subiaco, and the modern compilations in Munich, were about the only highly-coloured interiors we used formerly to know. England was all but destitute of such chromatic displays. Of late years, however, we have done much to supply the deficiency. Churches in London, at Wilton, Highnam, and Halifax, are enriched by costly materials, decorated by elaborate carving and pictorial ornamentation. In short, architects and auxiliary artists are finding a specific for the English dim and dismal climate, and at the same time the eye of the multitude is gradually becoming emancipated from the worship of whitewash. And so the absurd prejudice may at length be overthrown, that colour must necessarily militate against form, and that refinement of sentiment is compatible only with the light and shade to be got out of mere black and white.

We may here mention a beauteous example of mural decoration, the Marmor Homericum, designed and executed by Baron de Triqueti, in University College, London. The work, by its art merit, and the felicitous revival and adaptation which it displays of an ancient process, claims an extended notice which want of space alone

precludes us from giving. Among praiseworthy ecclesiastical decorations must also be noted the mural painting which Mr. Leighton has executed as a reredos to the Church of St. Michael, Lyndhurst. The process by which this picture has been executed is also at the present moment worthy of remark. It is neither the tempera used by the early painters on panel, nor the encaustic found in Pompeii, and of late practised with modification in Paris; nor the fresco of Italy, resorted to by Mr. Dyce and others at Westminster; nor the "Wasser Glas" of Kaulbach, now patronised by Maclise and Herbert. The medium adopted by Mr. Leighton, differing from either of these methods, has, for want of a better designation, been termed Mr. Gambier Parry's spirit fresco. An attentive examination of the present state of Mr. Leighton's picture leads us to think favourably of the process. Other methods used in the Houses of Parliament and elsewhere have either failed, or are beset by disabilities. This last experiment adds, to say the least, one more resource to the repertoire of the mural decorator. Time and repeated trial can alone determine which of the several competing mediums, ancient or modern, is the most facile and trustworthy. In the mean time our practice must be merely tentative.

We here wish to pay tribute to the zeal and ability displayed by a distinguished amateur in the completion of an arduous work. The pictorial decoration of the nave of Ely Cathedral has been brought to a close by Mr. Gambier Parry. The extended series of Biblical subjects designed for the nave-vault of that cathedral were commenced by the late Mr. Le Strange some seven years ago. On the decease of that devoted amateur, the Dean and Chapter requested Mr. Gambier Parry, the college friend of Le Strange, to complete the work. The labour involved was enormous. The ceiling is about 86 feet from the pavement; each of its twelve bays called for nearly 1000 square feet of painting, and the figures attain to the height of 9 or 10 feet. "The whole," writes Mr. Parry, "was executed (*in situ*) on deal boards nailed upon the rafters of the roof. It was a very awkward work to execute, lying on one's back in a painfully bad light, impeded by the scaffolding, and without possibility of one's getting a clear view of it at a fair distance, to judge of it in the various stages of its progress." The style of art adopted was that of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries enfranchised by the knowledge of the nineteenth; the material used is oil, modified by copal and gold size, and the surface has been coated with fine wax and resins. The subjects of the consecutive compositions commence with the Creation and end with the Lord in glory. We may add that the work, as left by Le Strange, wanted force, scale, and breadth—just the shortcomings which Michael Angelo discovered in the first essays to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine. It is said, however, that Mr. Gambier Parry has improved on the style of his predecessor; and we can testify that the pictorial compositions executed by Mr. Parry in the church he founded at Highnam, are not wanting in architectonic simplicity and power. At all events, it is a good sign of the times, a guarantee for the vitality of art, and a proof of the ardour of the laity in the service of religion, that two English gentlemen of rank and education should set apart their lives to the worthy enrichment of the house of God. The good days of old are verily for us again come round.

Art-education, upon which so materially depends the future art-development of our country, has received of late more than accustomed attention. The duty of teaching the rising generation, and of diffusing the knowledge of art among the people at large, has been

assumed by or delegated to diverse bodies. For example—1st, There is the Royal Academy; 2d, The Royal Institute of Architects; 3d, The Department of Science and Art; 4th, The Architectural Museum, by the means of prizes to art-workmen; 5th, The Society of Arts through a like system; 6th, may be added a certain Mutual Improvement Association connected with the Institute of Architects. Yet notwithstanding this sixfold apparatus for perfecting the art-education of professional men, and of the people, England remains behind most civilised nations in the knowledge of art. The reasons for this are not difficult to comprehend. The schools of the Royal Academy notoriously fall short of the needs and lawful demands of the nation. Government, as we have already urged, ought long ago to have subsidised the Academy for the adequate performance of a task for which no private society can reasonably be expected to possess adequate resources.

The Royal Academy failing in the performance of its assumed duty, especially as to the architectural profession, the Institute of Architects has of late made strenuous efforts to supply the admitted deficiency. A thorough curriculum of study has been framed, a scheme for voluntary examination started and tried, and prizes have been offered as incentives to the good work. The decisive developments which architecture has obtained within the last ten years, demand of its professors extended, not to say universal knowledge. An architect is now required not only to dig a foundation, build a wall, and turn an arch, but must direct with knowledge the carving of figures and foliage, the modelling of forms in iron and other materials, the design of coloured windows, and the painted decoration of walls. The Institute, therefore, naturally desires to establish classes or schools where the drawing of the human figure, and of animal forms, the modelling of foliage from nature, and even studies more general, and indeed purely literary and critical, shall be prosecuted.

A somewhat analogous movement to that we have chronicled within the profession of the architect has been made on behalf of the art-workman. In recent endeavours to revive the art-manufactures of the middle ages, the primal need has been felt for a well-trained body of artisans. Accordingly, both the Society of Arts and the Association connected with the Architectural Museum have offered to art-workmen, as incentives to excellence, prizes amounting in the aggregate to a considerable sum. The Society of Arts, for example, put forth a scheme fortified by no less than £666, to be distributed as rewards for industrial skill and art-proficiency. Yet so inadequate was the response that only sixty-one works were sent in, and of the £666 offered, the judges found themselves justified in awarding only £174. We cannot, as a comment, do better than repeat the question, yet unanswered, with which the Secretary of the Society of Arts concludes his report—"The question arises," says Mr. Le Neve Foster, "what are the causes which have led to this state of things, and can any steps be taken by which a larger number of competitors can be secured?"

The same difficulty ever recurs how to bring art-education home to the classes by whom it is most needed. The Government schools expressly instituted for the artisan, have too often been perverted into mere seminaries for teaching young ladies flower-painting. Great indeed have been the obstacles and discouragements thrown in the way of private gentlemen, who, in the course of the education of the lower classes, consent to serve in schools of art as presidents, secretaries, and committee-men. It must be confessed, indeed, that these

schools, both financially and for appreciable results on the manufactures of the country, are still upon their trial. Thus the review of the art-education of the country reveals much activity without adequate reward. The architect and the artist are still left to pick up knowledge by the wayside; the upper classes in our universities continue in an ignorance reflected each session by both Houses of the Legislature; and the lower ranks, wanting guiding principles, prefer to work by the rule of thumb. Yet at least we may say that the earnest efforts made indicate not only a want, but a determination to supply the need; and we cannot but believe that the measures now taken to perfect and diffuse art-education in this country will be pushed on till a successful issue is gained.

The time has arrived when the wise administration of all matters relating to art has become little short of a national necessity. The moment is urgent and opportune. The National Gallery demands reconstruction. The Royal Academy is on the point of reorganisation, and requires to be better housed. The National Portrait Gallery of Westminster also is in need of new and extended quarters. In like manner the British Museum has swollen beyond its boundary-walls, and additional buildings must be provided somewhere to house its vast and still growing collections. Furthermore the art-monarchy at South Kensington is least of all likely to stand still in the midst of surrounding and competing developments. It is time, then, that these matters be taken seriously in hand, that affairs which concern so nearly the pleasure and the culture of our people should be allowed no longer to drift at chance into confusion. It is time, we say, that these weighty questions, touching the distribution, organisation, and administration of public institutions, should be placed in competent and responsible hands. It was understood that the late Government inclined to the new creation of a Minister of Art. There are reasons why such an appointment would come better from the present Administration. A Radical Government gives its first thought to trade and the suffrage; it is tacitly pledged to pander to passion, and measures which touch merely the intellects and tastes of the people, being beside the mark, have to bide their time. The Conservatives have never taught that the cardinal virtues are packed in a ballot-box, or that progress is best secured by ever-nearer approximation to universal suffrage; and so, happily, they can devote calmer thought to those intellectual appliances by which a people is made wiser and better. Since the time of Lord Bacon, the arts and the sciences have been deemed by statesmen not the instruments of party or passion, but the sober and legitimate means by which a nation may secure progress and power. In the possibility of peace, and the abatement, too, of political strife, we think a little more thought and even money might be accorded to the arts, which have too long been starved or held in abeyance. Not only are our national museums allowed to fall into confusion, but our public monuments wear an aspect which to the eyes of foreigners proclaim our disgrace. We submit, then, in the face of these crying evils, and considering all other plans have failed, that a Minister of Art should be appointed, that a national tribunal or Council of Taste should be constituted, that all questions which touch public monuments, street statues, and the administration of art-institutions, should fall under an expressly constituted Art Department. Whether the newly-appointed Minister of Art should change with the political Government, whether this director and representative should necessarily have a seat in Parliament, whether

the deliberative council should be nominated by the Crown, the Academy, or otherwise, are matters of detail which demand serious consideration. The position we lay down is simply this, that the state of affairs has become intolerably bad, and that the scheme which we, in common with others who have realised the gravity of the situation, propose, at least merits a fair trial. We conceive that a minister chosen for his knowledge of art, supported by a council of men of proved experience, if not absolutely infallible, would do much to save the nation from grave errors hitherto committed.

THE NILE.

"Suppose you get to the great lake, what will you do with it? If you find that the large river does flow from it, what then—what's the good of it?" Such were the questions addressed to Mr. Baker by one of the most intelligent savages whom he met on his toilsome journey; and he does not hesitate to confess that at certain moments the inquiry recurred to his own mind with a certain force. Such a doubt, however, was but the offspring of unusual misery or depression. And now the journey is accomplished, the fatigue forgotten, the misery over, and the result remains. Three Englishmen have penetrated into the unknown wilds where the great river had been lost from the earliest memory of man. Between them they have—not rectified the map, but made it. New tribes and undiscovered countries have sprung up, as it were, under their feet. In despite of all difficulty and danger, of discouragement and disease and weakness, not to speak of the disgust both of body and mind which is inevitable to such a journey, Speke, Grant, and Baker have pursued their great object to the end, and have won from unwilling nature her long hoarded secret. Henceforward scepticism itself can no longer throw a doubt upon the ascertained fact. The Nile has been forced out of darkness and mystery into daylight and the records of science. It has been traced up to those sources which are untraceable—to the dews and rains and mountain cataracts which feed its two vast mother-lakes; let us hope that other and higher results still remain to follow. In the mean time the first great fact is established and certain, and there can no longer be any doubt about the sources of the Nile.

In ordinary enterprises it is but too usual to find that enthusiasts pursuing the same object are apt to entertain considerable jealousy of each other, and to give but a lukewarm approbation to each other's discoveries; but either the men in this case have been exceptionally generous and high-minded, or the distance, the darkness, and dangers of Africa have quickened in them the brotherly sentiment. He who laboured with such steady perseverance towards the great end—who was the first to penetrate these savage wildernesses, and whose scientific instinct, if such a word is permissible, foresaw and suggested, with what has proved to be complete accuracy, even that part of the discovery which it was not his to make—Speke, who went through his labours so simply and hardily, who devoted himself to his one object with such concentration of force and will, was not the man to feel any grudge against

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'The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile.' By Samuel White Baker. London: Macmillan & Co.

the daring adventurer who has completed and confirmed his discovery. And though we believe Speke to be pre-eminently and without question the hero of Africa, we hail his gallant successor and follower as he himself would have hailed him, had that inscrutable Providence, whose motives and ways of working are beyond our knowledge, permitted him to meet the third great African explorer on his return to his native land. Alas! one cannot but think, on going over once more a similar tale of difficulty and danger, how trifling in comparison with those hideous perils was the hazard common to every untravelled gentleman, which wound up, with an inconceivable and terrible simplicity, at which all England wept and shivered, that life which had surmounted so many dangers!

There are circumstances in Mr. Baker's journey which give to it a quite special and individual attraction, independent even of its great object. Notwithstanding the great and almost universal interest which this object has awakened in England, there are still people existing who are not excited about the sources of the Nile. But a journey of such a desperate kind, calling forth as it did all the highest qualities of humanity—patience, courage, and endurance, and an amount of moral as well as physical strength which are seldom to be found, yet shared throughout its heaviest fatigues and worst dangers by a lady, young and fair and delicately nurtured, is something in which the most ungeographical reader must be interested. Mr Baker was accompanied, seconded, encouraged, and upheld by his wife, whose feminine presence moves through these volumes, not only with the gentleness and softness attributed to all women, but bright of wit and sound of judgment, womanfully wise, womanfully vivacious, patient and steady, and brave as the brave man whose helpmate she was. Mrs. Baker does not say a syllable in her own person, nor is there any demonstration made of the remarkable part she played, nor any commiseration demanded for her sufferings, or applause for her unexampled achievement. She is there in the most natural simple way by her husband's side, no encumbrance, but the safest and surest counsellor, and most ready aid in all emergencies; and no one, we are sure, will read this book without turning with admiration and interest to the fair thoughtful face on the frontispiece—the face of the farthest-travelled woman in England, who is at the same time no woman-adventurer, but occupying her natural position, a traveller's wife. "Should anything offend the sensitive mind, and suggest the unfitness of the situation for a woman's presence, I must beseech my fair readers to reflect, that the pilgrim's wife followed him, weary and footsore, through all his difficulties, led not by choice, but by devotion; and that in times of misery and sickness her tender care saved his life and prospered the expedition," says the traveller himself, fitly, yet unnecessarily. For neither man nor woman could venture to comment upon the presence of a woman who makes no fuss about anything she is obliged to see, and who stands there in her natural place and office. We could wish no better wish for all English pilgrims of the kind than such a bright, ready, and faithful companion to mitigate the horrors of the way.

Mr Baker commenced his expedition in 1861, when Speke and Grant were still in Africa, and when, indeed, it seemed possible that he might meet and succour them on the way.

"I had not the presumption," he says, "to publish my intentions, as the sources of the Nile had hitherto defied all explorers; but I had inwardly determined to accomplish this difficult task or to die in the attempt. From my youth up I had been inured to hardship and endurance in wild sports in

tropical climates; and when I gazed upon the map of Africa I had a wild hope, mingled with humility, that even as the insignificant worm bores through the hardest oak, I might, by perseverance, reach the heart of Africa."

His qualifications for this enterprise were, however, far from insignificant. He had on his side "a somewhat tough constitution, perfect independence, a long experience in savage life, and both time and means, which I intended to devote to the object without limit." Thus armed, and further fortified by the companionship of his wife, he started from Cairo in April 1861. Having penetrated as far as Berber, he began to perceive that a knowledge of Arabic was indispensable to him; and, resolving to put to profit the time which he must spend in acquiring this knowledge, he passed an entire year in exploring "the affluents to the Nile from the Abyssinian range of mountains," studying the new tongue all the while. Exactly a year after, he found himself at Khartoom, having accomplished both his objects. The story of this preliminary journey is not told, but is reserved for another occasion. It satisfied him, however, as to the cause of the annual inundation which is the life of Egypt, and left him comparatively free to follow his original inquiry to its hard but triumphant conclusion. At Khartoom he hired his servants and set his expedition in order. This was an affair of no ordinary trouble. He required "forty-five armed men as escort, and forty men as sailors, which, with servants, raised the party to ninety-six." The first part of the journey—the voyage to Gondokoro—was estimated as an affair of fifty days; but as the boatmen had to return, provisions for four months were carried with them. Twenty-one donkeys, four horses and four camels, 400 bushels of corn (part of this being intended for the party of Speke and Grant, should they be met with), and all the dead weight of beads, brass wire, and other heavy sundries which constitute the currency in Africa, made up the cargo. All this was stowed into three vessels, one of them being a decked boat or diahbiah, with comfortable cabins, in which the travellers themselves set out, at least, like gentle-folks and Christians. Everything had been prepared with the greatest care and nicety. The animals, which, it was hoped, would render the party independent of porters, were fitted with saddle and pad and pack, made under Mr. Baker's personal superintendence. The men intended for the escort were clothed in uniform, and armed with double-barrelled guns. With "English flags fluttering gaily on the masts, amidst the shouting of farewells and the rattling of musketry," the party made its final start. In short, it was the very luxury of exploration — utter savagery, mystery, and the unknown before them, yet with the comforts and even elegancies of civilisation still at their command—a comfortable boat for the river, good horses for the land-journey, some really devoted servants, and a crowd of apparently dutiful attendants, bound by all the sureties with which it is possible to secure Africans. There is something affecting, and at the same time exhilarating, in the contrast between this start and the utterly denuded condition in which the two heroic travellers emerged, ragged, worn, fever-stricken, and exhausted, out of the wilderness which had swallowed up their cattle and baggage, and wild guards and savage wealth, but had not overcome their personal courage, vigour, and fortitude—qualities by which, and by which alone, their success was won.

The voyage to Gondokoro was a cheerless commencement of the journey. During the first few days the travellers managed to extract a little amusement out of their mishaps. One of the attendant boats, which was perpetually getting into trouble,

was named the "Clumsy," and her misfortunes diversified the monotony. But soon dire *ennui* and weariness took possession of their souls. Here is a description of the scenes through which, for more than six weeks, they crept along, with no further break than that conveyed by here and there a group of miserable, naked, and, in some cases, starving savages on the bank:—

"A dead calm the greater part of the day, the river fringed with mimosa forest. . . . . The trees are about eighteen inches in diameter, and thirty-five feet high: being in full foliage, their appearance from a distance is good, but on a closer approach the forest proves to be a desolate swamp, completely overflowed; a mass of fallen dead trees protruding from the stagnant waters, a solitary crane perched here and there upon the rotten boughs; floating water-plants, massed together, and forming green floating islands, anchored generally among the sunken trunks and branches, sometimes slowly descending with the sluggish stream, bearing spectre-like storks thus voyaging on nature's rafts from lands unknown. It is a fever-stricken wilderness, the current not exceeding a quarter of a mile an hour, the water coloured like an English horse-pond—a heaven for mosquitoes, and a damp hell for men."

There is an energy about the last expressive and original epithet which betrays the liveliness of feelings not yet broken in to endurance. As the voyage proceeds, Mr. Baker's expressions become still stronger. "I never either saw or heard of so disgusting a country," he exclaims farther on; and he describes the interesting aborigines with vigour as "disgusting, ash-smeared, stark-naked brutes." But the real troubles of the party only began at Gondokoro, which is a station of the ivory-traders, the farthest point to which the Nile is navigable below the Cataracts. Here the escort, upon whom the safety of the party depended, the forty-five men in uniform, began to show symptoms of mutiny. They had little more than arrived when insubordination first showed itself. It was, however, put a stop to for the moment by the energy and promptitude of both travellers—Mrs. Baker, who was already ill with fever, having sprung up on hearing the row, and hastened, "very pluckily," as he says, to her husband's side. All these details, however, were forgotten in the interest of an event which took place immediately after. A party of ivory-traders for whose arrival Mr. Baker was waiting reached Gondokoro.

"My men rushed madly to my boat with the report that two white men were with them, who had come from the sea. Could they be Speke and Grant? Off I ran, and soon met them in reality. Hurrah for Old England! They had come from the Victoria N'yanza, from which the Nile springs. The mystery of ages was solved."

So says the magnanimous traveller, though he confesses that his delight was mingled with disappointment. This was the secret which he had come to seek, for which he had just fitted out his costly expedition, and made so many preparations. He thought nothing better than that his own enterprise was forestalled, and that all he could do was to turn back again, or else face the dangers of the desert wantonly for mere danger's sake. His hope had been to meet them while still in the wilds, to associate himself with their great enterprise, and carry them help. And no doubt there was a certain pang even in the joy of the meeting. When, however, the disappointed man magnanimously and "with all my heart" congratulated them upon their achievement, the successful travellers as magnanimously responded. They told him of the imperfection of their own exploration, and of the laurels that still remained to be won; and, with "characteristic candour and generosity," gave him a map of their route. What was wanting to the completion of their discovery was, to state it briefly, as follows:—They had traced the Nile from the

Victoria Lake to the Karuma Falls, in lat. 2° 17′, up to which point it had been flowing northward. Beyond these falls it turned to the west; but the travellers were unable to follow it, nor could they again give any positive account of the river until they came up with it in N. lat. 8° 32′, when they found it flowing from the south-west. Between these two points a river has room to play many pranks, or even to transform itself altogether. All that the natives could furnish of information on the subject Speke had collected. According to their report he had figured his river as flowing on over some great fall or falls, until it reached and entered another lake, called by his savage informants the Luta N'zigé, from which it immediately flowed forth again a little further to the west, becoming there navigable, and at last pronouncing itself, free of all lakes and interruptions, the unquestionable Nile. This, however, though founded upon reason and evidence, each of the most convincing kind, was not backed, as a scientific fact must be, by actual sight and proof. Exploration of this portion of territory was impossible at the moment; and it is very possible that Speke, though attaching great importance to it, did not see the full importance of this second lake, which plays a more momentous part in the story of the Nile than even his own Victoria N'yanza. But he foresaw with certainty the question, Why did not you go there? asked by people who probably would have thought the most expedient plan was to hand over Kamrasi, and his opponents, who were in the way, to the police to be moved on; and he was anxious that the ground should be thoroughly examined, and his map corrected and verified. This point of research he committed frankly into Mr. Baker's hands, with a generous willingness to share the glory, which adds another ray to his own fame. He gave his map, and not only the map, but careful instructions, to the new adventurer, warning him, in a way which proved most useful to him, of various dangers in his path. This generosity is well repaid by Baker, who, notwithstanding a natural partiality for his own lake, as the great source from which the whole Nile in its integrity finally flows forth, yet takes scrupulous care never to undervalue the importance of his neighbour's lake—the rival reservoir which to all appearance claims to be the original of all. But we anticipate a result which was still frightfully far off, separated by a world of toil and suffering and endurance from that exciting encounter on the banks at Gondokoro, where the heroes returning confided to the new candidate for fame his share of the enterprise. There is something primitive and grand in the situation altogether. The travellers going home with their discovery—one of them "in honourable rags," the other worn to the bone and muscle—coming back, almost to their own surprise with their lives, out of a desert more savage than any imagination had conceived,—and the traveller, well equipped and luxuriously supplied, who burned to do as much, whose heart sank with fear lest all had been accomplished, and leaped with exultation to find that there was still a warrant and excuse for him to risk his life in the same wilds. None of the three men are addicted to poetry, nor would any glowing description from them be in keeping with their simple manhood and unadorned English straightforwardness. Yet the scene is eminently poetical and striking.

And here we may be permitted to indicate the one great point of difference between the first discoverer and his successors—Speke groped his way through the darkness, unguided except by what we have ventured to call a scientific instinct. Baker, on the contrary, is like a man sailing with a compass; he had his course given him, as the captain

of the London gave their course to the seamen in the boat. His discovery is his own, and he is worthy of all the credit; yet, without this guidance, it is a discovery that might never have been made.

Speke and Grant remained for several days with their newly-found friends; but the whole party was anxious to start—the homeward-bound sick for home, and the others eager to plunge into the desert. "Our hearts were too full to say more than a short 'God bless you!'" says Baker, when they parted. His own enterprise, which up to that time had naturally been vague to a certain extent, had now become distinct and determined. His mission was to see what the Nile did with itself between lat. 2° 17′ and lat. N. 3° 32′—to discover the Lake N'zigé, into which it took the trouble to enter merely to go out again, and thus to clear up all remaining doubt as to its origin. So clear an indication of what was to be done was of course invaluable to him, and all that he had now to do was to make his way as straight as it was possible to go to the banks of the lake. But to know exactly where you want to go to, though a great help at all times, is not in Africa so prompt a means of getting there as it is in other regions. After this meeting with his brother-explorers, the interest changes all at once out of a geographical into a human interest. The reader forgets the sources of the Nile, and sees only a brave Englishman, and not less brave woman, in the midst of a horde of heartless and faithless savages, and of semi-savages, whose touch of civilisation had but intensified their treachery and cruel propensities. Gondokoro was entirely devoted to the trade in ivory—a trade which is but the mask and auxiliary of a darker traffic, the trade in slaves. And the Englishman, who forbade pillage of every description, who would have no slaves, and who had no visible motive to justify to the savage mind such a journey, began to appear to them in the light of a most formidable enemy—a spy who would report their iniquities, and bring just punishment upon them. From this moment the chief object of everybody around him was to defeat his purpose and prevent his journey. The very trader who had escorted Speke and Grant to Gondokoro, and who to all appearance had dealt honestly and even faithfully by them, was the first to plot against the success and even the life of their successor. With this man Baker made a bargain of mutual succour and assistance. The Turk undertook to furnish fifty porters to convey the traveller's effects—by way of sparing his cattle—to the station of Faloro, at a distance of twelve days' journey, where, by Speke's advice, he meant to establish a sort of head-quarters; while the traveller, on his side, agreed to further the trader in his search for ivory, and to make him a handsome present. All was settled to the apparent satisfaction of all parties. But while the bargain was being made, the suspicious villains were plotting secretly a very different termination. Mr. Baker's own men, who had always been mutinous, were discovered to have entered into a conspiracy to abandon, rob, and even kill him. A stirring scene ensued, in which the traveller, supported by his dauntless wife, one faithful negro, and a devoted boy, confronted fifteen armed mutineers, and so far cowed them that they gave up their arms and received each his discharge. At the same moment, the trader, whose party he had settled to accompany, went off, leaving him in the lurch. He would have followed in desperation with his one faithful man and boy, but the rogue who had thus broken faith sent word that if he followed he would be fired upon, as no English spies were to be tolerated in the country. Such was the end of this first attempt at a start.

After this came a maze of dis-

heartening negotiations. A wild plan of leaving almost everything behind, mounting the two faithful servants on dromedaries, and making a dash through the country, was given up as impracticable. Then proposals were made to another trader, himself friendly, whose party would not consent to the arrangement. Abandoned by his men, and rejected by everybody who could assist him, the traveller was thus at a standstill; and his thoughts were far from exhilarating, as may be supposed.

"After Koorshid's departure we sat silently for some minutes, both my wife and I occupied with the same thoughts. No expedition had ever been more carefully planned; everything had been well arranged to secure success. My transport animals were in good condition; their saddles and pads had been made under my own inspection; my arms, ammunitions, and supplies were abundant, and I was ready to march at five minutes' notice to any part of Africa; but the expedition, so costly and carefully organised, was completely ruined by the very people whom I had engaged to protect it. They had not only deserted, but they had conspired to murder. There was no law in these wild regions but brute force; human life was of no value; murder was a pastime, as the murderer could escape all punishment. We were utterly helpless; the whole of the people against us, and openly threatening. For myself, personally, I had no anxiety, but the fact of Mrs. Baker being with me was my greatest care. I dared not think of her position in the event of my death amongst such savages as those around her. These thoughts were shared by her, but she, knowing that I had resolved to succeed, never once hinted an advice to retreat."

It is unnecessary to add anything to the simple effectiveness of this scene, which, in its way, possesses an interest of a much deeper and more absorbing character than any scientific discovery, as human creatures holding their own against discouragement and danger transcend every other object of interest known of man. Finally, by dint of threats, the vakeel, or chief of the remaining mutineers, was induced to collect seventeen of them together as a last resource. With these rascals —who consented to go on condition that the route should be changed—for their sole guards—perfectly aware of a conspiracy existing among them to abandon, if not to kill, the Englishman at a certain point in the journey, but trusting to Providence and their own skill and courage to free them from the danger—the forlorn but dauntless couple at length set forth. The party of Ibrahim, which they had wished to join, but which was openly hostile to themselves and their mission, had just started before them, leaving an insolent message in case Baker dared to follow. He had neither a guide nor an interpreter; no native of any description had been permitted to join him; his cattle were overloaded, his men sullen and disappointed. The only members of his party in whom he could place the slightest dependence were his man Richarn and the boy Saat. Yet they started with a resolution which no odds could overmaster, and went off after sunset in the dark, guiding themselves desperately by the aid of a neighbouring mountain, more friendly than the wretched races which aped humanity at its feet. This was how the actual enterprise was begun.

It is easy to imagine the troubles that followed. Baker's party passed the Turks who had started before them after a few hours' journey, and were threatened with vengeance if they ventured to encamp near them. It then became a matter of the utmost moment that they should penetrate through a certain valley of Ellyria before the trader's party. Accordingly the travellers pushed on at as rapid a rate as was consistent with the sulky and disorderly spirit of the men. Fortune favored them so far that two natives, ill-treated and abused by the Turks, escaped and joined them, thus securing guides. Mr. Baker and his brave wife, well

mounted, and with faculties strung to the highest strain, led the way. Upon their own coolness, courage, and judgment, depended not only the success of the expedition, but their lives. After three or four days' trying, but not unsuccessful march, they reached at length the confines of Ellyria. The two pilgrims were considerably in advance of their party, and with anxious hearts sat down to wait. They were in great anxiety about their future progress, which must be decided one way or other in this place, yet congratulated themselves on having "checkmated the brutal Turks." At length they heard the sound of voices, and the tramp of men, and looked out eagerly for their people. It is not difficult to imagine what were their feelings when there suddenly emerged from the ravine not their own party, but the Turks—the enemies whom they had just congratulated themselves on having outmarched!

There were a hundred and forty of them, backed by twice as many natives, the porters of their merchandise. All this savage unfriendly array defiled before the Englishman and his wife, who sat beneath the shelter of a tree watching them in quiet despair. Last of all came the leader of the party, Ibrahim—a man with whom Baker had held, through his vakeel, several fruitless negotiations.

"The fate of the expedition was at this critical moment retrieved by Mrs. Baker. She implored me to call to him, to insist upon a personal explanation, and to offer him some presents in the event of establishing amicable relations. I could not condescend to address the sullen scoundrel. He was in the act of passing us, and success depended upon that instant. Mrs. Baker herself called him—for the moment he made no reply; but upon my repeating the call in a loud key he turned his donkey towards us and dismounted. I ordered him to sit down as his men were ahead of us, and we were alone."

The result of this conference was, that Ibrahim, upon whom both husband and wife put forth at this critical moment all their eloquence, yielded to such unusual supplicants. After all his enmity and resistance, he seemed, on the whole, to have given in with little difficulty; and we cannot help feeling that Mr. Baker's description of him, as combining the "good features and bad qualities" of the Turk and Arab from whom he had sprung, and of having an "atrocious countenance," must have been coloured by the disgust and indignation of the moment. As it was, however, the man was won, and Mr. Baker magnanimously gives his wife "the entire credit of the *ruse*." Let this be a warning to all future travellers not only to take their wives with them, but, what is still more important, take their wives' advice.* Instead of being an encumbrance to the expedition, it is her woman's wit and practical superiority to all nonsense, such as pride or wounded *amour propre*, that turn the scale at this most critical point. There were still plenty of hardships and miseries to be undergone, but the ban of impossibility was at once taken off the journey. Ibrahim succeeded without much difficulty in winning over his party, and henceforward the advance was made in the company of this regiment of marauders—bad company, yet better than none. After this piece of good fortune the march progressed not unpleasantly, with episodes of sport, and an occasional little outbreak of the suppressed mutiny which still smouldered among the seventeen men of Baker's personal retinue, to prevent the prosperity of their progress from becoming monotonous. The mutiny came to a head, and was finally crushed, at the spot fixed upon by the mutineers before commencing their journey for the abandonment of their master. Fortunately for him

* Our contributor must be a gentleman under a very fine state of domestic discipline

the miserable rogues had not even force enough to carry out their own conspiracy. Their ringleader, Belial—Belial, we presume, a most appropriate name—did, however, what a savage and untutored villain could do to confront his cool and scientific master:—

"Pretending not to notice Belläal, who was now, as I expected, once more the ringleader, for the third time I ordered the men to rise immediately and load the camels. Not a man moved; but the fellow Belläal marched up to me, and, looked me straight in the face, dashed the butt end of his gun in defiance on the ground, and led the mutiny. 'Not a man shall go with you! Go where you like with Ibrahim, but we won't follow you, nor move a step farther; the men shall not load the camels; you may employ the "niggers" to do it, but not us.' I looked at this mutinous rascal for a moment. This was the burst of the conspiracy, and the threats and insolence that I had been forced to pass over for the sake of the expedition all rushed before me. 'Lay down your gun,' I thundered, 'and load the camels.' 'I won't,' was his reply. 'Then stop here!' I answered, at the same time lashing out as quick as lightning with my right hand upon his jaw. He rolled over in a heap, his gun flying some yards from his hands, and the late ringleader lay apparently insensible among the luggage, while several of his friends ran to him and did the good Samaritan. Following upon the moment the advantage I had gained by establishing a panic, I seized my rifle and rushed into the midst of the wavering men, catching one by the throat and then another, and dragging them to the camels, which I insisted upon their immediately loading. All except three, who attended to the ruined ringleader, immediately obeyed. Richarn and Sali both shouted to them to hurry; and the rakeel arriving at this moment, and seeing how matters stood, himself assisted and urged the men to obey. . . So ended the famous conspiracy that had been reported to me by both Saat and Richarn before we left Gondokoro; and so much for the threat of 'firing simultaneously at me, and deserting my wife in the jungle.' In those savage countries success frequently depends upon one particular moment: you may lose or win according to your action at that critical instant."

Mr. Baker does not add, as, however, his readers will infallibly do, that everything depends upon the character of the man who dominates the situation. A man who knew so well not only how to use his gun but his fist—who was himself devoted to the maddest project that ever savage mind had heard of, yet who treated their most dangerous hostility like the assault of a set of children, and who was not to be daunted nor turned back whatever the sons of Belial might do—must have been the most bewildering problem to the African intelligence. He had at length put an end to this first and most serious difficulty. Belläal and his three followers deserted; but the remnant, consisting of thirteen men out of forty-five, which was left, henceforward followed with tolerable faithfulness and unquestionable awe the fortunes of their daring leader. "Inshallah, the vultures shall pick their bones!" he declares himself to have exclaimed, melodramatically, when he heard of this last desertion; but even though he smiles at himself for his vehemence, Mr. Baker does not seem to dislike the idea that his prophecy was fulfilled, and that all his deserters came to grief thereafter—a fact which made the profoundest impression upon those who remained.

When he had thus at once and finally settled his difficulties with his own followers, others began to rise in his way. One of the most troublesome of these was the long delay to which he was subjected, and the unsufferable conduct of the companions to whom fortune had bound him —conduct unsufferable not only to himself but to the unhappy tribe among whom they traded, and which now and then brought on a crisis of public indignation in the Latooka or other savage mind, and threatened to involve the innocent with the guilty. But, on the other side, a great deal of fine sport was to be had, which, to a sportsman so devoted, must have been a considerable set-off. The first halting-place was the town

of Tarrangollé, in the Latooka country, a little more than a hundred miles from Gondokoro, where the party seems to have been detained about six weeks, and where sports, continual quarrels between the Turks and natives, the costume and customs of the race, and reflections upon negro character in general, seem to have been Mr. Baker's occupation. Here he made acquaintance with Commoro, a materialistic chief, whom it would be well to keep out of the way of any missionary bishop of impressionable intelligence like Dr. Colenso. Commoro was a materialist in the fullest sense of the word. It was as impossible to convey to him any idea of the immortality of the soul as it was to explain to him why the traveller was putting himself to so much trouble to understand the connection between the Nile and the Luta N'zigé; and yet the savage was shrewd and acute in his darkness, as the following conversation will show:—

"*Commoro.*—Existence after death? How can that be? Can a dead man get out of his grave unless we dig him out?

"Do you think man is like a beast that dies and is ended?

"*Commoro.*—Certainly; an ox is stronger than a man, but he dies, and his bones last longer—they are bigger. A man's bones break quickly—they are weak.

"Is not a man superior in sense to an ox? Has he not a mind to direct his actions?

"*Commoro*—Some men are not so clever as an ox. Men must sow corn to obtain food, but the ox and wild animals obtain it without sowing.

"Do you not know that there is a spirit within you more than flesh? Do you not dream and wander to distant places in your sleep, nevertheless your body rests in one spot? How do you account for this?

"*Commoro* (laughing).—Well, how do *you* account for it? It is a thing I cannot understand—it occurs to me every night.

. . . . . .

"Then you believe in nothing—neither in a good nor evil spirit; and you believe that when you die it will be the end of body and spirit—that you are like other animals, and that there is no distinction between man and beast—both disappear and end in death?

"*Commoro.*—Of course they do.

"Do you see no difference in good and bad actions?

"*Commoro.*—Yes; there are good and bad in men and beasts.

"Do you think that a good man and a bad man must share the same fate, and alike die and end?

"*Commoro.*—Yes; what else can they do? How can they help dying? Good and bad all die.

"Their bodies perish, but their spirits remain—the good in happiness, the bad in misery. If you have no belief in a future state, *why should a man be good!* Why should he not be bad if he can prosper by wickedness?

"*Commoro.*—Most people are bad; if they are strong they take from the weak. The good people are all weak; they are good because they are not strong enough to be bad."

"I was obliged to change the subject of conversation," says Mr. Baker, finally. Perhaps a philosophical reader might not find the traveller's grand crowning argument, which he puts in italics, so very much more elevated than the original suggestion of his antagonist, that goodness means weakness; but no doubt a more lofty plea would have fallen equally dead upon the curiously-shrewd yet obtuse mind of the savage. Commoro had a pretty sister-in-law who visited the travellers, and suggested a ready means of increasing Mrs. Baker's personal attractions. If she would extract her four front teeth from the lower jaw, and wear red ointment on her hair, and pierce her under lip, placing in it "the long polished crystal about the size of a drawing-pencil, which is the thing in the Latooka country," Madame Bokke thought her visitor would be much improved. These encounters, with a little elephant and antelope shooting, and an unlimited destruction of wild ducks and geese of new and ornamental varieties, were the only points of relief in the monotony. And as

the rascally Turks insulted and ill-treated everybody whom they dared to ill-treat and insult, an agreeable excitement was kept up by the possibility any moment of a general attack of the exasperated Latooka, which would naturally involve the innocent traveller along with his villanous companions. Many and bitter were Mr Baker's reflections on the mutiny and desertion of his men, which "had reduced a well-armed expedition to a mere remnant, dependent upon the company of a band of robbers for the means of advancing through the country." "It was a continual trial," he adds, "of temper and wounded pride;" but, galling as it was, it had to be borne, as, without the protection afforded him by these disreputable allies, progress of any kind, and even existence, would have been impossible.

An excursion to Obbo, a little further on, added another chief to the acquaintance of Mr. Baker and the world—a much more amusing if not so reasonable a companion as the sceptical Commoro. This old fellow, whose name was Katchiba, was not only the temporal but spiritual sovereign of his tribe. It was he who gave them rain, and dispensed curses and blessings—all at a reasonable charge in goats and corn. Without his benediction nobody dreamt of starting upon any enterprise whatsoever, and health and sickness were in his powerful hands. It is true that now and then, when the promised rain was slow of coming, or when it came too plentifully, his Highness's position was ticklish for the moment; but such crises could always be tided over by wit and wiles. And he reigned over a not ungrateful people. They gave him corn and cattle and merissa (beer), and also their prettiest daughters, so that his establishment was on the most liberal scale. Each village in his territory was governed by one of his sons—the number of his children altogether being 116! And to crown his virtues, he was (almost) disinterestedly civil to the strangers, and commended himself so entirely to their confidence that Baker had the courage to leave his wife in his charge—a trust of which he acquitted himself in the most faithful and honourable way. For this and many other kindnesses the traveller at a later period recompensed the honest old sorcerer in the following characteristic way:—

"One day, hearing a great noise of voices and blowing of horns in the direction of Katchiba's residence, I sent to inquire the cause. The old chief himself appeared very angry and excited. He said that his people were very bad; that they had been making a great noise and finding fault with him because he had not supplied them with a few showers, as they wanted to sow their crop of tullaboon. There had been no rain for about a fortnight. 'Well,' I replied, 'you are the rain-maker; why don't you give your people rain?' 'Give my people rain!' said Katchiba; 'I give them rain if they don't give me goats! You don't know my people. If I am fool enough to give them rain before they give me goats, they would let me starve! No, no; let them wait—if they don't bring me supplies of corn, goats, fowls, yams, merissa, and all that I require, not one drop of rain shall ever fall again in Obbo! Impudent brutes are my people! Do you know, they have positively threatened to kill me unless I bring the rain! They shan't have a drop. I will wither the crops and bring a plague upon their flocks. I'll teach these rascals to insult me!' With all this bluster I saw that old Katchiba was in a great dilemma, and that he would give anything for a shower. . . . He suddenly altered his tone, and asked, 'Have you any rain in your country?' I replied that we had, every now and then. 'How do you bring it? are you a rainmaker?' I told him that no one believed in rainmakers in my country, but that we understood how to bottle lightning (meaning electricity). 'I don't keep mine in bottles, but I have a houseful of thunder and lightning,' he most coolly replied; 'but if you can bottle lightning, you must understand rainmaking. What do you think of the weather to-day?' I immediately saw the drift of the cunning old Katchiba—he wanted professional advice. I

replied that he must know all about it; as he was a regular rainmaker. 'Of course I do,' he answered; 'but I want to know what *you* think of it.' 'Well,' I said, 'I don't think we shall have any steady rain, but I think we may have a heavy shower in about four days' (I said this as I had observed fleecy clouds gathering daily in the afternoon). 'Just my opinion,' said Katchiba, delighted; 'in four or perhaps in five days I intend to give them one shower—just one shower. Yes, I'll just step down to them now and tell the rascals, that if they will bring me some goats by this evening, and some corn to-morrow morning, I will give them in four or five days just one shower.' To give effect to his declaration he gave several toots on his magic whistle. 'Do you use whistles in your country?' inquired Katchiba. I only replied by giving so shrill and deafening a whistle on my fingers that Katchiba stopped his ears, and relapsing into a smile of admiration, he took a glance at the sky from the doorway to see if any sudden effect had been produced. 'Whistle again,' he said; and once more I performed like the whistle of a locomotive. 'That will do, we shall have it,' said the cunning old rainmaker; and, proud of having so knowingly obtained 'counsel's opinion' on his case, he toddled off to his impatient subjects.

"In a few days a sudden storm of rain and violent thunder added to Katchiba's renown, and after the shower horns were blowing and nogaras beating in honour of the chief. *Entre nous*, my whistle was considered infallible."

At Obbo, however, where, after the pleasant excursion at first described, the travellers were dragged by their uncomfortable companions to live through the horrors of the rainy season instead of being allowed to remain in the Latooka town, where they had established themselves in a kind of rude comfort, they were detained many months. All their animals, horses, camels, and donkeys, died one after the other. The violent rains surrounded them with such rank vegetation that shooting was impossible; and as Mr. Baker's rifle supplied them with the most important part of their daily fare, this was no small privation. For some part of the time they were reduced to live upon tullaboon, "a small bitter grain used instead of corn by the natives"—they were exhausted by fever—their quinine failed—their strength was worn out, and the only prospect before them was that of continuing their journey on foot. They had been drawn entirely out of their contemplated course at starting by the perversity of their escort, and now were bound to the course adopted by the traders, whose companionship was necessary to their safety; and their only hope of attaining their desired end was by moving Ibrahim to continue his ivory hunt into "Kamrasi's country," a point much beyond the ordinary limit of the traders, and full of uncertainty. At the same time, there were encouraging circumstances to keep up their spirits. The few men who remained with them were thoroughly cowed and under discipline. And the party of Turks, though not sufficiently under the sway of the traveller to refrain from extortion and violence, had still acquired a habit of looking up to him, and seeking his help, which gave him great influence among them. And Ibrahim was by no means deaf to his persuasive voice. The worst was, that the traveller himself, overpowered by fever, "weak, and almost useless, and weighed down by anxiety lest I might die and my wife be left alone," had scarcely energy left to keep his mastery of the situation. He was not, however, the kind of man to give in or die at so extremely inconvenient a moment; and the next thing we hear of him after this expression of discouragement is an elephant-hunt, or rather the skilful stalking of an elephant—a mild pastime of convalescence. He brings down the brute with a discharge from the formidable "Baby,"* a rifle which

* This endearing title was "short" for the name *Juma el Mootfah*, child of a cannon, conferred upon this charming little weapon by the Arabs, who regarded

on a former occasion, he declares himself rather afraid of, and which it took two natives to fire; after which achievement he goes home to his hut, and has another attack of fever. This lasted until the beginning of January. They had started from Gondokoro in the previous March, and the two dates alone are sufficient to convey a stronger impression of the tedium and misery and loss of time involved than any description. They started finally from Obbo in the beginning of January, leaving everything except the merest necessaries behind, and mounted on oxen, which they had been so fortunate as to secure in place of the horses. But their troubles were to increase with every step of their onward way. Ere they had gone far the Obbo porters deserted, and the last lingering relics of comfort—"our last few pounds of rice and coffee, and even the great sponging bath, that emblem of civilisation that had been clung to even when the tent was left behind," had to be finally abandoned. Thus they pushed their way on to the Karuma Falls—the spot at which Speke had lost sight of the Nile, and where in reality the work of the explorer as a scientific agent began.

Here, however, new difficulties arose. The wily and cowardly Kamrasi, in whose kingdom lay the whole territory which it was necessary to explore, raised up continual difficulties in their path. In the first place, his people were afraid to receive them, and only when a world of tedious and alarming preliminaries had been gone through — when Baker had been carefully examined by some deserters from Speke's party, and pronounced to be, without doubt, "Speke's own brother,"—was he admitted to the rigidly guarded realm; but even then in the most vexatious way, separated from his party and subject to every kind of aggravating condition. At last, under promise of being actually conducted to his town and court, they were landed upon a dismal flat level with the river, and on the opposite side from the capital of this difficult potentate. The spot was a perfect nest of fever, and both travellers were all but helpless with sickness, yet in the midst of this Mr. Baker had to combat and negotiate with Kamrasi, who came to visit him—to apportion the presents he had brought, and to guard the few remaining possessions, such as watch, rifle, &c., which the hungry savage coveted—to sustain the drooping spirits of his own men, and keep Ibrahim, who began to falter at the dangers of the position, up to the mark. At the same time he was informed that the Luta N'zigé, the object of his pilgrimage, was a six months' journey from the miserable spot where he lay half-dead contending with his enemies! This was a lie, but he had no means of proving it to be such, and all the remaining porters deserted at the intelligence. Here is a sketch of the circumstances of the valiant pair at this crisis of their fate:—

"It rained in torrents, and our hut became so damp from the absorption of the marsh soil that my feet sank in the muddy floor. I had fever daily at about 3 P.M., and lay perfectly helpless for five or six hours until the attack passed off; this reduced me to extreme weakness. My wife suffered quite as acutely. . . . All my porters have deserted, having heard that the lake is so far distant. I have not one man left to carry my luggage."

Once more, however, things began to mend; Ibrahim, the trader, made an alliance with Kamrasi, by which means the noble king's support was at length gained for the traveller, and all

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it with natural awe. It carried a half-pound percussion shell, with a charge of ten drachms of powder; and "the recoil was so terrific," says Mr. Baker, "that I was spun round like a weathercock in a hurricane."

seemed clear for the final journey. After he had obtained everything that pertinacious begging could procure—almost everything, in short, of which Mr. Baker was possessed, except the rifle and watch, which were necessities of existence, Kamrasi finally engaged to forward him to the lake, where he was to be furnished with canoes, by means of which he could explore the entrance and exit of the Nile, after which he was to be forwarded by the Nile itself to the point nearest Shooa, a station at which he had already passed some time.

This would not only have cleared the geographical problem thoroughly, and set the disputed question for ever at rest, but would have forwarded Baker in the promptest way on his homeward route, Shooa lying about midway between Kamrasi's territory and the Latooka country, with which he was now familiar, and where he had friends. Before, however, this beautiful arrangement could be put to the test of fact, the following tragi-comic scene took place:—

"I now requested Kamrasi to allow us to take leave, as we had not an hour to lose. In the coolest manner he replied, 'I will send you to the lake and Shooa as I have promised, but *you must leave your wife with me!*'

"At that moment we were surrounded by a great number of natives, and my suspicions of treachery at having been led over the Kafoor river appeared confirmed by this insolent demand. If this were to be the end of the expedition, I resolved that it should be also the end of Kamrasi, and drawing my revolver quietly, I held it within two feet of his chest, and, looking at him with undisguised contempt, I told him that if I touched the trigger not one of his men could save him, and that if he dared to repeat the insult I would shoot him on the spot. At the same time I explained to him that in my country such insolence would entail bloodshed, and that I looked upon him as an ignorant ox who knew no better, and that this excuse alone could save him. My wife, naturally indignant, had risen from her seat, and maddened with the excitement of the moment, she made him a little speech in Arabic — not a word of which he understood — with a countenance almost as amiable as the head of Medusa. Altogether the *mise en scène* utterly astonished him; the woman Bacheeta, though savage, had appropriated the insult to her mistress, and she also fearlessly let fly at Kamrasi, translating as nearly as she could the complimentary address that 'Medusa' had just delivered. Whether this little *coup de théâtre* had so impressed Kamrasi with British female independence that he wished to be off his bargain, I cannot say, but with an air of complete astonishment he said, 'Don't be angry. I had no intention of offending you by asking for your wife; I will give you a wife if you want one, and I thought you might have no objection to give me yours: it is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you might exchange. Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like it there's an end of it. I will never mention it again.'"

Amusing as this incident is to read, it must have been anything but amusing to the startled strangers; and it is evident that Mrs. Baker's nerves, hitherto unshaken, did not soon get the better of the shock, since we find her still anxious and alarmed when they had proceeded a considerable way on the journey, distrusting the diabolical escort which Kamrasi had accorded to them, and fearing that some attack might be intended. A more real danger, however, awaited the brave and devoted wife. When crossing a marsh she was suddenly struck by a sun-stroke, and had to be dragged "like a corpse" to the land, where "she lay perfectly insensible, as though dead, with teeth and hands firmly clenched, and her eyes open, but fixed." At this point the miseries of the journey came to their climax. Nothing could be more touching than Mr. Baker's simple account of the miserable days and nights that followed. All the poor expedients of relief that were possible failed; to remain stationary was useless and impracticable. So the motionless figure was placed in a litter, and carried mournfully through marsh and forest.

"I was ill and broken-hearted, and I followed by her side through the long day's march over wild parklands and streams, with thick forests and deep marshy bottoms, over undulating hills, and through valleys of tall papyrus rushes, which, as we brushed through them on our melancholy way, waved over the litter like the black plumes of a hearse. We halted at a village, and again the night was passed in watching. I was wet and coated with mud from the swampy marsh, and shivered with ague; but the cold within was greater than all. No change had taken place; she had never moved. I had plenty of fat, and I made four balls of about half a pound, each of which would burn for three hours. A piece of broken water-jar formed a lamp, several pieces of rag serving as wicks. So in solitude the still calm night passed away, as I sat by her side and watched. In the drawn and distorted features that lay before me I could hardly trace the same face that for years had been my comfort through all the difficulties and dangers of my path. Was she to die? Was so terrible a sacrifice to be the result of my selfish exile?

"Again the night passed away. Once more the march. Though weak and ill, and for two nights without a moment's sleep, I felt no fatigue, but mechanically followed by the side of the litter as if in a dream. The same wild country, diversified with marsh and forest. Again we halted. The night came, and I sat by her side in a miserable hut, with the feeble lamp flickering, while she lay as in death. She had never moved a muscle since she fell. My people slept; I was alone, and no sound broke the stillness of the night. My ears ached at the utter silence, till the sudden wild cry of a hyena made me shudder. . . . I had passed the night in replacing wet cloths upon her head and moistening her lips as she lay apparently lifeless on her litter. I could do nothing more; in solitude and abject misery in that dark hour, in a country of savage heathens, thousands of miles away from a Christian land, I beseeched an aid above all human, trusting alone to Him.

"The morning broke: my lamp had just burned out, and, cramped with the night's watching, I rose from my low seat, and seeing that she lay in the same unaltered state, I went to the door of the hut to breathe one gasp of the fresh morning air. I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words 'thank God,' faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she had awoke from her torpor, and, with a heart overflowing, I went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness. She spoke, but the brain was gone. I will not inflict a description of the terrible trial of seven days of brain fever, with its attendant horrors. The rain poured in torrents, and day after day we were forced to travel for want of provisions, not being able to remain in one position. . . . For seven nights I had not slept, and, although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening; she had been in violent convulsions successively—it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut, covered her with a Scotch plaid, and I fell upon my mat insensible—worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pickaxe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave. The sun had risen when I woke. I had slept, and, horrified, as the idea flashed upon me, that she must be dead, and that I had not been with her, I started up. She lay upon her bed pale as marble, and with that calm serenity that the features assume when the cares of life no longer act upon the mind, and the body rests in death. The dreadful thought bowed me down; but as I gazed upon her in fear, her chest gently heaved, not with the convulsive throbs of fever, but naturally. She was asleep; and when, at a sudden noise, she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear. She was saved! When not a ray of hope remained, God alone knows what helped us. The gratitude of that moment I will not attempt to describe."

If our readers have followed like ourselves the course of this wonderful journey with a sense rather of human interest than scientific zeal, they will feel like us that the climax of the book is here attained. After we are once assured of the safety of this precious little woman, our minds are very easy about the Luta N'zigé. The opening of her eyes excites us more than the white gleam on the horizon, and the rush of longed-for waters which marks the real end of the pilgrimage. Asking pardon of the Geographical Society and Sir Roderick Murchi-

son, and even Mr. Baker himself, we humbly own that such is the case—and it is not our fault. Our traveller does not pretend to any literary gift; but there are few possessors of that doubtful quality who could have moved our sympathies so deeply, or set before us, with all the aids of imagination, a scene so touching. And, then, as the children say, *it is all true*, and this wonderful deliverance is no stretch of fancy, but was actually accorded at a moment when help and hope were gone. When we have dried our eyes and composed our feelings, we come back to the recollection of our duty. The pilgrims themselves scarcely made so long a pause. Three days after this sudden rescue from the blackness of despair they reached the goal they had sought so steadily, and stood, weak but victorious, on the shores of the great reservoir of nature through which has flowed for ages the mysterious Nile. Here, as a contrast and pendant to the last scene of profound human emotion, is the narrative of the triumphant crown of all those toils:—

"The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after my guide, who, having been promised a double-handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear; and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water; a boundless sea-horizon on the south and south-west glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7000 feet above its level. It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment; here was the reward for all our labour—for the years of temerity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honour of the discovery, but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea, lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources through so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. . . . The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo; my wife, in extreme weakness, tottered down the path supporting herself on my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces.* After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach. I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile."

Here ends, so far, the dramatic and heroic narrative. The scientific portion now remains to be set forth. Mr. Baker proceeds to give proof of his assertion, that "here was the great basin of the Nile that received every drop of water, from the passing shower to the roaring mountain-torrent that drained from Central Africa to the north." On examination he found the lake to be "a vast depression far below the general level of the country, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and bounded on the west and north-west by great ranges of mountains from five to seven thousand feet above the level of its waters." Down some of these mountain-sides he could distinguish with a power-

* This apparently was at the utmost only four days after the crisis of Mrs. Baker's brain fever.

ful telescope thin lines of white, denoting the existence of mighty cataracts bringing the contributions of the west to the central reservoir. The Victoria Lake discovered by Speke sent also its more distinct and important contribution to the same great waters; and from its position it was evident that the mountain-ranges which fed the Victoria Lake from their eastern slopes must, from the west and north, pour their accumulations into the newly-discovered receptacle, upon which, in the first moment of enthusiasm, the discoverer had conferred the name of Albert — the second, yet, at the same time, since death made it sacred, the first name in England. The Albert Lake thus, according to Mr. Baker's conclusion, receives everything which there is to receive, and, pouring forth its riches in one sole stream from its northern extremity, becomes the final parent of the Nile. The Victoria Lake shares this great parentage by pouring into the general reservoir its most distinct and important tributary. The Victoria Nile flows into the lake so near to the spot whence the other flows out, that it requires but a small stretch of imagination to identify the incoming and outgoing stream as one river. And yet it is evident that all the waters of the Albert Lake, and all the tributary streams that pour down its mountain boundaries, have an equal share in the great *fait accompli* — the mighty, composite stream which is destined, without any further break or interruption, to make its silent way across all the wilds of Africa to the distant sea. This conclusion seems very clear and satisfactory. Mr. Baker describes very minutely the geographical position of the Albert Lake, which is unquestionably fed by multitudes of tributaries coming from all sides, all of which contribute something to the great wayfarer which issues out of it alone and unaccompanied — the Nile of the Cataracts and inundations, the great river of Egypt. Our trio of African travellers have thus pursued the mysterious stream up, as we have already said, to the rains and mountain torrents which are untraceable; or at least to the grand reservoirs in which those stray waters are collected. These two great inland seas, thus linked in an eternal marriage, have lain for unknown ages among their inaccessible mountains, sending forth their joint life into the world in their great offspring. There is a kind of Titanic fatherhood and motherhood in their position which is worthy of the giant child. No river known to man has so magnificent a parentage, as none has so long and so largely exercised its office of beneficence to man.

All that now remained was to make sure by actual vision that the Nile went out of the lake where it was said to go out, and that the Victoria Nile came in where it was said to come in. It had been settled with Kamrasi that, after exploring the embouchure of the Victoria Nile, the travellers were to be conveyed down the navigable part of the great Nile itself as far as the Cataracts. This, however, the native boatmen, here as shifty and undependable as everywhere else, positively refused to do; but they did not object to forward the expedition so far as it was practicable to go up the Victoria Nile. The question accordingly remained, which of the two was to be chosen? Mr. Baker's own desire was to proceed with his own men down the Nile, abandoning the canoes and all other impediments as soon as they reached the Cataracts, and pushing on to Gondokoro, which was only a seven days' march from thence by land. By this means they might reckon on reaching Gondokoro in time for the boats to Khartoom, which was so much the more important, since a very trifling detention might make them too late, and

involve an additional year in Africa, a prospect at which the travellers naturally shuddered. But in case this course was adopted, the exploration of the Victoria Nile would have to be abandoned. With so strong a personal inducement going one way, science and our pilgrims' fastidious sense of honour pointed to the other. He had promised Speke to explore *his* branch of the river; and besides, on the face of it, the incoming of the Victoria stream was by no means so evident and indisputable as the outgoing of the Nile. The latter could be traced from the heights at Magungo, flowing as far as the eye could reach through the flat country to the north, marked by bright lines of green reeds; whereas what was called the embouchure of the Victoria Nile looked like nothing more than an arm of the lake, without the slightest appearance of current—a channel of dead calm water lost in rank vegetation, which it was impossible to imagine could be the vigorous river which rushed westward from the Karuma Falls. It was hard to make the decision in such a case, but yet it was not difficult to predict which would carry the day. And Mr. Baker had a counsellor by him whose device, like his own, was "thorough." "I proposed it to my wife," he writes, "who not only voted, in her state of abject weakness, to complete the river to Karuma, but wished, if possible, to return and follow the Nile from the lake down to Gondokoro!" This valiant proposal was, however, unnecessary, the Nile being as fully and evidently visible as sight and sense could make it; and the heroic travellers accordingly addressed themselves to the clearing up of the only doubtful point which now remained.

For three days they paddled up the feverish flood in the same deadly tranquillity, without the smallest appearance of current. The condition in which they undertook the solving of this last difficulty shows it to have been an unparalleled effort. Baker himself on the first night's halt had to be "carried on a litter, perfectly unconscious, to a village, attended carefully by my poor sick wife, who, herself half dead, followed me on foot through the marshes in pitch darkness, and watched over me till the morning." At daybreak both had to be carried back to the boats. On the third day the fever-stricken traveller was "struck by the fact that the little green water-plants, like floating cabbages, were certainly, though very slowly, moving to the west." From that moment their efforts were rewarded by seeing the strength of the current gradually increase, until on the following day all doubt was removed by the sound, and finally the sight of a great waterfall, which came plunging down upon them "in one leap of about 120 feet," vindicating the Victoria Nile from all doubts. By this last discovery Speke's supposition was verified almost in the most minute details. He had concluded, from the difference between the river-level at Karuma Falls and that of the Nile at Gebel Kookoo in the Madi country, where he finally came up with it, that there must be somewhere a fall of about 1000 feet, which he concluded must occur ere the Victoria Nile entered the Albert Lake. Baker's observations proved that the fall, which was formed, not by one, but a succession of cataracts, reached 1275 feet. Thus the last scientific link in the chain was verified, and the discovery in all its integrity and completeness secured, once for all, to the world.

Here the exploration came to an end. It had been pursued with unequalled bravery and in the face of extraordinary difficulties. It was accomplished in the most forlorn weakness, misery, and almost destitution. But it was accomplished; and now all that the pilgrims had to do was to get home. The words sound easy and pleasant; but when one is in

the depths of Africa, half dead with fever, deprived of every necessary of existence, and dependent on the precarious and mercenary aid of a set of heartless savages, the meaning of words becomes strangely modified. How they did get home at last, through privations still more horrible, and detentions that took the very hearts out of their breasts, and at the cost of the additional year in Africa which they had so much dreaded, our readers must ascertain from the narrative of the journey. Our space will not permit us to go further, except to notice in a few words some of the practical conclusions and suggestions of Mr. Baker, and his opinions concerning the African race, which, whether we agree in them or not, cannot but be worthy the consideration of all interested in so important a subject.

In the first place, his conviction is that no enterprise of civilisation, from the first and holiest work of the missionary to the less elevated but still beneficent influences of honest trade, can have any success in Africa until the curse of the country, the slave trade, is made an end of. It is at present maintained in the cruelest shape by the traders, who, under pretence of seeking ivory, take possession, as did Mr. Baker's companions, of a district, ally themselves with here and there a chief, and by making razzias upon the helpless villages against which their savage ally may happen to have a grudge, or with which they can themselves pick a quarrel, secure long trains of helpless creatures, women and children, whom, with barbarities which chill one's blood to hear of, they drag to the coast. Any representation made to the Egyptian Government with a view of stopping this horrible traffic Mr. Baker thinks utterly useless. "Egypt is in favour of slavery; thus any demonstration made against the slave trade by the Government of that country will be simply a *pro forma* movement to blind the European powers." His theory of effectual repression is as follows:—

"Stop the White Nile trade; prohibit the departure of any vessels from Khartoom for the south, and let the Egyptian Government grant a concession to a company for the White Nile, subject to certain conditions, and to a special supervision. There are already four steamers at Khartoom. Establish a post of 200 men at Gondokoro; an equal number below the Shilluh tribe in 13° latitude; and, with two steamers cruising on the river, not a slave could descend the White Nile."

In such a case, he concludes that honest trade could enter Africa, especially after his discovery that above the Cataracts the Nile is navigable up to the Albert Lake. The distance from Gondokoro to the highest cataract is only seven days' march; so that, with the interval of this insignificant land journey, merchandise could by good organisation be conveyed into the very depths of the continent by water. Speke's suggestion was that a steamer should be built in Madi, above the Cataracts, by which means, but for that seven days' tedious toil through marsh and forest, trade, steam, and Manchester prints might go all the way to Unyoro and Waganda, and a score of anonymous regions not inhabited by "disgusting naked brutes," but by decorous savages, "well put on," in robes of bark and skins, which the travellers have no doubt they would gladly exchange for the fabrics of civilisation.

"Beyond this commencement of honest trade I cannot offer a suggestion," says Mr. Baker, "as no produce of the country except ivory could afford the expense of transport to Europe. *If* Africa is to be civilised, it must be effected by commerce, which once established will open the way for missionary labour; but all ideas of commerce, improvement, and the advancement of the African race that philanthropy could suggest, must be discarded until the traffic in slaves shall have ceased to exist."

This view of the subject, how-

ever, is not connected in Mr. Baker's mind with any idea of common "flesh and blood," or the manhood and brotherhood of the negro. It is evidently his conviction that the African is, as he says, one of "the vestiges of what existed in a pre-Adamite creation." His continent is unique in its primitive geological construction, and shows no traces of ever having been submerged, or subject to the great volcanic convulsions which can be traced on all other portions of the earth's surface; and that he is himself the representative of an older race is a conclusion not without plausibility. On this point Mr. Baker advances no formal theory; but he evidently leans to the opinion that the singular savage of whom he has seen more than almost any other civilised man living—the creature so wildly gay, so thoughtlessly cruel, so servile yet by times so faithful, so destitute of social ties and family affections, and so meaningless in this serious world—is the offspring of a more ancient mysterious race, dating from those nameless ages in which the mastodon and mammoth held our places, and before God in his divine retirement had decided to make man in His own image. This question is too vast to be discussed at the end of a review of travel. It is one which many good people might even think it impious to discuss at all; yet it certainly is deserving, especially at the present moment, when the negro is one of the standing difficulties most troublesome to the world, of the fullest and most careful investigation. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Baker, like every one else who has had real experience of the negro, considers our English system of placing him on our own level, and governing him as if he were an English peasant, as equally foolish and deplorable.

One of the strongest arguments which perhaps could be found against his theory lies in the sketches of character he has himself given us. Making due allowance for the necessary differences, we could all lay our hands without much difficulty upon several pawky old rascals like Katchiba, or even on such a shrewd and bluntly-avowed materialist as Commoro; while his two faithful servants, Saat and Richarn, might bear favourable comparison with many members of our privileged race.

Into this subject, however, we cannot further enter. The enterprise has been well and nobly done, and Science fully satisfied, without, most happily, any harm to the pair of pilgrims whose devotion cost them so many sufferings. And if, as Mr. Baker says, any good is ever to come to Africa, it must undoubtedly be through the interest excited, and the public energy stimulated, by such noble exertions as his own.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XXV.

"WAR NOTES" FROM ITALY.

July 2.—Looking out through my window, across which a clustering vine has so audaciously stretched itself that I have to catch glimpses through the leaves, I see beneath me a little cleft, too wide to be called a gorge, too narrow for a valley, teeming with all the richness of Italian verdure. The silvery olive and the broad-leaved fig, the vine, the apricot, the mulberry, and, scenting the air far and near, a verbena, large as a forest tree, scarlet clover or yellow corn covering the earth, and actually hiding a little rivulet whose whereabouts is only known by its rippling song; beyond these flows the Arno, and beyond that again are the Apennines; a broad blue cloudless sky is overhead, and the air twinkles with the cicala, and seems to vibrate with all that insect life that makes Italy seem so charged with vitality.

It is all very beautiful, very enjoyable; there is even a luxurious ecstasy to be felt in the fulness with which colour and perfume, form, outline, and odour, combine to make a scene of transcendent loveliness. Here is all that a dreamy indolence could ask or wish for. It is the sort of world which Adam might have sojourned in before his fall—a world so steeped with tranquil bliss that it seems to intensify the delicious sense of drowsiness that steals over one, and makes one neither want for book nor companion. Life alone is enough in such a spot; nor does it seem inglorious to be satisfied with the blessings which are thus so prodigally scattered around you.

I was thinking in this wise, and asking myself by what amount of daily toil a man might compass an existence after this fashion? how little that could be called labour would suffice for it, and how easily could he provide for the wants of a life so simple and unpretending! Why, the very sum squandered over a contested election would buy years of such a life. The wager a man makes out of complaisance to the friend who took him down to Ascot would pay for six months of it! And does one really want more? or, in other words, is the life with more requirements a better thing than this small existence of little ways and little ambitions? And if not, why is it that so few are found to cut in at "the cheap rubber," and play the game of life for small stakes?

I say I was canvassing this question with myself when my servant came hurriedly in with the first bulletin from the war—ay, from the war! for yonder, over that large mountain, and beyond the peak of that other mountain behind it, there is War—really War—at this moment. There is a King there leading on his men to battle, just because he cannot or will not accept life on small conditions, and cannot feel satisfied if his realm be not greater and his sway wider than his father bequeathed to him. It is not my inclination to inquire what justice or what right the Italians have in this struggle; perhaps, if the issue had to be argued in a court of law, they would cut but a sorry figure. At least I feel full sure it would not be easy to dispossess a man of his estate, and make the broad acres one's own, on such documents and pleas as Italy now sues Austria *in re* Venetia. But we must take the world as we

find it, and it is not always a world of prudence or even legality, else people would not run off with wards in Chancery, or borrow money at eighty per cent; and nations, whatever we may say, cannot be expected to be wiser than the particles that compose them. The best thing the Italians can say in support of their claim is, that if it be complied with, the world will be the more contented in future, and a long reign of peace will prevail over Europe. The argument has no small potency when addressed to a generation that really asks for quietness, and begs for time to make money and enjoy it.

The enthusiasm of the nation is not to be questioned. You may disparage it; you may not trust it; you may hold it as cheaply as you will, but it is there—so much there is no denying; and the people who are willing to fight for their convictions, ay, and more still, to pay taxes for them, are not to be despised. The conscription was never very popular in Italy—why should it? Nor was paying money to the public treasury one of those pastimes Italians loved; and yet are they ready now to accept enlistment and taxation, not merely without complaint, but freely and willingly.

A great cause too—or what they deem a great cause—has done more to cement the nation, to unite class to class, and conciliate the prejudices of the masses, than years of successful trade and money-getting. Mazzinism has a hard nut to crack in this readiness of the man of birth, station, and fortune, to take his chance in the ranks with the humblest peasant on his estate. Here are Fraternity and Equality far more palpable and more real than ever Democracy preached. What can Theory suggest equal to such Practice as this?

And be it remembered this is no amateur soldiering—no military junketing down to Brighton by rail for a day of battalion drill and unlimited bitter beer. This movement means fighting—and fighting one of the finest and bravest armies of Europe.

Give these men all their due; they were not, like the people of northern blood, inured to labour and fatigue; they had no special addiction to field sports or that love of perilous adventure which in our own country sustains the race through years of inglorious peace; they were loungers and men of pleasure, leading lives of enervation instead of exertion, and steeped in a sort of apathy—the consequence of the insignificant part their nation was condemned to in the great questions of Europe.

It is no small thing, believe me, when men thus trained and taught turn out to face the daily hardships and sufferings of a campaign. There must be that which touches a nation to the quick to stimulate to this heroism. *They* at least must have faith in the goodness of their cause. It is no mockery of patriotism could carry men so far.

Austria never took a fair measure of this people. It is not easy, indeed, to judge of those who are held in subjection, but the Empire gave the Italians credit for everything but courage. In all that correspondence between Prince Metternich and the Governor of Milan, where national traits were fully discussed, and their bearing on political events canvassed, the craft and subtlety of the Italian is dwelt upon, his false faith exposed, and his general levity cited; but not once is any apprehension expressed that from such a people could come resistance, or that a race so indolent and self-indulgent would ever risk the chances of a struggle. The relations of master and servant are little favourable to mutual knowledge; and the conditions of dominance and submission have the same imperfection. It was strange to hear from Italian officers who had been made prisoners in the last war in Lombardy acknowledg-

ments of the kind treatment and generosity they met from their captors. The admissions were made with all the frankness of astonishment; and they owned that, until they had experienced, they could not have believed in the hearty good-nature and kindliness of those whom their prejudices had taught them to regard as little better than barbarians.

The Austrians, too, began to see that Italians could fight, and fight too with that quality of courage, steady, unflinching, and persistent, for which they had not credited them. These lessons were learned by each in a stern school; but it was no small thing that they were learned at all, nor until they had been learned could there have been any well-grounded hope for that mutual respect and deference, without which, nations no more than individuals, can continue to live in intercourse. War is a fierce schoolmaster, it is true, but, like the thunder-storm, it can dispel noxious vapours and a loaded atmosphere with a speed and certainty that balmier breezes would have failed in.

I am convinced that the vexed question between Italy and Austria could have been resolved long ago, if it were not for that lingering contempt for Italy which clung to the minds of Austrian statesmen like a tradition, and which France, with the Machiavelism of her ruler, fostered and encouraged. There was a double policy to be carried out: first of all, to teach Europe, through the example of Italy, that all changes on the Continent could only be effected through French intervention; and, secondly, that on no conditions, nor by any concurrence of events, should Austria and Italy be allowed to become allies. It was by the distrust he had created amongst Continental nations, and the disruption of all the ties that once bound them, that this man had established his supremacy in Europe, and made France submit to be bullied at home, on the condition that she was to be feared abroad.

I am told that English sympathy for Italy has cooled in consequence of her alliance with Prussia; and probably this was to be expected. It would not be easy to wish well to M. Bismark. He has contrived to invest his cause with everything that must revolt an honest mind or an upright intelligence; but, like a disreputable speculator, success may save him. We have got the commercial spirit into politics, and if he can declare "a good dividend" he may defy his critics.

Italy accepted him for want of better. In the turmoil of an election contest, the candidate is not called on to inquire into the character of the roughs who smash the opposition windows and wreck their committee-rooms. For such work one cannot employ archdeacons and minor canons. Italy was only too glad to find any one who had a grudge against her own enemy, and *we* certainly ought not to be too captious with her: we once made allies of red men, and supplied them with scalping-knives of a Sheffield pattern.

That Italian journals endeavour to descry a justice in the Prussian cause, or affect to see in M. Bismark the apostle of liberty, is simply ridiculous. One might as well call Calcraft a comparative anatomist. Take him as your ally, because you want him—wish him every success against the common enemy—pray that he may annex Prague, and even Vienna, as he has done Hesse-Cassel and Dresden; but in the name of common sense and all decency don't say that you approve of him; and in the name of all reverence for the man you owe most to, do not, I beseech you, call him the German Cavour. As Cobbett said, this is like calling a bug a man's bedfellow.

The Italians have made a precious blunder in this attempt to bolster up a bad cause, and the only piece of good fortune that pertains

to their journalism is, that it is unread. They may talk their balderdash innocuously, for nobody listens.

A little honest newspaper-writing, dashed with even moderate ability, would just now render immense service within and without Italy's own frontier. The war has begun. At daybreak on the 24th June the first division of the first corps, consisting of two regiments of rifles, four of line infantry, and two batteries of artillery, crossed the Mincio to occupy a position between Valeggio and Castelnuovo; the intention being, it is said, to cut off the communication between Peschiera and Verona, and, isolating the former, attack and carry it.

The troops crossed in high spirits. They were to be supported by the second and third corps, led by the King in person, and their point of concentration was fixed upon. They marched in column, and advanced for above two hours without the shadow of resistance. The road led through a sandy arid country, with low hills covered with brushwood, and stunted pines at intervals skirting the way, and shutting out all view. The videttes who scoured these pronounced them all safe, and unoccupied by an enemy, when suddenly some advanced pickets galloped back in hot haste, and before they could even give their tidings, a tremendous fire of artillery opened on the column, and the Austrians riddled them with grape at half musket range. One of the first to fall badly wounded, was Cerale, the general in command; the Prince Amadeo, the second son of the King, was struck by a spent ball on the chest. The shock was terrible, nor was there space to deploy into line; and after a vigorous resistance, in which men and officers behaved admirably, nothing remained but to retire.

The second division, which had crossed the Mincio at Monzambano, arrived in time to arrest the onward movement of the Austrians, who continued to charge the now disordered first division, carrying a terrific slaughter into their broken ranks. The action soon became general, but with a great superiority of numbers—some say one-third—on the part of the Austrians. The Italians were certainly not well handled by their generals. The whole attack was foolhardy; the very idea of forcing a pass between such fortresses as Peschiera and Verona, so close together, was an exploit little short of madness; and the Austrians took the full benefit of the blunder by pouring forth all their troops from the fortresses, leaving scarcely a regiment for garrison. The result was a tremendous defeat; Villarey, an old general of Savoy, one of the faithful who had adhered to his King after he lost his country, fell, torn by a grape-shot; Durando, the general in chief of the first corps, was wounded; and, by the Austrian bulletin, they took two thousand prisoners and several guns. If the Italians were repulsed, however, in this their first *fait d'armes*, it cannot be said that they did not fight admirably. They were fourteen hours under fire, with a roasting sun overhead, after a brisk march at daybreak, and with deficient water for drinking, and yet the men bore up splendidly, and more than justified all the hopes that were formed of them. The Crown-Prince himself was everywhere where the fight was thickest, and actually galloped into Villafranca with twenty hussars; but, of course, being unsupported, could not maintain himself in the position. As for the King, on two several occasions he and his Staff were surrounded by the enemy's lancers, and his escape was all but miraculous.

There are defeats which are only short of successes, and such are those which test the valour of young troops, and prove that men, new to battle, can stand unflinchingly under fire, and when, with

their ranks torn by grape-shot, and cut up by cavalry, they are still obedient to discipline, ready to retreat or advance, and as much and as completely under command as on the parade-ground. The Italians showed that they were of this stamp, and it is a proud thing for the young army of a young nation to have earned such distinction.

No troops in Europe need feel shame at being beaten by Austrians in superior number. Whatever may have been the reverses of the Imperial armies in their contests with France, the best military critics have ascribed their defeats to defective leadership far more than to any inferiority in the troops themselves. It is indeed a magnificent army, and there is not a man on the Continent who better understands the chivalry of the soldier than the Austrian.

Nor are the Austrians very vainglorious over this day, which, in memory of a former victory, they have called the battle of Custozza. Nothing can be more modest than the Archduke's bulletin. He speaks of having repulsed the enemy, and taken so many guns and prisoners; nor is there one word throughout of offensive triumph, nor a syllable that ought to offend a brave enemy.

I am glad of this—glad of it for the sake of the Austrians themselves, who are a fine race; but gladder still because I am always looking to the time when Italy and Austria will become fast friends and allies, and know that the only real danger to the peace, the happiness, and the liberty of Europe, can come from grasping and intriguing France, and that the common enemy of the Continent is the man that rules her.

I am more reconciled to this war because I feel that both Italy and Austria will hold each other the higher when it is over. It would doubtless have been better if negotiation could have supplied the place of artillery—but *Diis aliter visum*—and we must accept the fate that is given us. Many think—not unreasonably perhaps — that her military honour saved, and the prestige of her power asserted, Austria will be willing to treat for Venice: all the more if she should need the full measure of her force against Prussia. I believe if there had been anything like statesmanship on either side, the issue would have been resolved pacifically long since. The men in power in both countries have been, however, the easy dupes of France, and all chance of a good understanding — everything that might have led to a *rapprochement* between them—has been studiously and craftily diverted from its object by the Cabinet of the Tuileries. The very war itself is the French Emperor's doing, and there is only one worse fatality impending—it is, that he should arrange the terms of the peace.

No matter what may be the changes and vicissitudes of a man's fortune, a great deal of his character will be formed by his first years of manhood. The start in life is sure to impress its stamp on the whole career. Now, Louis Napoleon graduated at twenty as a conspirator: he was a "Carbonaro," and something more. I wonder has he ever thoroughly become anything else! The members of the Camorra exist by exacting a blackmail from every art and industry around them. They first make themselves feared, and then make themselves salaried; and what, I would like to know, has been the Empire but a very grand Camorra? Look at Nice and Savoy? Mexico, to be sure, was a mistake; but then when he bullied America the Yankee had one hand tied. Now that he is free, the combat is politely and courteously declined.

What I dread most in the present war is a French intervention. From the moment that the Tuileries comes in, the whole contest changes its character. It is not the crash of two nationalities, nor the struggle

of rival armies—it becomes the game where craft and duplicity must beat loyalty and bravery, and the stakes must fall to the gambler with the marked card and the ace in his sleeve. Why has 'Punch' never pictured him as the croupier at Ems or Homburg, calling out, "Faites votre jeu, Messieurs," and sitting, "rake in hand," impassive and impenetrable, sure to win, no matter how the cards might turn?

Another telegram! The Hanoverian army capitulates for the ninth time! Why, Grisi's farewell benefits are nothing to this. The Prussians are losing patience, however; for whenever the Hanoverians negotiate, some of them are sure to run away. And now we have the news that Garibaldi is going to Munich. To Munich of all places! Why, I suspect there are not many Italians could point it out on the map; but supposing that he knows its whereabouts, what has he to do there when he reaches it? It reminds one of the triangular duel in one of Marryat's novels, where each man fired at somebody he had no quarrel with.

It will take a great deal of explanation and much beer to convince the Bavarians that these red-shirted patriots are coming to kill them; and as for the Bavarians themselves, I never think of them without remembering the saying of a gruff old English major as he saw some of their officers at a court ball. "I declare," said he, "I couldn't believe I was dead if I were to be killed by a fellow dressed in a suit of sky-blue and silver."

This is to-day the 2d of July, and since the attack of the 24th the Italians have not moved, except to concentrate their troops behind the Mincio, Cialdini having marched his corps from the Po to join the King at Cremona. Any moment may bring tidings of a new attack, which will be all the more difficult now since it is limited to the space directly in front of them. Meanwhile fresh troops are coming up every hour, the losses of the first division have been already repaired, and the spirit of the army is admirable. Whatever fortune may attend them on their next venture, they will fight well: of this there can be no doubt, and, thus believing, "Aspettiamo!"

July 16.—Since I wrote the above, something more than a fortnight has elapsed. While I read in the newspapers of the triumphant march of Prussia, events in Italy have made but little progress. My prediction—and prediction it was, as I wrote it and despatched it to England on the 2d of this month—that Austria would make proposals for the cession of Venice, has turned out correct. I own, however, that I had not anticipated the mode by which this concession has been conveyed. I had not taken a full measure of either the weakness or the malignity of the Imperial Cabinet.

The Italians see in this measure something more than insult to themselves; they see that Austria deliberately intended to sow discord between them and the Government of the Tuileries. A greater insult could scarcely be offered to a nation in arms than to throw the State for which they were ready to shed their blood contemptuously to a bystander, and, on the ground of a single success, declare, We care nothing for the prize; but we meant that the world should see you could not wrest it from us by force. That fact once established, we feel no longer an interest in the struggle. This, I say, was insult too gross for endurance; but the perfidy of the policy was fully as great. Why select the French Emperor as the arbiter of this quarrel? Why strengthen the insolent pretension he eternally puts forward to be regarded as the Destiny of Europe? Has Austria any reasons to love or be grateful to this man? Does she admire him—respect him? Does she trust him?

None of these; but she knew the sort of protectorate he affected to

exercise over Italy, and rightly calculated that such a temptation as Venice offered could not be resisted. By handing over Venetia to Louis Napoleon, Austria intended to place Italy in a dilemma of no small peril. She must either, by accepting the prize, detach herself from the Prussian alliance, or, by a refusal, incur the danger of rousing the anger of France.

And there was another motive, or at least I suspect another motive to have had its influence. Ceding Venice to France, Austria of course gave the province with its well-known and long-recognised boundaries; and France, in handing it over to Italy, could give no more than she got. But this is by no means the Italian programme. Italy aspires to the Italian rule, and Heaven knows what, of the Adriatic coast. These new-fangled rights of nationalities are somewhat elastic, and lead people, in times of success, to demands not exactly in accordance with justice or moderation. It is but a short time back, General Bixio spoke of Malta as a possession which Italy must hope to see one day annexed to the parent State. He claimed the whole of Istria and the Islands; it is but fair to him to add, that he never so much as alluded to Corsica.

If France, therefore, accepted Venetia from Austria, and handed it over to Italy, the Italians must either receive it with such limits as it was ceded, or continue the war to extend the frontier. What a difficulty is this? And would France permit Italy to play this part?

There is one thing evident throughout the whole of the transaction, and this is, that if the French Emperor meant well by Italy, he never would have accepted the Austrian proposition at all. First of all, no man knew better than himself the sentiment which animated the Italian people and engaged them in this war, and that it was fully as much to prove to Europe that they were equal to the task of defending their own nationality without aid from any, as for the absolute conquest of territory, that they went out to fight. He well knew all the bitterness and heartburning that would ensue if such hopes should be frustrated; he knew what jealousy and distrust it would produce, and in what a position of suspected faith and loyalty would any Government stand which should seem to step in between the nation and its fair ambitions, and appear to accomplish by a trick of statecraft what the people had determined to win by heroism and self-devotion.

He knew how deeply and sensitively the army would feel the slight on which Austria based her cession of Venice—"that enough had been done to vindicate the honour and assert the superiority of the Imperial army," and how bitterly these words would be repeated by them, who only longed for an opportunity to retrieve their first disaster, fully confident that they would avenge it.

And, lastly, he knew all the difficulty of the position of Italy with reference to Prussia, and how inevitably such embarrassments would throw her upon the counsels and support of France.

Austria foresaw all these troubles, and the French Emperor, with a craft which is his great talent, took a full measure of them, and in accepting this mediation he thoroughly understood how little of a peacemaker he was to prove. Up to this moment there was not the shadow of a pretext for his intervention in the war. The Prussians were marching on from victory to victory, with every likelihood that the crowning battle on the Danube would make them masters of Vienna, and dictators of their own peace.

Italy was repulsed, but not so defeated as to be discouraged—far from it; she only burned to meet

her enemy, and try once more the fortune of war. The nation expected much from the army, and the army were ready to justify that confidence at the cost of their blood. There was nothing here certainly that called for French interference. It was a struggle in which Louis Napoleon had no more pretension to appear than Queen Victoria.

Why, then, did he not refuse these Austrian advances, and at once declare, as he well knew, that nothing could less conduce to a firm or lasting peace than a spirit of wounded honour and baffled hopes?—that if Austria were willing to give up Venetia, the offer should be made frankly and openly to Italy herself? Why not counsel Austria to make this concession an element in the peace she sought with Prussia instead of an ingredient of discord? Simply because the old spirit of the conspirator was strong in him; he saw a glorious opportunity for trick, fraud, and deception, and he could not forego it.

The Prussian victories—successes beside which Magenta and Solferino appeared mere skirmishes—piqued his pride and wounded his vanity. The old theory was, the Austrians are the first soldiers of Europe, and we beat them. What was to become of this adage now that a nation had appeared in the battle-field stronger and greater in all the arts of war than anything since the great days of the First Empire, and in what regards weapons and equipment, far in advance of that period? Was not this a subject of anxiety to one who feels that his throne has no other support than the supposed supremacy of his military power? It was but the other day he dreaded the idea of a United Italy, with its twenty one or two millions. What has he now to think of a United Germany, under the guidance of such a power as Prussia, with forty millions at her back?

His calculations in this war were, Austria triumphant in the North, dictating terms of peace at Berlin, and such a discomfiture of the Italians as to justify French interference in the South, and the cession of Venice as the consequence. That Prussia should suddenly appear as the great power of Central Europe, was certainly little likely. It was well known how, during Cavour's life, Louis Napoleon's treatment of Italy was tinctured by the spite he felt towards a man who possessed every quality of his own mind in a higher degree. Beside the finer traits of Cavour's intelligence, the Emperor was a mere vulgar conspirator, and it was only when death removed the great statesman that Louis Napoleon renewed his relations with Turin. It may well be that he feels some of this old animosity now to Bismark, who, if not Cavour by genius, is more than Cavour by fortune and success. There is a sort of Brummagem Bonapartism too in Bismark that must nettle the original inventor. There is the same blending of insolence to the world, and mock deference to a public opinion, the same contempt for liberty, and pretended respect for individual right; and, lastly, the same full reliance upon ultimate success as an act of indemnity for all cruelty and all usurpation. The Emperor can scarcely like the man, but he cannot but be flattered by the homage of his imitation, and be pleased at the outrageous insolence with which he treats a Parliament, and bullies the men who imagine themselves representatives of the nation.

In his heart of hearts, too, if there be such a locality, he must envy the perfidy of the man who went out to rob with another, and quarrelled with him that he might carry off all the booty. Still, with all that, he is not an agreeable neighbour. What between these great victories, the immense revulsion of popular feeling in his favor, his personal audacity, his unbounded influence over the King, and the needle-gun—tak-

ing them all together, I repeat, he is not the man one wishes to have "next door."

It is said that he will not agree to an armistice, except on conditions which virtually establish Prussia in a position of supremacy over Germany, and exclude Austria now and for ever from all share in the councils of the nation. She may be Hungarian, Sclavic, Zecy, anything she likes, but German no more.

Prussia demands to have the command of all the land and sea forces of the Confederation, and to represent that body at all foreign courts! If these be conditions which Austria will find it hard to submit to, to France, or at least to the French Emperor, they will be positively unendurable.

I own that to many Italians these pretensions of Prussia savour of absolute weakness. "Troppo moderato" was the expression I heard uttered by more than one in a society of cultivated and sensible men, when the bulletin announcing these conditions was read aloud. I am not quite sure that it was exactly the impression they conveyed to my own mind; but narrowing my own view—as I confess I do—to the one point, that of the part France occupies, or is likely to occupy, in the "imbroglio," I scarcely regret to see Prussia take this high hand. The treaties of '15 were inoperative because they were made against France as a nation; all forgetting that the principles of the French Revolution had been already sown broadcast over Europe, and that the first adventurer who would assume to attach these principles to France, and make it appear that the "Great Nation" was the true apostle of human liberty, would not alone rally Frenchmen around him, but actually establish himself in a position of power to bully the world. Louis Napoleon has had the art to do this, and to persuade the most sensitive and quick-witted people of Europe that it is an excellent compact to be trampled on at home, if they be only a terror to all abroad.

A strong and united Germany on the east, and a powerful Italy on the south, never entered into the Imperial programme. His dream was a confederated Italy and a Germany made up of small states, animated with mutual rivalries and petty dislikes, over which French intrigue was to be dominant in times of peace, and French battalions to prevail in periods of war.

It was on Cialdini's march into the Romagna that the French Emperor withdrew his Minister from the Court of Turin, and declared that the full responsibility of whatever should follow must fall upon Cavour. I am curious to see if this second act of Cialdini's life will be marked by a similar demonstration. To-day is the 15th, and the telegram just tells me that the Italians have entered Vicenza—that is to say, they occupy the approaches to Venice from the side of the Quadrilateral, and may be in the city itself ere I can despatch these lines. Events march fast in these days, and the reports of them are so rapidly transmitted that he is a bold man who hazards a prediction which the very time of transmission may serve to contradict. I see, however, what warrants me to pronounce that Italy is not dismayed by the menace of French displeasure. She will have the "the courage of her opinion," and that opinion is in favour of free action and independence. If the army could have had another occasion to measure itself with Austria, it would have acquitted itself well whatever its fortunes might have been. If France should determine to coerce Italy, or to subordinate the policy of Italy to the requirements of France, my opinion is, Italy will not submit to such dictation. Genoa is arming her forts, and the approaches to Spezia are being fortified; and certainly these precautions are not taken against an Austrian fleet.

I know well how peace principles have so insinuated themselves into

the habits of English life, that something of the same repugnance that is felt for the duel is now extended to war. I do not assume to combat this, or dispute what may be the dawn of a higher and nobler civilisation. I would only say that the interests of Peace itself are often best served by the evidences of power to enforce it; and that, if we really desire that the present war should cease, and, having ceased, be the forerunner of a long-enduring tranquillity, we should not tamely stand by to see a young nation like Italy crushed in her first endeavours at nationality, nor suffer France, baffled in her designs on Central Europe, to effect a compensation by an aggression on the soil of the Peninsula.

It is scarcely denied now, that if we had sent our fleet to the Baltic before the Germans had moved into the Elbe Duchies, that most shameful war might have been prevented, and Europe at this moment be in peace. I am not less certain that a timely exhibition of strength—I mean real strength—in the Mediterranean, and a generous assurance to Italy that she should not be deserted, would do much to conduce to a lasting and settled peace.

It would do us no harm, be assured, to show the world that we have not abdicated our right to be heard in Europe, nor our claim to be thought of some account as a military people. It is full time that all our gunnery experiments should not be made at Shoebury; and that our iron-plating should be tested by the impartial firing of a Frenchman would, I take on me to say, be the pleasantest news the Admiralty could telegraph down to Sheerness.

Not that it need come to this. Eight or nine new ironclads, and a proportionate number of smaller craft, coming through the Straits of Gibraltar, will do—I wish I could *will*, but I must be satisfied with *would* do—more for peace in our time than all the Queen's messengers, and all the Queen's men, with the biggest of bags and the wordiest of despatches.

I do not pretend to say that events have all happened either as we wished or wanted; but the facts are there, and not improbably with better results in store for us than our own wisdom or will could have secured to us. A strong Prussia and a strong Italy can never be inimical to us. Let us see if they cannot be made something very much the reverse.

ON SOME DESTITUTES.

There is an aspect in which the convulsions which are now agitating Europe have not been regarded, and which certainly is not without its interest to a people who, like ourselves, avert our gaze so far as may be from the warlike side of matters, and rather like to look on the more peaceful issues which touch the commonplaces of our daily lives. By the system of agglomeration which is now going on in the world, a change is being wrought in politics not unlike what was produced in commerce by the employment of great capital.

We have seen of late years how completely small traders have been swept off the face of the globe. The little "industries" have been obliged to make way for the large speculations, and he who once traded alone, chartering the little pinnace of his own fortune, is now driven to associate his gains with those of others, and invest in some grander, wider enterprise.

A change not unlike this has come over the political condition of Europe. The little traders—the small princes, dukes (grand or not grand), electors, or whatever other name they go by—are now about to be all absorbed, and a few strong capi-

talists, called Kings or Emperors, are going to carry on the business and declare the dividends. It is not necessary to say what a wise and beneficial change this is. Indeed we live in an age fond of analogies; and whatever has approved itself good "on 'Change," has at once established its claim to be deemed estimable in the Cabinet.

No men are so popular with us as the prosperous; and if Christianity were about now to make its first advent in our island, it would be a sad mistake to send a fisherman or a tent-maker to disseminate its doctrines. They should rather come to us with all the pomp and panoply of wealth: gorgeous prelates and splendid church dignitaries would do more to make converts than men of unimposing presence and humble belongings. Rich, we love the rich. It is a favourite belief with us to think well of him who has a good store by him and a well-filled garner: we accept them as the best evidence of the favour of Providence.

It is out of this conviction it has come that when in a sudden emergency of the State—when the imminent necessities of a great war call upon us for efforts new and unfamiliar to us—when vast change is about to be made in the constitution,—we do not inquire for this or that man who has devoted his life to the study of statecraft; but we go down into the city, and say, Show me the man who knows best how to conduct his private affairs, whose speculations are most fortunate, whose balance-sheet is biggest, whose losses are least; he will, peradventure, be the wisest choice to manage our finances, preside over our home administration, or rule our colonies.

Now, when a grave and complex operation is about to be performed in one of our hospitals, requiring not only great skill and nerve, but consummate knowledge in the operator, I have never heard that the man sought for to achieve it should be one who had acquired a great reputation for his success in cutting his own corns! And yet in our Cabinet-making we have arrived at something very like this.

Few epigrams are as truthful as that which called us a nation of shopkeepers. The spirit of trade penetrates every relation of our lives. We sell our church livings, and have a price-current for conjugal infidelity; and all the vaingloriousness we deploy over our practical genius is nothing more than a laudation over our commercial spirit.

But this is disgression. What I would call attention to is the fact, that while we in England are thinking about uniting this borough to that, marrying Gatton to Sarum, the King of Prussia—that Gladstone of monarchy—is carrying out "the grouping theory" with a high hand, disfranchising petty princes and sovereigns, and erasing from the map of Europe such small constituencies as Hesse, Hanover, and Saxony, and, in the true spirit of reform, making strong Prussia represent whatever is weaker than herself.

I am sorry for it all—heartily sorry. A small individual myself, I had a love for small states: their little old-world ways and cheap splendours were pleasant to look at. A sovereign with a body-guard of twelve hussars, and a prime minister escorted home at night by his own maid with a lantern, could inspire no jealousy. A first lord of the treasury with whom one played dominoes every evening at the café, suggested no heartburnings, and I went to my bed without repining, even though I lost fourpence at whist to the commander of the forces.

It was an admirable restorative, after the painful sense of one's insignificance in London or Paris, to go over to Gross-Herzolichen Schwein-Stadt, and see how impor-

tant a personage you became — called Herr Baron, if not Herr Graf, by the landlord, and saluted by a general uprising of the whole *table d'hôte* at your entry. And is all this gone and vanished for ever? Is it never again to be given to humble men like myself to be on terms of easy familiarity with great functionaries of state, to hob-nob with a minister of war, or light one's pipe from the meerschaum of a court chamberlain?

It is often said that the cause of monarchy is disserved by these small sovereignties; that the great prestige which should surround a throne, wanting the attributes of kingly state, were apt to be parodied by these petty courts. I don't believe it. My conviction is, that there was a touch of nature, a flesh-and-blood sensibility, in these small royalties, that one never saw, if it existed at all, in greater courts. And when the prince chanced to be a man of cultivation and acquirements, when he was even fond of agriculture or field-sports, there was something which attached him to the ways and lives of other men which one fails to recognise in those loftily-placed personages whose whole functions seem to be great acts of kingcraft, and who cannot be supposed to descend to the sympathies of meaner mortals.

And now they are all to be swept away! There are to be no more little armies twelve hundred strong; no more body-guards of thirty "Leib Hussaren;" no little dirty coins of silver with a bilious tint of copper over them; no privy-councillors' wives going to market with a small basket to take home the peaches and nectarines; and, worse than all, no more decorations with the order of the bear and gridiron! All are to be disfranchised or grouped—ay, grouped—like Scotch burghs, and the identity of each no more regarded than if they were so many eggs in a pannier.

Now, let it be remarked that when this fine thing we call Progress, of which we are all so vain, marches too fast, it not only leaves humanity panting behind, but it throws a vast number of people destitute and helpless on the world, for one generation at least, who are totally unable to accommodate themselves to new conditions of life. What a grievous day it was, for instance, to stage-coachmen when the rail replaced the road! What a sad reverse to the race of couriers when people no longer travelled post, but booked themselves to the Caucasus, or took a return ticket for Behring Straits! And now—for I have at last arrived at the goal I had set before me on starting—and now, I would ask, what is to become of the whole diplomatic service when all the small kingdoms are annexed, and but three or four monarchies remain in Europe?

When people ceased to wear brass buttons, the button-makers addressed themselves to another industry, and made fishing-hooks; but ministers plenipotentiary can't make fishing-hooks—indeed, I believe they can't make anything at all, and a more incapable set of creatures in the matter of self-support it would be difficult to conceive.

It is often remarked that in times of commercial pressure, when some great crisis occurs in the affairs of a country, no people suffer so much as those engaged in the production of what are called "fancy articles." The staple of life will always be in request, while men can, for a while at least, dispense with the tasteful or the ornamental. Now, of all the fancy articles which people can accustom themselves to do without, what is there like Diplomacy?—of course I mean English diplomacy—for foreigners who make war and make alliances need people to draw up the documents that regard these things; but we who only remonstrate, entreat, weakly suggest, or occasionally "express a hope," what do we want with all this expensive staff, which begins with a "minis-

ter" and ends with a "messenger"? You talk of abolishing the Irish Church because it has few followers, but Diplomacy has no believers. Out of that dreary old building at Whitehall, where they "make up the bags" and scold the messengers, there is not a man in the kingdom who believes in a plenipotentiary. The fact is about to prove itself. The "grouping" will soon show the world that it can go on without weekly or monthly chronicles, which, if only inserted in a periodical, would swamp the best edited journal in England.

And now, what shall we do with these people, who will soon be thrown helpless and powerless on our hands? What art or industry is there which can absorb them? After lives of a semi-drowsy state, with a sort of Drury Lane dignity, what are they fit for? Their hands are too fine for coarse labour, and what can we employ them at? Discharged soldiers become "commissionnaires," and disbarred lawyers take to the Stock Exchange, but what future is there to the unemployed diplomatist? In this age of woman's right, one is naturally unwilling to intrude on a territory already too crowded, otherwise I would suggest that these ex-envoys might be engaged to chaperon young ladies, or become what are called "companions" to elder ones. They have almost always pleasing manners — are soft-voiced, gentle, and insinuating — and, with a few exceptions, could have every "warranty" that an anxious or jealous public would naturally require. At all events, let us not manufacture any more of an article that is out of *mode*. The world has taken to wear covered buttons — there's no use making brass ones. Starched neckcloths and diplomacy have had their day, and what the Yankees call a "fine time" while it lasted.

THE TOURISTS OF '66.

We have most of us heard of the man who bore with equanimity all the horrors of the famous three days in France, saw slaughter and bloodshed around him unmoved, till he learned that a barricade was erected at the end of the Rue de Richelieu, which cut him off from the "salon," and thus deprived him of his daily enjoyment of *rouge-et-noir*. Henceforth life offered him no solace—existence was no longer worth possessing.

Something of this kind, I suspect, must now be afflicting that large and interesting class of people who are called Excursionists. I cannot believe that they have made any deep study of the questions of the Elbe Duchies, or that still more knotty issue, Federal Reform. I am not disposed to think they have pondered much over the treaty of Campo Formio, or have patiently weighed in their minds the contending claims of legality and sympathy; but I am full sure that they recognise the hardships of having the Continent closed against them for a season, and seeing the trains which erst were filled with happy tourists given up to soldiers, limbers, and baggage-wagons, and all the other drear accompaniments of grim war.

A few weeks ago there was no more reason to expect all this than for the people at Brighton to believe that the sea would reach boiling point, and be impossible to bathe in. There was bickering, to be sure. Austria and Prussia were exchanging the diplomatic amenities which impute falsehood without asserting it, and piously entreating heaven to witness the spotless purity of their several motives; and Italy was impatiently asking by her special envoys what it all meant? was fighting really intended? and when was it to begin? but there was no valid

reason why that good shepherd —I forget his name—should not lead his flocks up the Rhine and over the Alps to browse in the Cascine or disport themselves over the Campagna. Indeed, along the more travelled highroads of Europe, quiet people were gradually stealing away, and there was that general indication of a movement which a peaceful population might exhibit on first learning of the approach of an invading army. In certain hotels, too, there was a stir and bustle of preparation, not unlike that one has seen on board a ship of war when a sudden order has come to embark troops, and when all the more nicely arranged details of discipline have to be momentarily sacrified to the reception of a tumultuous mass new to the place, and strange to all its instincts and observances. "The tourists are coming," was the watchword that sent respectable people to quiet villages along the seaside, or half-forgotten old towns amongst the mountains. One felt that for three or four weeks the Continent was to be given up to them as thoroughly and completely as the county town is given up to the mob during an election. Quiet people put up their shutters and stayed at home, and only such as could trust to their brawny shoulders and stout sinews ventured out into the streets. Not but there was plenty of fun for those who could run the risk of looking for it. The rowdies of travel were in high spirits, and were enjoying the "confounded foreigner" to the top of their bent: rare jokes were made on the cookery, and admirable witticisms passed current on the habits of French or Italian life.

To say that these people did anything more than enjoy themselves—that they enlarged their views, cultivated their tastes, elevated their minds, and suchlike—is simply ridiculous. You might as well tell me that a boor became educated by passing a day in the Bodleian! How could it be otherwise? What in their former lives prepared them for the art-treasures of the Pitti or the Vatican? And if they had all the preparation in the world, what opportunities had they in their helter-skelter race over Europe to benefit by their training? The simple fact is, they clubbed their prejudices and made common stock of their blunders — passing their stupid remarks from one to the other as they passed the piece of soap they washed with at the station.

If they amused themselves, however, there is no more to be said; nor is it to be denied that there is a rough patriotism brought back from these "outings" that is not without its value in these days. The depreciation of the Frenchman or the German, not always very wise or very just, reacts in a sort of home-attachment not to be shaken even by "the rates" or the income-tax. There is a kind of ignorance that is better than knowledge, and such is this.

And now comes the question, What is to be done with these people in this year of war and carnage? Can the ingenious author of "the Excursion" devise a road which shall skirt the hostilities and not involve his followers in peril? Is he so cognizant of coming events that he can tell us how long France, Belgium, or Switzerland will be available to the caravan from Clapham? Or is it in this great man's mind to plan a war-excursion, and advertise a battle as amongst the attractions of the tour? I do think this would be a masterly stroke of genius. It would sound so well, too, instead of saying, "By arrangements made with the proprietor of the Schweitzer Hof at Zigmaringen," to say, "By measures concerted with Count Bismark, our friends will be enabled to witness the total rout of the Austrian *corps d'armée* at Königstein by an early day of July, and reserved-tickets will be issued to such as desire to accompany the

Prussians in their triumphal entry into Prague, positively fixed for the eighteenth. The tickets are convertible into others for the attack on Mantua or the sea-fight before Pola; to end with the conflagration of an Austrian frigate and grand illumination of the Italian fleet. A gentleman who served under Garibaldi will attend the war-excursionists, and explain the field manœuvres throughout the campaign."

How much finer this than the old compact of the rail and the *table d'hôte*, the picture gallery, and the *bier-garten!* Unrivalled attraction indeed! "By a fortuitous concourse of events we are enabled this season to offer to our numerous friends and followers the sublime spectacle of a great campaign. By arrangements entered into with Austria and Prussia we shall be enabled to exhibit the operation of the new breech-loading rifle, together with practice from the eight-pounder steel gun, varied by charges with real hussars and Croat regiments 'warranted.' Ladies and gentlemen of more advanced years or with a preference to sedentary habits, can exchange for siege-tickets, and 'sit down' before Peschiera and Verona at discretion."

If this will not draw I shall be much surprised. There is a fund of latent heroism about the Edgeware Road, and there is a black-petticoated race of tourists that I am certain would neither be scared by Hunn or Dalmatian!

We are all familiar with the strong-minded female who has done the Oberland on foot, and gone over the Col du Géant with an alpenstock; but how will she pale before the excursionist who was actually captured by the Croats, or passed an evening at the bivouac of the Garibaldini!

No ungenerous doubts will any longer be admissible as to whether such tourists enlarge the sphere of their knowledge or extend their views of life. The war year will be remembered by tourists like the comet year to wine. It will be the crowning era of life. I do not mean to say that more costly arrangements must not be made than those hitherto in practice. Twenty or twenty-five pounds — I forget which—used to give a man his trip to Rome, wine, washing, and the Pope included. Now, the war tickets will necessarily be much more expensive; nor even with the best arrangements will it always be possible to secure interviews with the King of Prussia or Victor Emmanuel, though "no pains will be spared to compass these objects."

Some short time back it was currently rumoured in Italy that the brigands had devised a plot to carry off the excursionists at their first ramble southwards, for purposes of ransom. Whether the scoundrels were proceeding on any definite information, or were simply minded on taking a great haul, and trusting that there would be some large fish in the net, I cannot say; but there is nothing in the project that should stamp it as incredible. At all events, a tour into the region of the war would be less perilous than a ramble in Calabria; even Croats would not cut off the ears of our countrymen, and the ladies of the party would, I am certain, meet more courteous treatment from Benedek than from Ninco Nanco or Stoppa!

It is, of course, open to speculation how long the present war will last, and what proportions it may ultimately take; it will, therefore, be a matter of grave calculation with the gifted gentleman who devises these expeditions, what amount of permanence he may feel disposed to give to arrangements that the sudden changes to which political events are liable might totally alter. It would certainly be hard on him if, by the unexpected declaration of peace, or by the equally unlooked-for submission of one of the belligerents, the "Excursion" should

be mulcted of its fair proportions, and the excursionists, in consequence, demand their money to be returned. Some distinct understanding therefore should be come to before starting, that the contractor never stipulated for more than legitimate opportunities for adventure, and that any lady or gentleman who encountered fewer vicissitudes than he or she expected, should have no claim against the undertaking for compensation.

An amicable arrangement might also be entered into, that if the Italian campaign should end sooner than anticipated, the tourist might be recompensed by "return tickets" for the taking of Belgium by the French.

I believe I have now said enough to recommend this project to those far more able than myself to render its details practicable. It will afford me a sincere gratification if it should be deemed worthy of acceptance, nor am I above accepting any mark of grateful recognition which may suggest itself to the minds and feeling of the travelling public. I may even add that if personal co-operation could be supposed useful in carrying out the project, Cornelius O'Dowd will forego other engagements and accompany the party.

AMERICA AS AN ALLY.

"America as an Ally" is the heading of an article I lately read in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' with more than common pleasure. The writer points out in a short and very telling article, not merely the advantages of such an alliance, but the valid reasons for which it ought to exist, and shows how, certain small bickerings and petty animosities apart, the two peoples are well and heartily affected to each other.

I go with every word of this paper; and, not entirely without some sins of the kind on my conscience, I recognise what mischief mere petulant and snappish remarks on national traits have done to the good understanding between America and ourselves. It sounds like paradox, but I believe it to be strictly fact, that the common language we employ, which should have been, one might well suppose, the best bond of union between us, has actually served to widen the breach and exasperate the soreness between us. We certainly do not think higher of or love better the Spaniards of South America than the people of the United States. Neither their institutions, their habits, nor their civilization generally, will bear comparison with those of the North. They do not appeal to us by any tie of kindred; we divide no national traditions with them; they are not linked to us by the numberless associations which bind us to the others; and yet how comes it that we treat their rude attempts at regular government, their crude and immature efforts at order, their half-formed endeavours to attain national dignity and station, with every show of kindly goodwill and encouragement, and yet we never weary of bitter criticism on the working of that Northern civilisation of which, as parents, we ought to feel all the pride and glory?

Is it not almost absurd to think with what difference we treat the petty republics of the South, making all possible allowances for their difficulties, and having words of good cheer for them in all their troubles; while for the marvellous development of the Great Republic, for its might, its majesty, and its wealth, its greatness in the present, and its still grander future, we have nothing but cavil and sneer, contemptuous comparison with something in no respect alike, and an incessant reference to some home institution as though a standard to all outlying humanity?

Why all this regard and delicacy towards those we care nothing for, and why all this lavish comment and searching remark on those whose qualities, for good or ill, are unquestionably all our own? Why, I would ask, single out all that we can for praise on one side, and only record what we can find fault with or object to on the other? I believe the reason to be this, that in treating of the Spaniard, the Frenchman, or the Russian, we always discuss his habits and his modes of thought as those which have reference to certain things in climate and country different from our own; we accept them as ways which are not our ways, but those of a people who have other measures and other standards, and which, though we are not prepared to adopt, we in nowise wish to disparage. We make no such allowances when we come to discuss Americans. We bring them all to the bar of Piccadilly, and whatever falls short of that measure we pronounce unworthy and inadmissible. The language we used in common lent itself to this; we came to the combat with the same weapons. If we quoted a speech for reprobation, we had not to dilute the incriminated part by translation; we gave the words of the speaker as he spoke them, quite forgetting the while that this speaker was addressing people essentially unlike our own, and whose tastes and requirements were not ours. There is much eloquence in America, but there is much bombast too; and popular audiences are not satisfied with oratory that would fulfil all the canons of correct taste. . Now, had the speaker held forth in French or Spanish, the mere difference of language would have tempered our criticism, and we never should have dared to object to an illustration or a figure, because it was not what habit had accustomed us to. Not so with the American. Speaking the same tongue with Burke, and Peel, and Derby, we at once compare him with these, forgetting the while that in a land where Nature works in gigantic mood, where plain and prairie, and forest and river, are all immense, men strain expression to keep pace with the world around them, and there is a sort of rhythm between men's words and the wonders of creation that environ them.

American humour is as intensely national as anything can be; and what is it but a grotesque exaggeration, in which some original truth is preserved intact, while surrounded with something absurdly extravagant or impossible? and thus is it that the external world in its magnitude tempers all thought and colours all expression of this people. If they talk Brobdignagian, it is that they live in Brobdignag; and we of Lilliput see all its coarseness, and are revolted thereat.

Take our criticisms of French, or German, or Italian manners, of their debates in their Legislatures, of what passes in their theatres, or what is published in their literature, and compare these with those we pronounce on Americans and their habits, and you will see at once the measure of deference that a mere difference of language imposes. The vulgar tongue is at times a coarse exponent; and we treat the Americans with all the familiarity of the family and all the severity of the stranger. I know well that the strictures are not all upon our side. They can be abusive and sarcastic too, and we are not so perfect that our own newspapers will not offer occasion to attack us; but is this profitable to either of us? Have the Americans railed *us* out of one antiquated absurdity? or have *we* laughed *them* out of one vulgar affectation? I don't believe it. There is an Anglo-Saxon doggedness which, liking to think persistence means courage, deems itself unconquered so long as it will not be convinced. And now I would ask, if all this excess of frankness as to each other's faults and shortcomings has proved a failure, is it not high time

to try what a little consideration, a little reserve, a little deference, even a little of what courtesy each of us are accustomed to accord to foreigners, might accomplish? There are no two peoples in the world who want each other as much as we do. Our needs are not mere political needs; they are far finer, and closer, and nearer the heart than any such. America would be all the better for borrowing some of that English reverence for whatever is old and time-honoured, for that veneration which attaches to all that our ancestors cherished and cared for, and would be none the worse for seeing in age something besides decrepitude and decay; and England might benefit in her colonial government by observing how the manliness of a people is promoted by self-dependence, and how free institutions not only stimulate men to industry, but actually quicken invention and sharpen ingenuity.

The bad blood that has so long subsisted between the two countries is that which we see prevails in certain family quarrels, where differences are embittered by the minute knowledge of the finest traits of temperament—a familiarity with every cord of sensibility. And once more I ask if it is not high time to say farewell to these bickerings, which have certainly reacted unfavourably on the character of each?

The present is a suitable moment to begin a new policy. America has behaved admirably to us in these Fenian troubles. If, without favouring this movement, she had been, as she might have been, simply indifferent to it, or accorded only that modified attention which is almost connivance, our embarrassment might have been great. Short of losing the colony, there are various degrees of annoyance which might have been inflicted on us—towns burned, bridges and railroads destroyed, arsenals sacked, and that sort of insult thrown upon a nation which is felt as painfully as the damaged honour of an individual.

Though there should be no conquest of Canada, what a humiliating spectacle would it be that a country assuming to be one of the first and strongest in the world should see one of her provinces overrun by a lawless horde of buccaneers, and her powers taxed to repress their depredations and expel the marauders from her frontiers! So far as mere feeling is concerned, I had rather that it had been ourselves who first opened the way to a more kindly sentiment between the two nations; but, in point of policy, I am well content that America should be the first to be generous. Nor was it the less graceful in her, smarting under all her recent soreness towards us—a portion of her press and a strong section of her public men stinging her with memories of that "belligerent recognition" she felt so bitterly—to forego all thought of reprisal, and take the higher and nobler vengeance of showing how loyally and how honourably she could behave in a moment of no small temptation.

I wish I were in a position to give power to my counsels, and I would say, Now is the time not to be outdone in generosity. Let there be no higgling, no bargaining; grasp manfully and warmly the hand that is outstretched to you, and let the feeling between the two nations be—not the conventional amity of cabinets, but the hearty tone and affection of two kindred peoples.

We have fishery rights to discuss, and there are some unsettled claims about the Alabama which we refuse to admit. Now is the time to settle both in a spirit that will show America we are not insensible to the value of her friendship or the force of her example. If it should be said, Whence comes this new ardour of Cornelius O'Dowd for our American cousins? How has this new light broken in upon him? Has the condition of

Europe, the threatening attitude of France, the character of the man who rules her, nothing to say to this sudden and strange conversion? And my answer is, It is precisely out of these causes that I see the necessity of England having one ally who is above being subsidised but not above being esteemed. It is because out of the present convulsions may come a war in which France, strengthening herself by the most powerful of the late combatants, may think fit to begin that work of revisal of the treaties of '15 which she has so significantly hinted at, and whose formation she well knows was in the main the work of England. It is because I see this, and that I see besides we have neither true friend nor well-wisher on the continent of Europe, I would draw closer to those who, once our narrow squabbles are forgotten, could not but regard the old country with affection, and would never stand coldly by to see her assailed by overwhelming odds, or crushed beneath the united forces of despotism.

And though America has never adopted the principles of primogeniture, she admits it in nationalities, and recognises England as the head of the family. Democrats may deny, and Fenians may scout this doctrine, but the great people of the United States is not made up of either; and in the love that every educated American bears to England, in the pride of her great history, her grand traditions, and her noble literature, there is a tie that, if the day of adversity for us arise, will be seen to bind America to our side and our fortunes, even against the world. And if—as seems the temper of our nation and our statesmen together—the policy of non-intervention is to be the future line of England towards the Continent, and we must resign ourselves to the isolation such a policy enforces; it requires no argument to show that the country which proclaims aloud her determination to hold aloof from all the risks and casualties of war—to be, if not indifferent, at least inoperative in all the changes of Europe—which maintains that all her cares are for herself, all her ambitions for her own security,—such a country, I say, it requires no peculiar logic to prove, will assuredly have neither allies nor well-wishers.

The nation which shuts itself up in a selfish isolation conciliates no love. They, however, who counsel this policy—and they form a large and daily increasing class—are satisfied to base their advice on the fact, that wars have only led to our indebtedness; that in the share we have taken in quarrels not our own we have accumulated that monstrous debt whose mere interest absorbs nearly one-half our annual revenue; that while some contend for existence, and others for enlarged empire, we have no necessity to do either; that our insular position is our security, and the extent of our territory more than enough to satisfy our ambition. They will not listen to the fact, that there are other sources of national greatness than wealth, that the characters of nations, like those of individuals, must prove themselves by generosity, by timely aid to those in need, by acts of courage and devotion, by noble endurance under misfortune, and by moderation and mercy in times of triumph; that it is not enough to be rich, nor is the whole of human ambition to be gratified by a prosperous revenue, and "another penny off the income-tax."

Admit, however, all that these people assert—grant that a nation should have no sympathies, no weaknesses of any kind—that her affairs should be managed as commercially as those of any firm in the city—that the balance-sheet should be the one and only test of her success,—admit all this, I say, and yet the question arises, Will this policy long persisted in not provoke the animosity of all Europe? Will not the day come when the nations of the Continent, heavily burdened by taxation, and crushed by the cost

of great armies, will turn with impatient anger on the country which seems to prosper by their discords, and only develops her resources by *their* troubles? Will not the thought of that "*beau pillage*" which escaped from an ally's lips as he looked down on London, excite the cupidity of those soldiers of fortune with which Europe will swarm? and which of the nations of the Continent will range herself on the side of that country which only thought of herself and her own interests in the time of struggle and adversity? This non-intervention that sounds so peacefully may be the policy the most provocative we could adopt. It is highly improbable that our national sympathies, guided as they are by a free and able press, should not pronounce themselves for one side or other of whatever great conflict employs Europe. Nothing is less likely than that our people should not feel interest in the cause they deem the best, and wish well to those who fight for it. And what a spectacle shall we present to the world if, including ourselves within the circle of good wishes and brave words, we declare that we never mean to go beyond them; that war costs money, and increases taxation; and that though national honour be a good thing, we know of another better, which is a low budget, and a surplus! I repeat that this is what we are coming to; and though we do not, or will not see it, foreigners see it, proclaim it in their newspapers, and talk of it in their clubs. Compare the language employed towards England at the present day with that used thirty years ago, or even less. Listen to any discussion in which the part Great Britain will take is mooted, and say if you can carry away anything that will minister to your national pride, or if, on the contrary, you have not been stung almost to insult? And why? Simply because England has declared she recognises no cause but her own, or cares for other interests than those which attach to her trade and her commerce — that France may seize Belgium, or annex Sardinia: the only question for us is the road to India, and it is very doubtful indeed if even that be worth fighting for.

This policy may be very enlightened, and far in advance of those opinions which prevail in other States. I only ask if it be as safe and as prudent as it is elevated? Will our selfishness prove our security and our indifference to others insure their deference to us? I own I fear it will not. My dread is, the fear of English power once departed, the wealth of England will be a temptation not to be resisted; and if the day of such evil should come, there is but one people in the world who would not rejoice over our downfall, and that people is American. They are the only ones who would remember all the past glories of England—all that she has done for liberty—all she has achieved for civilisation. They are the only ones who will look with forgiveness on our faults and failings, and bear fully in mind whatever of good or noble there was in us. America well knows whence she derives the great stamina of her nation. She knows that it was not the Dutchman, nor the Rhinelander, nor the Celt, that gave her the mingled persistence and daring, the dogged resolve not to be conquered, and the patient endurance in time of adversity, for which we have no better adjective than Anglo-Saxon; and she will not suffer the land which stands to her in the sacred relation of a father, to be insulted or degraded.

I have a wide acquaintance with Americans, and I write these lines with the full conviction of this truth. I believe that we have no other country upon whose friendship we can count so surely in our day of need, and I am certain that, with America our ally, we may defy the world.

STUART MILL AGAIN; OR, THE EXAMINER EXAMINED.

When a man is beslobbered by high and by low,
In our Senates and Schools deemed a Light of the age;
When his censures on all he aspires to bestow,
And the multitude hails him a Statesman and Sage,—
Before we just venture
To own such a Mentor,
Let us see if he's fit this position to fill;
Let us canvass his labours,
As *he* does his neighbours,
And examine the claims of the great Stuart Mill.

His System by some very shallow is reckoned;
Three facts, or three fallacies, fill up his cast:
Sensation comes first, Recollection is second,
And then Expectation, the third and the last.
We *feel* something present
That's painful or pleasant—
We repeat or recall it by *Memory's* skill:
What happened before, sir,
We *look for* once more, sir,
And that's the whole Soul of the great Stuart Mill.

At a glimpse of things real we never arrive,
Nor at any fixed Truth that we try to explore:
In some different world *two* and *two* may make *five*,
Though appearances here seem to say they make *four*.
Our mental formation
Has small operation;
The mind, if we have one, is passive and still:
We are ruled by our Senses,
Through all our three tenses,
Past, present, and future, says great Stuart Mill.

What we never have witnessed, we cannot conceive;
What we cannot conceive must a nullity be:
In a God or a Devil can any believe,
When the one or the other they don't feel or see?
A future existence
Had best keep its distance,
Till there's ocular proof that the thing's a true bill:
Any childish emotion
Of Faith and Devotion,
Is fully explained by the great Stuart Mill.

Three different stages of changing opinion
Are travelled by men in this planet of ours:
In the first, Superstition exerts its dominion;
In the next, metaphysical Forces and Powers:
When these two are past, sir,
Comes the best and the last, sir,
Comte's Positive Laws every purpose fulfil:
But about the Great Cause, sir,
That founded those Laws, sir,
There's nothing in Comte, and as little in Mill.

Yet without any God a Religion may be,
Which in priesthood and power with its rivals may cope;
Which in Dead Men and Women may Deities see,
And have Comte for its Prophet, and Mill for its Pope.
But what's called Right and Wrong, sir,
Is just an old Song, sir;
Ne'er tell me of Duty, Good actions, or Ill:
Being Useful or not, sir,
Determines the lot, sir;
So Bentham found out, and so thinks Stuart Mill.

Doctor Cumming predicts that the World's near an end;
Stuart Mill says that Coal will soon dwindle away:
Cumming preaches that therefore our ways we should mend;
Mill exhorts that the National Debt we should pay.
Whichsoe'er may come first, sir,
Or turn out the worst, sir,—
The Great Conflagration, or General Chill,—
We've to thank the men both, sir,
But I give you my oath, sir,
I don't half believe either Cumming or Mill.

Mill avows that the Franchise he'd fearlessly lower,
To admit all the masses who read and who write;
Which would make him, I fear, of much mischief the Sower,
If Lorimer's project don't keep it all tight.
But here by appealing
To chivalrous feeling,
Mill hopes he'll succeed in well gilding the pill;
To throw open the poll, sir,
To every *Femme Sole*, sir,
Is the gallant proposal of good Stuart Mill.

If a Viceroy, defending his difficult post,
Show a zeal to have Treason and Bloodshed suppressed;
And if thereby some turbulent lives should be lost,
He is guilty of Murder—for doing his best!
But the plot of Orsini,
The schemes of Mazzini,
At which most of men's bosoms with horror would thrill,
These, from all I can gather,
Are laudable rather,
Or but deemed Civil War in the judgment of Mill.

Now, let all men have freedom to speak and to write,
And let others who differ stand up for the Truth;
But I think we should pause as to those we invite
To make laws for the land, or to train up our Youth.
To the helpless and young, sir,
You do a great wrong, sir,
To give them a Teacher, false views to instil;
And I won't, by your leave, sir,
Pin my faith to the sleeve, sir,
Of so godless a guide as the System of Mill.*

* See Mr. Mill's works *passim:* his 'Logic,' a common text-book at Oxford; his 'Utilitarianism;' his 'Auguste Comte;' his 'Liberty,' with the note on Tyrannicide; his 'Examination of Hamilton;' and his recent speeches in Parliament. Other Philosophies—Hamilton's, Ferrier's, &c.—are essentially Theistic. Mill's system, in our opinion, is,—we will not say Atheistic—but Untheistic; it may not deny, but it does not assert, or presuppose, the existence of a Deity; it ignores the idea of a Providence; and as we think it false as well as dangerous, we have taken the liberty to say so.

A REVIEW OF THE CONTINENTAL WAR.

It has come to pass that the great body of the public is much less commercial or political in its tastes than military. It has suddenly come to be composed of strategists. Bank panics and Reform Bills recently commanded a good deal of interest, but everybody who reads the newspapers, and adds his voice to swell the great chorus of public opinion, is ready to discuss the failure of Benedek and the successful marches of the Prussians. And the public justly concentrates on these subjects its attention. For before its eyes are renewed the great Napoleonic feats which made monarchies the footballs of victorious generals; and no subject has arisen in our time of such tremendous importance as the events which, in a few days, have dismembered a great empire, and almost reduced it to political bankruptcy, while on its ruins another power stands, formidable, defiant, and triumphant. A month ago it was believed that Prussia would find in her present humbled antagonist an over-match; now we see her throttling Austria with one hand, and waving off France with the other. "The armed intervention," which might have become a fact had the defeat of Königgrätz been less decisive, is reserved for further consideration, and our potent friend over the way is not master of the situation. Apparently nothing short of a coalition of the Great Powers will drag Prussia from her prey. No wonder then that, seeing changes so portentous follow a few well-directed marches and well-fought battles, the public is athirst for strategy; and we need make no apology for discussing a subject which would usually be interesting only to a class.

In this case the theatre of war is so compact, so well marked, and has been already so often the scene of military operations, that there is little difficulty in discussing the problems it presents, and rendering them intelligible to any one who studies them with a good map.

The line connecting the hostile capitals Berlin and Vienna is not squarely but obliquely intersected by the Giant Mountains—the boundary dividing Austria from Prussia. Of the two corners of this boundary the north-western is much the nearer to Berlin, the south-eastern to Vienna. An Austrian army pushing through the passes at Zittau and Friedland on Görlitz, would threaten Berlin, and also enclose any Prussian force which might be in the south-eastern angle of Silesia, towards Neisse and Ratibor. If the two hostile armies, then, from these opposite corners, were simultaneously to assume the offensive, it would be the Prussian that must draw back, for its communications—lying along the narrow strip of Silesia—would be much more immediately threatened than those of the Austrians, whom it would be infinitely more difficult, by an advance from the south-eastern corner of the boundary, to cut from their bridges on the Danube. So dubious a counterstroke would be impracticable for an army whose communications and whose capital were so imminently threatened.

It follows, therefore, that an Austrian army, acting offensively by the line which includes the roads of Zittau and Friedland, would have a great advantage, since the Prussians, if not already between the enemy and Berlin, must hasten to interpose. They might be forced to give battle before they had con-

centrated; and even if they were to succeed in covering Berlin, it must be at the cost of laying bare Southern Silesia. The dilemma actually occurred in 1757, when the Prussians under Bevern, after vainly trying to cover both, marched into Silesia while the enemy interposed between them and the capital.

For these reasons it would have been wise in Austria before declaring war to have assembled her army in the angle of Bohemia, north of Prague. Such a movement, followed by a vigorous advance, would have saved Saxony and thrown the Prussians on the defensive.

But Austria, as usual, was in rear of the occasion. Her troops appear to have been scattered broadcast across Bohemia and Moravia. The organisation for supporting a rapid movement was wanting. On the other hand, the Prussians, prepared to execute a plan already settled, were ready to assemble their forces, and to maintain an immediate movement with all necessary munitions of war. Their first act was to seize Dresden, and push the Saxon army into Bohemia. Hereupon the strategical position assumed a new aspect.

The Saxon and Silesian frontiers form an angle, enclosing Bohemia. In a book lately published by the present writer, 'The Operations of War,'* these boundaries were taken as an example of the effect of an angular frontier on the armies stationed respectively on the enclosed, and on the enclosing, sides of the boundary. An advance from the southernmost corner of Bohemia towards the Elbe, causes the Austrians within the angle to quit it, abandoning territory under penalty of being forced to fight on a front parallel to their communications with the Danube. And the army thus issuing from the mountains possesses the advantage of a frontier, the configuration of which gives it the power of fighting on various fronts. Fronting south-east it covers the roads to Saxony; fronting south, the roads to Berlin; fronting south-west, the passes to Silesia.

These advantages, already exemplified a hundred years ago, have been well known to generations of German strategists. But they depend on the assumption of the initiative by the armies holding Saxony and Silesia. For if those armies await the attack of the enemy lying within the angle, they must divide; since to concentrate on the one side of the angle would be to abandon Saxony; on the other, Silesia. Therefore if the Austrians had been ready to advance, they would on either hand have encountered a divided enemy. Provided the passes of the mountains were free to either party, as was the case here, the advantage would lie with the side that assumed the offensive. And this first advantage the unready Austrians were forced to concede to their prompter adversaries.

Seeing then what the Austrians lost and what the Prussians gained, let us take the new problem that has arisen—namely, how to operate for the passage on the one side, for the defence on the other, of a mountain-barrier generally, and of this one in particular.

In the work before mentioned it is explained that to attempt to close all the passes of a long range of mountains by occupying them with detached bodies, is dangerous and useless, because the enemy,

* 'The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated.' By Colonel E. B. Hamley, R.A. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1866.

forcing their way at any point, would threaten the other detachments in rear, and the system of defence thus broken would fall to pieces. Therefore it was said to be better to hold only the principal passes (by which the main columns must issue, on account of the necessity of bringing the supplies through them) with detachments to retard the advance, and to keep the main body concentrated where it could attack the enemy when the heads of his columns should emerge from the defiles. For it is vain to attempt to hold any continuous obstacle, a mountain-range, or a river, entirely on the defensive; the obstacle must be turned to account by making it the basis of an offensive movement against the enemy who passes it.

The first condition for a successful defence must be the assembly of the army at some central point where the passes converge, holding the defiles themselves with detachments thrown out to feel and retard the enemy. Let us first, then, ascertain where the principal passes are, — premising that an army of such magnitude as was necessary to assail that under Benedek's command could not pass wherever there happened to be a road, but must select those parts of the mountains where one or more great roads existed. A march like that over the St. Bernard could not be practicable or effective here.

On the Saxon frontier, west of the Elbe, several passes existed. But the only road eligible for maintaining the operations of a great army is that along the river. To advance in the corner of the boundary by Chemnitz and Egra would be to uncover Berlin.

From Gorlitz an army could advance, covering Berlin, by the main roads of Zittau and Reichenberg, other roads existing close to these by which columns of infantry could march.

From Glatz a straight and excellent road goes by Nachod into Bohemia; and from Landshut another, by Trautenau, also reaches the Upper Elbe. Numerous defiles, too, traversed by country roads, lead from Silesia into the Trautenau road; and these were extensively used by the Pandours of Frederick's time for their border forays, though of little service to a great regular army.

Between the Trautenau road of the set from Glatz and the Turnau road of the set from Gorlitz no communication existed, for a breadth of forty miles, until both routes had penetrated a certain distance into Bohemia.

From Glatz certain mountain roads go directly south over the mountains—such as that to Landskron, by which Frederick the Great once made a long winter's journey—but none fit for a great army, till, through Neisse, the roads are reached which pass by Freudenthal and Troppau towards Olmutz.

We have then, in the Riesengebirge, three sets of roads, by which three points of junction may be attained beyond the mountains—namely, Gitschin, Josephstadt, and Olmutz —and by which, therefore, armies may enter Bohemia.

Now, for reasons already given, Olmutz should be left out of the calculation; since a Prussian army operating thence towards Vienna, might, in a moment, by the advance of an Austrian army into Silesia, be cut from Berlin. And if it divided its force to cover Silesia, the Austrians would have the opportunity of falling on the covering force, and, by defeating it, cutting off the remainder.

Therefore, the Austrian army on the defensive, as well as on the of-

fensive, should be posted within the angle of Bohemia with its main detachments towards Nachod, Trautenau, Reichenberg, Zittau, and, if necessary, the Saxon frontier.

On the other hand, let us consider how the Prussians should pass the mountain-barrier.

It would be mainly important to cover Berlin; therefore the main advance should be from Gorlitz.

But with their enormous forces, one set of mountain-roads would be insufficient for the supplies. In fact, notwithstanding the completeness of their preparation, and the excellence of their organisation, their troops were too scantily fed in all the earlier operations. Therefore, two sets of mountain-passes were to be employed; and the choice lying between Saxony and Silesia, the advance from Glatz, covering their own territory, was rightly selected.

It is by such a process of induction that generals, reasoning before the event, have sometimes judged so correctly the intentions of the enemy, and made such wise provisions to frustrate them, as to be credited with divination.

The great risk of the Prussian operations was this, that for seven or eight days their two armies, from Gorlitz and Glatz, would be isolated by an impervious mountain-barrier, and either might, on issuing into Bohemia, be confronted by a superior enemy. With the defeat of either, the joint invasion would be frustrated, and the victorious Austrians might follow the beaten corps into Prussian territory and threaten the capital. This risk was reduced to its minimum by the employment of the field-telegraph that accompanied each army in its march, keeping up the connection between the headquarters and Berlin. Waggons carrying the telegraph, the operator, and the poles, kept their place throughout the movement. Thus each commander knew all the steps of his colleague, and the cloud which has hitherto wrapt such joint enterprises in uncertainty was dissipated from hour to hour. Nevertheless, it is possible that it might still have been safer though less daring policy, had both armies issued from the Gorlitz passes. The risk of separate defeat once over, there is, however, as we shall presently show, a special advantage in thus entering the theatre from two sides.

We will now turn to the Austrians supposed to be awaiting the enemy in the angle.

The business of the detachments watching the passes would be not to fight, but to observe. Their object would be to select strong positions, forcing the advancing columns to halt and deploy, and to retire as soon as a competent force should be ready to attack, repeating the manœuvre wherever practicable. Their security against flank attack would be the want of roads connecting the advancing columns, and the increasing number of the avenues offered for escape as the country became more open.

Apprised by these *antennæ* of the directions in which the enemy was approaching, it would be for the defender to assemble his main body at a central point from whence to strike at either wing of the assailants before they could effect their junction. The first transverse road by which they could communicate is that of Turnau, Gitschin, Trautenau. In the neighbourhood of this road, then, the main body should be assembled. For the subsequent mode of operation let us quote from the work before mentioned:—

"But in all these cases the advantage of operating *from* a common centre against widely separated bodies advanc-

ing *towards* that centre is apparent. Against one line of invasion a retarding and inferior force is used, while on the other a preponderating force is brought into action; and the first victory is the signal for the general derangement and failure of the enterprise.

"To operate methodically to the best advantage, the covering army, if assailed on two lines, should place on each of these a retarding force at first, considering these as wings, while the mass in reserve is held ready to give a preponderance to either wing, or to both in succession. In all Napoleon's operations against a divided enemy this principle is apparent—at Jena for example, at Millesimo, at Eckmuhl, at Rivoli, and in the cases yet to be quoted of Waterloo, and of the campaign against the Allies on the Seine and Marne.

"If, then, in such a case, the covering army were to be disposed on the two lines in exact proportion to the hostile numbers advancing on them, it would be operating on a false principle. For if in total numbers inferior to the enemy, it would be inferior on each line, and would therefore, presumably, be defeated on each; whereas, as already shown, the situation ought to be made to compensate for inferiority."

It would remain, then, for the defender to decide on which of the approaching armies he should throw the weight of his main body. In this case it is unusually difficult to decide. In general (to quote from the same work), "when one line lies through an open country, and the other is difficult, offering few roads to advance, and many natural obstacles, the retarding force should act on the latter." Here both lines were mountainous; the road by Nachod was the most open, and those of Reichenberg and Zittau offered most defensive positions, but at the same time the roads by which they might be turned were most numerous. Altogether the question is so balanced that only the full knowledge attainable by a general in that country would suffice for a decision. The choice made, the whole weight must be cast, in full swing, on the advancing enemy, hurling him back, and following him through the defiles, secure that his colleague must retreat as soon as he should hear of the disaster, and transferring the war to the enemy's territory.

So far, then, as to what the Prussians did and the Austrians did not. Let us see now how the Prussians effected their objects, and what steps were taken to oppose them.

By the vote for the mobilisation of the Federal forces, it was held by her opponent that Austria threw down the gauntlet. The Prussians answered the challenge by invading Saxony on the 15th June. The First Army had been held ready for this prompt movement, and the Second assembled about Schweidnitz was doubtless prepared to support it; the former holding with its advanced guard the passes from Saxony to Bohemia, and the latter intended perhaps to assail, by a march into Bohemia, the rear of the Austrians on their way into Saxony, while it at the same time covered Silesia. But as the days wore on, and Saxony, evacuated without a blow, saw no Austrians on her frontier, the Prussians withdrew the First Army, with the exception of the 8th corps and part of the 7th, and concentrated at Gorlitz, covering Berlin. Possibly they may still have anticipated that their part would be to defend themselves on their own ground; but the plan of an offensive campaign was already devised, and seeing the enormous advantages that would follow the seizure of the initiative, the orders for the advance were given, though beacons on every height were still kept ready to blaze over the country intelligence of the expected approach of the enemy.

In sight of both the Prussian armies stretched before them the blue outlines of the fir-clad hills they were about to cross. They had this great advantage in their

favour, that the roads from Silesia and Saxony descend considerably as they pass into Bohemia, though not without many steep opposing slopes where they cross ravines and torrents. Therefore, though there were many points where a small force might retard the march of the columns, yet on the whole the advantage of commanding ground would remain with the Prussians.

On the 22d June, the First Army, composed of the 2d, 3d, and 4th corps, advanced from Gorlitz towards Zittau and Friedland, and on the 24th it reassembled round Reichenberg, the distance performed in these days being about fifty miles. Then it halted till the 26th.

Simultaneously the 8th and half the 7th corps, under Herwarth von Bittenfeld (which had formed the advanced-guard of the army occupying Saxony, and which was prevented from marching into Bohemia by the valley of the Elbe because Königstein was still held by the Saxons), crossed to the right bank and traversed the mountains by the pass of Rumburg, between the first army and the river; moving on Gabel, which it reached on the 26th, having detachments as far south as Dauba or even Melnik on the Elbe.

On the 25th the Crown-Prince directed his army across the Giant Mountains. On the right, the 1st corps advanced from Landshut on Trautenau; in the centre, the Guard from Braunau on Trautenau; on the left, the 5th corps from Glatz on Nachod, followed apparently by the 6th.

Hirherto the advancing columns had seen no sign of an enemy, except a few patrols. But before following them into action, it will be well to form some estimate of the relative strength of the opposing masses.

A corps of either army consists of two divisions of infantry and a body of cavalry. Taking the war establishment of the two Powers in their late campaign in Denmark as a basis, the combatant force of a corps is—

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Guns.
Prussian, . .	28,000	4500	96
Austrian, . .	30,000	2000	88

The Prussian Guard was stronger than the other corps, numbering 30,000 infantry and cavalry.

Large reserves of cavalry and artillery, quite independent of the corps, accompanied all the armies.

To confuse the enemy, and disguise the real design, the Prussians detached from their Second Army some brigades, which advanced on Freudenthal, Troppau, and Oswiecin, as if with the intention to penetrate to Vienna by Olmutz. Possibly this feint may have caused the Austrian commander to keep masses of troops longer about Olmutz; but it ought not to have deceived a good strategist.

When Herwarth's army (still called the Army of the Elbe) touched Prince Frederick's right at Gabel, the Prussian forces formed but two concentrated masses, one of 140,000, the other of 125,000—for strong bodies of reserve cavalry must be added to each assemblage of corps to obtain their total strength. These were met each by two Austrian corps—namely, the Saxons, about 20,000, and the 1st corps, under Clam Gallas, on the left, opposing the First Army, and on the right the 10th corps (Gablenz) and the 6th corps (Ramming) making head against the Crown-Prince. Either of these Austrian wings, inferior as they were to the enemy, would have been sufficient to perform the proper and only practicable service to be demanded from them—namely, that of retarding the Prussian advance until Benedek should be

ready to fall in force on one or other. But it could not be the business of either wing to fight pitched battles in which they must, even with a momentary success, be ultimately outnumbered and defeated. The part to be played by them was to hold in succession the numerous strong positions on each line; to force the enemy to halt and deploy; to face him boldly till he should have in hand superior forces, and then to withdraw in good order, and deliberately, to the next selected position. All this demands skill and resolution in the commander, and great steadiness in the troops, but it is perfectly practicable in such a country. Thus opposed, Prince Frederick might have been retarded in his arrival at Reichenberg two or three days. As it was, he had already reached a country comparatively open for manœuvres when the first opposition was offered to his advance.

Assuming, for reasons already given, that an Austrian army, whether for offence or defence, should assemble in the northern angle of Bohemia, it is by no means difficult to assign its particular positions. Granting that, for reasons beyond his control, Benedek was not ready to strike when the Prussians seized Saxony, yet we will assume that, if the best efforts had been made to the right purpose, he might have found his troops concentrated, and ready for any event, at the time the Prussian advance into Bohemia began. On the 23d the Saxon army was at Theresienstadt. Placing the Austrian front from Jung-Bunzlau on the left, through Gitschin, to Josephstadt on the right—that is to say, collecting it in the space between the Iser and Upper Elbe (about fifty miles), with a wing on each river, and divisions or brigades pushed forward into the passes on each hand—it might have safely awaited the further movements of the enemy. The Saxons would have watched the great road of the Elbe, and threatened Saxony; the Austrian army could in two marches throw its weight on either side. Excellent communications would have existed from flank to flank, and the front would have covered the lines on Prague, Vienna, and Olmutz. The course actually followed by Benedek shows that he meant to throw his weight on the Crown-Prince. In the circumstances just imagined, the whole of the right wing and centre would, on the 26th, have been ready to fall on the Second Army beyond the Upper Elbe, crushing its columns before they could unite; while on the other side the left wing and the Saxons, brought up (as they actually were) from Theresienstadt, would have retarded the march of Prince Frederick. A slow retreat with the left, and inferior, wing; a swift advance and attack with the right, or superior, wing;—such are the operations manifestly suited to the occasion. And it is to be observed that the retiring force can in great measure fulfil its object, even without touching the enemy, by ruining roads and bridges as it falls back.

On the 26th, the division forming the advanced-guard of the First Army, moving from Reichenberg towards Turnau, found a force of cavalry and artillery drawn up at Liebenau, and drove it over the Iser—the bridge of which it broke behind it at Turnau.

On the 27th, Prince Frederick threw a bridge and crossed at Turnau, forced the passage also at Podol after a sharp fight, and halted. The Austrians retreated to Münchengrätz. Herwarth's army advanced from Gabel to Hühnerwasser, which it occupied after a skirmish.

On the same day the Crown-

Prince, on the other side of the theatre, fought two actions. The column from Glatz encountered the Austrian 6th corps (Ramming's) at Nachod, and, after a brisk action, drove it back. Reinforced by the 8th corps, the remains of Ramming's corps met the Prussian 5th corps at Skalitz, and both were driven, with severe loss and in great disorder, towards Josephstadt. On the other road the Prussian 1st corps met the advanced-guard of the Austrian 10th, and drove it through Trautenau, but quitted that place when Gablenz came up in force. Next morning the Guard from Braunau attacked Gablenz's right, the 1st corps his front, and drove him, likewise, on Josephstadt, the 1st corps pushing its right to the Elbe at Arnau.

While the Second Army was thus forcing its way, the First attacked and turned the position of Münchengrätz, advancing on it from Turnau, Podol, and Hühnerwasser. The Austrians, too weak in force to hold the position, fell back with severe loss to Gitschin.

On the 29th the First Army halted to concentrate on the Iser from Münchengrätz to Turnau. On that day also the Second Army was assembled on the Elbe, holding the passages at Arnau and Königinhof. Another stride would accomplish that junction of the Prussian armies in Bohemia which was the first great object in the campaign.

Hitherto we only hear of Benedek as riding out of his headquarters at Josephstadt to direct the action at Skalitz. But now he seems to have judged it time to act with vigour. On the 29th, from Josephstadt, from Königgrätz, from the Bistritz, and apparently from the side of Smidar and Gitschin, he brought his troops to a position stretching from Josephstadt, by Dubernitz, to the north of Horitz, while before him the Crown-Prince's army, divided by the Elbe, had its left in Skalitz, its right towards Miletin. All day and all night, till the dawn of next morning, the great movement of concentration went on, and doubtless the Austrian commander meant to fall on his enemy on the 1st of July, for the intention attributed to him of waiting to fight a defensive battle was so unsuited to the situation that we cannot credit it.

But meanwhile, on the 29th, an action was fought on his left which upset all his plans. Two or three miles west of Gitschin, about 30,000 troops of the Saxon army and the 1st corps were drawn up along the wooded edge of steep ravines, and in villages, forming an arc spreading about three miles from north-west to south-west of the town. Upon them the First army advanced from the Iser. Two divisions spreading out from Sobotka, and one from the Turnau road, attacked the covering force, and drove it, with very heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, through Gitschin. The news of this disaster reached Benedek in the morning, when, finding his left flank and rear thus uncovered, he began a retreat, so hasty, that in parts it resembled a flight, and which left his army that night in great disorder round Königgrätz. No enemy now interposed between the Prussian armies, whose extended troops met each other. The King of Prussia and his bold minister arrived at Gitschin. The Prussian front was now contracted to about 25 miles, from Smidar, where Herwarth still held the right, through Horitz, occupied by the advanced troops of the First Army, to Miletin and Königinhof, where the Crown-Prince's left now rested on the Elbe. Fortunately for the Austrians, their enemies required rest, and they had time to

recover order and strength before the encounter.

Here we may pause for a moment to indicate one of the advantages which atone, in case of a partial success, for the difficulties of an advance on two separate lines. The victory at Gitschin placed the Prussian army, by the direction of its march, in a position fatally threatening to Benedek; hence his disordered retreat.

In expectation of an attack by both Prussian armies, Benedek, on the 2d, had disposed his army to receive them in a position that on the north and west surrounds Königgrätz.

By the roads of Horitz and Nechanitz the First Army and Herwarth's were likely to advance. Therefore, for the defence of these roads and the space between them, the Austrians were disposed for about five miles along the bank of the Bistritz—a stream which, though of no great size, is still important as a military obstacle, since it does not appear to have been forded anywhere during the battle. On the left from Nechanitz to Mokrowens was the force that had been defeated at Gitschin, namely 18,000 Saxons and the 10th corps under Gablenz. Between Gablenz and the Horitz road was the 8d corps. On the Austrian right of the Horitz road the 4th corps occupied Sadowa, Lipa, and Chlum. The general line was drawn back from the river, but villages and strong buildings close to the stream were occupied as outposts, guarding the bridges of the Bistritz against Herwarth and Prince Frederick; and Benátek was occupied as a strong outpost on the right front of Lipa and below it. The corps already named formed the first and second lines and outposts. Behind Gablenz and the Saxons, the 8th corps stood in reserve; and on the highroads from Horitz to Königgrätz the 1st corps was drawn up in support of the 8d and 4th.

But the Crown-Prince, from the Upper Elbe, could descend on the rear of this line. Therefore from Lipa to the bank of the Elbe, near Smiritz (about four miles), the right of the line was thrown back, consisting of part of the 4th and the 2d corps, in rear of whom stood the 6th (Ramming's), that had suffered heavily at Skalitz. This part of the line was strengthened by fieldworks, abattis, and villages and houses prepared for defence.

Seen from the rear at Königgrätz, the 4th and 2d corps stood on a commanding ridge extending from the high bank of the Elbe to the Horitz road; the 8d, 10th, and Saxons, on a lower ridge constantly declining, till, at Nechanitz, it was but slightly elevated above the river. From the rear of the Austrian line the ground fell towards Königgrätz, though still marked with ridges; so that the three corps constituting the reserve, and the great body of cavalry and artillery not attached to corps, and held in hand for a decisive stroke, all lay in a basin below the actual battle-field.

Thus the direction of the double advance of the Prussian armies caused the Austrian line to be sharply angular. Among other defects known for these hundred years, such a formation is weak at the angle, where both faces can be enfiladed; and at the battle of Prague proof was given that the advance of either wing must necessarily leave a gap in the line, unless instantly filled from the reserve.

Before daybreak on the morning of the battle the Prussians began their march, it having been concerted that, if the Austrians should offer battle here, Herwarth and the First Army should commence the attack on the line of the Bistritz, and

the Crown-Prince should march along the bank of the Elbe to join in the action. The Prussians, then, were fighting on two fronts, and enclosing the front of the Austrians, a manœuvre that would have been very dangerous to attempt had they all entered Bohemia by the same line.

Herwarth from Smidar advanced towards Nechanitz, extending towards Mokrowens. The First Army filled the space from his left to the Horitz road, advancing on Mokrowens, Dohalicka, Dohalitz, Sadowa, except the 7th division (Prussian 4th corps), which, crossing the Bistritz by another road from Horitz beyond Benedek's front, advanced on the Austrian bank of the stream towards Benàtek.

The battle began on the centre. Benàtek and the bridge and wood of Sadowa were carried by the Prussians, who also, in sharp conflicts, forced their way at the other passages of the stream. But fresh guns, and troops of the Austrian reserves, were brought into action; the Prussians ceased to advance, and indeed began to lose ground, though Herwarth, forcing back Gablenz and the Saxons, had pushed beyond the original Austrian line. On the whole, however, at this period of the battle, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, affairs looked well for the Austrians, and Benedek appears to have been about to launch his reserves against the First Army, which, severely handled, had begun to look anxiously for the Crown-Prince.

The Second Army was approaching on a front extending between Miletin and the Elbe, leaving, no doubt, some brigades to mask, on the north and west, the fortress of Josephstadt. Coming down thus, with his left on the river, the Crown-Prince, about noon, directed the Guard to advance on Lipa, while the 1st and 5th corps attacked the Austrian front between that village and the Elbe. But the ground was strong, and probably these corps, stretched out on the march, brought their full strength only very gradually into action; and though the Austrians, outnumbered on this side, were falling back, and demanded aid, yet Benedek, intent on pushing to the utmost his advantage against the First Army, contented himself with telling them to hold their ground; or, if that were impossible, to give way slowly.

At this stage of the engagement the Austrian commander was posted (as he appears to have been throughout the battle) on a hill near Lipa, close to the highroad that forms the central radius of the field. His centre was advancing; the 4th corps, anticipating success, was in motion towards the Bistritz. Was this the movement that left the fatal gap at Chlum? At any rate, it is the most plausible reason that suggests itself for the unforeseen irruption of the Prussians. The Guards, attacking Lipa, had broken the line by seizing the unguarded village beyond it. Already the whole of the Austrian right was in disorder and retreat.

It is extremely creditable to Prussian soldiership, that after all the hard fighting done by the First Army, and its heavy losses, it sprang forward with spirit to second the decisive attack of the Crown-Prince. All the consequences that follow the breaking of a line, especially a line so formed, were presently visible in the Austrian ranks. On each side of the enemy's wedge the front crumbled to atoms. The 6th corps, the cavalry, and the reserve artillery still showed a good front, but they availed only to arrest the Prussian pursuit, while the army went to wreck behind them, covering the field with its ruins all the way to Königgrätz.

Starting from the numbers already given, the seven Austrian corps would, if intact, have had about 220,000 men in line. But they had lost in the previous operations 45,000. To the 175,000 remaining must be added 18,000 Saxons and probably 15,000 reserve cavalry. On the other hand, the garrisons of Josephstadt and Königgrätz must be deducted, and the estimate of the 'Times' correspondent, of 195,000 men, is probably not far from the truth.

About 120,000 of these stood in first and second lines on a space of about nine miles; for which 30,000 men, or one-fifth the total force, would have been an ample reserve. Nevertheless, in rear of these stood the enormous reserve of about 75,000 men; and when the Austrians were defeated they still had an enormous body of cavalry and a hundred guns untouched.

It would appear, then, notwithstanding the great space of the battle-field, that Benedek stood on ground too contracted for his numbers,—nevertheless his right wing was manifestly too weak for the space it occupied, and the centre, left, and rear were crowded to no purpose, except to augment the confusion and the slaughter. Of the 45,000 needlessly kept in reserve, part might have extended the left beyond Nechanitz, holding Herwarth in check, and even threatening his flank; while the remainder might have so strengthened the right face of the line as to defeat the attacks of the Crown Prince, still keeping behind the centre a great force of all arms for a decisive effort.

Taking again the numbers formerly given, the Prussians would have brought into action these numbers: Herwarth's army, 40,000; the First Army, 82,000; the Second Army, 112,000. Add the same force of reserve cavalry as has been assigned to the Austrians, and we have a total of 249,000. Diminishing these by losses and necessary detachments, about 225,000 probably joined in the battle. Thus, while Benedek's centre and left were assailed by about equal forces, overwhelming numbers were hurled against his right. And none of the Prussian forces were kept needlessly out of action, for the 3d corps, which formed at first the reserve of the First Army, was pushed into the engagement about one o'clock, when fresh troops were evidently needed.

The masses of Austrian cavalry remained unemployed till the battle was lost. But there was a moment when, as it seems, they might have been launched forth with decisive effect. It was when spectators on the western bank of the Bistritz saw the columns of the Guard mounting the slopes round Lipa, till their final rush drove the defenders from the breastworks. That beginning of the end might have been avoided, or postponed, had the Austrian squadrons, issuing from each side of Lipa, borne down upon the Prussian infantry, who, even had they held their ground, must still have been checked under the fire of the position, while it is quite possible that some of the columns might have been taken unprepared and scattered by the charge.

In conflicts between uncovered bodies of infantry, either in defiles, like streets or bridges, or in the open field, the breech-loader has established an uncontested superiority. Eyewitnesses attest its effect upon the opposing troops, who always fell back with heavy loss before the intolerable weight of fire. At Skalitz the Austrians were driven shattered into Josephstadt by very inferior forces. At

Gitschin they relinquished strong ground before the attack of little more than half their numbers, leaving in killed and wounded a terrible tribute to the superiority of the needle-gun. But at Königgrätz its effects are not evident, except in the episode of the attack to drive the Prussians from Chlum. The disparity of loss between the victors and vanquished is fully accounted for by the mode of the defeat. It is when troops close to the enemy give ground in disorder that the balance of casualties falls heavily towards their scale; and the breaking of a line generally entails the severest form of defeat. On the whole, it may be said, that though no Power can in future be entitled to expect victory which sends forth armies equipped with muzzle-loaders to contend with breech-loaders, yet less than the due share of credit for success was at first given to the decisiveness, directness, and excellent conduct of the Prussian movements, and the soldiership of the Prussian troops. Nevertheless, there is one point, specially deserving of consideration, where breech-loaders may materially affect the conditions of war, since infantry can now direct a far more formidable fire than heretofore on approaching cavalry, and may thus attain a relative superiority greatly beyond that formerly conferred by arms of precision.

The Austrian cavalry has done nothing at all worthy of its reputation. If the accounts (most of which, in this case, the excellent correspondent of the 'Times' at the Prussian headquarters got at second-hand from Prussian sources) are to be accepted, it has been invariably worsted when it met the enemy on equal terms. But the artillery is, by the voice of friends and foes, pronounced admirable, and alone, of the three arms, holds its place with that of the enemy. Promptitude and judgment in taking ground, efficiency in action, steadiness and resolution in retreat, such have been the honourable characteristics of the Austrian artillery.

Looking to the Prussians, what can a soldier do but praise them? All the qualities to be looked for in a modern army are to be found among them. Their designs, marked by no obvious faults, have been executed with a precision like that of machinery. In marching, in manœuvring, in fighting, in the intelligence of the Generals and in the spirit of the troops, they have been vastly superior to their foes. There is a singular absence of needless or abortive movements in their operations: everywhere the columns have had an object and a result. Assuredly there is evidence here of an army so organised and directed, that no Power in Europe, however armed, can despise it. Give breech-loaders to the Austrians, and let them fight the campaign again, still who would doubt the issue? For strategical and tactical ability, and complete organisation, have been the main elements of victory.

Turning to the Italian theatre of war, the rashness of inviting defeat by pushing into the midst of the fortresses is too palpable to need comment, and materials do not yet exist for judging the movements of the battle of Custozza. Here, also, the Austrians held a salient frontier, one side being formed by the Mincio, the other by the Po, and both were difficult of attack. But, notwithstanding the close and intersected nature of the country about the lower Po and the Adige, an attack on this side must be always more feasible than on the other, and more effective, as threatening the flank of one main line of communication with Austria, that through Padua and Treviso; while in this present in-

stance, the co-operation of the Italian fleet on the side of Venice, and the great improbability that Austria, under existing political circumstances, would invade Lombardy, pointed with tenfold urgency to this line of advance.

The reader will not fail to observe that, like the two invading armies in Bohemia, so the two foes of Austria—Prussia and Italy—on a greater scale, were assailing her on a double line. In all circumstances the rule must hold, that the defender in such a case ought not, except with forces superior to both, to attempt to make head against both attacks. The policy of retarding the advance of one enemy, and operating in force against the other, is the only decisive mode of operation. For this reason the present writer maintained, before hostilities began, that Austria should at first have taken that step which circumstances afterwards forced on her, and, withdrawing all the forces disposable for the field, should have held only her fortresses and mountain-passes; secure that, when once she had crushed her German foe, she could always, by Verona, issue upon the Italian army in Venetia and drive it over the Po.

The beaten army of Königgrätz, not so much demoralised as disorganised—for the men mostly sought to rejoin their colours—was reassembled at Olmutz, without suffering further from a pursuit. The Prussians followed to the Elbe; and while the first army moved directly upon Brunn, Herwarth was detached to the right by Iglau, and the Crown-Prince, by Bohmisch-Trubau, towards Olmutz. That fortress, a central work flanking a large circle of outworks, was occupied by an Austrian corps, and the remainder of the army was sent by the railway to Vienna, which, devoid of strong fortifications, was covered only by the Danube and the large bridge-head of Florisdorf opposite the city, armed with powerful artillery, and capable in itself of containing a great army. As we close this paper, the news comes of a short truce, and of the willingness of Austria to come to terms. Let us glance at the military situation while the armies are still in presence of each other.

The right of Herwarth's army is on the road from Budweis to Linz, the left on that from Znaym to Krems, whence it communicates with the right of the first army, which from Brünn has moved on Vienna, while its left has intercepted at Lundenburg the communication by rail between Olmutz and the capital. On the left rear the Crown-Prince watches Olmutz, probably with two corps, while the remainder of his army has moved to reinforce the centre. Extended thus on a space, from Budweis to Olmutz, of 150 miles, the Prussians have before them the broad obstacle of the Danube from Linz to Presburg, while in rear their communications, still hampered with four uncaptured fortresses, stretch 200 miles to Goslitz, and 200 miles on the less-assured line from Lundenburg through Ratibor to Breslau. The passage of such a stream, on such a front, and with a great army opposed, is a problem at which they may well pause, and of which it would be extremely interesting to see an army, whose operations are so prompt and so prudent, attempt the solution. On the right, passing at Linz or Krems, they would cut the Austrians from Bavaria, but would still find a powerful enemy ready to offer battle between themselves and the capital. An advance on the centre would commit them to the siege of the great intrenched camp covering Vienna; but an advance on the left, at Haimburg and Presburg, would cut the Austrians from Hungary, on which they now mainly rely. But the left, then, they may operate with most decisive effect. Meanwhile a corps of reserve troops, which occupied Sax-

ony when Herwarth advanced, is moving by Prague to Budweis, while another corps of reserve replaces it.

The Austrians, by all accounts, holding Florisdorf as an advanced post across the river, have assembled between the Danube and Vienna. But we consider that another position is offered to them promising far more decisive results than a mere repulse of the enemy. Drawn up on the north bank, with the left on the Danube opposite Haimburg, and their line extending thence behind the March to Marchegg, with the right thrown back by Lozorn on the mountains, they would be posted to much better purpose. Behind them, by Presburg, they would communicate with Hungary, their ultimate base and refuge; the March would cover their front, the Carpathians would check the pursuit of a victorious enemy, and offer positions for retrieving defeat. Such would be the advantages of the position, defensively, should the Prussians march to attack it, watching Florisdorf on the one side, Olmutz on the other — both of them points to be very seriously looked to in case of a Prussian defeat. Offensively considered, it could not but at once check the attempts of the enemy on Vienna, since they could not dare to separate their army by the river while a concentrated enemy threatened them on one bank; while, should they also concentrate for battle on the Marchfeld, they must, in order to meet the Austrians advancing from the March, front to their present left, when, if defeated, they might be driven along the Danube towards Bavaria, losing their communications with Silesia, and even with Saxony. This, then, is the position which seems to offer to the Austrians the best opportunity, not only of retrieving the honour of their arms, but of inflicting a disaster on the enemy which might entitle them to treat on terms of equality with their now arrogant adversary.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

If ever there was a Government which had a right to expect that it should be treated with candour — in other words, judged of by its acts, and those only — it is that which a succession of the most unlooked-for incidents has just lifted into power. No human being can say with truth of Lord Derby or his colleagues that they either intrigued for office, or took any unfair advantage of their rivals in order to grasp it. It is certain, on the contrary, that ten months ago their opinion coincided with that of the Conservative party in general; that for good or for evil all authority in the State was handed over, indefinitely, to the Liberals; and that the only game left for the party and their representatives to play, was that of a strong, because a wise and constitutional, Opposition. No doubt we and they alike found comfort, under this not very gratifying conviction, from observing that the increased strength given to the Administration of the day was given rather to the men than to any strongly-expressed political principles. The majority which secured to them a prolonged tenure of office was not a majority of Radicals, — quite otherwise. Lord Palmerston was the object of their special choice; because they believed, that while he would be prepared to move with the times hereafter, as he had done before, he would never consent to go farther or faster than an educated public opinion might warrant. His Liberalism was, so far as the great institutions of the country were concerned, a thoroughly conservative Liberalism—or the elected of the people believed it to be such; and the pledges which they had given to him they transferred frankly to his successor, nothing doubting that the prudent course which he had followed would in the main be persevered in after his decease. Observe that, in thus expressing ourselves, we speak not in our own name, but in the names of the majority which went against us at the general election. Lord Palmerston's foreign policy was certainly not always to our mind, and in his management of domestic matters we saw a good deal to complain of; but we never denied to him the credit of keeping the reins of government well in his own hand, and thereby repressing, with marvellous adroitness, the ardour of the more impatient of his followers. The majority which the prestige of his name secured to the Liberal party went in, therefore, more to sustain his policy than anything else. The seventy gentlemen composing it might not be averse to consider, with a view to its settlement, that question of Parliamentary Reform which so many successive Administrations had brought forward only to abandon or suffer shipwreck upon it. But they entertained as little disposition as he ever did, or as we do at this moment, to vote for measures leading down to the level of democracy; and they made no secret of their feelings on that head. All this we perfectly understood, and the consideration of facts as they were gave us comfort. But as to the reoccupation of Downing Street by our own natural leaders, that was an event on which the most sanguine among us could not venture to calculate, because it was impossible to conceive that any change in the mere *personnel* of the Administration would lead to such change of policy as should set the Liberal party by the ears, and compel Lord Derby, unsupported by a majority in the House of Commons, to accept the responsibilities of office. Yet such is precisely the situation in which

we now find ourselves; and surely it is not too much to expect that they who have forced it on will exercise toward the Government—a Government of their own making—a large measure of, at least, forbearance; giving to every measure which emanates from the Treasury benches impartial consideration, and accepting or rejecting it, not on party grounds, but according as it does or does not recommend itself to the honest approval of thinking men.

That we are taking no false or party-coloured view of a subject of which it is impossible to overrate the importance, a rapid glance both at the past and present state of things will abundantly show.

Lord Palmerston's death naturally, and we may add of necessity, removed Lord Russell from the Foreign Office, and placed him at the head of a Liberal Administration. The same event as naturally, and quite as much as a matter of course, gave to Mr. Gladstone the leadership of the House of Commons. They are the two foremost men of the party to which they belong, and in some sort may be said to represent the two sections into which it is divided. Lord Russell is by birth, by education, by family traditions and political connection, a Whig—a member of that highly aristocratic yet not unconstitutional party which, at the Revolution of 1688, established the right of a few great families to govern England, and which has never, from that date down to the present time, acknowledged that the right then established has been honestly abrogated. The Whigs, like the Tories, may have changed their opinions on various important points again and again; but to one leading principle they have always remained true—viz., that the real constitution of England is an oligarchical constitution; that the Crown ought to act only as the representatives of certain historical houses may advise; and that the people, while enjoying as much freedom and as large an influence in political matters as need be, are never to interfere, by word or deed, with the right of certain great historical houses to monopolise the chief offices of State, and to govern the country.

This great party, in the bosom of which Lord Russell was born and bred, could not but accept him, when Lord Palmerston died, as their natural leader. They might not all in their secret souls repose implicit confidence in him, for he had earned the reputation of an unsafe Minister, and on more than one occasion had tripped them up. But he was older, and, it was hoped, wiser, now than he once was, and time and events had removed out of his way most of the blocks over which he formerly stumbled. Besides, having lost Lord Palmerston, they had really no choice. Lord Granville might be more amiable, Lord Clarendon more popular, the Duke of Somerset was believed to be an abler man and a better administrator; but under one or other of these Lord Russell would certainly not serve, and his retirement in anger would inevitably break up the Government. He was thus more than a moral necessity to them. They could not do without him in some office or another, so they took him at his own price, and he became Prime Minister. It was an arrangement with which most of the old Whigs, not being in the Cabinet, expressed a very qualified satisfaction. They felt that their allies—the extreme or Radical Liberals—had gained a good deal upon them of late in point of strength, and they feared that Lord Russell would neither be able nor willing to check them as Lord Palmerston used to do. But what then? It was Lord Russell and a Liberal Administration, or no Liberal Administration without Lord Russell; and they preferred the former alternative, beset with risks as it undoubtedly was, to

the latter, of which the issues seemed to be inevitable.

If the Whigs gave but a limited confidence to Lord Russell, they distrusted Mr. Gladstone still more; yet Mr. Gladstone was as much a necessity to them as Lord Russell himself. In the first place, Mr. Gladstone had made himself openly and without disguise the leader of the extreme section of their party. This he did, not as Lord Russell used to do, while yet a member of the House of Commons—to serve a purpose, and there rest; but in all earnestness, as Mr. Gladstone does everything, and under a conviction that he was doing the right and the patriotic thing. In the next place, Mr. Gladstone's finance had been accepted by the country as successful; and, though last not least, he was in point of eloquence and debating power beyond compare the ablest man on their side of the House. Moreover, the Whigs knew that Mr. Gladstone would accept no other position. He had a right to aspire even to a higher place, which, however he consented to waive in favour of the father of Reform! But to any other living statesman, come he from what stock he might, Mr. Gladstone would not give way; and his resignation would be as immediately fatal to the Government as that of Lord Russell himself. Under these circumstances there was nothing for it but to shuffle the Ministerial cards, which was accordingly done; and Lord Russell coming up first Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Gladstone had the leadership of the House of Commons committed to him.

It soon became apparent into which scale in the balance the heaviest weight had by these arrangments been cast. Lord Russell's Whig predilections, if he still retained any, were not strong enough to outweigh the Radical leanings of Mr. Gladstone; indeed, the current rumour at the moment was, that Lord Russell himself threw in his fortunes with the Radicals; and that the new blood let into the Administration was of his rather than of his colleagues' seeking. Be this, however, as it may, events followed fast one upon another, each of which went farther than that which had preceded it in jarring Whig susceptibilities and alarming Whig fears. There was to much ground for assuming that, directly or indirectly, the Cabinet was in confidential communication with Mr Bright. That gentleman, who at first spoke as a tribune of the people, melted away suddenly into an honest supporter of the Government, and cautioned his adherents to accept as an instalment whatever Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone might propose. The single point on which he insisted to the last was, that Reform should come in the shape not of one bill but of two bills; and that, having lowered the franchise this session, Parliament should wait till the next before approaching the not less delicate and difficult operation of redistributing seats.

Parliament met, and those events befel, of which the recollection is still fresh in the memories of our readers. The Government introduced their measures exactly as Mr. Bright had recommended them to do, and secured from him and from the 120 gentlemen who sat below the gangway a very cordial support. At once, and as if acted upon by somewhat more than a sense of public duty, a considerable number of gentlemen sitting above the gangway expressed disapproval both of what was done and of what was intended. Objection was taken to the scale at which the Government desired to fix the franchise; and the plan of carrying the measures by fragments was denounced as dishonest. We are sure that Mr. Lowe, Lord Elcho, and Mr. Horsman, in thus expressing themselves, gave utterance to their own honest convictions, and to the conviction of many who abstained from

doing as they had done; but we are equally sure that the abject subordination by the Government of their own views to those of Mr. Bright gave increased bitterness to their convictions. There is not in the House of Commons a man so personally unpopular as the honourable member for Birmingham; and the Government which allies itself with him, as the late Administration did, is sure to provoke such an amount of hostility as must, sooner or later, destroy it.

It was not to be supposed that the Conservatives, as a party, would accept a measure so little satisfactory as was proposed, far less accept it by instalments; and had not active opposition come from other quarters, it would have certainly come from them. But they neither originated the opposition, nor took the lead in conducting it. Mr Lowe first, and after him Mr Laing, Mr Horsman, and Lord Elcho, speaking in the name of the constitutional Whigs, denounced the measure; and Lord Grosvenor, the Whig member for Chester, was the first to give notice of an amendment. Naturally enough, a leading member of the Conservative party, approving both the substance and the views of the amendment, stated his intention of seconding the proposal. This was undoubtedly a state of things with which the Government had little reason to be satisfied; but it afforded no justification of the peculiar mode which the leader of the House of Commons deemed it expedient to adopt, in order to express his own and his colleagues' dissatisfaction. Mr. Gladstone has done many unwise things in his day, but he never did anything half so injudicious as the delivery of his sentiments in regard to this matter at Liverpool. It was quite unworthy of his social status—it was derogatory to the place which he held in the councils of his sovereign—to hold up to odium before a popular assembly the aristocracy of his country, because two gentlemen, each the heir to an ancient title and a princely fortune, had taken the lead in resisting the Ministerial scheme. He might have left a course so little dignified for his friend Mr. Bright to follow. But here, as elsewhere, temper, or, if you please, earnestness, ran away with Mr. Gladstone; and having begun to give utterance to the language of complaint, he did not know where to stop. Nor did the evil end there. Mr. Gladstone met Parliament again, after the Easter recess, an altered man. The self-control which, for the first two weeks of the session, he had exercised, entirely disappeared; and he spoke on every occasion, when circumstances called him up, not with vehemence only, but defiantly. The House was no longer entreated to pass a measure which the Government, on conscientious grounds, recommended to it. The House was challenged to refuse the measure if it dared; and terms were applied to the Liberals who did not choose to be coerced, such as nothing said or done by them could palliate, far less justify. We do not recollect in all our study of Hansard, or of Parliamentary history in general, having anywhere met with such gross distortion of facts as Mr. Gladstone and his ally Mr. Bright were guilty of in criticising the arguments of their opponents.

The results of all this were, first, the total loss of hold upon the House by its leader; and next, the total loss by the Government of its influence in debate. But this is not all. Mr. Gladstone continued not only to irritate and disgust one large section of his party by his policy of Reform, and by the manner in which it was urged on, but he disgusted another section by turning sharp round upon them on a matter of infinitely less importance. Mr. Grant Duff had the best right to complain of Mr. Gladstone's conduct in regard to the Oxford Tests Bill, which, whatever may be our opinion re-

specting it, he, as the leader of the great Liberal party, ought to have supported. In like manner, his adoption, without inquiry, of Mr. Jevon's theory about the rapid exhaustion of coal, and the plan founded on that persuasion for paying off the national debt, would have been to both sides of the House a subject of positive ridicule, had not he contrived to bring out of it a financial arrangement as unwise as it is impracticable. The truth is, that Mr. Gladstone has proved a signal failure in the very position to which his own personal ambition had long pointed. He cannot lead the House of Commons. The policy of the Cabinet which leaned so much upon him was indeed an unwise policy in itself. They staked their all upon one cast of the dice, and threw them badly. They committed the mistake against which Lord Palmerston had warned them, of proposing a Reform Bill in the first session of a new Parliament; and calling upon an Assembly, the pulse of which they had not had time to feel, to support them in carrying it. Had their measure been as well matured as it was crude and incomplete, a course of action such as this could lead only to failure. But more even than this. As if they had been determined to set all the dictates of common prudence at defiance, they intrusted the management of this device to one whose mental, and perhaps his physical, peculiarities (for we cannot escape from the suspicion that physical health and organisation have a good deal to do with it) eminently disqualify him from such a task. No wonder that they failed.

"Mr. Gladstone's mind," says the 'Saturday Review' of the 7th of July, "seems always in a state of fermentation. He is always being converted by somebody to something, just as if he were a boy in a debating society; and nobody can be sure that he will not with equal fervour be following Mr. Mill and Mr. Jevon to-day, and Mr. Carlyle to-morrow, and 'Ecce Homo' on the day after. Each successive enthusiasm is with him genuine and overwhelming; and he is distressingly eager, whenever he has a fresh fever, that the House of Commons should immediately catch it too. In a partial and admiring audience such fiery compulsions might be tolerated; but the House of Commons, though it admires Mr. Gladstone's rhetorical power, is not devoted to him personally. One great party in particular among the audience cannot but feel that he once belonged to their own ranks, that he has left them through a train of feeling and of reasoning which they did not like, and that he is daily drifting farther from all that they approved and esteem. They do not understand being summoned by the most solemn adjurations to sympathise with his internal excitement during this change, and they look with undisguised impatience on each new phase of his conversion. A considerable section of the Liberal party feel the same difficulty, though in a less degree. Mr. Gladstone's barley during the last few years has been always malting, and malting with some little fitfulness and irregularity. Men whose barley has long since malted do not care to be forced to go through the malting process over again. Yet he expects his own friends to follow him through every stage of mental development, to take intellectual crotchets on the day he takes them, and to recover from them *pari passu* with himself." This is a just picture of a very remarkable man, painted by a hand not unfriendly to him, which, if it prove anything, proves to demonstration that he has not heretofore been fit, whatever he may hereafter become, to lead the House of Commons.

We agree with Lord Derby in thinking that, after the turn which public affairs had taken, the resignation of the late Ministry became a necessity. It became a necessity, however, not because they were out-

voted on a question between rental and rating—for that was a matter of detail in no degree affecting the principle of their measure—but because the Chancellor of the Exchequer had gone out of his way to announce that the slightest check in the future progress of the Bill would be treated as a vote of want of confidence. It might not, and ought not, to have been so treated; indeed, it could not have been so treated had common tact and discretion been exhibited at previous stages in the discussion. But everybody felt, whether sitting behind or in front of Ministers, that the House was bitterly out of humour, and that nothing would suffice to render it ordinarily tractable and calm again except just such a step as the Government took. The Liberal Ministry were therefore justified in their resignation of office, though they created the justification for themselves by a series of the most wanton and mischievous political mistakes that any Government ever committed. What have they done since? By a curious but not unintelligible game of pitch-and-toss, the First Lord of the Treasury, in taking leave of Parliament, changed characters for a moment with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Gladstone's original announcement of resignation to the House of Commons was calm and dignified. It enunciated facts without commenting upon them, and was brief as well as mannerly. Lord Russell, on the contrary, allowed his temper to get the better of him, and tried to say sharp things, which did him no credit. But Lord Russell was probably under the influence at the time of two feelings. He did not like losing both his Bill and his place; and he was by no means consoled by the reflection that Mr. Gladstone had taken the wind out of his sails with the populace. It was not to cheer him that mobs assembled in Palace Yard and Trafalgar Square; and, remembering how he had fared in 1832—the contrast between what he once was and what he now is, may have poured the last drop of acid into his cup and caused it to effervesce. Be this as it may, Lord Russell's farewell in the capacity of Minister to the House of Lords was much less becoming than that of Mr. Gladstone to the House of Commons. It would appear, however, that Mr. Gladstone is, by some defect of constitution, incapable of perceiving when he has done a painful act well. His resignation was, of course, treated by Reform Leagues and their office-bearers as a great national calamity. Meetings were called to express the sentiments of the people on the occasion; and Mr. Lucraft told assembled thousands in Trafalgar Square that the "rallying-cry must henceforth be 'not the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!' but 'Reform!' and 'Gladstone and Liberty!'" Now, no human being could have objected to this if Mr. Lucraft and his friends had confined themselves to idle talk, and Mr. Gladstone held aloof from the whole proceeding; but the incident becomes painful when we find to what a poor use those who ought to have known better did not scruple to turn it. The following account of the transaction is, we believe, correct to the letter; and, for obvious reasons, we prefer that our Liberal contemporary should describe it, and not we:—

"Last Wednesday week this Mr. Lucraft raised this 'rallying-cry of Reform, which must now be "Gladstone and Liberty!"' as he announced it; and he and his mob proceeded to show its meaning. To do the Hoxton journeyman only simple justice, he was explicit enough in saying what he meant by Reform. He and his friends passed a resolution in favour of 'nothing short of registered manhood suffrage.' This is the liberty with which they identify the name of Gladstone, and to this—for he has not disavowed it—Mr. Gladstone stands hereafter committed. After this exposition of 'Gladstone and Liberty,' Lucraft, or at least

his eight thousand friends, proceeded to Carlton House Terrace, to get a speech out of their new Mirabeau. Accident (or was it a last lurking sense of propriety?) found Mr. Gladstone from home. But the polite Lucraftites ordered out the lady of the house, who faced the mob much as Marie Antoinette did not face another mob; and Mrs. Gladstone, accompanied by her two daughters, remained on the balcony bowing and curtsying to Lucraft and his friends. Such a very unusual incident in fashionable and political life attracted comment; but we are not aware that, whatever people may have thought, the critics of this curious proceeding said anything inconsistent with that delicacy and consideration which are due to a lady's proceedings. The newspapers for the last month have frequently told us that Mr. Gladstone went down to the House in an open carriage, accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, apparently with a view to attract popular cheers and attention. Mrs. Gladstone bowing in her balcony and accepting Lucraft's 'ovation'—in which there were no eggs—was only much the same as Mrs. Gladstone in an open carriage in Palace Yard. But Mr. Gladstone chose to take offence at that being noticed which was done in the presence and at the demand of eight thousand howling and roaring and yelling patriots. So he wrote a letter to the Radical papers complaining of the criticism passed, if any criticism was passed, on this balcony scene, and explaining that what was done was done in deference to the wishes of Policeman X. He added Mrs. Gladstone's testimony to 'the respectable appearance and good order' of her guests. No doubt Mrs. Gladstone, at this extraordinary 'At Home,' was bound to say something civil for those who assisted at her unusual reception. But Mr. Gladstone might have been at the pains of remembering—only he never takes the trouble of putting two things together—how his wife's fashionable assembly disported themselves after their amenities on Carlton House Terrace. On leaving Mr. Gladstone's house—we quote the official 'Observer'—the crowd proceeded to Pall Mall, and amused themselves with 'hootings and groanings, which only ceased when they had fairly exhausted themselves, in front of the Carlton Club,' and with yelling at the members personally, and with well-meant attempts to escalade the steps. After this exhibition of 'good order,' it was only by the tardy interference of the police that Lord Elcho's house was protected from violence. Nor did this 'inauguration' of the new *cri de guerre*,' 'Gladstone and Liberty!' stand alone. On Monday night Trafalgar Square was occupied in force by (we are told) 60,000 of Gladstone's lambs—a Colenso seems to be wanted to investigate these curious numerals; and that silliest of the silly, Edmund Beales, Revising Barrister, denounced Parliament as 'a usurpation;' and another body of Reformers, which has invited Mr. Gladstone to its gatherings, announces open-air and intimidation meetings to be held in the heart of the City and in every part of London, and all for 'Gladstone and Liberty!'"

Mrs. Gladstone and her daughters may well be excused for the part which they played in this silly drama. They doubtless acted as they did partly because the applause even of a mob is grateful when a husband and father happens to be the object of it; partly, perhaps, because they were anxious to save a glazier's bill and to get rid of a nuisance. But Mr. Gladstone's intemperate letter to the 'Daily Telegraph' and 'Morning Star' admits of no excuse. Had he desired only to explain facts, his natural course would have been to do so in the columns of the newspaper which had misstated them. But he desired something more, and therefore addressed his communication to journals which are chiefly read by the class of persons of whom the mob under Mrs. Gladstone's window had been composed. Nor did he rest there. Politely declining to attend a meeting of working men which a few days afterwards invited him to come among and address them, he took occasion to remind his correspondents of their duty—which is, to throw as many impediments as possible in the way of any settlement of the Reform question of which he and an Administration of professed Liberals should not be the authors. Finally, in the House of Commons itself, just before quitting the Treasury benches, he outraged good taste and good manners by thank-

ing, not the whole House, as representing the people of England, nor even the whole Liberal party, but only that section of it which had gone into the same lobby persistently with himself. It was high time that a gentleman so impulsive and egotistical should be allowed leisure at this season of the dog-days to study, to better purpose than he has hitherto done, human nature under the cold shade of Opposition.

This is bad enough, but worse remains to be noticed. In the course of the late session there had been a good deal of talk about a Roman Catholic University for Ireland; and Mr. Gladstone, speaking in the name of the Government, had hinted at the propriety of granting to it a charter. What he really meant to do, if at the moment he had arrived at any determinate conclusions on the subject, is more than we can say. But the results of a good deal of mystification were, to inspire the House of Commons with a persuasion that somehow or other the Government had determined to remodel the system of education in Ireland, and thereby enable youths brought up at a strictly Roman Catholic college to graduate in the Queen's University. This, with an expressed wish that, in the matter of grants for the maintenance of elementary schools, Ireland might be put upon the same footing with England, troubled all who took note of what was passing; for while Protestants naturally deprecate a larger expenditure of public money in order to diffuse more widely religious tenets which they condemn, men of liberal views are disposed to leave the religious instruction of the young to their proper pastors, and to subsidise only schools in which secular instruction is given. Hence the Queen's University, as now constituted, is with them much in favour; and their argument as to schools is rather that the Irish system should be introduced into England, than that the English system should be transferred to Ireland.

Perceiving that the sense of the House was against him, yet hampered by pledges given to the ultramontanists of Ireland, Mr. Gladstone avoided a direct defeat some weeks ago by promising that no steps should be taken either to interfere with the elementary-school system in Ireland, or to modify or supplement the existing charter of the Queen's University, till Parliament should have had an opportunity of expressing an opinion on both subjects. The House was thus kept quiet till the late Ministers ceased to govern. But the late Ministers had by no means followed the example thus set them. They had prepared in secret what they called a supplemental charter for the Queen's University. They had added six ultramontane Roman Catholics to the Senate, previously consisting of eighteen members; and two days after having formally sent their resignation to the Queen, they procured the Royal signature, and affixed the Great Seal to a deed which entirely changed the nature of the University, and gave to Archbishop Cullen and his friends all that they desired. Of the figure cut by the perpetrators of this atrocious job, when their plot and the manner of maturing it came to light, it is unnecessary that we should speak. The curious on that head are referred to the columns of the 'Times' of the 18th, and of the 'Scotsman' of the 19th of last July. Happily for Ireland, however, all that the late Ministers succeeded in effecting was to cover themselves with disgrace. The supplemental charter cannot take effect unless the Senate of the Queen's University adopt it. The Senate has refused point-blank to bind itself to such a gross violation of right; and Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have the satisfaction of knowing that their attempt to deceive Parliament,

however cleverly contrived, has failed. They stand, therefore, before the world at this moment, in the not very enviable position of men who, for party purposes, were willing to do a dishonourable act, and actually did it, without deriving from the procedure any personal or party advantages whatever.

It is a remarkable fact that, after the two Bills had both got into Committee, every attempt on the part of the Conservatives to modify the terms of the elder of them was defeated. Lord Stanley failed in his proposal to defer the consideration of the franchise till a decision in regard to redistribution had been arrived at; Mr. Walpole did not succeed in raising the franchise in counties to £20 and in boroughs to £8; and Mr. Hunt's proposal to make rating the test in counties was rejected by a majority of 21. But no sooner was the battle led by a member of the Liberal party than it ended in victory. Lord Dunkellin's proposal to give the right of voting in boroughs to householders paying poor and borough rates was carried against Ministers, and they gave immediate notice of their intention to resign. It was to no purpose that Lord Dunkellin explained how far he was from desiring by his motion to raise the franchise above the Government level. He did not vote for a £7 or even a £6 rating; he would have accepted less, so long as the principle of rating was preserved. Mr. Gladstone listened, but refused to be convinced; and so, on the 18th of June, he and his colleagues virtually ceased to manage the affairs of the country, and sent in their resignations to the Queen.

It would be ridiculous in us were we to make any professions of regret over the event. We had no confidence in the late Administration, either collectively or individually, and never professed to have any. Their domestic policy had fallen into a groove which must have sooner or later landed us in democracy. They had pronounced for such a reform of the Established Church in Ireland as could not fail, within a year or two, to improve it off the face of the earth. Even in the matter of the Church of England itself, the obvious result of Mr. Cardwell's colonial legislation was to set up a precedent eminently dangerous to its continued existence as an establishment. Begin by lopping off all the branches, and you will probably end by cutting down the tree. Formally, and by Act of Parliament, separate the Church's offshoots in Australia, South Africa, and elsewhere, from the Church at home, and you will leave her so bare that she will not be worth preserving. If Churches Episcopally governed can flourish without acknowledging the royal supremacy in the colonies, there is no good reason why the royal supremacy should be maintained at home; and with that cleared away, the link that binds in this country Church and State together is broken. Now we do not wish to break the link that binds Church and State together, because all experience proves that the intimate connection of the two is essential to the success—the permanent success, we mean—of true religion. There is no connection between Church and State in America—what is the religious condition of that Commonwealth? Wherefore, even in Mr. Cardwell's attempt at Church legislation for the colonies, well intended as we believe it to have been, we see a great deal more to censure than to approve. And when we look nearer home, what do we discover? Mr. Gladstone undertaking to settle the question of Church-rates, and, with expressions of deep devotion to the Church itself upon his lips, proposing to alter the machinery by which its affairs have heretofore been regulated in parishes, in order that the rates may be surrendered under the specious plea of compromise. In the same spirit, though with a

greater show of reluctance, he throws the rights of the Church to the endowments of our colleges overboard — speaking against the arrangement, yet giving no vote in opposition to it. Neither were we comforted, amid the anxiety awakened by these proceedings, by discovering either wisdom in the arrangement of our relations with foreign states, or energy and vigour in our departmental administration at home. Ever since we began to meddle and muddle in the quarrel between Germany and Denmark, we reaped only shame and national disgrace as our reward. Our Foreign Secretary blustered and did nothing. He applied to the French Emperor to join him in restraining the Germans by force of arms, and was refused; and then, sulky and sad, he stood aloof while Denmark was dismembered and little Saxony insulted him. The results are before us now — a great European war, the wreck of a great European empire, and such a complication in European affairs generally as may lead to consequences the gravity of which cannot be calculated. Meanwhile, though conscious that we have not a friend in the world — that our prestige is gone, and ourselves liable at any moment to be involved in a struggle for life and death—so unpardonable has been the negligence both of our naval and military departments, that we are at this moment virtually without a fleet, and our army, which in point of numbers falls below that of even the second-rate Powers, is the worst, instead of being, as it ought to be, the best armed military body in Europe. It seems, indeed, as if the late Ministry had arrived at the conclusion that their sole business was to experiment for the advantage of foreign nations; for the sums expended on crucial guns, targets, ships, and forts, are not to be told. Yet they hand over the navy and army to their successors, the former without one turret-ship ready to go to sea—the latter so appointed, drilled, and equipped that, were it three times as strong in men and horses as it is, it could not take the field with any prospect of success against the forces of France, Prussia, or even of Italy. But this is not all. The law reforms which were promised have either made no progress, or they are found, when brought to the test of experience, to have broken down. Lord Westbury's Bankruptcy Bill effected little else than to involve its noble and learned author in a labyrinth of personal difficulties; it has certainly done nothing to insure a fuller or more economical arrangement of the property of insolvents in favour of their creditors. Meanwhile the administration of the Poor Law by Mr. Villiers and his subordinates has been such as to disgrace us in our own eyes and in the eyes of foreign nations. "The stories we hear through reports in the public newspapers are so revolting and so disgusting — they show so much misery and hardship devolving upon those who have no power to help themselves — that a Government would be blamable indeed that did not try to put an end to scenes so unutterably revolting." Yet for six long years, during which Mr. Villiers held the office which he has just resigned, these scenes were enacted daily, without an effort on his part to put a stop to them, or any expression of dissatisfaction with the patriotic metropolitan vestries under whose sanction they went forward. Finally, the state of Ireland is a standing scandal to us all. For years a conspiracy was allowed to extend itself there, till it grew at length to such a magnitude, that nothing short of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act sufficed to deal with it. And now the outgoing Administration deliver over to their successors a third part of the United Kingdom without commerce, almost without manufacture; with its railway system bankrupt, and pub-

lic peace preserved only by filling the island with troops, and depriving the civil inhabitants of their constitutional liberties. It is of little use to place in opposition to all this a growing public revenue and a diminished taxation. The revenue would have grown whoever sat at the receipt of custom, through the operation of causes with which neither Minister nor Parliament have any concern; and as the revenue grew, the reduction of taxation would have followed as a matter of course. But it is quite possible for a nation to be rich as a state, yet, as experience proves, to have an immense amount of individual poverty among its people. It would be to our credit if we heard more of content and comfort among the masses, and rather less than we do of extended commerce and a buoyant revenue. These well-known revelations coming on the back of what we read about trades-unions and strikes for wages, say very little for the skill with which the most important functions of government have thus far been carried on. The retiring Ministers seem to have been so busy manipulating changes in the principles of the constitution itself, that they had neither time nor energy to throw away upon matters so comparatively commonplace as the right administration of the laws already in existence.

The enemies of the new Government have done their best to disparage it by censuring Lord Derby for the advances which he made to certain members of the late Administration, and to the leaders of that section on the Liberal benches who really brought him into power. These benevolent efforts will fail. Lord Derby was bound to act as he did, not alone because in pursuing a particular course he gave effect to the expressed wishes of the Sovereign, but because the course which he took was the most patriotic which, under the circumstances, could be taken. The Conservatives did not grasp at office—did not intrigue and plot to attain to it. They were in a minority in the House of Commons, and they knew it; and they have had too much experience to seek, at this time of day, power which they are themselves aware they may not be permitted to hold twelve months. But though in a minority of the whole House, they are stronger as a party than either of the sections into which the Liberals have divided themselves. They constitute, for this reason, the only party which, in the present aspect of affairs, can venture to accept office at all. Say that they had declined to undertake so responsible a charge, what would have followed? Either Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone must have consented to return to office, or the country must have been left without a Government; for nobody will be rash enough to contend that the neutrals could have formed an Administration,— respectable in point of numbers, and more than respectable in ability, as we admit them to be. But the retention of office by Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone would have satisfied nobody. It might have been possible to get a vote of vague general confidence passed by the House. Even that, however, is doubtful; because there can be no such thing as general confidence which does not apply to particular cases—and on the question which they had deliberately adopted as specially indicating the line of their policy, the House had already pronounced against them. But granting that a general vote of confidence had been carried, would it heal old sores, induce forgetfulness of recent struggles, blot out all memory of gross personalities bandied from side to side out of doors as well as in? Could Mr. Lowe give any more honest support to a minister who had misquoted his words and violently perverted his meaning? Was there any hope of concord between Mr. Laing and Mr. Bright between Lord Elcho and Mr. Villiers, between Mr. Göschen and Mr. Hors-

man? And could the Government which had made common cause with Mr. Baines, and enrolled Mr. Forster and Mr. Childers among its members, ever hope to regain the confidence of Lord Grosvenor, of the late Marquess of Lansdowne, or even of Captain Hayter? The thing was impossible; nor could the Government look for any escape out of their troubles by a dissolution. To dissolve the House which had just passed a vote of general confidence in them would have been at once most ungracious and most impolitic. All the members who went back to their constituents would have gone justly indignant at the treatment which they had received; while the counties, warned of the swamping process which was in store for them, and every small borough not ambitious of martyrdom, would have sent back representatives pledged to oppose the broken-down scheme, and it may be every other scheme, of Parliamentary reform however moderate. Besides, is it quite certain that the Queen would have dissolved had the proposal been made to her? and, not less potent—have we a right to believe that on a question of dissolution after all that had passed, the Cabinet would think alike? It has been whispered —we cannot pretend to say on what authority—that the idea of a dissolution did present itself to some members of the Cabinet. Rumour—that garrulous jade—went, indeed, so far as to say, that Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone were both favourable to it; and that at a Cabinet meeting they carried their motion by a majority of three. But the minority, being honest in their convictions, frankly stated that they could be no parties to a proceeding so revolutionary; and that, if persevered in, they must at once withdraw from the Ministry. Now, all this may or may not be true. Our own persuasion is, that it is true to the letter; but, true or false, the prevalence of the belief shows clearly enough how entirely public opinion—the opinion, that is to say, of moderate men—was opposed to a dissolution. And thus we are brought back again to the point from which we started, what was to be done, what could have been done, had Lord Derby, under any circumstances, declined to take office? Supposing that in his interview with the Sovereign all that we have stated was made known to him, had he any choice? Certainly not. He might be averse to sacrifice again personal ease, a lofty position, probably health, in order to undertake the responsibilities which were thrust upon him. But as a man of honour — not to say a true and loyal subject—he was bound to come to the assistance of his Sovereign, and to postpone all other considerations, whether of personal or even of party obligations, in order to succour her effectually in her hour of need.

Having consented to undertake the work of forming an adminstration, Lord Derby's obvious duty was, so to distribute its parts as to insure, if possible, the support of a following in the House of Commons, sufficient to justify him in embarking upon a course of liberal yet conservative policy at home and abroad. On his own tried friends he knew that he could rely. In his speech of the 9th of July, delivered in the House of Lords, he paid a just tribute to their disinterested loyality, which had been manifested not only through twenty long years of almost constant exclusion from office, but under circumstances which, only the other day, had compelled him to put an extraordinary strain upon it. He assembled the heads of his own party together, and obtained their ready sanction to any step which might appear to him necessary in order to meet a most unusual emergency. One and all, they professed their desire not to be regarded as candidates for place. It was the country which must be cared for, and its great institutions preserved; considerations of indi-

vidual claims must go to the wall. And so strengthened by the assurances of unwavering support from the very men whom a stern necessity constrained him to pass over, he proceeded next to negotiate with the moderate Liberals. All this he stated to the House of Lords with the frankness that is characteristic of him; and he did not disguise the results. Lord Clarendon and the Duke of Somerset both declined to leave their party—not, indeed, in the terms attributed to them by that portion of the daily press which cannot understand how gentlemen conduct themselves on such occasions; but firmly, and for reasons of which he admitted the force. In like manner, Mr. Lowe, Lord Elcho, Lord Grosvenor, and their friends, held back from taking office under him, while promising, what we are confident they will loyally afford—an honest support to his administration, as far as their own sense of right will allow them to go. It was the conduct of these negotiations which necessitated that delay in the construction of the new Ministry which we all deplore; but which would have been less protracted than it was had Lord Russell been more in earnest in his first tender of resignation. At last, however, a Government is formed,—in name indeed, purely Conservative, in point of fact Liberal, wherever liberality is not confounded with licentiousness; and it remains to be seen whether the country and the House of Commons will be content to give it a fair chance, for that is all that a Conservative Government can ask, or any Government expect to secure.

Our conviction is, that both the country and the present House of Commons will give Lord Derby's Administration a fair chance. We miss, indeed, from the Cabinet list with which he has favoured us one familiar name, the absence of which will be felt by every one, friend or foe, as causing a great blank. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, now Lord Lytton of Knebworth, retires upon his peerage to enjoy the rest to which he is well entitled, after a life spent in the service of his country and of its literature. This may be to him—we doubt not that it is—a source of honest satisfaction. But it is not so to us, or to any who remember how effective was his management of the Colonial Office, how able and eloquent his support of his party in the House of Commons. We may not, however, repine. He retires from public business still vigorous and comparatively young. He will doubtless well employ his leisure, and we shall benefit by it. Lord Salisbury also falls back into the ranks, carrying with him the respect and goodwill of all who were honoured with his acquaintance, whether in public or private life. But this, and suchlike incidents, though they awaken at first a feeling not far removed from melancholy, are not only necessary but becoming. The young must come forward as the old recede, for thus only can the blood of statesmanship be kept in healthy circulation. But, setting aside these, and one or two losses besides, on which it would be useless to dwell, the list of Ministers, as it now comes before us, cannot fail to command the respect of Parliament and of the country. Indeed, we are glad to see that the Liberals themselves, speaking through the ablest and most respectable of their journals, admit the strength in every department of the rival administration. "The Ministry," says the 'Saturday Review,' "is respectably constituted, and its members deserve the fair trial which they will certainly receive from the House of Commons." Descending from generals to particulars, the same authority goes on—"Mr. Hardy might, perhaps, have aspired to a higher place than the presidency of the Board of Trade, but the Department affords room for the display of administrative ability, and a seat in the Cabinet is always sup-

posed to conceal the defects of a secondary office. Mr. Walpole, if he is not distinguished by commanding ability, is universally respected and liked. A Minister whose honesty can never be doubted, and whose courtesy is certain not to fail, will never be severely criticised by the country or by the Parliament." Sir John Pakington is not so much in favour with our contemporary—the little weaknesses of that gentleman being, perhaps, more obvious than his merits; yet even of him it is admitted that "with all his faults he is zealous and public-spirited, and if he will allow improvements to be introduced into the navy before they become obsolete, long-winded expositions of his official achievements may be easily endured or forgiven." Lord Caernarvon, we are told, "will be upright and industrious as Colonial Secretary." General Peel, in like manner, "is acquainted with the administration of the War Office, and he is one of the most popular members of his party, though he is an uncompromising Tory;" and he has got for his under-secretary Lord Longford, of whom it is pronounced "that he is more than usually competent to the discharge of his functions." This is true. Though comparatively young, Lord Longford is already a general officer who has seen much active service, and, both in the Crimea and in India, discharged efficiently the duties of adjutant-general. "His large experience, and his natural capacity, ought to render his services highly useful in the conduct of the worst-managed department in the whole administrative system of England." In the same strain Lord Stanley is spoken of, and Sir Stafford Northcote, both already tried, though the latter, till now, only in subordinate situations; while of Lord Cranborne it is confessed that "no man will learn quicker or work harder than he; and hence that Lord Derby has exercised a sound judgment in committing the India Office to one of the acutest intellects, and one of the most energetic characters to be found in the ranks of his own party." Such opinions as these, coming from such a quarter, are well worth putting upon record, particularly as the same strain of panegyric is observed in referring to the intellectual and moral eminence both of Sir Hugh Cairns and of Mr. Bovil, the new Solicitor-General. Of course, our contemporary is not satisfied, any more than the 'Times,' and even the 'Morning Post,' with all Lord Derby's appointments. He objects to Lord Abercorn as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and regrets that there should have been given to him a secretary, not wanting in knowledge or talent, but "unacceptable (we are not told why) to the majority of the population." Let us not, however, be offended by this. Every man and every newspaper-writer has his predilections and antipathies; and we have no right to complain of Liberal gentlemen, however discursive in their views, when they sum up a general survey of the matter in words like these:—

"In debating power, the Ministers will be fairly matched with the Opposition. Although they have no orators who are equal to Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright, the Treasury bench will be almost exclusively occupied by effective speakers. Mr. Disraeli himself, Sir Hugh Cairns, and Lord Cranborne will be respected as formidable antagonists by their assailants; and Mr. Henley, relieved from the details of office, will be at leisure to support his colleagues with his practical sagacity and homely humour. Mr. Hardy, if not quite in the first rank of speakers, possesses the ear of the House, and Lord Stanley and Sir Stafford Northcote command the attention which always follows accurate knowledge and logical power. If a Government depended, as in the days of George III., on the votes of Treasury nominees, Lord Derby's Cabinet might reasonably hope for a prolonged tenure of office, as there is no reason for disputing the general competence of the several Ministers. Under present circumstances, the Gov-

ernment will be allowed to wind up the session without obstruction, and possibly it may earn by its future policy the Parliamentary support in which it is at present deficient. It will be no easy task to face an unfriendly majority, and to repel the fierce attacks of Mr. Gladstone."

It will be no easy task indeed if the majority persist in being unfriendly; but will they so persist? We hope not. Lord Derby's programme, so far as he has yet laid it down, is surely not one to provoke hostility in any quarter. He accepts the political situation as he finds it, both at home and abroad. He will give no pledge, indeed, on the subject of Reform, nor undertake, off hand, to settle the question one way or another. Lord Palmerston's warning, though disregarded by those to whom it was addressed, is not lost upon him; and whatever his ultimate intentions may be, he frankly states that no measure of the sort will be offered by him to Parliament till he shall have elaborated one which is likely to be accepted by both sides of the House. His foreign policy will be one of non-intervention in the affairs of other states, so long as the honour and interests of England are not threatened; and at home he will devote a large measure of his attention to such practical improvements in the working of our governmental system as circumstances require. In Ireland, for example, he will trust more to the country gentlemen and less to the policy than his predecessors did; and doing so, he will reap his reward, if any reward at all is ever to be reaped from that incomprehensible nation. What he means to do about the Irish Church he has not told us; but we presume that he will neither directly nor indirectly make any proposal which can have a tendency to diminish the influence for good of that one institution which keeps the Irish gentry loyal to the Act of Union. We do not see why both the Church-rate question in England, and the Test question as applied to the universities, should not be left, as the Roman Catholic question was for very many years left, an open question in the Cabinet. It may be, and doubtless is, a point of vital importance both to Church and State, that the former should retain in substance all the rights which keep her in strict alliance with the latter. And any change of policy which should throw the maintenance of the fabrics of our parish churches upon voluntary benevolence, as it would lead to the setting up of special claims for accommodation within the walls, so it must end by excluding the people from the place where they and their fathers had worshipped for ages. Now we can never consent to have the Church of England anything else than the people's church—open to all comers during hours of public worship, and imposing upon its ministers the duty of visiting and giving religious consolation to every resident within their respective parishes. But we are no more sticklers for the present means of securing this end than we are bent upon enforcing fealty to the same Church upon undergraduates at college, by offering for their subscription articles which they have perhaps never read, or, compelling them under penalty to receive the Holy Sacrament. So long as the end is secured, the *modus operandi* may be safely left in both cases to the Government and the Legislature; because to subject a Conservative Government to the risk of defeat, rather than yield a formal matter which is not worth fighting for, would be suicidal. And in all this there is the best reason to expect that Lord Grosvenor and Mr. Lowe and their friends will co-operate heartily with the present Administration. It appears, then, to us that, notwithstanding the results of the late general election, a Conservative Government has not had so good a chance as now for very

many years. But in order to improve the chance, and render safe that which is now an unsolved problem, great self-denial — nay, great forbearance—will be required both of the Conservatives as a party, and of the Constitutional Whigs. We do not believe that among these latter there can be any who seriously desire to go back to the anomalous position from which they have just escaped. The representatives of our Halifaxes, Danbys, Sunderlands, Temples, the descendants of the Cavendishes, and even of the Russells of 1688, can hardly, it is assumed, be willing to hand over all power in the State to politicians of the class to which Mr. Bright, Mr. Baines, Mr. Beal, and Mr. Göschen belong. And he must be very wilfully blind indeed who fails to perceive that the reinstitution of a Government more ostentatiously liberal than that now in office, could not fail in the common course of things to lead to the absolute ascendancy of Radicalism. If Mr. Milner Gibson's calculation be correct, we have already in the House of Commons upwards of one hundred members bent upon effecting a great bloodless revolution. Now to a revolution, whether it be bloodless or not, the Constitutional Whigs are as much averse as men can be, and we may fairly trust them to guard against the first approaches towards it, even if in order to effect that end they find it necessary to postpone their own special opinions here and there to the great law of expediency. In like manner we take it for granted that, wherever such an arrangement is possible, the Government, before it takes any decided step, will hold counsel with that independant party which has, in point of fact, the policy of the nation in its keeping. And when mutual confidence shall thus be established, and it is seen how very fine the shades of difference are which separate the two bodies, then we cannot doubt that by degrees a perfect amalgamation will take place between them—such as could not have been effected when Lord Derby first took office without damaging materially the reputation of all concerned.

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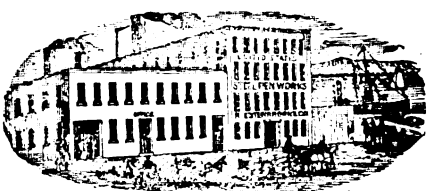

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BLACKWOOD'S

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SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART XVI.

CHAPTER LXI.—A STARLIT NIGHT.

LATE at night of the same day on which the conversation of last chapter occurred, Sewell was returning to the Priory: he was on foot, having failed to find a carriage at that late hour, and was depressed and wretched in mind, for he had lost a large sum at the club, which he had no means whatever to meet on the coming morning.

It was a rare event with him to take a retrospect of his life; and his theory was, that he owed any success he had ever won to the fact that he brought to the present—to the actual casualty before him—an amount of concentration which men who look back or look forward never can command. Now, however, the past would force itself upon him, and his whole career, with all its faults and its failures, was before him.

It was a bitter memory, the very bitterest one can imagine, not in its self-accusation or reproach, but in the thought of all the grand opportunities lost—the reckless way in which he had treated fortune, believing that she never would fail him. All his regrets were for the occasions he had suffered to slip by him unprofitably. He did not waste a thought on those he had ruined, many of them young fellows starting hopefully, joyously in life. His mind only dwelt on such as had escaped his snares. Ay, the very fellows to whom he had lost largely that night, had once been in his power! he remembered them when they joined. He met them when they landed at Calcutta, in all their raw inexperience of life, pressing their petty wagers upon him, and eagerly — almost ignominiously — courting acquaintance with the favoured aide-de-camp of the Governor-General.

And there they were now, bronzed, hard-featured, shrewd men of the world, who had paid for their experience, and knew its value.

Nothing to be done with *them!* Indeed there was little now "to be done" anywhere. The whole machinery of life was changed. For-

merly, when fellows started in life, they were trustful, uncalculating, and careless. Now, on the contrary, they were wary, cautious, and suspectful. Instead of attaching themselves to older men as safe guides and counsellors, they hung back from them as too skilful and too crafty to be dealt with. Except Trafford he had not seen one—not one, for many a day, who could be "chaffed" into a bet, or laughed into play against his inclination. And what had he made of Trafford? A few hundred pounds in hand, and those letters which now Fossbrooke had insisted upon his giving up. How invariably it was that man who came up at every crisis of his life to thwart and defeat him. And it was a hard—a cruelly hard thing to remember, that this same man who had been the dupe of hundreds, who had been rogued and swindled out of all he had, should still have brought all his faculties to the task of persecuting *him!*

"One might have thought," said he, with a bitter laugh, "that he had troubles enough of his own not to have spare time to bestow upon me and *my* affairs. He was once, I own indeed, a rich man, with station and influence, and now he is a beggar. There was a time no society refused his *entrée*; now it is thought a very gracious thing to know him. Why will these things employ him? And this stupid rebellion! I wonder how far he is compromised, or how far one could manage to have him compromised by it? It was doubtless some personal consideration, some liking for this or that man, that had entangled him in it. If Pemberton were not so close, he could tell this; but these lawyers are so reserved, so crafty, they will not even tell what a few hours later the whole world reads in the public papers.

"If I were to have my choice, it would puzzle me sorely to determine whether I'd rather be left a fine estate—four or five thousand a-year—or be able to send old Fossbrooke to a penal settlement. I am afraid, sorely afraid, my disinterestedness would gain the day, and that I'd sacrifice my enjoyment to my vengeance! He has done me such a long list of wrongs, I'd like to square the account. It would be a moment worth living for—that instant when the word Guilty would drop from the jury-box, and that I could lean over the dock and exchange a look with him. I'm not sure he'd quail, though; but the shame—the shame might unman him!"

He had reached the gate of the avenue as he thus mused, and was about to insert the key in the lock, when a man arose from a little bench beside the lodge, and said,

"A fine night, sir; I'm glad you're come."

"Who are you? stand off!" cried Sewell, drawing his revolver as he spoke from his breast pocket.

"O'Reardon, your honour—only O'Reardon," said the fellow, in his well-known whine.

"And where the devil have you been this fortnight? What rascally treachery have you been hatching since I saw you? No long stories, my friend, and no lies. What have you been at?"

"I was never on any other errand than your honour's service, so help me——"

"Don't swear, old fellow, if you want me to believe you. Perjury has a sort of bird-lime attraction for scoundrels like you, so just keep away from an oath."

O'Reardon laughed. "His honour was droll—he was always droll—and though not an Irishman himself, sorrow man could know them better;" and with this double compliment to his patron and his country, the fellow went on to show that he had been on "the tracks of the ould man" since the day they parted. He had got a case against him—the finest and fullest ever was seen. Mr. Spencer

declared that "better informations never was sworn;" and on this they arrested him, together with his diary, his traps, his drawings, his arms, and his bullet-mould. There were grave reasons for secrecy in the case, and great secrecy was observed. The examination was in private, and the prisoner was sent to the Richmond Gaol, with a blank for his name.

To the very circumstantial and prolix detail which O'Reardon gave with all the "onction" of a genuine informer, Sewell listened with a forced patience. Perhaps the thought of all the indignities that were heaped upon his enemy compensated him for the wearisomeness of the narrative. At last he stopped him in his story, and said, "And how much of this accusation do you believe?"

"All of it—every word."

"You mean to say that he is engaged in this rebellion, and a sworn member of the Celt association?"

"I do. There's more than thirty already off to transportation not so deep in it as him."

"And if it should turn out that he is a man of station, and who once had a great fortune, and that in his whole life he never meddled with politics—that he has friends amongst the first families of England, and has only to ask to have men of rank and position his sureties—what then?"

"He'll have to show what he was at a year ago when he lodged in my house at Cullen's Wood, and wouldn't give his name, nor the name of the young man that was with him, nor ever went out till it was dark night, and stole away at last with all sorts of tools and combustibles. He'll have to show that I didn't give his description up at the Castle, and get Mr. Balfour's orders to watch him close; and what's more, that he didn't get a private visit one night from the Lord-Lieutenant himself, warning him to be off as quick as he could. I heard their words as I listened at the door."

"So that, according to your veracious story, Mr. O'Reardon, the Viceroy himself is a Celt and a rebel, eh?"

"It's none of my business to put the things together, and say what shows this, and what disproves that; that's for Mr. Hacket and the people up at the Castle. I'm to get the facts — nothing but the facts—and them's facts that I tell you."

"You're on a wrong scent this time, O'Reardon; he is no rebel. I wish he was. I'd be better pleased than yourself if we could keep him fast where he is, and never let him leave it."

"Well, he's out now, and it'll not be so easy to get him in again."

"How do you mean?—out!"

"I mean he's free. Mr. Balfour came himself with two other gentlemen, and they took him away in a coach."

"Where to?"

"That's more than I know."

"And why was I not kept informed on these matters? My last orders to you were to write to me daily."

"I was shut up myself the morning your honour left town. When I swore the informations they took me off, and never liberated me till this evening at eight o'clock."

"You'll soon find out where he is, won't you?"

"That I will. I'll know before your honour's up in the morning."

"And you'll be able to tell what he's after—why he is here at all; for, mind me, O'Reardon, I tell you again, it's not rebellion he's thinking of."

"I'll do that too, sir."

"If we could only get him out of the country—persuade him that his best course was to be off. If we could manage to get rid of him, O'Reardon — to get rid of him!" and he gave a fierce energy to the last words.

"*That* would be easier than the other," said the fellow, slyly.

"*What* would be easier?" cried Sewell, hurriedly.

"What your honour said last," said the fellow, with a knowing leer, as though the words were better not repeated.

"I don't think I understand you — speak out. What is it you mean?"

"Just this, then, that if it was that he was a trouble to any one, or that he had better be out of the way, it would be the easiest thing in life to make some of the boys believe he was an informer, and they'd soon do for him."

"Murder him, eh?"

"I wouldn't call it murdering if a man was a traitor: nobody could call that murder."

"We'll not discuss that point now;" and as he spoke they came out from the shade of the avenue into the open space before the door, at which, late as it was, a carriage was now standing. "Who can be here at this hour?" muttered Sewell.

"That's a doctor's coach, but I forget his name."

"Oh! to be sure. It is Dr. Beattie's carriage. You may leave me now, O'Reardon; but come up here early to-morrow—come to my room, and be sure to bring me some news of what we were talking about." As the man moved away, Sewell stood for a moment or two to listen — he thought he heard voices in the hall, which, being large and vaulted, had a peculiar echo. Yes, he heard them now plainly enough, and had barely time to conceal himself in the copse when Dr. Beattie and Mrs. Sewell descended the steps, and walked out upon the gravel. They passed so close to where Sewell stood, that he could hear the very rustle of her silk dress as she walked. It was Beattie spoke, and his voice sounded stern and severe. "I knew he could not stand it. I said so over and over again. It is not at his age that men can assume new modes of life, new associates, and new hours. Instead of augmenting, the wise course would have been to have diminished the sources of excitement to him. In the society of his granddaughter, and with the few old friends whose companionship pleased him, and for whom he exerted himself to make those little harmless displays of his personal vanity, he might have gone on for years in comparative health."

"It was not I that devised these changes, Doctor," broke she in. "I never asked for these gaieties that you are condemning."

"These new-fangled fopperies, too!" went on Beattie, as though not heeding her apology. "I declare to you that they gave me more pain, more true pain, to witness than any of his wild outbursts of passion. In the one, the man was real, and in the other, a mere mockery. And what's the consequence?" added he fiercely: "the man himself feels the unworthy part he has been playing; instead of being overjoyed at the prospect of seeing his son again, the thought of it overwhelms him with confusion. He knows well how he would appear to the honest eyes of poor simple-hearted Tom Lendrick, whose one only pride in life was his father's greatness."

"And he is certainly coming?"

"He has made an exchange for Malta, and will pass through here to see the Chief—so he says in his short letter. He expects, too, to find Lucy here, and to take her out with him. I believe you don't know Tom Lendrick?"

"I met him at the Cape. He dined with us twice, if I remember aright; but he was shy and awkward, and we thought at the time that he had not taken to us."

"First acquaintance always chilled him, and his deep humility ever prevented him making those efforts in conversation which would have established his true

value. Poor fellow, how little he was always understood! Well, well! I am keeping you out in the night air all this time——"

"Oh, it is perfectly delicious, Doctor. It is like a night in the tropics, so balmy and so bright."

"I don't like to offer rude counsels, but my art sometimes gives a man scant choice," said he, after a brief pause. "I'd say—take your husband away, get him down to that place on the Shannon,—you have it still? Well, get him down there; he can always amuse himself; he's fond of field sports, and people are sure to be attentive to him in the neighbourhood; and leave the old Judge to fall back into the well-worn groove of his former life. He'll soon send for Tom and his daughter, and they'll fall into his ways, and, what's better, *he* will fall into *theirs*—without either ruining his health or his fortune; plain speaking all this, Mrs Sewell, but you asked for frankness, and told me it would not be ill taken."

"I don't think Colonel Sewell would consent to this plan."

"Would *you?*" asked he, bluntly.

"My consent would not be asked; there's no need to discuss it."

"I meant—do you sufficiently concur in it to advise it?"

"I can advise nothing. I advance nothing. I oppose nothing. I had thought, Dr Beattie, that your visits to this house might have taught you the place I occupy, and the consideration I am held in."

This was ground the Doctor would not enter upon, and he adroitly said, "I think it will be the saving of Colonel Sewell himself. Club gossip says that he loses heavily every night, and though his means may be considerable——"

"But they are not—he has nothing—not a shilling, except what this place brings in."

"All the more reason not to play; but I must not keep you out here all night. I'll come early in the morning, and hope to find him better. Remember how essential quiet is to him; let him not be disturbed; no talking by way of amusing him; pure rest—mind that."

"If he wishes to see my husband, or asks for him——"

"I'd make some excuse; say he is out. Colonel Sewell excites him; he never fully understood Sir William; and I fear, besides, that he now and then took a humoristic pleasure in those bursts of temper which it is always only too easy to provoke."

"He is very fond of my little boy—might he go in?"

"I think not. I'd say downright repose and isolation. You yourself can step in noiselessly from time to time, and only speak if you see that he wishes it; but on no account mention anything that could awaken interest—nothing to arouse or to excite. You saw the fearful state that letter threw him into to-night, and the paroxysm of rage with which he called for his will to erase Tom Lendrick's name. Now in all probability he will have totally forgotten the whole incident by to-morrow. Good night."

After he drove off she still lingered about the spot where they had been talking. Whatever interest the subject might have had for her, it was not through her affections that interest worked, for she hummed an opera air, "Bianca Luna," and tried to recall some lines of Alfred de Musset's to the "timid moon," and then sat down upon the steps and gazed at the stars.

Sewell moved out into the avenue, and, whistling carelessly to announce his approach, walked up to where she was sitting. "Romantic, certainly!" said he. "Whose carriage was that I met driving out?"

"Dr. Beattie's. He has been here to see Sir William."

"Will he die this time, or is it only another false start?"

"He is seriously ill. Some news he received from his son gave him a severe shock, and brought on one of his worst attacks. He has been raving since six o'clock."

"I should like to know when he has done anything else. I should like to see the man who ever heard from his lips other than the wildest, crudest nonsense. The question is, is he going to die?"

"Beattie's opinion is very unfavourable."

"Unfavourable! To whom? To *him* or to *us?*"

"His death could scarcely be favourable to us."

"That's as it might be. We stand to win on one or two of these twenty wills he has made; and if he should recover and live on, I don't think—indeed I'm full sure—I couldn't bear it much longer, so that, take it either way, I'd rather he'd die."

"Beattie wishes his granddaughter were here."

"Well, send for her. Though if he is as ill as you say, it won't be of much use."

"He has come through so many of these attacks, and has such great power of constitution, the Doctor still thinks he might rally."

"And so he will, I'll be sworn. There's a vitality in those people who plague and torment others that ought to get insurance offices to take them at half premium. Has he asked for *me?*"

"Only in his ravings. He rang his bell violently, and inquired if you had been at the prison, and asked what tidings you had brought him; and then he went off to say that all this Celt affair was no rebellion at all, and that he would prove it. Then he talked of quitting the Bench and putting on his stuff gown to defend these men against the Government."

"Sick or well, sane or insane, it's always the same story. His only theme is himself."

"Beattie was struck with the profound things and the witty things he said throughout all his ramblings. He said that the intellect was never actually overthrown, that it only tottered."

"What rot! as if he knew anything about it! These fellows talk of a man's brain as if it was the ankle-joint. Was there any question of a will?"

"Yes. He made Beattie take a will out of his writing-desk; and he erased the name of Lendrick in every part of it. Beattie and he had some angry words together, for that was before he was raving; and I heard Sir William tell him, 'Sir, you are neither my priest nor my lawyer; and if your skill as a doctor be only on a par with your tact as a friend, my recovery is all but hopeless.'"

"That probably was one of the profound or witty things the Doctor was so delighted with."

"Dr Beattie took nothing addressed to himself in ill part."

"No; that's part of medical education. These fellows begin life as such 'cads,' they never attain to the feeling of being gentlemen."

There was not light enough for Sewell to see the scornful curl of his wife's lip at this speech, but in the little short cough by which she suppressed her temptation to reply, he noted her indignation.

"I know he's one of your especial favourites, madam," said he, harshly, "but even *that* gives him no immunity with *me*."

"I'm sure I could never think it would."

"No. Not even from being aware that one of his chief claims upon the wife was the unhandsome way he spoke of the husband."

"He seldom mentions you," said she, superciliously.

"I'm not so scrupulous about him, then; I have not forgotten his conduct when that fellow got his skull cracked at the 'Nest.' I saw it all, madam; but I have a trick of seeing and saying nothing

that might have suggested some alarm to you ere this."

"You have many tricks, but not one that alarms me," said she, coldly; "the wholesome fear of consequences will always be enough to keep you harmless."

He almost sprang at her at these words—indeed, he came so close that his hot breath brushed her face. "It is a favourite taunt of yours to sneer at my courage," said he, fiercely; "you may do it once too often."

She shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, and slowly arose from where she sat.

"Where are you going?" asked he, roughly.

"Going in."

"I have many things to say yet; I want to hear more, too, about the old man's illness."

"I have told you all I know. Good-night."

He turned away without acknowledging her salutation, and strolled into the grass.

What a web of troubles he was involved in, and how hopelessly he turned from this or that expedient to extricate himself! It was but a short time before that, as a member of the committee of his club, he had succeeded in passing a law by which all play debts should be discharged within twenty-four hours, on penalty of the defaulter being declared excluded from the club. He was a winner at the time; but now luck had changed: he had lost heavily, and had not the slightest prospect of being able to meet his losses. "How like my fate!" muttered he, in intense passion —"how like my fate! my whole life has been a game I have played against myself. And that woman, too"—it was of his wife he spoke—"who once helped me through many a strait, assumes now to be too pure and too virtuous to be my associate, and stands quietly aloof to see me ruined."

A long thin streak of light crossed his path as he went; he looked up, and saw it came from between the shutters of the Chief's room. "I wonder how it fares with him!" muttered he. He pondered for some time over the old man's case, his chances of recovery, and the spirit in which convalescence would find him; and then entering the house, he slowly mounted the stairs, one by one, his heart feeling like a load almost too heavy to carry. The unbroken stillness of the house seemed to whisper caution, and he moved along the corridor with noiseless tread till he came to the door of the Judge's room. There he stopped and listened. There were the long-drawn breathings of a heavy sleeper plainly to be heard, but they sounded stronger and fuller than the respirations of a sick man. Sewell gently turned the handle of the door and entered. The suspicion was right. The breathings were those of the hospital nurse, who, seated in a deep arm-chair, slept profoundly. Sewell stood several minutes at the door before he ventured farther: at last he crept stealthily forward to the foot of the bed, and, separating the curtains cautiously, he peeped in. The old man lay with his eyes closed, and his long shrivelled arms outside the clothes. He continued to talk rapidly, and by degrees his voice grew stronger and clearer, and had all that resonance of one speaking in a large assembly. "I have now," said he, "shown the inexpediency of his course. I have pointed out where you have been impolitic. I will next explain where you are illegal. This Act was made in the 23d year of Henry VI., and although intended only to apply to cases of action personal, or indictment of trespass—What is the meaning of this interruption? Let there be silence in the Court. I will have the tribunal in which I preside respected. The public shall learn—the representatives of the press—and if there be, as I am told there

are"—his voice grew weaker and weaker, and the last audible words that escaped him were, "judgment for the plaintiff."

Though his lips still moved rapidly no sound came forth, but his hands were continually in motion, and his lean arms twitched with short convulsive jerks. Sewell now crept quietly round towards the side of the bed, on which several sheets of paper and writing materials lay. One of the sheets alone was written on; it was in the large bold hand of the old Judge, who even at his advanced age wrote in a vigorous and legible character, It was headed, "Directions for my funeral," and began thus:—"As Irishmen may desire to testify their respect for one who, while he lived, maintained with equal energy the supremacy of the law and the inviolability of the man, and as my obsequies may in some sort become an act of national homage, I write these lines to convey my last wishes, legacies of which my country will be true executors.

"First, I desire that I may be buried within the nave of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The spot I have selected is to the right of Swift's monument, under the fifth window, and for this purpose that hideous monument to Sir Hugh Brabazon may be removed, and my interment there confer a double benefit upon my country. Secondly, as by my will, dated this twenty-eighth day of October 18—, I have bequeathed, with exception of certain small legacies, all my estate, real and personal, to Dudley Sewell, Esq., late colonel in her Majesty's service, it is my wish that he alone should——" here the writing finished.

Three several times Sewell read over the lines, and what a thrill of delight ran through him! It was like a reprieve to a man on the very steps of the scaffold! The Judge was not rich probably, but a considerable sum of money he still might have, and it was money—cash. It was not invested in lands or houses or ships: it was all available for that life that Sewell led, and which alone he liked.

If he could but see this will—it must be close at hand somewhere—what a satisfaction it would be to read over the details by which at last—at last!—he was to be lifted above the casualties of a life of struggle! He tried three or four drawers of the large ebony cabinet in which the Chief used to throw his papers, with the negligence of a man who could generally re-write as easily as he could search for a missing document. There were bills and receipts, notes of trials, and letters in abundance—but no will. The cumbrous old writing-desk, which Sir William rarely used, was not in its accustomed place, but stood on the table in the centre of the room, and the keys beside it. The will might possibly be there. He drew nigh the bed to assure himself that the old man was still sleeping, and then he turned towards the nurse, whose breathings were honest vouchers for insensibility; and thus fortified, he selected the key—he knew it well—and opened the desk. The very first paper he chanced upon was the will. It was a large sheet of strong post-paper, labelled—"My last Will and Testament.—W. L." While Sewell stood examining the writing the door creaked gently, and his wife moved softly and noiselessly into the room. If the sentiment that overcame him was not shame, it was something in which shame blended with anger. It was true she knew him well: she knew all the tortuous windings of his plotting, scheming nature: she knew that no sense of honour, no scruple of any kind, could ever stand between him and his object. He had done those things which, worse than deep crimes, lower a man in the eyes of a woman, and that woman his wife, and that she thus knew and read him he was well

aware; but strangely enough there is a world of space between being discovered through the results of a long inquiry and being detected *flagrante delicto!* taken in the very act, red-handed in iniquity; and so did this cold-hearted, callous man now feel it.

"What are you doing here?" said she, calmly and slowly, as she came forward.

"I wanted to see this. I was curious to know how he treated us," said he, trembling as he spoke.

She took the paper from his hand, replaced it in the desk, and locked it up, with the calm determination of one who would not be gainsaid.

'But I have not read it," whispered he, in a hissing voice.

"Nor need you," said she, placing the keys under the old man's pillow. "I heard you coming here—I heard you enter the room. I am thankful it is no worse."

"What do you mean by no worse?" cried he, seizing her by the wrist, and staring savagely at her—"say what you mean, woman!" She made no reply; but the scornful curl of her lip, and the steady unflinching stare of her eyes, showed that neither his words nor his gesture had terrified her.

"You shall hear more of this tomorrow," said he, bending on her a look of intense hate; and he stole slowly away, while she seated herself at the bedside, and hid her face in the curtain.

CHAPTER LXII.—AN UNGRACIOUS ADIEU.

When Dr. Beattie came at seven o'clock in the morning, he found his patient better. The nurse gave her account, as nurses know well how to do, of a most favourable night—told how calmly he slept, how sensibly he talked, and with what enjoyment he ate the jelly which he had never tasted.

At all events he was better; not stronger, perhaps,—there was no time for that; but calmer and more composed.

"You must not talk, nor be talked to yet a while," said Beattie; "and I will station Haire here as a sentinel to enforce my orders."

"Yes. I would like Haire," whispered the old man, softly. "Let him come and sit by me."

"Can I see Mrs. Sewell? or is it too early to ask for her?" inquired the Doctor of a maid.

"She has been up all night, sir, and only just lain down."

"Don't disturb her, then. I will write a line to her, and you can give it when she awakes."

He went into the library, and wrote:—"Sir William is better, but not out of danger. It is even more important now than before that he have perfect quiet. I will change the nurse, and meanwhile I desire that you alone should enter the room till I return."

"What letter was that the Doctor gave you as he went away?" said Sewell, who during Beattie's visit had been secretly on the watch over all that occurred.

"For my mistress, sir," said the girl, showing the note.

Sewell snatched it impatiently, threw his eyes over it, and gave it back. "Tell your mistress I want to see her when she is dressed. It's nothing to hurry for, but to come down to my room at her own convenience."

"Better, but not out of danger! I should think not," muttered he, as he strolled out into the garden. "What is the meaning of stationing old Haire at the bedside? Does Beattie suspect? But what could he suspect? It would be a very convenient thing for me, no doubt, if he would die; but I'd scarcely risk my neck to help him on the way. These things are invariably discovered; and it would

make no difference with the law whether it was the strong cord of a vigorous life were snapped, or the frail thread of a wasted existence unravelled. Just so; mere unravelling would do it here. No need of bold measures. A good vigorous contradiction—a rude denial of something he said—with a sneer at his shattered intellect, and I'd stake my life on it his passion would do the rest. The blood mounts to his head at the slightest insinuation. I'd like to see him tried with a good round insult. Give me ten minutes alone with him, and I'll let Beattie come after me with all his bottles; and certainly no law can make this murder. Bad-tempered men are not to be more carefully guarded by the state than better-natured ones. It would be a strange statute that made it penal to anger an irascible fellow. I wonder if some suspicion of this kind has crossed Beattie's mind? Is it for that Haire has been called to keep the watch on deck,—and if so, who is to replace him? He'll tire at last—he must sleep some time; and what are they to do then? My wife, perhaps. Yes; she would play their game willingly enough. If she has heard of this will, it will alarm her. She has always tried to have the children provided for. She dreads—she's not so wrong there—she dreads leaving everything in my power. And of late she has dared to oppose me openly. My threat of suing for a divorce, that used to keep her so submissive once, is failing now. Some one has told her that I could not succeed. I can see in her manner that her mind is reassured on this score. She could have no difficulty in filching an opinion—this house is always full of lawyers; and certainly nothing in the habits of the place would have imposed any restraint in discussing it." And he laughed—actually laughed—at the conceit thus evoked. "If I had but a little time before me now, I should work through all my difficulties. Only to think of it! One fortnight, less perhaps, to arrange my plans, and I might defy the world. This is Tuesday. By Thursday I shall have to meet those two acceptances for three hundred and two hundred and fifty. The last, at all events, I must pay, since Walcott's name was not in his own handwriting. How conscientiously a man meets a bill when he has forged the endorsement!" And again he laughed at the droll thought. "These troubles swarm around me," muttered he, impatiently. "There is Fossbrooke, too. Malevolent old fool, that will not see how needless it is to ruin me. Can't he wait?—can't he wait? It's his own prediction that I'm a fellow who needs no enemy—my own nature will always be Nemesis enough. Who's that?—who is there?" cried he, as he heard a rustling in the copse at his side.

"It's me, your honour. I came out to get a sight of your honour before I went away," said O'Reardon, in a sort of slavish cringing tone.

"Away! and where to!"

"They're sending me out of the way, your honour, for a week or two, to prevent that ould man I arrested charging me with parjury. That's what they purtend, sir," said he, in a lower voice. "But the truth is, that I know more than they like, ay, and more than they think; for it was in my house at Cullen's Wood that the Lord-Liftenant himself came down, one evening, and sat two hours with this ould man."

"Keep these sort of tales for other people, Master O'Reardon; they have no success with me. You are a capital terrier for rat-hunting, but you cut a sorry figure when you come out as a boar-hound. Do you understand me?"

"I do, sir, right well. Your honour means that I ought to keep to informations against common

people, and not try my hand against the gentlemen."

"You've hit it perfectly. It's strange enough how sharp you can be in some things, and what a cursed fool in others."

"You never was more right in your life, sir. That's my character in one sentence," and he gave a little plaintive sigh, as though the thought were a painful one.

"And how do you mean to employ your leisure, Mr. O'Reardon? Men of your stamp are never thoroughly idle. Will you write your memoirs?"

"Indeed no, your honour; it might hurt people's feelings the names I'd have to bring in; and I'm just going over to France for the present."

"To France?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Harman's tuk heart o' grace, and is going to sue for a divorce, and he's sending me over to a place called Boulogne to get up evidence against the Captain."

"You like that sort of thing?"

"I neither like it nor dislike it," said O'Reardon, while his eye kindled angrily, for he thought that he who scoffed at him should stand on higher moral ground than Sewell's.

"You once lived with Captain Peters, I think?"

"Yes, sir; I was his valet for four years. I was with him at Malta and Corfu when he was in the Rifles."

"And he treated you well?"

"No man better, that I'll say for him if he was in the dock to-morrow. He gave me a trunk of his clothes—mufti he called them—and ten pounds the day I left him."

"It's somewhat hard, isn't it, to go against a man after that? Doesn't your fine nature rather revolt at the ingratitude?"

"Well, then, to tell your honour the truth, my fine 'nature' never was rich enough to afford itself that thing your honour calls gratitude. It's a sort of thing for my betters."

"I'm sorry to hear you say so, O'Reardon. You almost shock me with such principles."

"Well, that's the way it is, sir. When a man's poor he has no more right to fine feelins than to fine feeding."

"Why, you go from bad to worse, O'Reardon. I declare you are positively corrupting this morning."

"Am I, sir?" said the fellow, who now eyed him with a calm and steady defiance, as though he had submitted to all he meant to bear. Sewell felt this, and though he returned the stare, it was with a far less courageous spirit. "Well?" cried he at last, as though, no longer able to endure the situation, he desired to end it at any cost—"Well?"

"I suppose your honour wouldn't have time to settle with me now?"

"To settle with you! What do you call settle, my good fellow? our reckonings are very short ones, or I'm much mistaken. What's this settlement you talk of?"

"It's down here in black and white," said the other, producing a folded sheet of paper as he spoke. "I put down the payments as I made them, and the car hire and a trifle for refreshment; and if your honour objects to anything, it's easy to take it off; though, considering I was often on the watch till daybreak, and had to come in from Howth on foot before the trains started of a morning, a bit to eat and to drink was only reasonable."

"Make an end of this long story. What do you call the amount?"

"It's nothing to be afeard of, your honour, for the whole business—the tracking him out, the false keys I had made for his trunk and writing-case, eight journeys back and forwards, two men to swear that he asked them to take the Celt's oath, and the other expenses as set down in the account. It's only twenty-seven pound, four and eightpence."

"What?"

"Twenty-seven, four and eight; neither more nor less."

A very prolonged whistle was Sewell's sole reply. "Do you know, O'Reardon," said he at last, "it gives me a painfully low opinion of myself to see that, after so many months of close acquaintance, I should still appear to you to be little short of an idiot? It is very distressing—I give you my word it is—very distressing."

"Make your mind easy, sir; it is not *that* I think you at all; and the fellow lent an emphasis to the "that" which gave it a most insulting significance.

"I'd like to know," cried Sewell, as his face crimsoned with anger, "if you could have dared to offer such a document as this to any man you didn't believe to be a fool."

"The devil a drop of fool's blood is in either of us," said O'Reardon, with an easy air and a low laugh of quiet assurance.

"I am flattered by the companionship, certainly. It almost restores me to self-esteem to hear your words. I'd like to pay you a compliment in turn if I only knew how."

"Just pay me my little bill, your honour, and it will be all I'll ask."

"I'm not over much in a joking mood this morning, and I'd advise you to talk of something else. There's a five-pound note for you," and he flung the money contemptuously towards him. "Take it, and think yourself devilish lucky that I don't have you up for perjury in this business."

O'Reardon never moved, nor made any sign to show that he noticed the money at his feet; but, crossing his arms on his chest, he drew himself haughtily up, and said —"So, then, it's defying me you'd try now? You'd have me up for perjury! Well, then, I begin to believe you *are* a fool, after all. No, sir, you needn't put your hand in your waistcoat. If you have a pistol there I have another—and, what's more, I have a witness in that clump of trees, that only needs the word to stand beside me. There now, Colonel, you see you're beat, and beat at your own game too."

"D—n you!" cried Sewell, savagely. "Can't you see that I've got no money?"

"If I haven't money, I'll have money's worth. Short of twenty pound I'll not leave this."

"I tell you again, you might as well ask me for two hundred or two thousand. I'll be in cash, I hope, by the end of the week——"

"Ay, but I'll be in France," broke in O'Reardon.

"I wish you were in ——" mumbled Sewell, as he believed, to himself; but the other heard him, and dryly said, "No, sir, not yet; it's manners to let *you* go first."

"I lost heavily two nights ago at the club—that's why I'm so hard up; but I know I must have money by Saturday. By Saturday's post, I'll send you an order for thirty pounds. Will that content you?"

"No, sir, it will not. I had a bad bout of it last night myself, and lost every ha'penny Mr. Harman gave me for the journey—that's the reason I'm here."

"But if I have not got it? There, so help me! is every farthing I can call my own this minute," and he drew from his pocket some silver, in which a single gold coin or two mingled—"take it, if you like."

"No, sir, it's no good to me. Short of twenty pounds, I couldn't start on the journey."

"And if I haven't got it? Am I to go out and rob for you!" cried Sewell, as his eyes flashed indignantly at him.

"I don't want you to rob; but it isn't a house like this hasn't twenty pounds in it."

"You mean," said Sewell, with a sneering laugh, "that if there's not cash there must be plate, jewels, and suchlike, and so I'm to lay an embargo on the spoons; but you

forget there is a butler who looks after these things."

"There might be many a loose thing on your lady's table that would do as well—a ring or two, or a bracelet that she is tired of."

Sewell started—a sudden thought flashed across him;—if he were to kill the fellow as he stood there, how should he conceal the murder and hide the corpse? It was quick as a lightning flash this thought, but the horror of the consequences so overcame him that a cold sweat broke out over his body, and he staggered back to a seat, and sank into it exhausted and almost fainting.

"Don't take it to heart that way, sir," said the fellow, gazing at him. "Shall I get you a glass of water?"

"Yes. No—no; I'll do without it. It is passing off. Wait here for a moment; I'll be back presently." He arose as he spoke, and moved slowly away. Entering the house, he ascended the stairs and made for his wife's room. As he reached the door he stopped to listen. There was not a sound to be heard. He turned the handle gently and looked in. One shutter was partly open, and a gleam of the breaking daylight crossed the floor and fell upon the bed on which she lay, dressed, and fast asleep—so soundly, indeed, that though the door creaked loudly as he pushed it wider, she never heard the noise. She had evidently been sitting up with the sick man, and was now overcome by fatigue. His intention had been to consult with her—at least to ask her to assist him with whatever money she had by her—and he had entered thus stealthily not to startle her; for somehow, in the revulsion of his mind from the late scene of outrage and insult, a sense of respect, if not of regard, moved him towards her, who, in his cruelest moments, had never ceased to have a certain influence over him. He looked at her as she slept—her fine features, at rest, were still beautiful, though deep traces of sorrow were seen in the darkened orbits and the lines about the mouth, while three or four glistening white hairs showed themselves in the brown braid over her temple. Sewell sat down beside the bed, and, as he looked at her, a whole life passed in review before him, from the first hour he met her to that sad moment of the present. How badly they had played their game! how recklessly misused every opportunity that might have secured their fortune! What had *he* made of all his shrewdness and ready wit? And what had *she* done with all her beauty, and a fascination as great as even her beauty? It was an evil day that had brought them together. Each, alone, without the other, might have achieved any success. There had been no trust, no accord between them. They wanted the same things, it is true, but they never agreed upon the road that led to them. As to principles, she had no more of them than he had, but she had scruples—scruples of delicacy, scruples of womanhood—which often thwarted and worried him, and ended by making them enemies; and here was now the end of it! *Her* beauty was wasted, and *his* luck played out, and only ruin before them.

And yet it calmed him to sit there; her softly-drawn breathing soothed his ruffled spirit. He felt it as the fevered man feels the ice-cold water on his brow—a transient sense of what it would be to be well again. Is there that in sleep—image as it is of the great sleep of all—that subdues all rancour of heart—all that spirit of conflict and jar by which men make their lives a very hell of undying hates, undying regrets?

His heart, that a few moments ago had almost burst with passion, now felt almost at ease; and in the half-darkened room, the stillness, and the calm, there stole over him a feeling of repose that was almost happiness. As he bent over her to look at her, her lips moved. She was

dreaming; very softly indeed came the sounds, but they seemed as if entreating. "Yes," she said—"yes—all—everything—I consent. I agree to all, only—Cary—let me have Cary, and I will go."

Sewell started, his face became crimson in a moment. How was it that these words scattered all his late musings, as the hurricane tears and severs the cloud masses, and sends them riven and shattered through the sky? He arose and walked over to the table; a gold comb and two jewelled hair-pins lay on the glass; he clutched them coarsely in his hand, and moved away. Cautiously and noiselessly he crept down the stairs, and out into the garden. "Take these, and make your money of them; they are worth more than your claim; and mind, my good fellow—mind it well, I say, or it will be worse for you—our dealings end here. This is our last transaction, and our last meeting. I'll never harm you, if you keep only out of my way. But take care that you never claim me, nor assume to know me, for I warn you I'll disown you if it should bring you to the gallows. That's plain speaking, and you understand it."

"I do, every word of it," said the fellow, as he buttoned up his coat and drew his hat over his eyes. "I'm taking the 'fiver' too, as it's to be our last meetin'. I suppose your honour will shake hands with me, and wish me luck. Well, if you won't, there's no harm done. It's a quare world, where the people that's doin' the same things can't be friends, just because one wears fine cloth and the other can only afford corduroy. Good-bye, sir; good-bye, any*how*;" and there was a strange cadence in the last words no description can well convey.

Sewell stood and looked after him for a moment, then turned into the house, and threw himself on a sofa, exhausted and worn out.

CHAPTER LXIII.—A PLEASANT MEETING.

No sooner did Sir Brook find himself once more at liberty than he went to the post-office for his letters, of which a goodly stock had accumulated during his absence. A telegram, too, was amongst the number, despatched by Tom in great haste eight days before. It ran thus:—"Great news!—we have struck silver in the new shaft—do not sell—do not even treat until you hear from me. I write by this post.—LENDRICK." Had Tom but seen the unmoved calm with which Fossbrooke read this astounding tidings—had he only seen the easy indifference with which the old man threw down the slip of paper after once reading it, and passed on to a letter of Lord Wilmington from Crew Keep—his patience would certainly have been sorely tried. Nor was it from any indifference to good fortune, still as little from any distrust of the tidings. It was simply because he had never doubted that the day was coming that was to see him once more rich. It might be a little later or a little earlier. It might be that wealth should shower itself upon him in a gradually increasing measure, or come down in a very deluge of prosperity. These were things he did not, could not know; but of the fact—the great Fact itself—he had as firm a belief as he had of his own existence; and had he died before realising it, he would have bequeathed his vast fortune, with blanks for the amount, as conscientiously as though it were bank stock for which he held the vouchers.

When most men build castles in the air they know on what foundations their edifices are based, and through all their imaginative ardour there pierces the sharp pang of unreality. Not so with Foss-

brooke. It was simply a question of time with him when the costly palace would become fit for habitation, and this great faith in himself rescued him from all that vacillation so common to those who keep a debtor and creditor account between their hopes and fears. Neither was he at all impatient because Destiny did not bestir herself and work quicker. The world was always pleasant, always interesting; and when to-morrow or next day Fortune might call him to a higher station and other modes of life, he almost felt he should regret the loss of that amusing existence he now enjoyed, amongst people all new and all strange to him.

At last he came to Tom Lendrick's letter—four closely written pages, all glowing with triumph. On the day week after Sir B.'s departure, he wrote:—"They had come upon a vein of lead so charged with silver as to seem as though the whole mass were of the more precious metal. All Cagliari came down to see a block of ore upwards of two hundredweight, entirely crusted with silver, and containing in the mass forty per cent. We had to get a guard from the Podesta, merely to keep off the curious, for there was no outrage, nor any threat of outrage. Indeed, your kind treatment of our workpeople now begins to bear its fruit, and there was nothing but goodwill and kind feeling for our lucky fortune. The two Jews, Heenwitz and Voss, of the Contrada Reale, were amongst the first visitors, and had actually gone down into the shaft before I knew of it. They at once offered me a large sum for a share in the mine; and when I told them it was with you they must treat, they proposed to open a credit of three hundred thousand francs with their house in my favour, to go on with the working till I heard from you and learned your intentions. This offer, too, I have declined, till I get your letter.

"This was on Tuesday, but on Thursday we struck pure silver without a trace of lead, the only alloy being a thin vein of cobalt, like a ribbon, running through the ore; and which Chiusani says—for he has worked at Mexico and the Brazils—is proof of a strong vein. The news spread like wildfire at Cagliari; and I have had such levees of the money folk! all offering me millions at any, or indeed at no interest, and actually entreating me to put my hand in their pockets while they look away or close their eyes. As for the presents that pour in, we have no room for them; and you know how dangerous it would be to refuse these people. It is only a short step with them from a sworn friendship to the stiletto. The only disturbing element in all this joy is a sort of official protest from the Delegato of the province against our working what the Crown may claim as a royalty; but I am instructed that Sardinia once acquired all royal rights by a fixed payment, and Lucy thinks she read somewhere the details of the cession. At any rate, she and Contini, the lawyer, are hard at work making out the reply; and the English version, which Lucy does, will be forwarded to our minister at Naples to-morrow. You'd laugh if you saw how she has familiarised herself with not only all the legal terms, but with all our mining phraseology, and how acutely she marks the difference between intact royalties and the claims of the Crown to certain percentages on exempted mines. Contini is a bachelor, and I am fully persuaded intends to make her an offer of his legal hand and heart—that is, if he finds that we are likely to beat the Crown lawyers. I cannot help thinking he's a lucky fellow that you are not here, nor like to be, on the day he makes his proposal.

"As much for peace's sake as for convenience, I have accepted twenty thousand francs on loan. I have taken it from the four principal bankers in Cagliari, in equal sums

from each, to prevent jealousy. I hope this was not wrong. I send you herewith bills for fifteen thousand, remembering, if I be right, that you borrowed some hundred pounds on the security of the mine, which you might like now to pay off." After some business details, given at length, and with a degree of amplification that somewhat wearied Sir Brook to read, he summed up thus:—Write to me therefore at once, and say what course we ought to take regarding our rights. Could our home lawyers afford you no information of value? Shall we oppose or shall we compromise? I suspect they wish the latter.

"Are you satisfied that I accepted this loan? I have my own misgivings, not about the fact, for we wanted money to go on, but as to your concurrence.

"And when are you coming back? I cannot say how impatient I am for your return, all the more that you have only written that hurried note from Dover since you left us. Lucy is in great spirits, takes immense interest in all we are doing. and does all the Italian correspondence for me. She wears a little silver hammer, the miner's hammer, in her hat; and her popularity with the people is unbounded. You will be amused, on your return, to find that your sketch on the wall of the splendid palace that was to crown our successes has acquired two wings and a great tower; and a third figure, a lady, has been added to the riding party that are cantering up the avenue. Lucy says that nothing but humility (!) could have devised such a house for people so rich as we are. It certainly was not the sentiment with which hitherto I have regarded this edifice. I have come to the end of my paper, but I will not close this till I see if the post should not bring us news of you.

"Your letter has just come. The latter part of it has given us great uneasiness. It is precisely such a time as a private enemy—if you have one—would choose to work out a personal grudge. No matter how totally you feel yourself free from implication in these Irish troubles, do nothing — positively nothing—without legal advice. It will save you a world of trouble; not to speak of the comfort you will feel in knowing that your interests are matter of care and thought to another. Above all, keep us informed daily by telegraph how and where you are, and what doing.

"Lucy wants to go off to you to-night, but I have had a slight return of my fever, a very slight one, and she half fears to leave me. If your next gives us good news, we shall soon forget this unpleasantness; but, I repeat, let no day pass without tidings of you.

"The evening report has just come in from the mine—one hundred and seventy-eight pounds silver in the last twenty-four hours! I have taken on forty additional men, and the new smelting-house will be in full work within a week If you only were here, I'd have nothing more to wish for.

"I suppose Trafford has written to you. In the short note I got from him yesterday there is nothing but gratitude to you. He says he owes everything to your friendship. He means to be in England in a few days, and of course will go over to you; but write, or rather telegraph. —Yours ever, T. L.

"I wrote to Colonel Cave this morning to tell him his small venture with us would not turn out so badly. Our first dividend will be at least cent per cent, so that he cannot lose by us. It's downright jolly to be able to send off such a despatch."

The last letter of the heap was from Lady Trafford, and served in a measure to explain that paragraph in Tom's epistle which spoke of young Trafford's gratitude. It appeared that Lady Trafford's youngest son, on whom Sir Hugh had fixed to make the head of the family, had gone to winter at Madeira, and while there had fallen

in love with and married a Portuguese girl, the daughter of his landlady. The news of this *mésalliance* had nearly killed his father, who was only recovering from a bad attack of gout when the tidings reached him. By good luck, however, on the very same day came a letter from Fossbrooke, declaring that no matter what treatment young Trafford might meet with from his own family, he, Sir Brook, would stand firmly by him, so long as his honourable and manly conduct and his fidelity to his word to the girl he loved entitled him to regard and affection. "In a worldly point of view," wrote he, "such friendship as mine is a poor thing. I am a man of nothing, it is true; but I have lived long enough to know that there are other successes besides wealth and station. There are such things as self-respect, contentment, and the love of friends; and I do think my experiences will help him to secure some share of these.

"There is, however, one entreaty I would prefer, and if there be in your memory any kind thought of me, you will not refuse my prayer. Your boy is eager to see you, and shake your hand. Let him come. If you cannot or will not approve, do not at least condemn what he is about to do. In his anxiety to obtain your sanction, he has shown all deference to your authority. This shows he is worthy of your esteem; and if he were to palter between the hope of all your fortune and the love of this girl, he would only deserve your contempt. Be proud of him, then, even if you disinherit him to-morrow. If these be the sentiments of a man who has nothing, remember, Trafford, that I was not always a beggar; and if I thought that being rich would alter these opinions, I can only say I hope I may die as poor as now I write myself.

"There's a strong prejudice, I know, against being guided by men who have made such a sorry hand of their own fortunes as I have; but many a fellow who has been shipwrecked has proved a good sailor; at all events, he knows what it is to be buffeted by the waves and torn on the rocks. Now, I have told your son not to be afraid of these, and I think he trusts me.

"Once more, then, I ask, let me tell Lionel you will receive him; and believe me faithfully your old friend,

"Bk. Fossbrooke."

Lady Trafford's note was short—

"My dear Sir Brook,—I suppose there is nothing for it but what you say, and Lionel may come here. We have had nothing but disasters with our sons. I wish I could dare to hope that this was to be the end of the calamities. Sir Hugh desires much that you could be here when L. arrives. Could you conveniently arrange this? George's shocking marriage, the terrible disappointment to our hopes, and other worries, have almost proved too much for me.

"Is there any truth in the story that Miss L.'s grandfather was negotiating for a peerage as the condition of his retirement from the Bench? If so, and that the object could be compassed, it would go far towards removing some of our objections to the connection. Sir Hugh's influence with 'the Party' would unquestionably be of use; and though a law lord does not mean much, it is something. Inform me fully on this head. It is very strange that Lionel should never have mentioned the matter, and, indeed, strongly indicates how little trouble he took, or cared to take, to obviate our natural objections to the match. I suppose her father is not a practising physician. At all events, he need not be styled Doctor. Oh dear! when I think of it all, and think what an end my ambitions have come to, I could cry my eyes out. It often strikes

me that people who make most sacrifices for their children, are ever repaid in this fashion. The Dean says these are mysterious dispensations, and that we must submit to them. I suppose we must, but it certainly is not without reluctance.

"I thought of asking you to write to Lionel, but I will do so myself, painful as it is. I feel I am very forgiving to write you in this strain, seeing how great was the share you took in involving us all in this unhappy business. At one moment I positively detested—I don't suspect yet that I entirely pardon—you, though I may when you come here, especially if you bring me any good news of this peerage business, which I look to as our last refuge. Lendrick is a very odd name—are there many of them? Of course, it will be well understood that we only know the immediate relations — father and brother, I mean. We stand no cousins, still less uncles or aunts.

"Sir Hugh thinks I ought to write to the old Judge. I opine he would be flattered by the attention, but I have not yet made up my mind upon it. Give me some advice on this, and believe me sincerely yours."

After despatching a telegram to Cagliari, to say he was well and at large, and would soon be on his way back again, Fossbrooke wrote a few lines to Lord Wilmington of regret that he could not afford time to go over and see him, and assuring him that the late incident that had befallen him was not worth a thought. "He must be a more irritable fellow than I am," he wrote, "who would make a personal grievance of a mere accident, against which, in a time of trouble, it would be hard to provide. While I say this I must add that I think the spy system is a mistake—that there is an over-eagerness in your officials to procure committals; and I declare to you I have often had more difficulty to get out of a crowded evening party than I should have felt in making my escape from your jail or bridewell, whichever be its name. I don't suspect your law officers are marvels of wisdom, and your Chief Secretary is an ass."

To Lady Trafford he wrote a very brief reply. He scarcely thought his engagements would enable him to make a visit to Holt. "I will, however, come if I can, chiefly to obtain your full and free pardon, though for what beyond rendering you an invaluable service, I am puzzled to understand; and I repeat, if your son obtain this young lady in marriage, he will be, after Sir Hugh, the luckiest man of his name and family.

"As to the peerage, I can tell you nothing. I believe there is rather a prejudice against sending Irishmen up to the Lords; and it is scarcely ever done with lawyers. In regard to writing to Baron Lendrick, I hardly know what to say. He is a man of great ability, but of even greater vanity, and it should be a cleverly-worded epistle that would not ruffle some one of his thousand sensibilities. If you feel, however, adroit enough to open the negotiation, do so by all means; but don't make me responsible for what may come of it if the rejoinder be not to your taste. For myself, I'd rather poke up a grizzly bear with an umbrella than I'd provoke such a man to an exchange of letters."

To get back to Cagliari as soon as possible, and relieve Tom of that responsibility which seemed to weigh so heavily upon him, was Fossbrooke's first resolve. He must see Sewell at once, and finish the business; and however unpleasant the step might be, he must seek him at the Priory, if he could not meet him elsewhere. He wished also to see Beattie—he wanted to repay the loan he had made him. The Doctor, too, could tell him how he could obtain an interview

with Sewell without any intrusion upon the Chief Baron.

It was evening before Fossbrooke could make his visit to Beattie, and the Doctor had just sat down to dinner with a gentleman who had arrived by the mail-packet from England, giving orders that he was not to be disturbed on any score.

"Will you merely take in my name," said Sir Brook, "and beg, with my respects, to learn at what hour to-morrow Dr. Beattie would accord me a few minutes?" The butler's hesitation was mildly overcome by the persuasive touch of a sovereign, and he retired with the message.

Before a minute elapsed, Dr. Beattie came out, napkin in hand, and his face beaming with delight. "If there was a man in Europe I was wishing for this moment, it was yourself, Sir Brook," said he. "Do you know who is dining with me? Come in and see.—No, no, I'll not be denied."

A sudden terror crossed Fossbrooke's mind that his guest might be Colonel Sewell, and he hung back, muttering some words of apology.

"I tell you," repeated the Doctor, "I'll take no refusal. It's the rarest piece of luck ever befell, to have chanced upon you. Poor Lendrick is dying for some news of his son and daughter."

"Lendrick! Dr. Lendrick?"

"To be sure—who else? When your knock came to the door, I was telling him that I heard you were in Dublin, and only doubted it because you had never called on me; but come along, we can say all these things over our soup. Look whom I have brought you, Tom," cried Beattie, as he led Sir Brook into the room,—"here's Sir Brook Fossbrooke come to join us." And the two men grasped hands in heartiest embrace, while Fossbrooke, not waiting for a word of question, said, "Both well and hearty. I had a telegram this morning."

"How much I owe you!—how much, how much!" was all that Lendrick could say, and his eyes swam as he said it.

"It is I am the debtor, and well I know what it is worth to be so! Their loving kindness and affection have rescued me from the one terror of my life—the fear of becoming a discontented, incredulous old bachelor. Heaven bless them for it, their goodness has kept me out of that danger."

"And how are they looking?—is Lucy——" he stopped and looked half ashamed.

"More beautiful than ever," broke in Fossbrooke. "I think she is taller than when you last saw her, and perhaps a shade more thoughtful-looking; and Tom is a splendid fellow. I scarcely know what career he could not follow, nor where he would not seem too good for whatever he was doing."

"Ah, if I could but tell you how happy you have made me!" muttered Lendrick. "I ought never to have left them—never broken up my home. I did it unwillingly, it is true; but I ought never to have done it."

"Who knows if it may not turn out for the best, after all? You need never be separated henceforth. Tom's last letter to me—I'll bring it over to you to-morrow—tells me what I well knew must befall us sooner or later—that we are rolling in wealth, have silver enough to pave the streets, and more money than we shall be able to spend—though I once had rather a knack that way."

"That's glorious news!" said Beattie. "It's *our* mine, I suppose?" added he, laughing.

"To be sure it is; and I have come prepared to buy you out, Doctor, or pay you your first dividend, cent per cent, whichever you prefer."

"Let us hear about this mine," said Beattie.

"I'd rather talk to you about the miners, Tom and Lucy," said Fossbrooke.

"Yes, yes, tell us of *them*. Do they ever talk of 'The Nest?' do they ever think of the happy days we passed there?" cried Lendrick.

"Ay, and more. We have had a project this many a day—we can realise it now—to buy it, out-and-out. And I'm to build a cabin for myself by the river side, where the swans' hut stood, and I'm to be asked to dinner every Sunday."

"By Jove, I think I'll run down by the rail for one of those dinners," said Beattie; "but I certainly hope the company will have better appetites than my guests of to-day."

"I am too happy to feel hungry," said Lendrick. "If I only knew that my poor dear father could live to see us all united—all together again, I'd ask for no more in life."

"And so he may, Tom; he was better this afternoon, and though weak and low, perfectly collected and sensible. Mrs. Sewell has been his nurse to-day, and she seems to manage him cleverly."

"I saw her at the Cape. See was nicely mannered, and, if I remember aright, handsome," said Lendrick, in his half-abstracted way.

"She was beautiful — perfectly beautiful—as a girl: except your own Lucy, I never saw any one so lovely," said Fossbrooke, whose voice shook with emotion as he spoke.

"I wish she had better luck in a husband," said Beattie. "For all his graceful address and insinuating ways, I'm full sure he's a bad fellow."

Fossbrooke checked himself with a great effort, and merely nodded an assent to the other's words.

"How came it, Sir Brook," asked Beattie, suddenly, "that you should have been in Dublin so long without once coming to see me?"

"Are you very discreet?—may I be sure that neither of you will ever accidentally let drop a word of what I shall tell you?"

"You may rely upon my secrecy, and upon Tom Lendrick's ignorance, for there he is now in one of his reveries, thinking of his children in all probability, and I'll guarantee you, to any amonnt, that he'll not hear one word you say for the next half-hour."

"The fact is, they took me up for a rebel—some one with more zeal than discrimination fancied I looked like a 'Celt,' as these fellows call themselves; and my mode of life, and my packet of lead ore, and some other things of little value, completed the case against me, and they sent me to jail."

"To jail!"

"Yes: to a place called Richmond Bridewell, where I passed some seven or eight days, by no means unpleasantly. It was very quiet, very secure against intrusion. I had a capital room, and very fair food. Indeed I'm not sure that I did not leave it with a certain regret; but as I had written to my old friend Lord Wilmington to apprise him of the mistake, and to warn him against the consequences such a blunder might occasion if it befell one less well-disposed towards him than myself, I had nothing for it but to take a friendly farewell of my jailer and go."

"I declare few men would have treated the incident so temperately."

"Wilmington's father was my fag at Eton; let me see—no, I'll not see—how long ago; and Wilmington himself used to come and spend his summer vacations with me when I had that Wiltshire place; and I was very fond of the boy, and as he liked my partridge-shooting, we grew to be fast friends; but why are we talking of these old histories when it is the present that should engage us? I would only caution you once again against letting the story get abroad: there are fellows

would like to make a House of Commons row out of it, and I'd not stand it. Is the Doctor sleeping?" added he, in a whisper, as Lendrick sat with closed eyes and clasped hands, mute and motionless.

"No," said Beattie; "it is his way when he is very happy. He is going over to himself all you have been telling him of his children, and he neither sees nor hears aught around him."

"I was going to tell him another piece of news that would probably please him," said Sir Brook, in the same low tone. "I have nearly completed arrangements for the purchase of 'The Nest;' by this day week I hope it will be Lucy's."

"Oh! do tell him that. I know of nothing that would delight him as much. Lendrick," said he, touching his arm, "here is something you would like to hear."

"No, no!" muttered he, softly. "Life is too short for these things. No more separations—no more; we must live together, come what may;" and he stretched out his hands on either side of him, as though to grasp his children.

"It is a pity to awaken him from such a dream," said Fossbrooke, cautiously; "let us steal over to the window and not disturb him."

They crept cautiously away to a window-bench, and talked till late into the night.

CHAPTER LXIV.—MAN TO MAN.

As Sewell awoke it was already evening. Fatigue and anxiety together had so overcome him that he slept like one drugged by a narcotic; nor did he very quickly recall on awakening how and wherefore he had not been to bed. His servant had left two letters on his table while he slept, and these served to remind him of some at least of the troubles that last oppressed him. One was from his law agent, regretting that he could not obtain for him the loan he solicited on any terms whatever, and mildly suggesting that he trusted the Colonel would be prepared to meet certain acceptances which would fall due in the coming week. The other was from a friend whom he had often assisted in moments of difficulty, and ran—"DEAR S.—I lost two hundred last night at pool, and, what's worse, can't pay it. That infernal rule of yours about prompt payment will smash us both—but it's so like you! You never had a run of luck yet that you didn't do something that turned against you afterwards. Your clever rule about the selling-stakes cost me the best mare I ever had; and now this blessed stroke of your genius leaves me in doubt whether to blow my brains out or start for Boulogne. As Tom Beecher said, you are a 'deuced deal too 'cute to prosper.' If I have to cross the water, I suspect you might as well come with me.—Yours,

"DICK VAUGHAN."

Sewell tore the note up into the smallest fragments, muttering savagely to himself the while. "I'll be bound," said he, "the cur is half consoled for his mishap by seeing how much worse ruin has befallen *me*. What is it, Watkin? What do you want?" cried he to his servant, who came hastily into the room.

"His lordship has taken a bad turn, sir, and Mrs. Sewell wants to see you immediately."

"All right! Say I'm coming. Who knows," muttered he, "but there's a chance for me yet?" He turned into his dressing-room and bathed his temples and his head with cold water, and, refreshed at once, he ascended the stairs.

"Another attack has come on. He was sleeping calmly," said Mrs. Sewell as she met him, "when he

awoke with a start, and broke out into wild raving. I have sent for Beattie; but what is to be done meanwhile?"

"I'm no doctor; I can't tell you."

"Haire thinks the ice ought to be applied; the nurse says a blister or mustard to the back of the neck."

"Is he really in danger?—that's the question."

"I believe so. I never saw him so ill."

"You think he is dying?" said he, fiercely, as though he would not brook any sort of equivocation; but the coarseness of his manner revolted her, and she turned away without reply. "There's no time to be lost," muttered Sewell, as he hastened down-stairs. "Tell George I want the carriage to the door immediately," said he; and then, entering his own room, he opened his writing-desk, and after some search came upon a packet, which he sealed and addressed.

"Are you going for Beattie?" asked Mrs. Sewell, as she appeared at the door; "for Haire says it would be better to fetch some one—any one—at once."

"I have ordered the carriage. I'll get Lysaght or Adams if I should not find Beattie; and mind, if Beattie comes while I am away, detain him, and don't let him leave this till I return. Do you mind me?"

"Yes; I'll tell him what you say."

"Ay, but you must insist upon his doing it. There will be all sorts of stories if he should die."

"Stories?" what do you mean by stories?" cried she, in alarm.

"Rumours of neglect, of want of proper care of him, and suchlike, which would be most insulting. At all events I am resolved Beattie should be here at the last; and take care that he does not leave. I'll call at my mother's, too;—she ought to come back with me. We have to deal with a scandal-loving world, and let us leave them as little to fall foul of as may be." All this was said hurriedly, as he bustled about the room, fussy and impatient, and with an eagerness to be off which certainly surprised her.

"You know where to find these doctors,—you have their addresses?" asked she.

"George knows all about them."

"And William does, at all events."

"I'm not taking William. I don't want a footman with a brougham. It is a light carriage and speedy cattle that are needed here; and here they come. Now, mind that you keep Beattie till I come back; and if there be any inquiries, simply say the Chief Baron is the same as yesterday."

"Had I not better consult Dr. Beattie?"

"You will do as I tell you, madam," said he, sternly. "You have heard my directions; take care that you follow them. To Mr. Lysaght's, George—no, first to Dr. Beattie's, Merrion Square," cried he, as he stepped into the carriage, "and drive fast."

"Yes, sir," said the coachman, and started at once. He had not proceeded more than half-way down the avenue, however, when Sewell, leaning out of the window, said, "Don't go into town, George; make for the Park by the shortest cut you can—the Secretary's Lodge."

"All right, sir, the beasts are fresh. We'll be there in thirty minutes." True to his word, within the half hour the horses, white with sweat and flanking like racers, stood at the door of the Secretary's lodge. Four or five private carriages and some cabs were also at the door, signs of a dinner-party which had not yet broken up.

"Take this card in to Mr. Balfour, Mr. Wells," said he to the butler, who was an old acquaintance, "and

say I want one minute in private with him—strictly private, mind. I'll step into the library here and wait."

"What's up, Sewell? are you in a new scrape, eh?" said Balfour, entering, slightly flushed with wine and conversation, and half put out by the interruption.

"Not much of a scrape—can you give me five minutes?"

"Wells said one minute, and that's why I came. The Castledowns, and Eyres, and the Ashes are here, and the Langrish girls, and Dick Upton."

"A very choice company, for robbing you of which even for a moment I owe every apology, but still my excuse is a good one. Are you as anxious to promote your Solicitor-General as you were a week or two ago?"

"If you mean Pemberton, I wish he was—on the bench, or in Abraham's bosom—I don't much care which, for he is the most confounded bore in Christendom. Do you come to tell me that you'll poison him?"

"No, but I can promote him."

"Why—how—in what way?"

"I told you a few days ago that I could manage to make the old man give in his resignation—that it required some tact and address, and especially the absence of everything like menace or compulsion."

"Well, well, well—have you done it—is it a fact?"

"It is."

"I mean an indisputable, irrevocable fact—something not to be denied or escaped from?"

"Just so; a fact not to be denied or escaped from."

"It must come through *me*, Sewell, mind that. I took charge of the negotiation two years ago, and no one shall step in and rob me of my credit. I have had all the worry and fatigue of the transaction, and I insist, if there be any glory in success, it shall be mine."

"You shall have all the glory, as you call it. What I aspire to is infinitely less brilliant."

"You want a place—hard enough to find one—at least to find something worth having. You'll want something as good as the Registrarship, eh?"

"No; I'll not pester you with my claims. I'm not in love with official life. I doubt if I'm well fitted for it."

"You want a seat in the House—is that it?"

"Not exactly," said Sewell, laughing, "though there is a good stroke of business to be done on private bills and railway grants. My want is the simplest of all wants—money."

"Money! But how am I to give you money? Out of what fund is it to come? You don't imagine we live in the old days of secret-service funds, with unlimited corruption to back us, do you?"

"I suspect that the source from which it is to come is a matter of perfect indifference to me. You can easily squeeze me into the estimate as a special envoy, or a Crown-prosecution, or a present to the Emperor of Morocco."

"Nothing of the kind. You are totally in error. All these fine days are passed and gone. They go over us now like a schedule in bankruptcy; and it would be easier to make you a colonial bishop than give you fifty pounds out of the Consolidated Fund."

"Well, I'd not object to the episcopate if there was some good shooting in the diocese."

"I've no time for chaff," said Balfour, impatiently. "I am leaving my company too long, besides. Just come over here to-morrow to breakfast, and we'll talk the whole thing over."

"No, I'll not come to breakfast; I breakfast in bed; and if we are to come to any settlement of this matter, it shall be here and now."

"Very peremptory all this, con-

sidering that the question is not of *your* retirement."

"Quite true. It is not *my* retirement we have to discuss, but it is, whether I shall choose to hand you the Chief Baron's, which I hold here"—and he produced the packet as he spoke—"or go back and induce him to reconsider and withdraw it. Is not that a very intelligible way to put the case, Balfour? Did you expect such a business-like tone from an idle dog like *me?*"

"And am I to believe that the document in your hand contains the Chief Baron's resignation?"

"You are to believe it or not—that's at your option. It is the fact, at all events."

"And what power have you to withhold it, when he has determined to tender it?"

"About the same power I have to do this," said Sewell, as, taking up a sheet of note-paper from the table, he tore it into fragments, and threw them into the fire. "I think you might see that the same influence by which I induced him to write this would serve to make him withhold it. The Judge condescends to think me a rather shrewd man of the world, and takes my advice occasionally."

"Well, but—another point," broke in Balfour hurriedly. "What if he should recall this to-morrow or the day after? What if he were to say that on reconsideration he felt unwilling to retire? It is clear we could not well coerce him."

"You know very little of the man when you suggest such a possibility. He'd as soon think of suicide as doubt any decision he had once formally announced to the world. The last thing that would ever occur to him would be to disparage his infallibility."

"I declare I am quite ashamed of being away so long; couldn't you come down to the office to-morrow at your own hour, and talk the whole thing over quietly?"

"Impossible. I'll be very frank with you. I lost a pot of money last night to Langton, and haven't got it to pay him. I tried twenty places during the day, and failed. I tossed over a score of so-called securities, not worth sixpence in a time of pressure, and I came upon this, which has been in my hands since Monday last, and I thought, Now Balfour wouldn't exactly give me five hundred pounds for it, but there's no reason in life that he might not obtain that sum for me in some quarter. Do you see?"

"I see—that is, I see everything but the five hundred."

"If you don't, then you'll never see this," said Sewell, replacing it in his pocket.

"You won't comprehend that I've no fund to go to; that there's no bank to back me through such a transaction. Just be a little reasonable, and you'll see that I can't do this out of my own pocket. It is true I could press your claim on the party. I could say, what I'm quite ready to say, that we owe the whole arrangement to *you*, and that, especially as it will cost you the loss of your Registrarship, you must not be forgotten."

"There's the mistake, my dear fellow. I don't want that. I don't want to be made supervisor of mad-houses, or overlooker of light-ships. Until office hours are comprised between five and six o'clock, and some of the cost of sealing-wax taken out in sandwiches, I don't mean to re-enter public life. I stand out for cash payment. I hope that's intelligible."

"Oh, perfectly so; but as impossible as intelligible."

"Then, in that case, there's no more to be said. All apologies for having taken you so long from your friends. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Balfour. "I am sorry we can't come to some arrangement. Good-night."

"As this document will now

never see the light, and as all action in the matter will be arrested," said Sewell, gravely, "I rely upon your never mentioning our present interview.

"I declare I don't see why I am precluded from speaking of it to my friends, — confidentially, of course."

"You had better not."

"Better not! better in what sense? As regards the public interests or my personal ones?"

"I simply repeat, you had better not." He put on his hat as he spoke, and without a word of leave-taking moved towards the door.

"Stop one moment — a thought has just struck me. You like a sporting offer. I'll bet you twenty pounds even, you'll not let me read the contents of that paper; and I'll lay you long odds—two hundred to one, in pounds — that you don't give it to me."

"You certainly *do* like a good thing, Balfour. In plain words, you offer me two hundred and twenty. I'll be shot if I see why they should have higgled so long about letting the Jews into Parliament when fellows like *you* have seats there."

"Be good enough to remember," said Balfour, with an easy smile, "that I'm the only bidder, and if the article be not knocked down to me, there's no auction."

"I was certain I'd hear that from you! I never yet knew a fellow do a stingy thing, that he hadn't a shabbier reason to sustain it."

"Come, come, there's no need of this. You can say No to my offer, without a rudeness to myself."

"Ay, that's all true, if one only had temper for it, but *I* haven't; and I have my doubts that even *you* would if you were to be tried as sorely as I am."

"I never do get angry; a man shows his hand when he loses his temper, and the fellow who keeps cool can always look at the other's cards."

"Wise precepts, and worth coming out here to listen to," said Sewell, whose thoughts were evidently directed elsewhere. "I take your offer; I only make one condition—you keep the negotiation a secret. This resignation has reached you through the post; I do not appear in it in any shape."

"I think that's all fair. I agree to that. Now for the document."

"There it is," said Sewell, as he threw the packet on the table, while he seated himself in a deep chair, and crossed his arms on his chest.

Balfour opened the paper and began to read, but soon burst forth with — "How like him — how like him! — 'Less oppressed indeed by years than sustained by the conscious sense of long services to the State.' I think I hear him declaiming it.

"This is not bad — 'While at times afflicted by the thought, that to the great principles of the law, of which I had made this Court the temple and the sanctuary, there will now succeed the vague decisions and imperfect judgments of less learned expositors of justice, I am comforted by remembering that I leave behind me some records worthy of memory — traditions that will not easily die.'"

"That's the modest note — hear him when he sounds the indignant chord," said Sewell.

"Ay, here we have it — 'If I have delayed, my Lord, in tendering to you this my resignation, it is that I have waited till, the scurrilous tongues of slander silenced, and the smaller, but not less malevolent, whisperings of jealousy subdued, I should descend from the Bench amidst the affectionate regrets of those who regard me as the last survivor of that race which made Ireland a nation.' The liquor is genuine," cried Balfour,

laughing. "There's no disputing it, you have won your money."

"I should think so," was Sewell's cool reply. "He has the same knack in that sort of thing that the girl in the well-known shop in Seville has in twisting a cigarette."

Balfour took out his keys to open his writing-desk, and, pondering for a moment or two, at last said, "I wish any man would tell me why I am going to give you this money—do you know, Sewell?"

"Because you promised it, I suppose."

"Yes; but why should I have promised it? What can it possibly signify to me which of our lawyers presides in Her Majesty's Irish Exchequer? I'm sure you'd not give ten pounds to insure this man or that, in or out of the Cabinet."

"Not ten shillings. They're all dark horses to me, and if you offered me the choice of the lot, I'd not know which to take; but I always heard that you political fellows cared so much for your party, and took your successes and failures so much to heart, that there was no sacrifice you were not ready to make to insure your winning."

"We now and then do run a dead-heat, and one would really give something to come in first; but what's that?—I declare there's a carriage driving off—some one has gone. I'll have to swear that some alarming news has come from the south. Good-night — I must be off."

"Don't forget the cash, before you go."

"Oh, to be sure, here you are—crisp and clean, an't they? I got them this morning, and certainly never intended to part with them on such an errand."

Sewell folded up the notes with a grim smile, and said, "I only wish I had a few more big-wigs to dispose of—you should have them cheap; as Stag and Mantle say, articles no longer in great vogue."

"There's another departure!" cried Balfour. "I shall be in great disgrace!" and hurried away without a "good-bye."

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

CONCLUSION.

Dr. Nicoll was succeeded in the head-mastership of Westminster School by William Markham, a great scholar and successful teacher, under whom it continued to flourish during the eleven years of his rule. His taste in Latin versification was especially happy, and he won the attention of his scholars by the appropriate anecdotes and illustrations with which he constantly enlivened the lesson. He was made Dean of Rochester soon after his resignation in 1764, and became afterwards in rapid succession Dean of Christ Church, Bishop of Chester, and Archbishop of York. For this last promotion he was indebted perhaps not so much to his unquestioned merit as to the fact of his having been chosen preceptor to the Prince of Wales (George IV.) and the Duke of York. Dr. John Hinchliffe, the next head-master, held the office only a few months, when he resigned on the plea of ill-health. A letter from a Westminster boy of his day gives the only hint of his character which seems now recoverable: "Our new master, Dr. Hinchliffe, is, I believe, very good-natured; he did not flog any one for the first week, but has gone on at a good rate since."* He was a man of humble origin (his father kept a livery-stable in Swallow Street), and of no very remarkable merit, but fortunate in his patrons; he rose, some years afterwards, to be Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Bishop of Peterborough; and as he held both these offices together, it must be supposed that his health had considerably improved. Dr. Samuel Smith, his old schoolfellow, who filled his place at Westminster, and ruled for the next twenty-four years, seems to have been a man of no great mark. "Very dull and good-natured," George Colman calls him; but he could be energetic upon occasion, for in a rebellion of some kind which took place under his government, he knocked down one of the ringleaders—no less a person than Sir Francis Burdett—with a stick which he had brought into school. Sir Francis, among others, was expelled for this outbreak. On Smith's retirement, William Vincent, the under-master, was promoted into his place. He passed twice through Westminster School, as pupil and master; "rising step by step," says one of his pupils, "from the very last boy to the captain of the school, and again from junior usher through every gradation to that of second, and ultimately senior master;"† and as he resided there after his retirement from school work as Dean, he spent his whole life (excepting his four years at Cambridge) within the precincts, from the time he was six years old. As an under-master, his reputation for severity had been almost equal to Busby's. He was not even content with the regulation punishment, but boxed the boys' ears and pinched them; against which Colman protests, as most public-school boys would, as an unwarrantable indignity. "A pedagogue," says he, "is privileged to make his pupil red in the proper place with birch, but he has no right to squeeze him black and blue with his fingers." He left off this practice when he became head-master, though still his discipline was anything but mild. There was a caricature of him in the West-

* 'Lusus Alt. Westm.,' l. p. 285, note.
† Richd. Cumberland's Memoirs, p. 51.

minster print-shops, the work of some young Hogarth among the boys, with the Latin verse underneath—

"Sanguineos oculos volvit, virgamque requirit."

It may be pretty safely ascribed to James Hook (brother of Theodore, and afterwards Dean of Worcester), who was the humorist of the school, and whose vagaries were sometimes too much for even the stern gravity of Dr. Vincent. On one occasion he dressed himself up as an old woman, and in that character begged half-a-crown from Vincent at the gate. A few minutes afterwards, the Doctor was shocked at seeing the unfortunate object of his charity held under the pump in Dean's Yard by Harley, the future Earl of Oxford, Carey (head-master and bishop) and another schoolfellow. He rushed to the rescue in natural indignation; but detecting Hook's physiognomy, he wisely turned away and laughed.

Dr. Vincent's love of study was almost excessive. For many years of his life he rarely took any kind of exercise except such as he obtained by walking up and down in front of his form in school—"like a captain on his quarterdeck"—as was his constant habit while hearing a lesson, and enlarging upon it in his own forcible language. This sedentary life made him a great sufferer from gout. But no student could be less of a recluse; the society of his friends was his favourite relaxation. His love of all that belonged to Westminster led him to make a rather singular display on one occasion, when he pronounced a funeral oration over the grave of Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, his friend and schoolfellow. The following characteristic reminiscence of him is from an anonymous pamphlet:—

"I see him now, gently rebuking a fault, or eagerly catching at an opportunity to enlarge upon some merit, so that his phrases might vivify a hitherto torpid emulation; I see him as he used to pace to and fro, swinging himself on the boards, which creaked beneath the pressure of his ample buckled shoes, while he rolled out a full-mouthed Atticism, or transfused into kindred English, by his own copious diction and majesty of enunciation, the seemingly untranslatable magnificence of some ecstatic chorus. Or yet again, when kindling with a deeper and more solemn energy, he brought to our knowledge and our affections the things belonging to salvation."

It was in these years that the only attempts were made at Westminster to set up a school periodical. The success of the 'Microcosm' at Eton roused at once the emulation and the jealousy of the rival school—for rivals, and not always amicable rivals, they were in those earlier days. A magazine called the 'Trifler' was set on foot by a few young aspirants, of whom the chief were John Hensleigh Allen, W. H. Aston (ninth Lord Aston), Robert Oliphant, Taunton (afterwards Sir William) and the Hon. Thomas James Twisleton. It was not remarkable for ability; perhaps the cleverest thing connected with it was a caricature by James Hook, in which Justice was represented as weighing the 'Microcosm' in a pair of scales against the 'Trifler,' when the former was made to kick the beam, in spite of the heavy body of King George the Third being thrown in as a make-weight. (The court patronage which Eton received in his reign was always a sore subject with the Westminsters.) The sketch was engraved, though not exactly published; the boys were expected to subscribe for it at a shilling apiece. It produced from the Etonians a rejoinder which was at least as good as the attack:—

"What mean you by your print so rare,
Ye wits, of Eton jealous?
But that we soar aloft in air,
While ye are heavy fellows."

Dr. Smith did not encourage the publication of the 'Trifler;' and on its first appearance set as a subject for the weekly exercise what he intended as a hint to its writers —"*Scribimus indocti doctique.*" It

did not live through more than a few numbers. But it was nearly containing the first poetical effort of Robert Southey, then one of the younger boys, who sent in to the editors some verses on the death of his sister, which they "declined with thanks." He was afterwards a contributor to a second periodical published in the school, got up chiefly by himself and his friend Grosvenor Bedford, and called the 'Flagellant.' Vincent was now head-master, and his fondness for the rod suggested both the title and a good deal of such wit as it contained. Vincent's wrath was excessive; he took the rather undignified step of commencing an action for libel against the unfortunate publisher; and Southey, who was the writer of the specially obnoxious article, came forward and confessed the authorship. The avowal might perhaps in these days have been met by more generous treatment; but no doubt the offence was grave, and the future laureate had to leave the school at once.

The younger Colman has left some characteristic memoranda of his own school-life. How he and a schoolfellow kept for their private use a phaeton and a pair—of donkeys—in what was then Tothill Fields (now Vincent Square), in which they took drives in state, to the great admiration of their schoolfellows; occasionally riding the unfortunate animals (sometimes double) by way of change: and how he was saved from drowning by his schoolfellow, George Cranstoun, and brought back to consciousness, when the case seemed after all very doubtful, by the tender attentions of Jack Roberts* the waterman, who employed a remedy unknown to the Humane Society—the blade of an oar applied smartly to what was considered the most sensitive part of a young Westminster's person. The Duchess of Kingston's trial for bigamy was going on in those days; and though the Hall was crowded, the Westminster boys contrived to squeeze in, and were much disappointed when they found her Grace's plea of "privilege" admitted in bar of "corporal punishment"—a penalty which they understood only as inflicted by Drs. Smith and Vincent, and were curious to see carried out.

Dr. Vincent rested at last in the well-earned ease of the Deanery, where still his delight was to visit and encourage the school. His successor, Dr. Wingfield, held the office little more than three months. Then came Dr. William Carey, an excellent scholar and popular headmaster. He had remarkable administrative tact, and firmness without severity, which gave him great influence with his boys. He was an especial favourite of the Duke of York, who used to recommend all his military friends to send their boys to Westminster. This might partly account for the fact that the school in those days became the great nursery for the army. The Duke of Wellington is said to have declared that Westminster men infallibly made good officers. The names of Paget, Somerset, Cotton, Bentinck, Byng, Lennox, Cadogan, Wilson, and many others were as well known in the battlefields of the Peninsula as in the cloisters of St. Peter's. A few years ago five out of eight fieldmarshals (two of the remaining three being princes) were Westminster men—Lord Anglesea, Combermere, Strafford, and Raglan, and Marshal Grosvenor; and it was remarked that when our troops embarked for the Crimea, the commander-in-chief, the chiefs of the artillery and cavalry, and the quartermaster-general, had all been educated at the school.† Dr. Carey's

* This family have held the appointment of watermen to the College for above a century. "Dickey Roberts," the old school Charon, who died in 1816, was the subject of a clever epigram spoken that year. See 'Lusus Alt. Westm.,' p. 311.

† Lord Raglan, Sir W. Cator (Artillery), Lord Lucan, and subsequently Lord

advent to power was marked by a serious disturbance, consequent upon the suppression of certain acts of license which had grown out of the celebration of the 5th of November; but he put down the incipient rebellion with a firm hand, and the remainder of his reign was peaceful, and on the whole successful. He became Bishop of Exeter, and subsequently of St. Asaph, and Page, the under-master, succeeded, but only lived five years to enjoy his promotion.

Dr. Goodenough (a very accomplished scholar), and then Dr. Williamson, followed, the latter having been a town-boy—the first instance for two hundred and fifty years of a head-master who had not been a King's scholar. It was now that the school began to decline rapidly in numbers and reputation. In Carey's time there had been an average of about 300 boys; the numbers fell off in the later days of Goodenough. Dr. Williamson found 226 in 1828; in 1841 there were only 67. Mr. Liddell, now Dean of Christ-Church, raised them to 147 on his accession to the head-mastership in 1846, and they have continued at about the same point under his successor, Mr. Scott. Several causes contributed to this decline. That there were faults in the internal administration is undeniable; but these chiefly affected the boys on the foundation. The decrease in the number of town-boys was partly due to the influence of fashion, which had now set in with a full tide towards Eton and Harrow. The rapid progress of building, which had covered with houses even the swamp in Tothill Fields, where the future Duke of Richmond used to shoot snipes in the present century, had no doubt confined the boys more to the limited area of Dean's Yard, though Vincent Square was still preserved as a playground; but in point of fact, modern improvements have very much opened the immediate neighbourhood of the college, and swept away some of the worst of the old localities. Nor, perhaps, was there really much to regret in the free range of Tothill and Battersea Fields, which had been open to the past generation, though the ditches which intersected the latter certainly formed an admirable leaping-ground, and it was no objection to schoolboys that they were stagnant and green. St. David's Day was the great anniversary of ditch-leaping, and such as were too wide to leap the boys would actually swim. The great ditch known as "Spanking Sam," immortalized by "Bingham's* leap," is still fondly remembered by old Westminsters. But the days were now past when Colman could drive his donkeys in Tothill Fields, or Lord March keep a covey of *tame* ducks there in a pond, upon which to practise the new art of shooting flying. The truth is, that the choice of a school is very much a mother's question; and, as the late Sir James Graham (who was fag to the said Lord March) told the House of Commons, the ladies object to the situation of the school. They think that London—and Westminster is now London—is an unwholesome atmosphere for their sons. They shudder also at the hardships of the college juniors, and fail to see in

Geo. Paget (Cavalry), Lord de Ros (Quartermaster-General). The motto of Westminster men in those days might have been "*Ubique.*" An English officer, on his return from India, came down the Nile, and at Thebes had to procure the *visé* of the Bey of the district. After some preliminary compliments on each side through the dragoman, the Bey intimated that he had been in Europe, and hinted at some former acquaintance with his visitor. The latter saw only a stranger in the bearded Oriental before him. "Why," said the Bey at last, in good English, "surely you are little S——, whom I remember in the Fourth at Westminster?" It was so; but the Bey's own history was an unhappy one.

* General Richard Bingham. The ditch was subsequently leapt by James Agar (brother to the present Earl of Normanton).

them that preparation for the roughing of actual life which used to be considered one of the advantages of a public-school training. As a stanch old Westminster puts it—"Spartan mothers are not to be found under modern crinoline." Whether the old prosperity of the school could be recovered by its removal to the college estate at Chiswick (as has been suggested), or elsewhere into the country, is a point which discussion has yet failed to settle, and upon which the best friends of the school are hotly divided.

The place was certainly a rough nursery in the days of Carey and Goodenough, and the boys had the credit of being the most pugnacious young gentlemen in the kingdom. Not content with "feeling each other's might" by way of recreation, like the knights of the old Round Table, they waged battle with every "ski" who crossed Dean's Yard, then unenclosed. It was all done on the most honourable principles. If the outer barbarian was tall and stout, one of the bigger boys attacked him; if he was smaller game, a junior was selected, about his match in size and weight, and "fagged" to fight him. This reception of strangers, in fact, was not intended to be of a personally hostile character, but a national law and custom of Dean's Yard, to which all plebeians were subject. On the other hand, a boy could hardly go outside the gates without being attacked in his turn by some of the blackguards who inhabited "Thieving Lane" and the "Little Sanctuary"—purlieus which lay close to the Abbey, and are how happily swept away. If any real offence was given to the school, the discipline of the Pump was had recourse to, as in the ancient precedent of Mr. Curll. So late as 1830, it was solemnly inflicted upon a very deserving object. A letter had been received by the captain of the school offering to secure for any senior a scholarship at Cambridge "for a consideration." The letter was answered in due course, and a personal conference suggested. The would-be vendor came to Westminster, and after some pretended negotiation, was invited to see the cloisters, where he was seized by the captain's orders, hauled under the pump, and held there until he was thoroughly well drenched. As he was making his escape, he met Dr. Goodenough, the ex-head-master, to whom he complained of the treatment he had received. A few words from the seniors explained the real state of the case, and the only comfort he received from the Doctor was—"Served you right, sir!"*

The most interesting and peculiar feature of Westminster is, of course, the Play. Perhaps no old custom connected with Public Schools, dating from Queen Elizabeth's days, has gone on with so little interruption, and enjoys such undiminished vitality as the Latin Comedy—an entertainment perfectly unique of its kind—which is presented annually in the dormitory of St. Peter's College. The Eton Montem and the Harrow Shooting Butts are things of the past. The old Shrewsbury Play (which during Ashton's head-mastership was probably on a more magnificent scale than the Westminster performance, and drew Elizabeth herself many miles to see it) gradually degenerated into ordinary English amateur theatricals, and even these have long been dis-

* The College Pump in Dean's Yard, alas! is never likely to be an instrument of justice again. Owing to the works of the Metropolitan Railway, or from some other cause, it has entirely failed of late. It was lamented in the Prologue of last year:—

"Illa Hippocrene nostra, fons ille optimus,
Lymphis *Decani* qui rigibat *Aream*,
Qui vestram et proavûm toties sedavit sitim,
Jam siccus, eheu, deficiente aquâ jacet."

continued. The Latin plays with which the Universities were wont in former times to entertain their royal visitors, and which grave divines thought it not derogatory to compose for such occasions, would be voted "a bore" by the impatient spirits of our generation; though it may be doubted whether the fancy balls and other entertainments which have replaced them are not even more dreary affairs to many of the company, while certainly they are not more suitable to the associations of the place. But Terence and Plautus hold their own at Westminster: and if any one doubts whether they still preserve their old attraction for the audience, he will best solve the question for himself by getting a ticket for the next representation.

The performance of these Latin Comedies in the school at Christmas is enjoined by the Elizabethan statutes. But dramatic entertainments of some kind had probably been customary at Westminster, as at Eton and at Winchester, before that date. The preference of Terence's pure Latinity to the barbarisms of medieval dramatists is due to the good taste of Nowell, who, when head-master, introduced the use of the book into the school, five days in the week, "for the better learning of the pure Roman style." The statute also required that the master of the choristers should take care that his scholars presented an English play at the same time; but this practice, if it ever prevailed, soon fell into abeyance. Once only, so far as any known dramatic records of the school extend, an English afterpiece followed the Latin Comedy: it was in 1727, when an adaptation of Molière's *Scapin* was performed exclusively by the juniors and "second election." The little Prince William (better known afterwards as the Duke of Cumberland of Culloden), then only six years old, was present; and this performance of the younger boys was perhaps intended for his special amusement. There have been a few other English plays got up occasionally, but these were probably quite independent of the statutory custom. Dryden's 'Cleomenes' was performed in 1697 — most likely in compliment to the author as an old Westminster — when Lord Buckhurst spoke the prologue. Congreve's 'Mourning Bride' was put upon the stage in 1718; and in 1725, the town-boys, in rivalry of the histrionic triumphs of the King's scholars, acted 'Julius Cæsar' for four nights at the French Theatre in the Haymarket. The juniors in college, some few years ago, were in the habit of getting up an English farce on their own account, a week or two before the Play; and the town-boys occasionally did the same in the boarding-houses. This practice was put a stop to, owing to a boy having narrowly escaped being burnt to death in woman's clothes at one of these latter performances.

But the legitimate drama at Westminster has always been a Latin Comedy. Of the earliest performances little or no record is to be found. Queen Elizabeth seems to have been present on at least one occasion, and to have contributed liberally to the "*cap*;" for she is recorded to have paid, in January 1564, the sum of £8, 6s. 8d. "for certain plays by the grammar-school of Westminster and the children of Powle's." Barton Booth, the great tragedian, says that he took a part in one of Seneca's tragedies when a Westminster scholar in 1698. But from the beginning of the next century (since which time a pretty continuous record has been recovered) four of Terence's comedies — 'Andria,' 'Eunuchus,' 'Adelphi,' and 'Phormio' — have kept almost exclusive possession of the stage; of late years, in regular succession in the order named. Plautus has now and then been substituted; his 'Amphitryon,' 'Aulularia,' and 'Rudens' have had their turn; and in 1860 and 1865, the 'Trinummus'—which seems to have

been now promoted to permanent rank in the series, vice 'Eunuchus,' cashiered in deference to modern scruples as being somewhat "*contra bonos mores.*" But Plautus will never be as popular, either with actors or audience, as his more lively and vigorous rival.

These performances take place just before the Christmas holidays. The play is repeated three times, on fixed nights in the second and third weeks in December. The acting has usually been of a much higher order than might be expected from the very limited choice of actors; for the cast is strictly confined to the forty scholars on the foundation. But the Play has always been made a point of honour at Westminster; and immense pains have been taken, and are taken still, both by masters and boys, in the preparation. Practice, in this as in other things, makes perfect: the juniors have the opportunity, year after year, of studying the performance of their seniors, and are eager to emulate the popular heroes of the stage when their own turn comes. Details of stage business, and points in the dialogue, become traditional, and are handed down from generation to generation. Many of the actors who were stars in their little hour upon the stage, have long passed into oblivion; some few have been more fortunate in being preserved to fame in the notices of their contemporaries. The character of *Ignoramus* was so admirably performed in 1730 by George Lewis, that not only was a fourth night demanded, but the actor found his reward in the ambiguous compliment of being distinguished thenceforth from others of his name as "*Ignoramus Lewis.*" At the first of these performances the young Duke of Cumberland was again present.* The play was cast again for 1747, and was again a great success. Hamilton Boyle (sixth Earl of Cork and Orrery) was the hero, and the whole performance was so good that the scenes were left standing over the Christmas holidays, and an additional night was given after the return of the boys to school. The cast of the 'Phormio' of 1749 is remarkable for the well-known names which it contains. George Colman, the elder, soon to become famous in the real drama, was the *Geta;* George Hobart (brother to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and afterwards president of the Italian Opera) played *Antipho;* and among the other actors were Samuel Smith, the future head-master, and Robert Lloyd, the eccentric but accomplished usher, whose clever Latin verses so often enriched future prologues and epilogues.† Garrick was present at the 'Andria' in 1765, and was so delighted with the acting of John Eckersall as the comic slave

* He seems to have been put forward at this time as the popular patron of schoolboys; he was present at the "Hunting of the Ram" at Eton in the same year, and at the Montem on the year following.

† He was the son of Pierson Lloyd, already mentioned as under-master. He wasted brilliant talents, and lived a dissipated and improvident life, which ended early. His great friend and school-contemporary was Charles Churchill. These two, with Bonnell Thornton, George Colman, Joseph Hill, Cowper the poet, and one or two other Westminster men, composed the "Nonsense Club." Lloyd always hated his work as usher, and soon resigned it. He describes himself as—

"Still labouring with incessant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains;
Still to be pinioned down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale."

The Oxford ale was certainly more to his taste. His Latin translation of Gray's 'Elegy' is very beautiful. A poem called 'The Actor' has also considerable merit. (See his 'Poems,' London, 1774.)

Davus, that he presented him with a free admission to his theatre. He also highly complimented the actors in the 'Phormio' of 1769. In 1796, Robert Stevens, the present venerable Dean of Rochester, played *Euclio* in the 'Aulularia' with singular ability.

In more than one instance, besides the Colmans, elder and younger, the mimic stage at Westminster either generated or encouraged a dramatic talent which developed practically in after life. If Busby himself did not go upon the public boards (which his enemy Bagshawe insinuated would have been his proper sphere), he was accused of having sent some of his pupils there, by the applause and encouragement which he bestowed upon their acting. Barton Booth, the cadet of an old Lancashire family (some of them were Earls of Warrington), had been intended for the Church, but his early dramatic triumphs in the dormitory of St Peter's fixed his future vocation. At the early age of fourteen his performance of *Pamphilus* in the 'Andria' was the delight of Busby's declining years. At seventeen he ran away from the school, and joined a company of strolling players in Dublin, to the intense mortification of his father, who had a horror of the stage, and declared that old Busby "had poisoned the boy with his dying breath." In his first public appearance, however, as *Oronooko*, he narrowly escaped a ridiculous break-down; for the lamp-black on his face came off in streaks with his exertions, and nothing could have carried a young actor through such a trial but the good-humoured hilarity of an Irish audience, who applauded even more loudly than they laughed. He became subsequently a pupil of Betterton, and rose to be one of the most refined and classical of our English tragedians. Westminster men were proud of him. In a prologue to one of the annual performances which took place after he had established his fame, he was honoured with a special couplet as one of the rising celebrities of the school:—

"Old Roscius to our Booth must bow;
'Twas then but art—'tis nature now.

Poor David Ross (not a King's scholar, however, but a town-boy), also took to the boards professionally, and was disinherited by his father in consequence. He reaped but poor compensation in a second-rate reputation as a comedian—a reputation which might, however, have been higher but for his improvidence and indolence. The lazy style in which he sometimes went through his part is satirised by his old schoolfellow and friend, Churchill, whose verse spared no man for any thought of "auld lang syne":—

"Ross—a misfortune which we often meet—
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet."

It should not be forgotten that the difficulties in which his own imprudence involved him were materially relieved by the generosity of an old Westminster schoolfellow — Admiral Barrington—who paid him for some years an annuity of £60. The gift was anonymous, and it was only by accident that the donor became known.*

Bridge Frodsham, of an old Cheshire family, of rather later date, ran away from the school twice—the second time, like Booth, to join a company of strolling players. He acted at Leicester and at York, where he was known as "the York Garrick," and had a considerable

* So the late Right Hon. Charles Wynn for many years paid an annuity to his old schoolfellow Robert Southey, when he stood in need of such help; which the poet accepted in the spirit in which it was offered, without any feeling of humiliation. These are not the only instances in which Westminster men have acted on the principal of their favourite author.—"*Communia amicorum sunt inter se omnia.*"

provincial popularity. Such was his overwhelming conceit, that he employed his only interview with Garrick in giving him his own conception of the proper way to act Hamlet, to the great actor's considerable astonishment, though he recognised undoubted talent in his provincial rival.* In the case of another Terentian actor, the Hon. Thomas Twisleton, a friend and contemporary of Southey's at Westminster, a boy of great promise, and remarkably handsome, the histrionic tastes which were there called into play affected his future life in a different fashion. He fell in love with a young lady with whom he acted in some private theatricals during the holidays, and eloped with her instead of going back to school. He went out to the Colonies, and subsequently became Archdeacon of Colombo. The boys were authors as well as actors. Ben Jonson was a pupil of Camden when head-master, but whether in his schoolboy days he gave any foretaste of his abilities as a dramatic writer does not appear. But Cowley wrote a masque called 'Pyramus and Thisbe' when he was but ten years old, and 'Constantia and Philetus' two years later, which last he dedicated to Osbolston, as head-master. So Charles Saunders, while yet a King's scholar, wrote a piece called 'Tamberlane the Great,' which was actually performed at Drury Lane Theatre, and also at Oxford before Charles II.

The College Theatre is fitted up at the further end of the long dormitory, some dozen beds having to be dismantled for that purpose. Where the unfortunate occupants retire to at night during the six weeks of preparation and performance is a mystery to all but the initiated. In former times some slept under the stage, which must have been uncomfortably close quarters; and even now a curious stranger who peeps under the ascending flight of seats arranged for the spectators, may see the limited amount of chamber furniture which contents a Westminster junior arranged here and there under the feet of an unsuspecting public. The pit and galleries will hold in all about 350 comfortably; but the issue of tickets is liberal, and sometimes nearly 500 contrive to squeeze in. The scenery in old times was of a very ordinary character, and the dresses were modern; but then it must be remembered that the same bad taste prevailed on the regular stage, where Booth himself acted *Cato* in a full-bottomed wig. In 1758 a new set of scenes were given by Dr. Markham, then head-master. They were designed by James Stuart—better known as "Athenian" Stuart—and represented, as now, a street or public place in Athens, with "practicable" houses on each side. It was remarked as a singular coincidence, that Edward Salter spoke the prologue as captain on the first occasion of their use, and that his son enjoyed the same distinction fifty years afterwards, in 1808, when they made their appearance for the last time, and made way for a new set, again supplied by the liberality of the head-master, Dr. Carey. The very pretty scenery now in use (which was specially admired by the late Prince Consort) is from the designs of an "old Westminster" artist, C. R. Cockerell. The dresses, though their fashion underwent some change from time to time, continued to be more or less in-

* A contemporary satire (quoted by Tate Wilkinson in his 'Wandering Patentee') illustrates both his style of acting and his self-conceit:—

> "With arms and legs outstretched like a Pantine,
> Lo! Frodsham roars or whispers through the scene;
> He rants, he splits the tasteless groundling's ears,
> And Herod's self out-heroded appears;
> Above mankind in his own mind he soars,
> Himself the idol he himself adores."

congruous down to the days of Dr. Williamson's head-mastership. He introduced the present classical Greek costume, publishing at the same time a little treatise of considerable research upon the subject.* They were indebted for much of their richness and elegance, which improved from year to year, to the taste of Mrs. Williamson, and of the ladies of succeeding head-masters, who have taken the greatest interest in the "Play."

On at least two occasions the comedy was enlivened by the introduction of a Latin song. In the scene in Terence's 'Andria' where Mysis takes up Glycerium's baby (who has always been one of the most popular comic characters at Westminster), Dr. Smith assigned her a sort of nursery ditty,—a translation of Swift's "O my kitten, my kitten"—which was sung as she dandled the little stranger, to the great delight of the audience. In 1798, when the 'Rudens' of Plautus was performed, the fishermen in the second act sang a Latin glee, which was accompanied by one of the party, Robert Bligh, got up as a wooden-legged fiddler. The words were a liberal paraphrase of the old ballad, which begins—

"Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we," &c.

It may perhaps be questionable how far a Latin jingle in the medieval style harmonised with the verses of Plautus; but there can be no doubt as to the cleverness of the adaptation.† It was from the pen of the well-known "Jemmy" Dodd, who was usher of the school for thirty-four years, and took great pains with the plays, composing several of the best prologues and epilogues. He was the son of a London actor, who is said to have adopted the stage as a profession from his own successful performance of Davus in the 'Andria' when a boy at some school in Holborn. Dodd was an intimate personal friend of the great Porson, and resembled him in some of his eccentricities as well as in his scholarlike tastes. The fine construing and rigid parsing of the text of the 'Iliad,' in which he drilled the fifth form for many years, will not be forgotten by those who were under his rule. He was long known as one of the most convivial guests at the dinners of the Roxburghe Club, where he sang "Robin Hood" ballads with great applause.

The prologue to the Play has for many years been invariably spoken by the captain of the school, in full Queen's scholar's costume—black knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckles, and long bands. It is usual to introduce briefly the chief events of the year which have affected the interests of the college, the public honours won by any distinguished scholars, or the death of any old Westminster of remarkable eminence. It was amidst rounds of cordial applause that the captain of the past year referred to the fact that the foremost places in Church and State were both then filled by Westminster men—as Archbishop of Canterbury and Prime Minister.‡ The epilogue is now always in Latin Elegiacs, and from

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* 'Eunuchus Palliatus.'

† "O Neptune, si fecisses
Maris undam vinum,
Biberemus sicut pisces
Laticem marinum.

"Hauserimus, tale nacti
Gaudii suasorium,
Piscatores pisces facti,
Totum vas æquoreum.

"Piscatores, Piscatores,
Vinum coronemus!
Liberi feliciores
Genio libemus!

"*Chorus*—Bene, Bene," &c.

('Lusus Alt. Westm.,' p. 178.)

‡ Archbishop Longley and Earl Russell.

time immemorial has been more or less in the comic vein, treating of some of the public events of the year, or some fashionable folly, in a burlesque travesty, often with admirable humour. Of late years it has assumed very much the character of a short Latin farce; the chief characters of the comedy re-appearing in a modern dialogue, in the costume of the day; and the clever way in which classical idioms are twisted to express modern English ideas is not the least amusing part of the performance. It would be difficult to give any fair idea of the humour by any selection of passages, and the reader who remembers enough of his Latin to enjoy it may do so thoroughly in the pages of the 'Lusus Alteri Westmonasterienses.'* The highest talent of the college has been employed ungrudgingly from time to time in these playful compositions. Vincent, Carey, and Page contributed frequently when head-masters; and others less publicly known, but not less elegant scholars, have gladly lent their wit and fancy to do honour to their old school.

The chief *dramatis personæ* are distributed amongst the seniors; the arrangement is in the main their own, but the list is revised by the head and under-master, who make any desirable alterations in the cast. But the minor parts are allotted to boys in the lower elections, who thus obtain an early familiarity with the College stage.

Let us borrow an old actor's vivid description of the scene "within College walls on a play night." The year is 1855, but the sketch would suit the 'Phormio' of 1864 equally well. We add a note here and there for the benefit of outsiders.

"Juniors in every degree of heat, seniors in every degree of excitement, Third Election and Second Election in the stiffest possible white ties and the glossiest possible black trousers, the captain ruefully contemplating the knee-breeches, in which it is his painful duty to encase himself, and vainly trying to look as if he had been accustomed to buckles all his life; Stoker † and his assistants giving an extra hammer at the green baize, the gasman attempting to get the lights into order, so as to avoid the violent crack which invariably takes place in the most pathetic scenes, as if the lamp-glasses were overcome by their feelings; add to this, College John ‡ wandering about as if he were making

* Yet we cannot resist giving a taste of their quality in a note. It may be remembered that, in 1779, Mr. Adam (M. P. for Gatton) challenged Fox in consequence of some remarks made by him in the House, touching, among other things, on the peculations of Government contractors. Fox was hit, but the bullet hardly penetrated his waistcoat. Adam hoped he was not much hurt. "Oh! no," said Fox; "there's no harm done—it was *only Government powder*." The Westminster Play that year was 'Phormio;' and the epilogue was spoken by Phormio himself in the character of a contractor, who has tried gunpowder as well as other speculations:—

"Quæstus erat mihi pulvis tormentaria,—deque hoc
Tranquillus (Dis est gratia) mentis ero;
Namque ita curavi mistam cauteque paratam,
Monstrum esset, culquam si nocitura foret.
Quin cum privatis certetur ubique duellis,
Nemo perit—*pugnat pulvere quisque meo*."

The clever turn of the jest drew shouts of laughter alike from Westminster Whigs and Tories. In 1860, the 'Trinummus' was put upon the stage—the plot of which turns upon the sale of a house, under the floor of which a treasure is known to be concealed. In the epilogue, the Ghost of Busby is introduced, who hears with horror that there is a talk of removing the school into the country, and selling the old premises. He warns them that he has buried a *treasure* underneath. They proceed to dig to discover it,—and a gigantic ROD is found.

"En tibi Busbeius quas sepelliret opes!
Aurea virga tibi est, portas quæ pandit honorum!"

† The college carpenter.

‡ The porter and factotum of college—invariably so called, whatever his name may be.

himself generally useful (which he is not), and an occasional glimpse of the under-master with some final instructions for the captain, and farewell hints about the epilogue—and you will have some faint idea of the confusion worse confounded which heralds in a second night's performance.

"But at length Demipho has accomplished the more than Herculean feat of compressing the largest possible of legs into the smallest possible of fleshings, and a last brush has been given to the hair, and a last look has been taken at the tie, and Under-Elections walk up and down college with their caps on, and fancy they are seniors. A rushing noise is heard, as of a party of inebriated whirlwinds coming up college, and the *Di Superi* (in vulgar parlance 'the gods' *) make their appearance. Now is the time to see the 'god-keeper' † in his glory, in kid gloves, cane, and commanding voice: 'Here, Jones, go up closer.—Room for three or four more in that corner—tumble up, Davis.' Now small boys, who have never before been in such an exalted position, get into a tremendous state of mind, and fail lamentably in their attempt to look as if they were enjoying themselves; now mightily triumphant look those lucky dogs who, through the favour of some monitor, have obtained the doubtful privilege of sitting on a couple of inches of window ledge, with their legs dangling down as if on the verge of dissolving partnership with the bodies to which they belong, and setting up on their own account in the 'Ladies' Pit.'

. . . . . .

"And now, at about five minutes to seven, the gods go off into a succession of claps, the young old Westminsters stand up, and everybody in the house imitates their example, to welcome Mrs. Head-master, who appears leaning on the arm of the captain, who for this minute or two looks as happy as any one in knee-breeches and buckles can be expected to look.

. . . . . .

"Five minutes more, and the house again rise, and again the gods clap, and the band strikes up 'See the Conquering Hero comes;' and presently the conquering hero appears in the shape of the head-master and his party, though what connection of ideas associates those gentlemen, mostly in grey heads and expansive waistcoats, with conquering heroes or Judas Maccabæus, no one, as far as my knowledge goes, has ever yet discovered. . . . . .

"And now suppose that in the epilogue the usual number of allusions have been made, and that the old gentlemen have all gone off into the usual excited state of uproarious mirth, produced by the comprehension of a Latin joke (for their enjoyment of it is considerably heightened by finding they have not so utterly lost all their classical knowledge as to be unable to construe it); and suppose the worthy canon in the fifth row has understood every word, and translated all the more abstruse jokes aloud for the benefit of the surrounding company; and that Demipho has wound up with a very neat and appropriate *tag* of about twenty lines, and that he has made his bow, and the other characters in the epilogue have made their bows, very gracefully (with the exception of Chremes, whose wig came off), and that the curtain has fallen, you must indeed be of a very phlegmatic temper if you do not join in the thunders of applause which echo from the gods above, and the old gentlemen below. All vie with one another in their energy; even the ladies join, and amidst a perfect hurricane of approbation the curtain rises once more, and all the characters appear in a tableau.

"A shout of 'cap, cap!' arises, and all available trenchers having been pressed into the service, the captain distributes them amongst the old Westminster portion of the audience, who present substantial proofs of their satisfaction. There is another immense clap (the band keeps up a running fire of 'God save the Queen' during all these proceedings), in the midst of which the head-master and his party pass out; then the 'young old Westminsters' carry the stage by storm, and shake hands frantically with all the performers. . . . Now also do all such

* The juniors, who occupy a back gallery. A proposal was made in 1792 to exclude them from the performance on the grand nights, which, however, was successfully resisted.

† A Third-Election boy, who acts as deputy monitor, and keeps the gallery deities in order.

as can manage to get hold of a friend to take them behind the scenes, indulge largely in sack-whey,* sundry glasses of which exquisite compound are also conveyed to the ladies, who only want 'a little, just to taste'—but find that taste so satisfactory that they finish their glass."†

The sum collected in the 'cap' has frequently amounted to above £200. After discharging all expenses of the play, the surplus is divided among the performers. But as these expenses have a natural tendency to increase rather than diminish, while the number of old Westminsters present is necessarily fewer than in the more prosperous days of the school, the balance has of late been now and then on the wrong side.

An attempt has more than once been made to suppress the Play, on the ground of the immorality of Terence's Comedies. It would be out of place to discuss such a question here: it may be enough to say that the acting copies are now judicially castigated, and that few who have witnessed one of these representations would wish to see them discontinued. The strong memorial sent up in 1847 (headed by the name of the Archbishop of York) against the proposed change, has probably settled the point for some time. The college being a royal foundation, the play has always been stopped when a death has recently occurred in the royal family. Such was the case in 1760, on the death of George II., of the Duke of York, in 1767; Prince Alfred in 1782; and the Princess Amelia in 1786; and the beginning of George III.'s last illness in 1810. In the memorable '45 there was no play, owing to the panic caused by the advance of the Pretender to Derby. In the year 1791, there was something like a rebellion in the school (under Dr. Vincent), and the performance was omitted in consequence. The seniors of 1817 and 1818 were especially unfortunate; there was no performance either year, in consequence of the deaths of the Princess Charlotte and the Queen.

The recitation of the epigrams, which takes place at the annual dinner on Monday in election week, when the electors and such old Westminsters as choose to attend meet together in the College Hall, is another classical exercise peculiar to the school. The subjects for the year are given by the under-master; the theses being usually some terse Latin adage or commonplace, which (or its contradictory) is to be illustrated by some dozen, more or less, of elegiac verses. It is usual for each of the seniors to recite two epigrams, and each "third election" and certain of the juniors, one. These are not necessarily of their own composition; the under-master is considered responsible for the production of a sufficient number which will bear criticism, and he receives contributions, as in the case of the epilogues, from his fellow-masters and from the celebrities of bygone school-days. After the recitation a cap is handed round to the guests, and the silver which is put into it becomes the property of the reciters. As in the epilogues, the popular subjects of the day are constantly satirised in these *jeux d'esprit*.‡

The system of fagging among the Westminster scholars has always been objectionably severe. Its terrors have been exaggerated by indignant parents, and by those rose-water school reformers who would substitute moral suasion for birch,

* The orthodox drink, by immemorial usage, on Play nights.

† 'The Westminster Play; its Actors and its Visitors.' Ginger, Westminster, 1855. (By G. Lavie, Esq.)

‡ For instance, on the last occasion the theses were, "Fors sua cuique loco est," and "Beatus vulnere," treated both affirmatively and negatively. Count Bismark, John Bright, "The Lambeth Casual," and College John, were all utilised—not always in the most complimentary manner—by the writers.

and regulate schoolboy life by the etiquette of polite society; and, on the other hand, disagreeable facts are ignored and explained away by loyal enthusiasts, with whom one cannot help strongly sympathising, who will see nothing wrong in the old school. But from Taswell's day (and most likely long before), down to the day of the late Royal Commission, the life of a junior in college for his first year has been fairly defined as a "servitude." It is admitted so to be by the stern old Latin phrase still in use, when the "captain of the election" into college (the boy who stands first in the examination, and who has the privilege of exemption from the common lot which awaits all his companions) is admitted by the seniors in conclave assembled to the privileges of freedom in the words, "*Esto liber, cæteri servi.*" Much of the hardship of a junior's life arises from the fact of the whole body of collegers being lodged in one large dormitory, and confined to very close quarters for a considerable proportion even of the day-time, so that a younger boy is hardly ever out of the reach of those who have a claim upon his services: and to this must be added the lamentable deficiency in the staff of servants. Each junior in turn has to call his masters—it may be even so early as four o'clock, for Westminster boys have a habit (very little known at other schools) of early reading, at times when preparation for the Play interrupts the regular work, or when an examination is impending; and he has to rake the cinders out of the grates, to light the fire, and boil water for an early breakfast. A considerable part of what ought to be his leisure hours has to be spent in going on his master's errands, or on "station"—that is, either attending the games in the "Green" in Great Dean's Yard, or, on a rainy day, in college. One fag—called the "watch"—has always to remain in college during play-hours to answer inquiries, receive messages, &c.—performing in fact the duties of a servant; and another again is detailed for duty during the regular school hours, who remains on guard at the door of the college as a sentinel, to see that no suspicious characters find their way in. This functionary is known as *monos**—i. e., *monitor ostii*—and no doubt the office has a very high antiquity, if that is any satisfaction to the modern holders. There was an officer of the same kind among the college-boys at Winchester, who bore a similar name—*ostiarius*. But in point of fact, the post of *monos*, carrying with it an entire exemption from all lessons for the day, is apt to be only too popular with the idly-disposed among the juniors. In the evenings, after locking up, which in winter is at a quarter before six, the junior is liable to a good many interruptions which may be—and certainly have been in past days, if not now—made very harassing and vexatious by the caprice or tyranny of the seniors. No tea is provided as a regular meal; only a supper of bread and cheese and beer in hall; and a Westminster senior, perhaps for that reason, affects tea to an extent that would shock that mysterious brotherhood who advertise themselves as the "Anti-teapots." Twice—and occasionally three times—a fag will

* These school terms are terrible stumbling-blocks to biographers and their printers. Even Frederick Reynolds (the dramatic author), though himself a Westminster boy, allows this officer's name to be printed *Minos* in his amusing Memoirs—"I was stopped on my entry into school by the Minos." The title of "Conduct," by which the chaplains of Eton College are known, was for many years ludicrously misprinted by the editors of Horace Walpole's Letters, who make him talk of "standing funking over against a *conduit* to be catechised."

probably have to prepare this cheerful beverage to solace his master's studies through the long winter's evening, happy in the reversion of the teapot for his own benefit. From 8 o'clock to 10 he is supposed to be at work (in a sort of common-room assigned to the juniors collectively) preparing his lessons for next day; but the call of "*Election!*" which signifies that the services of one of the junior election are required by one of the seniors, is frequent enough to be a very serious interruption. The present head-master admits that these demands upon a junior's time have commonly been such that "a boy who is tempted to be idle, as most of them are, finds very considerable difficulty in doing his work." In order to check these interruptions as far as practicable, a late regulation has made all fagging unlawful between 8 and 10 o'clock.

But of all the services required of a Westminster junior, the most remarkable and original is that which supposes him to be a walking treasury of small conveniences for his senior's use in and out of school. He wears, as has been said, a college waistcoat of peculiar pattern; and the pockets of that waiscoat contain a store which would put to shame even the miscellaneous treasures which our great-grandmothers were wont to produce from the depths of some similar receptacle. He must carry about with him, and produce instantaneously upon legal demand (the items, at the date of the Public Schools Commission, are recorded in the published Evidence), two penknives, two pieces of india-rubber, two pencils, two pieces of sealing-wax, two pieces of pen-string, two "dips" (little globular ink-bottles), two dip-corks, two wedges, two pieces of gutta-percha (for putting on the points of foils), and any number of pens. Besides this, he had to carry with him into school a portfolio containing a sufficiency of quarterns of paper.* For all or any of these articles he was supposed to supply, upon requisition, to any boy of the upper elections. He was not expected, indeed, to furnish all this miscellaneous stationery out of his own private purse; for his lawful senior, and commonly his second and third elections as well, allowed him to obtain from the booksellers' the usual half-year's supply in their names; so that in fact he was little more than the steward of his master's goods in this respect. But it may be imagined that such a responsibility was rather troublesome.

The roughnesses of Westminster life have, however, been considerately smoothed of late years. The dormitory in old times was like nothing known to mortal schoolboys except Long Chamber at Eton. It was all one long open room where the whole forty boys slept in public—the juniors in not much greater comfort than the "casuals" in a modern Union. The windows were continually broken, and never repaired but during a vacation. In the winter time the atmosphere was consequently often at freezing-point; and this was taken advantage of by such seniors as were given to vigorous exercise, to order the fags out of bed, when a frost had set in decidedly, to pour water down the middle of the room, so as to insure a practicable slide by the morning: the advance of science had even taught them to use boiling water, as freezing more rapidly than cold. This same floor was on one occasion converted into a draught-board. It was chalked out into large squares, and on each square a junior was stationed: two of the seniors, standing on an adjoining table, played a game at

* The present head-master has, amongst other reforms, stopped this supply of writing materials.

draughts with these human pieces; and when a "king" was made, his representative had to carry, by way of crown, a small boy upon his shoulders. The beds were not luxurious at the best; and did not impress visitors very favourably. When George IV., as Prince of Wales, came to the Play, and passed along the dormitory, he said to the master who escorted him—"You don't mean to tell me, sir, that Arthur Paget ever slept in one of those beds?" * But a junior was often obliged to lend his own pillow to improve his senior's accommodation, and to content himself with the most convenient log he could pick up out of the firewood. Rats at one time almost disputed the right of occupation. Leather braces had to be hung up somewhere out of reach, or there was only a mangled remant and a buckle or so to be found in the morning. A nobleman now living awoke one night with a rat hanging to his ear; and it is well remembered that a present Archbishop, missing his surplice just before early prayers, found one small corner of it sticking out of a rat-hole, and thus barely rescued it, in such condition as may be guessed, from these indiscriminating marauders. They furnished sport for their enemies, of course, in their turn. Hunts like those which Porson remembered with such gusto in the Eton Long Chamber, enlivened the nights at Westminster. Traps of all kinds were set; and one ingenious sportsman contrived a small battery of brass cannon, in front of which the victims were tempted by baits of toasted cheese.

The feeding arrangements, until recent improvements took place, were not more satisfactory than the sleeping. The statutes of course provided that the boys should be fed. But, as at Eton, there was no special ordinance about breakfast; that meal being a less formal one amongst all classes in old times than in the present, and very commonly consisting in a piece of bread and a cup of small beer taken standing. No breakfast at all was provided for the King's scholars at Westminster for many generations; up to the year 1846, they resorted for this purpose to the different boarding-houses of which they had been members before their election, and this cost them something like £30 a year. In the case of any sick diet or nursing being required, they had to betake themselves to the same quarters. But even at the college dinners, the younger boys were never half-fed. The recognised allowance was a sheep a day; and the course of distribution in hall, not many years ago, was this: The four head-boys had the saddle, the rest of the senior election the legs; the third election had the shoulders and neck; and the second election and juniors sat looking at a vacant expanse of coarse huckaback, making circles on the table or the pew-

* The rudeness of the sleeping accommodations served to point an epigram more than once;—*e. g.*,

"Hæ latebræ dulces. (1806.)

"Sponda torusque rudis, pannus lacer unus et alter,
Pro velo lodix squallida, turpe toral;
Quàm tamen hæc dulce nobis immunda suppellex
Efficiat somnos, vos meminisse reor;
Tu certè nôsti quàm sit, Pater optime, nobis
Difficile ex isto surgere mane toro."

"Inest sua gratia parvis. (1810.)

"Hospes si nostrum visat quis forte cubiculum,
Horret, qualis odor quàm miserique torl!
Infelix, qui non sentit quæ gaudia præstet,
Quantas delicias iste odor, iste torus;
Iste meus longo jam fecit lectulus usu,
In nullo ut metuam jam recubare toro."

ter plates with their two-pronged forks, till the more fortunate were called up by their seniors to receive a plateful of broken meat, such as might be given to a Newfoundland dog. It was a high privilege to be handed a leg-bone or a shoulder-blade by a senior when he had done with it; and often a boy got no dinner at all. This again, notorious as it was to the authorities as well as to the boys, served repeatedly as the popular point in an after-dinner epigram.* The allowance of meat was supposed to furnish a supper as well, and a joint of some kind was usually reserved for that meal for the seniors; but a junior rarely saw any meat at supper. It is not to be wondered at that this should have led to a considerable expenditure of pocket-money outside the college walls, or that all kinds of extempore meals were cooked by the dormitory fires. Most varieties of cookery which a gridiron will accomplish are pretty well known to all schoolboys; punch made in a washing-basin (ladled out with a tea-cup tied to a toasting-fork) may have been enjoyed elsewhere; but a batter-pudding boiled in a stocking foot was perhaps a delicacy peculiar to Westminster. The result of the hardships which had become inseparable from an initiation into college life was, that a place on the royal foundation—an invaluable boon, as it should have been, to a boy of gentle birth and humble means—was understood to imply an ordeal to which few parents had the hardihood to subject their sons. In some cases a boy broke down under it, and had to be removed. From 1841 to 1847 the scholars were below the statutable number, and in one year there were no less than seventeen vacancies.

The boarding-houses, where those boys who are not on the foundation are lodged, had always affected more comfort in their domestic arrangements than was to be found in college. What this comfort amounted to may be gathered from the story told to Her Majesty's Commissioners by an old Westminster witness:—

"I remember hearing of the present Lord Mansfield's brother being very ill in one of the boarding-houses, and his mother, Lady Mansfield, coming there to see him. There was only one chair in the room, upon which the poor sick boy was reclining, and a friend who was with him was sitting on the coal-scuttle. When Lady Mansfield entered the room, the lad who was sitting on the coal-scuttle got up, and with perfectly natural politeness and good-breeding, offered it to her ladyship to sit down upon."

Quaint old Latin formulæ still continue in use at Westminster, unchanged since its earliest foundation, giving a savour of ancient dignity to its everyday life which no loyal son of the house would willingly part with. While the school is at morning lesson, the *monitor ostii* watches the clock, and at half-past eleven comes to the monitor of school and announces the time. The monitor goes to the head-master's desk, makes his bow, and says, "*Sesqui est undecima.*" At a quarter to twelve he makes the further announcement, "*Instat duodecima.*" When twelve o'clock has struck he says again, "*Sonnuit duodecima;*" at a quarter-past twelve, "*Prima quarta acta est;*" at half-past, "*Sesqui est duodecima,*" at which welcome words books are shut, and the whole school is dismissed. The same formalities, with the necessary variations, are repeated during afternoon lesson. Before dinner the captain calls out two

* "Carnem Prima vorat classis; sine jure Secunda
Jus omne; omne sibi Tertia sumit olus;
Interea mensæ qui accumbit Junior imæ
Vix aurâ infelix vescitur ætheriâ."
—Epigr. 74, 'Lus. Westm.' See also Epigr. 128

boys of the second election, one to say grace—"*Age gratias,*"—and the other to repeat the proper responses—"*Agite responsa;*" and when dinner is over, before grace again, he pays even the juniors the compliment of asking whether they have had enough—"*Satisne edistis et bibistis?*" to which the compulsory answer is made, often by hungry lips, "*Satis edimus et bibimus.*" Every night at ten o'clock the "monitor of chamber" gives the order for the juniors to put out the lights and go to bed—"*Extinctis lucernis intrate lectos.*" It is only within the last generation or two that the rule of speaking Latin exclusively, both by boys and masters, during school hours, has fallen into abeyance. It was certainly in force up to the end of Dr. Vincent's head-mastership. One of the neatest of the English epigrams which have been preserved was recited in 1811; the thesis given was "*Crede colori,*" which was thus applied to his portrait as Dean, just painted by Owen:—

> "The tints on Owen's canvass spread
> Are truth itself, no mockery;
> I thought the living portrait said—
> '*Eloquere—eloquere.*'"

This was Vincent's usual exhortation to a boy to "speak out."

The old Shrove-Tuesday custom of tossing the pancake, though now peculiar to Westminster, is said to have been also formerly in use at Eton. The ceremony as at present performed is this. The cook, preceded by the verger, enters the large school, in full official costume, with the hot cake in the pan. He tosses it—or tries to toss it, for it is no easy feat—over the iron bar, which has been already mentioned as having once held a curtain screening off the upper school from the lower. If he succeeds, he claims a fee of two guineas. There is a scramble among the boys, who stand on the other side of the bar, for the pancake, and if any boy can secure it whole, which seldom happens, he carries it up to the dean, who presents him with a sovereign. They also claim a right to "book" the functionary (i. e., hurl a shower of books at him) if he fails more than once. This right was liberally exercised upon a clumsy performance last year, when the exasperated cook replied to the attack with his only available missile—the frying-pan—and a serious row was the consequence. The battle is celebrated in a clever mock-heroic poem, in Greek Homeric verse, attributed to a high Westminster authority.*

With the great highway of the Thames passing almost by their very gates, it would have been strange if the Westminster boys had not taken to boating. But the spirited contests which of late years have enlivened the river are a comparatively modern invention. In the golden age of Westminster a "racing eight" was unknown. It was not until 1829 that any race took place between this school and Eton. Their opponents were not the regular Eton eight, though most of their best oars were among the number, but a crew made up from the school by the Marquis of Waterford, who pulled stroke. The rival crews—"the Etonians in blue striped Guernsey frocks and dark straw hats with blue ribbon, the Westminsters in plain white shirts and white straw hats" (so say the authentic chronicles)—started from Putney bridge, pulled through Hammersmith bridge, and down again to Putney, Eton winning by about a quarter of a mile. They met next in 1831 at Maidenhead, where the light blue came in again first by about the same distance, in a course of six miles. In this last race the Westminster crew was composed entirely of collegers. In 1836, a mixed crew of collegers and

* ΜΑΓΕΙΡΟΠΑΙΔΟΜΑΧΙΑ. Printed, with an English version, in the 'Carmina et Epigrammata' for 1865.

town-boys were again beaten by the Etonians at Staines. But the next year Westminster won, for the first time, at Datchet, after a severe struggle; the excellent steering of their coxswain, Lord Somerton, contributing no little to the result. King William IV. was present, only a month before his death, and with his usual good-nature invited the crew to see Windsor Castle. Westminster won again, more easily, at Putney in 1842; in the four following races, up to 1847, the laurels were equally divided. The Westminster crews of 1843 and 1845 were the lightest that ever pulled in a race of such importance, averaging little more than nine stone in weight. Then followed a long interval, during which, for several reasons—amongst others, the disproportion between the diminished numbers of Westminster and the continual increase of Eton—these contests were altogether suspended. They were renewed in 1860; but the Eton crew were too powerful for their lighter opponents, and won easily, after a gallant struggle, in which the rowing of the Westminster stroke (J. H. Forster) won the admiration of both friends and foes, and gave promise of the reputation which he now enjoys as stroke of the "Leanders," and perhaps the finest oarsman on the London water. Eton had again easy victories in the two following years, since which time there has been no race. In 1865 a challenge was again sent by Westminster; but Eton, having already been in training for the Henley Regatta, could not give up the time necessary for another preparation. They replied, therefore, by sending an invitation to the Westminster "eight" to join their procession to Surly on Election Saturday. The Westminster crew was received with great honour and hospitality, and with congratulations on a victory which they had very opportunely achieved over the Leander Club the preceding day.

Cricket began at least as early as at any other public school. The first regular match of which any record or tradition remains was played in 1796 on Hounslow Heath against Eton. It is said to have taken place in defiance of express prohibition on the part of the authorities of both schools, and the elevens were made up, as they best might, out of such adventurous spirits as dared to "skip" roll-calls and "absence" for the purpose. Eton, who were the losers, attributed the fact to the want of their best men in consequence of these difficulties. In 1799 the two schools met again on "Old Lord's" ground. This match was not played out; Eton in their one innings got 47 runs, and Westminster had scored 13, with the loss of five wickets, when the stumps were drawn. It would appear, from the small amount of play, as though there had been again some difficulty or interruption. They played again next year, when Eton won easily in one innings. There is said also to have been a match in 1801, but of which no record seems now discoverable. Since that date Westminster does not appear to have played against any public school, except Charter-House. Amongst the players whom the school has produced none had a wider reputation than Edward Hussey, of the Kent Eleven—"Hussey of Ashford town"—whom Mr. Lillywhite's annals celebrate in prose and verse. John Salter (famous as a wicket-keeper), George Parry, Walter Fellows, Edward Drake, and Charlton Lane, of later date; and more recent still, Balfour, Winter, H. E. Bull, and Ashley Walker, have shown that if Westminster sends comparatively few cricketers into the field, the few are good. Vincent Square, an enclosure of some ten acres, within easy reach, is the cricket-ground.

Foot-ball is popular at Westminster, as at all English schools, but is now played either in Dean's Yard or in Vincent Square, so that there is no risk of the shade of Addison being disturbed, as he complains

that his living meditations once were, by the King's scholars playing foot-ball in the cloisters. They have long been shut out from this inappropriate playground, where the Dukes of Richmond of past generations used to rejoice in hoop-races "twice round from Mother Park's." Hoops are as unknown there now as Mother Park herself. Hockey, the great delight of the school-days of our forefathers, is also obsolete. Fives, played with racquets, is almost the only recognised game besides cricket and foot-ball, and there is a demand for more fives-courts. In lieu of the cloisters, the Dean and Chapter have made part of the crypt under the schoolroom into a sort of covered playground for the boys; but Westminster reformers maintain that the college gardens were intended at least as much for the benefit of the King's scholars as for the Canons' wives and children, and that they ought to be thrown open for their use, at any rate under some limitations. At present they have the right of entrance there, by immemorial custom, during the three or four days of "election."

The school-buildings are somewhat unfortunately situated, so far as a visitor's first impressions are concerned. As one passes through Little Dean's Yard, the two boarding-houses in the square, built in the worst style of the last century, have a dingy and gloomy look, and the place altogether shows more of the deformities of age than of its venerableness. But enter the noble schoolroom, nearly a hundred feet in length, and wide and lofty in proportion—the ancient dormitory built by the Confessor for the Benedictines*—with its fine old chestnut roof of later date, like that of Westminster Hall, and your impressions take at once a very different colour. There is perhaps no room in England so well adapted for its purpose. It has a solemn medieval tone, and yet is as light and airy as a modern gymnasium. Here Busby taught and whipped with all his energies for half a century; and here Vincent paced the old boards in front of his boys, practising his own precept of "speaking out," as he rolled forth his "sounding Atticisms." The walls are as full of history as those of Nimrud—only easier to read. There stand the names of the old scholars of generation after generation; some cut by their own hands, some rescued from oblivion by some pious descendant, and set up legibly in due order, according to date, from the ancestor whom Busby flogged, to the young King's scholar who went off to Christ-Church last year: goodly rows of Slades, Phillimores, Mures, Madans, Dicks, Waterfields, and many more of the old loyal houses, of whom it is to be hoped that Westminster, in old Hebrew phrase, may "not want a man for ever." In no school, perhaps, has the hereditary tie been so strong; and it was only one remarkable expression of a widespread feeling, when William Dolben, in 1792, was brought to school by his father and grandfather, who both attended prayers in this room on the morning of his admission. It was until very lately the only schoolroom where, as still at Winchester, all the forms were taught together. There was quite sufficient room for the purpose, even in the days when there were above three hundred boys in the school; the benches being arranged against the walls longitudinally in four tiers, still leaving a wide thor-

* "The east, west, and south walls of the school . . . still exhibit portions of the Confessor's masonry, into which more recent alterations have been engrafted; while externally one of the original windows of the period still remains."—See Appendix to Scott's 'Gleanings from Westminster Abbey:' 'Further Remarks, &c.,' by Rev. T. W. Weare.

oughfare clear in the centre. Of late years two or three class-rooms have been added, in compliance with the modern preference for separate teaching; but many of Westminster's old scholars protest against this innovation, which is still resisted by the authorities at Winchester. There is much truth and good sense in the following remarks by one well known among their number:—

"It was a great and important feature in the old management, that the whole school and all the masters were every day in presence at the same time. The faces and voices of the latter were familiar to all the boys, and they were known to the masters and to each other. The daily proceedings of the whole body were patent and public; it was known who were high and who were low in the forms—who were shown up, and who were flogged. They met at the same hour in the morning, sat together all day, and rushed out like a torrent at the same hour in the evening. To this good custom, in no small degree, is owing that friendly and brotherly feeling and those social ties which bind old Westminsters together in every age and in every quarter of the world."*

At the end of this room there is a kind of semicircular apse, in which the "shell" form were formerly taught, and the shape of which is said to have given rise to this name, since adopted at several other public schools. Behind is the "French room," once known as the "birch room" (in which those useful implements were manufactured and used), where a bench is carefully preserved bearing the name of "John Dryden," no doubt cut by the poet himself, as the style of the letters corresponds with his date.

The Hall, built by Abbot Litlyngton about 1370, was the abbots' refectory, and though now seldom occupied by any guests but the King's scholars (except on election days and other festival occasions), was the common dining-room in older times for all the members of the collegiate house. It is not the only instance in which the separation of the school from the chapter has worked to the manifest disadvantage of the weaker body. The present Dormitory was built in 1732, from a design given by an old Westminster, the Earl of Burlington. It superseded an older structure which stood in Great Dean's Yard, and is said to have been originally the granary or malt-house of the abbots. It is now parcelled off into separate boxes or "cubicles," an arrangement which checks many of the abuses to which juniors were liable under the old system, when privacy was out of the question. There are three fireplaces—"Upper, Middle, and Under fire"—each of which was the centre of a distinct social circle in winter time. These were the only Lares and Penates of a colleger before the present improvements of studies for the seniors and day-rooms for the lower boys were introduced. Here, each seated on their "locker"—and there was an important contest, under fixed regulations, at the beginning of each half-year, to get a locker near the fire—they read, or did not read, through the long winter evenings. Many were the curious relics and ornaments hung up by the seniors round this public hearth. Once, in the days, now happily gone by, when the carrying off door-handles and knockers was thought befitting sport for young Englishmen, a collection of trophies of this kind—spoils of the neighbouring *Volsci*—was to be seen there, with this classical dedication—

"Æneas hæc de Danais victoribus arma."

It has been already observed that the election of boys into the number of the forty collegers,

* 'Some Account of Westminster School, with Remarks, &c.,' 1860. (By James Mure, Esq.)

though nominally open to free competition, had been—it may be assumed from the very earliest times—really a matter more or less of patronage on the part of the electors.* No doubt a boy of very eminent abilities would find some one or more of the electors inclined to choose him; for it may be as pleasant, and certainly is quite as creditable to an elector, to patronise genius as to favour his own relatives or friends. But on the whole, whether to get into college or be elected off to the university, it was almost necessary to have or make a friend among the seven electors. There was no disguise or secret about the matter; nominations were asked for, and promises made, as a matter of course. The election by open competition (which in the case of the scholars has now prevailed for some generations) is comparatively a modern reading of the statute, and is even now not considered by all Westminster men to be an unmitigated improvement. It is confidently asserted that the students whom the school sends to Christ Church are not as much distinguished for scholarship now as when Cyril Jackson was dean, who openly avowed that he usually elected those belonging to old Westminster and Christ Church families.

The elections now, both into college and to the universities, are perfectly open. To be a King's scholar, a boy must not be above fifteen years of age, and must have been a member of the school (as a town-boy) for not less than a year preceding. Then, if he thinks proper, he "stands out for college"—or, in the old Latin phraseology, becomes one of the *minores candidati*. He undergoes a very severe examination—the form of which must have been preserved from Queen Elizabeth's days, and is the last surviving relic of the old scholastic disputations. For six weeks or more, in addition to the usual work of the school, this "challenge" goes on for some hours on fixed days in the week, in certain portions of authors which have been previously set and prepared; each candidate being assisted by one of the seniors whom he chooses for his "help"—who acts, in short, as his special private tutor for the occasion, and to whom, if successful, he makes a present of books. The candidates question each other in turn, according to an elaborate but well-understood system, the head-master sitting as moderator to decide on the fairness of the questions and the correctness of the answers, and lose or gain places each day accordingly; the "helps" standing by to "watch the case" for their "men." Those who stand at the head at the conclusion of the last challenge are elected into college, according to the number of vacancies. The "captain" of election—the boy who comes in head—has the privilege of being almost entirely exempted from the fagging incidental to his junior year, and has his name painted on the election board in gold letters. These tablets, fixed up in the dormitory, go back as far as 1629; and among the names of the "captains," be-

* Instances might be multiplied to weariness. In 1604, King James I. "desires" one Moreton to be elected to Cambridge. In 1628, Secretary Conway writes for Maplett to be made a King's scholar; in 1624, he recommends one Andrews "according to promise." In 1662, the King himself begs a place from the Dean for a son of Captain Underhill, who had fought in the royal cause. Next year, on the same ground, one George Cockes, who has a son in the seventh form, petitions his Majesty to desire him to be elected to Christ-Church. In 1713, Atterbury, then Dean of Christ-Church, writes to Bishop Trelawney about his son, with whose acting in the 'Phormio' he has been highly pleased,—"Your Lordship may depend upon it, *in whatsoever place he stands*, he shall go first of his election to Christ-Church"—and so he did.

sides Lord Mansfield, as already mentioned, may be read those of Markham, Warren Hastings, Cyril Jackson and his brother, Randolph, Abbot (Speaker), Longley, etc. The "captain" has, besides, the perilous honour of being "chaired" on the college ladder, and carried round in that dignified position to pay his respects to the deans and canons who may be in readiness. The King's scholars remain in the school four years, their place in college being now subject to change every year by examination. At the end of this time they become, if they please, *majores candidati*, and are elected by competitive examination to the two Universities. There are now three studentships to Christ-Church of the annual value of £120 each,* and three exhibitions (they are no longer "scholarships") to Trinity Cambridge of the value of £40; these latter, however, have generally an extra exhibition of £40 or £50 awarded in addition. The boys who stand first at this examination have now their choice between Oxford and Cambridge.

There are many other customs which must have continued unchanged from a very early date, and which have a pleasant old-world formalism about them. There are still three monitors besides the "captain" (*monitor monitorum*), each having special duties, which, however, they interchange week by week. There is, 1. The monitor "of school," whose duties are connected entirely with the school work. 2. "Of chamber," whose chief business is to sit during the evening in the large room where the juniors now prepare the lessons for the next day, to see that all are busy (or at least decently quiet), and that they have their lights out and go to bed at ten. 3. "Of station"—*i. e.*, virtually of play-hours—the juniors being expected to remain "on station" in college for the short intervals after breakfast and after dinner, and at other times in the play-grounds (the "green" in Dean's Yard or Vincent Square, according to the time of year or the game that happens to be in season), except on decidedly wet days, when "station" is always in college. These officers are formally appointed by the head-master in school, who publicly instals them by giving a rod into their hand, with a few words of charge; and this rod is always carried by them when on duty in school as an ensign of office. Whenever a monitor has occasion to address a master officially, the latter always removes his cap and remains uncovered until the communication is over.

Besides the regular weekly half-holidays, there are others specially granted, known as "Early" and "Late Plays." The latter, given by the head-master at his discretion, consist in the remission of all school work after eleven A. M. But an "early play"—when school is "up" at nine—is a much more formal indulgence, accorded by very ancient custom only to the personal request of some visitor of distinction. St. David's Day (March 1st) and St. Patrick's (March 17th) have always been holidays of this class; for the former, the late and the present Sir Watkin Wynn have always come down to Westminster; and for the latter, the late Marquess of Lansdowne (as an Irish peer) and Sir Everard Home. The custom, even now observed on some occasions, was for the visitor's arrival at the gate to be formally announced to the head-master by *Monos*, who received a "tip" for his services. The master at once "came down school," and reappeared through the great door, accompanied by the hero of the day, who was received by the boys with great demonstrations of wel-

* A munificent benefaction from Dr Carey, in the award of the Christ-Church authorities, raises these studentships in many cases to as much as £200 per annum.

come, expressed by the vigorous rapping of books upon the desks. Both knelt down side by side, while the "monitor of school," kneeling immediately in front of them, proceeded with the usual school prayers. The visitor then "begged a play," which was granted. The applause was renewed and acknowledged by a bow; after which the whole of the boys rushed joyously down school, the masters following in more grave and stately fashion. The visits of the "King of North Wales" were doubly popular, since he presented every Welsh boy with a sovereign—a custom which the present baronet liberally continues.

The highest form in the school was originally called the "Seventh," as was also the case at Eton; and in both schools it consisted, with rare exception, exclusively of the senior King's scholars. This arrangement was altered about 1840, and the forms are now numbered thus: Sixth, Remove, two "Shells," three Fifths, two Fourths, and two Thirds—these two last forming the "Under School," of which the undermaster has the distinct charge. There are, besides, four assistant masters.

When a boy is first placed in the school, he is attached to another boy in the same form something in the relation of an apprentice. The new boy is called the "Shadow," the other the "Substance." For the first week the Shadow follows the Substance everywhere, takes his place next to him in class, accompanies him as he rises or falls, and is exempt from any responsibility for his own mistakes in or out of school. During this interval of indulgence his patron is expected to initiate him in all the work of the school, to see that he is provided with the necessary books and other appliances, and, in short, to teach him by degrees to have a substantial and responsible existence of his own.

The "silver pence"—the small money rewards recognised in the old "customary" which has been given at length, and which were the pride of Westminsters in Cowper's day *—are still continued. The coins are furnished to the school by the Queen's almoner in their unmilled state, prior to their issue as currency. Some are given by the head-master every week, and are valued quite as much as more substantial prizes. Silver money is also furnished by the college steward to the guests at the Election dinners, that they may be prepared to reward the epigrams: but this is ordinary coin of the realm.†

The King's scholars have a very ancient privilege (said to have been granted by Queen Elizabeth) of attending the debates in the House of Commons, where they are admitted, as of right, to the seats at the back of the peers' benches. This privilege seems to have been more valued by them in past days than it is now—the late hours of modern parliaments effectually preventing their being present at many of the most interesting debates—but they are still to be seen there from time to time. They have also a customary right to a place at the royal coronations, which they appear to hold by the tenure of a Latin salutation at the close of the entry of the procession into the Abbey. Many who were present on the last occasion remember the hearty and prolonged shout then raised of—"*Vivat Victoria Regina!*"

As was said before, the question of the removal of the old school is

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* "Where Discipline helps opening buds of sense,
And makes his pupils proud with silver pence."
Cowper's 'Table Talk.'

For the "customary," see 'Blackwood's Magazine,' July, p. 62.

† A former steward was a well-known coroner for Middlesex. One of the epigrams celebrated him as being rather the "*semi*-coronator"—"the *half*-CROWNER."

not intended to be discussed in these pages; but it will be a subject of deep regret with all to whom an English public school is something more than a mere collection of boys under instruction—who look upon it rather as a great ancestral family whose individual members pass away, but which itself, like the sovereign, never dies—if any considerations, sanitary or social, should make it necessary to break the links of historical association which, for above three hundred years, have bound the school to the shelter of the Abbey.

ENGLISH CONVERTS TO ROMANISM.

Converts, especially distinguished converts, are not all gain to the cause that wins them. So observation and experience are now teaching the world. A man that has had a following in one communion does not long feel in his place as one of a crowd; or settle contentedly into mere passive acquiescence in the system into which he has removed himself. Mere change of position does not alter nature. It is hard to stop the momentum of active thought. The transport of content which is the usual boast of the convert after his plunge is made, is only a temporary reaction from excessive excitement. A mind in full work, thinking for itself, inventing, inquiring, learning more and more to trust its own leanings and suggestions, pursuing its own will, occupied day and night with one idea, cannot all at once accept and adopt opinions simply because they are imposed, and *as* they are imposed, if it has still to find its main interest and occupation in them. Yet this is the task it applies itself to. It is when the return to the old habits of thought has had time to work its legitimate consequences, that the inconvenience inseparable from remarkable and eminently *show* converts is felt by the body which gave such glad welcome.

Without being able to sympathise with the recent overt act of the Association for the Promotion of Union in Christendom (which writes itself the A. P. U. C.), or to do more than respect the *spirit* which has prompted Dr. Pusey, in some parts of his 'Eirenikon,' we feel we owe an obligation to both for the facts they have elicited and the condition of parties their overtures towards unity have brought to light. The idea of a Church as embodying unity, and all the promises and privileges attached to unity, was undoubtedly the leading idea which those converts who left our Church for that of Rome in the great secession twenty years ago—a secession not great in numbers, but in the name and quality of those who composed it. Whatever Rome wanted, at least she called herself universal. They are still members of the communion for which they deserted the Church of their fathers; and the Church of Rome boasts as confidently as ever of unity and oneness of spirit through all countries which own her allegiance. But surely unity to attract the reason and imagination should be something not merely of formula, but of feeling and life. The converts who together left us to find it elsewhere, ought to be a spectacle of unanimity one with the other, and each with the whole body of the Church of their adoption; and that in a particular, loving, intimate sense. "Go where you will," they used to argue to us insular stay-at-homes, "to the extremes of east or west, the New World or the Old, wherever Rome holds her own, there is a home, and an absolute, perfect understanding between its members." It is the fulfilment of

this boast in its large true sense, it is oneness of heart and spirit, that we have a right to look for. If, on the contrary, these converts are at odds with each other, and if they promote change, difference, and disunion in the spirit of the whole body, then we say the movement has been a failure. To leave one Church for the sake of union and all its attendant blessings, that union ought to bear the scrutiny of angels, and comparison, faint and remote indeed, but yet real, with that great Central Unity which was once given as our pattern. It ought not to be compatible with heart-burnings and mutual censures and reproof. And as a failure it is fitting and even important to call attention to it. It is well to show that Rome is not the solver of doubts and haven of rest that some impatient or troubled minds expect to find her. To judge by the look of things, and by all that has passed lately, the leading seceders were never less to one another than they are now; and if Dr. Newman's heart of hearts, his yearnings, his tenderness, his longing and reliance for understanding and finer sympathy, are not with his old friends and once loving admirers rather than with the body to whose faith his own now conforms, we are no conjurors.

Few who knew the standing and estimate of Newman and Manning in the English Communion could, we suppose, have anticipated the position, actual and relative, of each after twenty years in the Church of their adoption, or how the gifts of each would tell to their advancement or isolation. Few could have foreseen how sway over thought,—over the minds that, in their turn, influence others,—would find its sphere suddenly narrowed in the one case, while the influence of the other over a more dependent class would find an enlarged field, and gain tact and force by practice and success. Old friends and former disciples cannot but muse and wonder to see Dr. Newman, solitary as it appears to them, half-feared, half-suspected, an enigma to those who say the finest things of his genius and the graces of his style, and apparently not trusted by men in high office with any work suited to his powers; and Dr. Manning supreme, Archbishop of Westminster and Cardinal, stiffening opinion into dogma with a high hand; and apparently able to carry anything he chooses in spite of the faintly-uttered misgivings, and timid, just perceptible, reluctance of some who were lights in the Church at a time when he was a proscribed alien; but who now are evidently afraid to put their names to any free utterance to their thoughts and feelings on the line he is taking, however as English Roman Catholics they may mistrust it. Of course, as we are constantly reminded, outsiders cannot judge; and the Roman Catholic press is by no means as free-spoken as its Protestant ally; so that we have now and then to judge by straws which way the stream goes, where the opinion of the writer is not that at present in vogue. We can only say, then, that it strikes us as a singular illustration of Dr. Newman's position in the Church of Rome, as well as of the unity of belief for which he forsook us, to find a Mr. Martin, a brother Catholic, and constant correspondent of the 'Tablet,' writing from Rome to "hazard a remark" "that there are statements in Dr. Newman's late letter to Dr. Pusey which would insure for them the condemnation of the Holy Index were it formally subjected to that congregation;" yet, in spite of this heretical learning, anticipating for the objectionable statements such a conflict of opinion amongst "great people and little people who are readers of the 'Tablet,' that some will be incensing Dr. Newman for his letter, and others will be flinging mud at him." It is true that the Bishop of Clifton (Dr. Clifford)

writes to reprove Mr. Martin, and to show him how utterly he has misunderstood Dr. Newman; but our interpretation goes with Mr. Martin. And though, as outsiders, we may not be equal judges of abstract questions, we may understand Dr. Newman's style as well as Dr. Clifford, remembering that in old times it used to mean a good deal more, rather than less, than the words would necessarily convey. But before this letter gave room for such various expressions of opinion, one passage in it raises the suspicion that Dr. Newman was watching for some opportunity for self-assertion; that he was aware that persons of influence in his own communion preferred his silence on certain disputed points to any utterance, however gifted,—a tacit dictation he saw no reason to submit to. True, it is in reply to an argument, or supposed argument, of Dr. Pusey; but any one can see the use to be made by an experienced and able controversialist of an avowed opponent for the purpose of answering opposition of another sort nearer home, and not so easily reached by direct means.

"I have another reason for writing," he says to his old friend, "and that is, unless it is rude in me to say so, because you seem to think writing does not become me. I do not like silently to acquiesce in such a judgment. . . . Of course, as you say, a convert comes to learn, and not to pick and choose; and the convert comes not only to believe the Church, but also to trust and obey her priests, and to conform himself in charity to her people. . . . And thus surrendering himself to the influences of his new religion, . . . he is gradually so indoctrinated in Catholicism as at length to have a right to speak as well as to hear. Also, in course of time, a new generation rises around him, and there is no reason why he should not know as much, and decide questions with as true an instinct, as those who perhaps number fewer years than he does Easter communions. He has mastered the fact and the nature of the differences of theologian from theologian, school from school, nation from nation, era from era."

That is, Dr. Newman has realised how largely the assumption of unity must be modified by fact.

"He knows" (Dr. Newman goes on) "that there is much of what is called fashion in opinions and practices, according to the circumstances of time and place, according to current politics, the character of the Pope of the day, or the chief prelates of a particular country, and that fashions change. His experience tells him that sometimes what is denounced in one place as a great offence, or preached up as a first principle, has in another nation been immemorially regarded in just a contrary sense, or has made no sensation at all, one way or the other, when brought before public opinion; and that loud talkers in the Church, as elsewhere are apt to carry all before them, while quiet and conscientious persons commonly have to give way. He perceives that, in matters which happen to be in debate, ecclesiastical authority watches the state of opinion and the direction and course of controversy, and decides accordingly; so that in certain cases to keep back his own judgment on a point is to be disloyal to his superiors."

And he concludes that, after twenty years of life as a Catholic, he feels no "delicacy in giving his opinion" on any point where there is a call for him to do so; and with this protest enters at once upon the particular points of Dr. Pusey's letter with a candour which *we* at any rate must admire and appreciate.

His first statement *sounds* at least a blow at the young enthusiast's notion of a pervading oneness and union in the Church of Rome. "I prefer English habits of belief and devotion to foreign, from the same causes and by the same right which justifies foreigners in preferring their own. In following those of my people, I show less singularity and create less disturbance than if I made a flourish with what is novel and exotic." We would beg all hankerers after Rome to consider these words. If there is even there an English belief and an English devotion which contrasts with the foreign, then that insu-

larity which is the grievance against the English Church is a condition scarcely to be got rid of while retaining Dr. Newman's sympathy, and, we may infer, respect. One would not like to be told by the man whose good opinion we value that we are "flourishing with what is novel and exotic!" Dr. Newman goes on to say that Dr. Griffiths, the late Vicar-Apostolic of the London district, had *warned* him against books of devotion of the Italian school, and he recalls the expression of theological opinion of a wise prelate, who—*apropos* of the Lives of Saints, translated by Faber and others—was apprehensive of the effect of Italian compositions as unsuited to this country. We do not ourselves profess to understand the distinction, when we consider that the objection to these compositions is nothing less than the strain of devotion and the titles and offices attributed in them to the Blessed Virgin. It would seem to a simple man that if true and justly applied, the sooner the English learn to use such titles the better—if unreal, exaggerated, false, the sooner foreigners leave them off the better; but wise prelates, it appears, allow a great many grave matter-of-fact assertions to be made concerning the Virgin by Neapolitans which they object to Englishmen being taught to use: from which we gather that we cannot escape anomalies nor satisfy the demands of a severe logic out of our own Church any more than in it.

Dr. Newman's advocates, in the present discussion, are angry with his critics for inferring that his praise of "the English school" is a reflection upon the foreign; but we don't see how it can be anything else when coupled with the following retractation, as we must be allowed to call it:—

"If at that time I was betrayed into any acts which were of a more extreme character than I should approve now, the responsibility of course is mine; but the impulse came, not from old Catholics and superiors, but from men whom I loved and trusted, who were younger than myself. But to whatever extent I might be carried away, and I cannot recollect any tangible instance, my mind in no long time fell back to what seems to me a safer and more practical course."

If these "younger" counsellors were, as we may suppose, Father Faber and Mr. Ward, we need not seek far for reasons why their influence should be shortlived, and why the reaction from so unnatural a position of affairs should be somewhat violent.

Dr. Pusey had quoted these "popular" writers (Faber, Mr. Ward), on which Dr. Newman observes, that if, though a convert, he has a right to speak generally, with still more reason may he speak without offence where English converts are concerned. "I put aside," he says, with a happy touch of his manner—"I put aside the Archbishop (Manning) of course, because of his office:" the other two "it is pleasant to praise for their real qualifications; but why do you rest on them as authorities? . . . The plain fact is this, they came to the Church, and have therefore saved their souls; but they are in no sense spokesmen for English Catholics." Now, if we could have imagined an expression likely to be offensive in the eyes of Father Faber's admirers, it would be this charitable assumption that he has saved his own soul. Wherever Father Faber talks of souls, it is by the thousand, either saved or lost. He professed a particular illumination in this regard. "Thousands of souls perish because Mary is withheld from them," is one of his sayings; and his disciples count up the souls saved by his works in the same lavish scale. Nor are Mr. Ward's friends better pleased. An angry priest writes in the 'Weekly Register'—"And as to our 'other friend,' as Dr. Newman calls the theologian whom he is trying to shelve, had not the Holy Father, in consideration of Mr. Ward's ser-

vices and eminent abilities, conferred on him the title of Doctor?" In contrast with this, Dr. Newman's guarded award is called a sneer, an "uncalled for sneer;" and, finally, he is charged with stringing up these ultramontane champions alongside of those foreign worthies quoted by Dr. Pusey, and in the emphasis of his abjuration, "summarily gibbeted in a row by Dr. Newman," and that, as a writer in the 'Tablet' pathetically expresses it, "on so high a scaffold." The office of spokesmen for English Catholics Dr. Newman assigns to a set of names which to us does sound most respectably old-fashioned, Dr. Lingard, Dr. Rock, Dr. Waterworth being among them; and though Dr. Wiseman, who heads his list,* is a newer light, and claimed by the opposite party as an advocate for the Virgin's highest prerogatives, we cannot but observe, in the interesting account of his last illness, that her name only occurs once or twice incidentally, and never as the object of his thoughts or his devotions.

"I cannot, then," Dr. Newman concludes, "without remonstrance, allow you to identify the doctrine of our Oxford friends in question, on the two subjects I have mentioned, with the present spirit, or the prospective creed of Catholics, or to argue, as you do, that because they are thorough going and relentless in their statements, therefore they are harbingers of a new age, when to show a deference for antiquity will be thought little less than a mistake. For myself, hopeless as you consider it, I am not ashamed still to take my stand upon the Fathers, and do not mean to budge. The history of their times is not yet an old almanac to me. . . . The Fathers made me a Catholic, and I am not going to kick down the ladder by which I ascended into the Church."

We could wish that the spirit preceding conversion to Rome which prompts the inquirer into a curious search into the weak points of his own Church, and a dragging of every inconsistency and anomaly to the light of logic and of day, had projected itself in Dr. Newman's case into the Church which was attracting him towards itself. But we gather that even in his first enthusiasm his new religion had its skeleton, on which he carefully closed the door. It could not have been mere indifference or mere neglect which kept him in ignorance of St. Alfonso Liguori's teaching, so that he can now write, "I hope it is not disrespectful to so great a servant of God to say, that I never read his Glories of Mary;" and we must also infer that the same wilful ignorance kept his ears unacquainted with the names even of De Montfort and Oswald, of whom his angry critic writes—

"It is painful to observe that the reason of the attack by Dr. Newman upon his two friends was, that the one has publicly gone as far in his writings upon our Blessed Lady as the Venerable Grignon de Montfort, whose works have been carefully examined and approved by Rome; who has been coupled by Dr. Newman with Oswald; who is on the 'Index,' and of whom, he tells us, he had never heard, although Father Faber himself was the translator of his treatise upon Our Lady; and that the other interprets literally, and, as I should say, with filial docility, the utterances of our Holy Father the Pope, and detests the idea of Gallicanism as a bad dream."

But whatever Dr. Newman's inaugural points of repulsion, that they have grown in volume till he finds it necessary to shut his eyes on what to some is the pride and glory of Rome as a living Church, we must infer from the following remarkable passage:—

* In his notes (p. 98), Dr. Newman quotes from his 'Essay on Development,' the words—"Great and constant as is the devotion which the Catholic pays to St. Mary, it has a special province, and *has far more connection with the public services and the festive aspect of Christianity*, and with certain offices which she holds, than with what is *strictly personal and primary* in religion." Adding, "Our late Cardinal, on my reception, singled out to me this last sentence for the expression of his especial approbation."

"Some of your authors," (he is addressing Dr. Pusey) "I know are saints; all, I suppose, are spiritual writers and holy men; but the majority are of no great celebrity, even if they have any kind of weight. . . . The greatest name is St. Alfonso Liguori; but it never surprises me to read anything unusual in the devotions of a saint. Such men are on a level very different from our own, and we cannot understand them. I hold this to be an important canon in the lives of the saints, according to the words of the apostle: 'The spiritual man judges all things, and he himself is judged of no one.' But we may refrain from judging without proceeding to imitate, I hope it is not disrespectful, &c. . . . But here I am speaking generally of all saints, whether I know them or not—and I say that they are beyond us, and that we must use them as patterns, not as copies."

When the saints, in St. Paul's day, spoke in a language that nobody understood, he advised them to desist from utterances which profited no one. Accepting the dictum of the apostle, we cannot see how Dr. Newman escapes being at odds with his Church, which, by its whole line, teaches such a different lesson. We should have expected beforehand that there would have been a greater difference between the Protestant, or even the Anglican, and the convert of twenty years' standing, as to a whole class of eminently significant sayings of Rome's modern saints, than that the one denounces them, and the other has nothing to say for them.

Certainly, when Dr. Newman "went over," we supposed him ultramontane in his views. He had no sympathy, as we imagined, with national Churches; it was the vast idea of one Church, the same everywhere, on which he expatiated. But here we see him a veritable John Bull. "Now, then," having disposed of the saints, "not one of whom are Englishmen"—"now then," he writes with alacrity, "we come to England itself, which, after all, in the matter of devotion, alone concerns you and me." It may alone concern Dr. Pusey; but we hardly see how it can alone concern Dr. Newman, though we are glad enough to hear him say so, if he can swallow or ignore the inconsistency. He relies on the national good sense preserving English Catholics "from the extravagances which are elsewhere to be found."

"If the Catholic faith spreads in England, these peculiarities will not spread with it. There is a healthy devotion to the Blessed Mary, and there is an artificial. It is possible to love her as a Mother, to honor her as a Virgin, to seek her as a Patron, and to exalt her as a Queen, without any injury to solid piety and Christian good sense:—I cannot help calling this the English style."

A certain creature-worship is, it seems, necessary "to Italian youths and Italian maidens." If an Italian preacher made extreme assertions as to devotion to the Virgin being necessary to salvation to these young persons, Dr. Newman "would feel no disposition to doubt him;" but, as an Englishman, he holds that the dogma of a mediatrix between man and his Redeemer is not to be inculcated on his countrymen. Here at least it is an untenable proposition. Finally, he claims for the Church liberty of thought. He excuses authority (so ready to interpose on some matters) for leaving excesses unreproved, because it is better to leave them to public opinion; that is the opinion of the educated and sober Catholic; concluding his whole argument with an utter repudiation of much quoted by Dr. Pusey, and gleaned by him from foreign writers of great authority.

"Sentiments such as these I never knew of till I read your book, nor, I think, do the vast majority of English Catholics know them. They seem to me like a bad dream: I could not have conceived them to be said. . . . They do but scare and confuse me: I should not be holier, more spiritual, more sure of perseverance if I twisted my moral being into the reception of them. . . . I will have nothing to do with statements which can only be

explained by being explained away. . . Were any of them the sayings of saints in ecstacy, I should know they had a good meaning; still I should not repeat them myself. . . . As spoken by man to man in England in the nineteenth century, I consider them calculated to prejudice inquirers, to frighten the unlearned, to unsettle consciences, to provoke blasphemy, and to work the loss of souls."

This peroration is the gibbet spoken of by Mr. Garside in the 'Tablet.' We do not affect to give the whole of Dr. Newman's argument either in line or in tone, but there is no possibility of mistaking his real meaning in all we have quoted.

We cannot wonder that some few comments should be made on this strong declaration of nationality.

"Granted," says Mr. Martin, "granted that this be the English style—what follows, but that the reverse is the foreign style, and that the foreign style is not healthy, at least as a rule, but artificial? This is a singular conclusion to make when one remembers what an item of the Catholic Church is English Catholicism—when one also remembers that the Pope and most of the episcopates of the world have all been reared in and are only used to the foreign style—when one further remembers that the centre of Christianity, the nearest point to heaven, is the very centre of the foreign style, and the source from whence it is ever radiating."

This is the reasoning for which Mr. Martin is reproved by Dr. Newman's organ; we cannot help thinking it at least plausible.

That there were others equally startled we gather from Dr. Newman's own letter to the 'Tablet,' reminding the good people who had professed themselves disturbed "that there are others like himself who are as zealous in their own way of devotion as they are in theirs," and—as nobody ever gets anything by attacking him—closing his letter with the solemn anathemas of Dr. Milner against all who believe the Blessed Virgin to be any more than a creature, or that she can in any way command her Son. To be sure, the object anathematised is the "Protestant idolatrous phantom of Catholicity;" but very much the same sort of things cursed by Dr. Milner are found in the "gibbetted" sentences.

Even the 'Tablet,' proud as it is of Dr. Newman, profuse in compliments of his style, owning that no writer in the English language has written so beautifully on the devotion to the Blessed Virgin as he has done, and repudiating what he repudiates—yet owns itself uncomfortable. He has "shown a condescension to Dr. Pusey which he didn't deserve." He ought to consider (it is implied) that the English Roman Catholics are in no danger of extremes; rather, it is difficult enough to make them go as far as they ought. "With the majority the question is, not within what bounds they can restrain the expressions of their exuberant fervour, but whether their devotion to the Blessed Virgin is sufficient to induce them to say with regularity and frequency their Hail Mary, their Angelus, their Litany, their Memorare, and a few more equally familiar prayers." Further we are allowed a glimpse of two parties, one of which we must suppose will hail Dr. Newman gladly as a leader. "They will," as the 'Tablet' puts it, "cry Dr. Newman is of my opinion;" "I have on my side Dr. Newman." While some have long exclaimed,—

"'English prayers and English prayer-books and Butler's Lives of the Saints are abominable to me. They are so dry, so cold, so cautious, and so tame. They are half Protestantised. Everything English has a taint of Protestantism. I cannot feel devout in England. I am all for the dear Continent and for delightful Italy. It is so refreshing when one gets abroad to feel in the going and coming, the bustle and the stir of a large foreign church, that one has got away from formal, correct, matter-of-fact, poky England, into a living, varied, picturesque and emotional system. English Catholics will never be more than half Catholics until they get rid of their English tastes, their English ideas, and their English skin.' 'I hate foreigners, and foreign kickshaws,' says the other; 'both

in the church and in the kitchen; give me plain English fare—both when I eat and when I pray. I can't bear foreign prayer-books, or foreign devotions, or foreign Lives of the Saints. They are not English. They are unreal, childish, extravagant, sentimental, and have too much grimace. Butler's Lives and Challoner's Meditations, and the Garden of the Soul, and Gother's works, were thought good enough when I was young, and I can't stand your new-fangled manners and ways. I mean no offence, but I'm a plain John Bull. I always have set my face against foreign fashions, and I don't believe that anything that comes from abroad will ever do any good in England.' "—('Tablet,' March 3, 1866.)

It is well for our purpose to set against Dr. Newman's recent (and may we not say revised?) line of thought the almost contemporaneous expression of opinion of one of his fellow-converts, Canon Oakeley, whose recent pamphlet the 'Dublin Review' pronounces to be "about the best thing in prose he has ever done, and that is saying a great deal." He, too, uses Dr. Pusey's 'Eirenikon' for ulterior purposes, and in answering our divine gives, it is very clear, side-cuts to members of his own communion. Mr. Oakeley's line is "thoroughgoing," his course is onward, he has no sympathy for the "English Catholic," as such; on the contrary, we see his portrait in the "Minimum Catholic," so abhorrent to Mr. Oakeley. He recalls the time when, himself on the eve of change, he feared to find his conscience and his duty to the Church he was entering at cross purposes. He pronounces the final plunge—with conscience, as it seems, still scarcely satisfied—a venture of faith like that of Abraham leaving his country not knowing whither he went. And now, not only does Mr. Oakeley experience no difficulty in believing what he already finds of dogma and pious opinion, but he seems solicitous of additions, boasts of the Church's perpetual growth and power of continuous reproduction, and looks forward to her promulgating ever new and explicit dogmas. So that, as we understand him, the Catholic of a thousand years hence will necessarily be as far in advance of him of to-day as he is of the apostles. As he puts it, "In this retinue of concomitant illustrations, the medieval Church was richer than the primitive, and the present is richer than the medieval." No doubt the "age of Mary," foretold by Father Faber, is one of these developments, for Mr. Oakeley backs everything that has yet been asserted of the Virgin, which he calls "the kernel of our popular system."

"I distinctly and emphatically deny," he says, "that there is any view of the prerogatives and office of the Blessed Virgin which assigns to her the place of dignity and extent of power implied in the scriptural representation of her, as symbolised in the Apostles' Creed, except that which is expressed in the largest and fullest development of approved Catholic devotion. The germ of that expanded flower is contained in the words '*Natus ex Maria Virgine.*' A meditation on the narrative of the annunciation in St. Luke's Gospel is alone sufficient to account for the most extreme of the doctrinal and devotional expressions which Dr. Pusey has produced," &c.

Going on, however, to take exception to his mode of producing them apart from their context. Yet even here he sees good likely to accrue, as

"He will lead many to the conclusion that the love and cultus of the Blessed Virgin must be either extreme or a nullity; that unless we be prepared to degrade her office as the mother of our Redeemer, and the great instrument of that dispensation whence flow all blessings to the human race, we cannot stop short of ascribing to her even the most majestic of those titles, and the most transcendent of those privileges, which have been found for her in the pious inventions of saintly love." —(Rev. F. Oakeley's Letter to Dr. Manning, 1866, p. 20.)

Such passages as these need no hostile comment. To say that, if we worship the Virgin at all, we *must* worship her too much—for

what is *extreme* but too much?—ought surely to deter those from beginning who have yet their experience of this cultus to learn. He owns that what follows upon this view, acted out, causes the Protestant to "recoil instinctively from it as exaggerated or even blasphemous" (p. 22); but then "the confidence of true doctrine, in which a Catholic habitually reposes, imparts a certain freedom to his modes of expression which, in the eyes of another, wears the appearance of heresy." The whole line is one of those growths we hear so much of. The living Church sanctions it, and therefore Mr. Oakeley must accept it and defend it. Dr. Newman's word "artificial" suggests itself. A man trained in the Church of England cannot reach this point but through a hypothesis which logically demands it. It cannot, we say to ourselves, be belief in any simple sense. As for the mawkish analogy of this "extreme" worship with the mother's language of idolatry to her child, it cannot be an argument of the smallest weight with those whose devotions are founded on another model, and who accept the axiom of the author of the 'Christian Year,' that, "next to a sound rule of faith, there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion." Mr. Oakeley would have us be *fond* of the Blessed Virgin. This word alone explains his tone towards her. "The line," he says, "that divides superstition from faith is as fine as a hair." We cannot feel ourselves to fail in charity when we utter the surmise that he thinks it no very serious matter if her worshippers get on the wrong side of the hair, especially as he expresses his deep conviction that this, "Dr. Pusey's great crux, is a phantom of the devil's creation."

From Mr. Oakeley, the zealous and approved convert, but invested with no especial authority, let us turn to Dr. Manning, the convert, to use the phraseology of school discipline, "in full power," whose decisions may not be gainsaid—to the Archbishop of Westminster, full ten years Dr. Newman's junior, and in old days as far below him in men's estimate of his genius as in standing, but now placed over him, and apparently as keenly alive to the reversed position and the consequent elevation, as—supposing it in his nature to speculate on his relations with the outer world—his subject can possibly be.*

Tastes are of infinite variety, and some persons may like the style of the new Archbishop; but whether we like it or not, it throws a light on the causes of his present high place. There is no stronger mark of genius than the intense individuality which belongs to some minds. If there ever were times when we missed Dr. Newman from his own writings, it was but for snatches, when he had to throw himself into some uncongenial dogma of his newly adopted system, and to cast aside, with strong wilfulness, whatever part of himself was alien to it. These men, however, that hold by themselves make bad instruments—bad in proportion to their power. They make leaders, it is true, but leaders of opinion—that is, their own opinion—and such men are not in requisition with Rome. The man in request must be able to adopt a tone, and throw himself summarily into any position in which he may be placed. Any one familiar with Dr. Manning's style and tone before he succeeded to Dr. Wiseman's offices—who, for example, has read his letter to Dr. Pusey, written so lately as last year, and noted its courtesy, and the tenderness of its allusions,

* It is confidently said at Rome that in the list of names transmitted from England to the Pope from which to appoint a new archbishop that of Manning did *not* occur. The choice was made irrespective of the wishes and suggestions of the English Roman Catholic clergy.

its conciliatory tone towards old friends, the concessions, the humility, and what not—and has had the opportunity of comparing it with his recent Pastoral, will understand what we mean. One might almost suppose that in the interval he has learnt to think in Latin. If there is failure anywhere, we should say that Dr. Manning has rather overdone his part. He has fallen at once, without intermediate gradations, into the ponderous style of the Papacy itself. If he were elected Pope to-morrow, he would have all his adjectives ready, and fitting only too well with that diction, swollen, insolent, un-English, which bulls and allocutions have made us acquainted with, in bulk and bombast suited to giants, not men, and stiffening every man that uses it into an image. We can have fellow-feeling for a man so long as he uses his natural weapons; but once padded out with this pretentious verbiage, the human nature collapses —every trace of it is lost. Clothed in this panoply, which the current number of the 'Dublin Review' terms his characteristically impressive, distinct, and weighty manner, "his Grace, the most exalted member of our English hierarchy," steps forward to administer rebuke on all hands, and to let the world know, *ex cathedrâ*, what Ultramontanism assumes to be.

The Association for the Promoting the Unity of Christendom, as the ostensible criminal, is the medium through which Dr. Manning delivers sentence on the errors before him. To name individuals would be beneath the occasion. We only hope that the 196 clergymen who constitute the Association, and whose recent advances to the Pope meet with such contempt at his Grace's hands, as coming from a "handful" on whom "it is not fit disproportionately to waste time and sympathy," will take their set-down and the arguments with which he backs it to heart, and reunite themselves in spirit with their own communion, seeing that their overtures towards a wider visionary union are inopportune. But there are people who like this sort of tone, and who have faith in confident assertion as such. These may separate themselves at his bidding from an Association which they are told "favours indifferentism and is therefore scandalous;" and as they cannot recede into dissent, which Dr. Manning so much prefers to the position and habit of thought of the Church of England, may throw themselves blindfold into the Church which calls itself infallible. As an Association, the Pastoral treats the A. P. U. C. as a sort of spiritual swindlers, or directors of some fraudulent company who have been tampering with the innocence of foreign Catholics, "hardly on their guard against enterprises not unfrequent among us, of which their own countries afford no example," and thus incautiously involved and ensnared in the Association "with more simplicity on their own part, and, I fear from their statements, less on that of those who invited them."

But however the A. P. U. C. may receive Dr. Manning's reproof, they must all be aware that the real objects of vituperation in his Pastoral on the "Reunion of Christendom" are not the contemned 196, but the author of the 'Eirenikon,' Dr. Pusey, and more especially the writer of the letter in reply to it, Dr. Newman. "What I say," he states, "will apply to all works containing the same errors, by whomsoever written, be he of the Association or not." "I shall treat of errors, not of names, impersonally, as they exist, not in any particular writer, but in themselves; and I shall endeavour to treat them with as little severity as duty to truth admits."

This indirect mode of answering, indeed, is so much a habit and necessity in the controversialists of a Church which has to put on a face of union before the world, that it

is a recognised system. Thus Dr. Newman, in speaking of a passage in his 'Apologia,' alludes to "the common report that in a counter assertion of Dr. Manning, now our Archbishop, he was at the time generally considered (rightly or wrongly as it may be), though writing to you, to be really correcting statements in my 'Apologia.'"

To take these judgments in order: it is Dr. Pusey who causes him to exclaim on the question of what interpretation is to be put on the Council of Trent, "Is it possible that men of any clearness or coherence of mind can fail to see through the obscurity and inconsequence of this procedure?" It is Dr. Pusey who is contrasted unfavourably with the Dissenters where it is stated that "to read the pages of Holy Writ, luminous and simple as in great part they are, and, having no other teacher, neither Church nor Council, to walk humbly by the light of a few divine truths—this is intelligible, coherent, and comparatively modest;"* while the line especially put forward by Dr. Pusey "is a process I must refrain from characterising." It is Dr. Pusey who, "criticising the decrees of Trent before believing their divine veracity" is guilty of "evasion;" and *his* learning is disparaged as slight and superficial in the passage which declares, "they who deplore ultramontanism as a modern opinion and the extravagance of a party must have superficially read the history of the Church, and can hardly know the one-and-twenty folio volumes of Rocaberti's 'Bibliotheca Pontificia.'" He is conspicuous in the final sentence (p. 59), "It is hard to acquit such controversialists of a culpable want of knowledge, or a rashness culpable in accusing."

Except that the infallibility of the Church is the sole article of faith which Dr. Manning allows any one to hold through the instrumentality of his own conscience, reason, and judgment, we should hold this strain hardly consistent with his reproaches (in his previous letter to Dr. Pusey) to the men of England, whom he charges with interfering with liberty of conscience and free inquiry. "Under this head (of those morally infants and so excused) will come a great number of wives and daughters whose freedom of religious inquiry and religious thought is unjustly limited or suspended by the authority of parents or husbands." But once embracing his cardinal doctrine, reason and logic have no more to do. Then "the assertion of the Church is proof in itself."

But, to pass on, it is Dr. Newman who is charged with "immodesty" in the following passage; as the reader, bearing in mind the statement of saints with whom he "will have nothing to do," will see at once:—

"Nevertheless," says Dr. Manning in his Pastoral, "we have no hesitation in saying that whosoever shall rise up and condemn as pernicious what the public authority of the Church tolerates as innocent, is thereby guilty of temerity and immodesty. In so doing he would be ascribnig to himself the supreme discernment which belongs to the Church alone. 'The spiritual man judgeth all things, and he himself is judged by no man.' It would be the illuminism of the individual revising the discernment of the Church; the climax and efflorescence of the private judgment which criticises all things—first, Scripture, then Fathers, then Churches, then Councils, then Pontiffs, finally, the accumulated living Christianity of the Catholic Church, in which the head and mind of fathers, councils, and pontiffs breathe and teach and worship."

* This tenderness of Dr. Manning's towards English Dissenters may owe something to the appreciation that body has shown of his style. A writer in the 'British Quarterly Review' speaks of "those four volumes of (Manning's) sermons which we have seen so often in a place of pride and honour on the library shelves of Nonconformist ministers."

Let us put a few of Dr. Newman's most recent utterances, and what we hold to be Dr. Manning's comments upon them, in juxtaposition :—

DR. NEWMAN.

"I am not ashamed still to take my stand upon the Fathers, and do not mean to budge."—(P. 26.)

DR. MANNING.

"We have no contact with the revelation of God except through the proposition of the Church. . . . We are in contact with antiquity, because the Church proposes antiquity as its own past experience. Antiquity is no more than a period in the mind of the Church, for the mind of the Church is continuous."—(P. 46.)

"It is strange that men of consecutive minds, who seem to have mastered the principle that the Church alone possesses the key of Scripture, and that the true mind of Scripture is to be known only as it is interpreted by the living mind of the Church, should not see that, *a fortiori*, by the same law, the sense of antiquity is to be known from the Church alone."

"The fathers were but the disciples of the Church."

DR. NEWMAN.

"The religion of the multitude is ever vulgar and abnormal; it ever will be tinctured with fanaticism and superstition, while men are what they are. A people's religion is ever a corrupt religion."—(P. 86.)

DR. MANNING.

"We may be sure that whatever is prevalent in the Church under the eye of its public authority, practised by the people, and not censured by its pastors, is at least conformable to faith and innocent as to morals. Whosoever rises up to condemn such practices and opinions, thereby convicts himself of the private spirit, which is the root of heresy."—(P. 65.)

DR. NEWMAN.

"As to our other friend (Mr. Ward), do not his energy, acuteness, and theological reading displayed on the vantage-ground of the 'Dublin Review,' fully account for the sensation he has produced, without supposing that any great number of our body go his lengths in their view of the Papal infallibility? Our silence as regards their" (he includes Faber) "writings is very intelligible; it is not agreeable to protest in the sight of the world against the writings 'of men in our own communion whom we love and respect.'"—(P. 25.)

Again, "You consider my principle may be the means in time to come of introducing into our creed, as portions of the necessary Catholic faith, the infallibility of the Pope. . . . I hope to remove your anxiety."—(P. 18.)

DR. MANNING.

"All interpretations emanating from pontifical authority are certainly infallible."—(P. 37.)

"But if it be ill advised to assail the mind of the Church, it is still more so to oppose its visible head. There can be no doubt that the sovereign pontiff has declared the same opinion as to the temporal power as that which is censured in others, . . . and that he believes in his own infallibility. If these things be our reproach, we share it with the vicar of Jesus Christ."*—(P. 65.)

A report arose on the subject of Papal infallibility, that further expression of opinion on this head by Dr. Newman had been stopped by authority. To this, which appeared in the 'Guardian,' Dr. Newman wrote an empathic denial, which, however, only drew a reassertion of the original rumour from a correspondent signing himself "A Roman Catholic," who "fears there may be more truth in the report than Dr. Newman is aware of, and of which he will perhaps never be made aware till he announces for publication a second letter to Dr. Pusey, having for its subject Papal Infallibility." This is *the* subject which he was *thought* to have contemplated handling in his

* That Dr. Manning knows the mind of the Pope on this head is proved by his Holiness's answer to the address reported from Rome,—"Alone, in spite of my unworthiness, I am the successor of the apostles, the vicar of Jesus Christ. Alone I have the mission to conduct and direct the bark of Peter. I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Those who are with me are with the Church—those who are not with me are out of the Church; they are out of the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

letter. The letter concludes: ve the strongest ground for ing that no more was circu- in that report than was ac- intended had it been neces- degrading and discreditable s to us all." And later still, ate letter from Rome, given e 'Guardian,' says, "Many (of the ultramontane party) y much annoyed at the tone Newman's letter to Dr. Pusey . . Don't halloo before you ut of the wood. I am not le confident that the part you for may never appear. I be- that at least two of the Eng- bishops have made it a sub- of complaint at headquarters, *action will certainly be taken cessary.*" So that it is per- fortunate that Dr. Newman misunderstood as to his inten- of expressing himself further is subject. There are not many ns, we imagine, on whom the experience of being stopped authority would make a pro- der impression. We can only that, from the tone of the Arch- op and his party, it seems likely gh that such frank utterances r. Newman finds it suits him to e will not be allowed to go on *bitum.* And if authority does ly interfere, there will be a iderable body of English Ro- Catholics who will not like a class indicated by 'The Dub- ' as constantly putting out of t "those principles, absolutely tain and unappreciably moment- s," which are enforced by the toral. If it has been galling hereditary Catholics to be repre- nted before the Protestant world converts trained in a hostile stem, and by a natural reaction rowing themselves into extremes which the Roman Catholic born n England, and subject to his ountry's influences, *must* feel shy, they will the more readily accept the leading of the one convert of whom all parties are proud, and who, rallying from the first impulse, turns to them for a sympathy denied him elsewhere—that sympathy which is the one imperious necessity of his nature. There is an evident stir amongst the national party. Anonymous letters to the 'Guardian,' and even the 'Times,' signed "A Roman Catholic," denounce the coarse vituperation of Mr. Martin, and disown the sentiments of 'The Dublin.' This need not imply exact agreement with Dr. Newman, but a *stand* of any kind means so much!

Yet, while we recognise his present position—while we see Dr. Newman the mouthpiece of many who secretly fret over modern excesses—we must also express our conviction that he has in his time promoted the tone which he now deprecates. Mr. Oakeley may have his own reasons for choosing the present juncture in which to extol Dr. Newman's early language of devotion to the Blessed Virgin as beautiful and majestic; but it is probably true that it has influenced his own tone—that he might not have indulged in such recklessness of assertion if he had not felt himself sanctioned by the unrestraint of so eloquent a pen; and though Dr. Newman says he was led on by his juniors, we cannot believe but that he would seem to them to be encouraging, if not prompting, their line of expression. He would not be led unless he chose to be led. The strain was of his setting. But it is a characteristic of acute minds and delicate perceptions to suffer morbidly when their own ideas are taken up and worked out by others, less discriminating, or ruder, or incapable of those reservations and niceties with which the complex thinker tempers to his own mind all his speculations, and even direct statements. We see clearly that, when other people use Dr. Newman's exact words, he mistrusts their using them in the sense they ought; and there is truth in it too. For example, when Mr. Oakeley says the Blessed Virgin is raised "*all but*" infinitely above every other cre-

ated being, he might think himself justified by the same words used by Dr. Newman; but we believe, from the context, that the interval between the creature and the Creator was not as present to his mind when he wrote his "all but," as it was when Dr. Newman adapted the "all but" of Arianism as applied to our Lord's divine nature, to the Blessed Virgin, and added, "Between all, and everything short of all, there is an infinite interval; the highest of creatures is levelled with the lowest in comparison with the one Creator himself." Again, when he calls the Blessed Virgin "the centre of the universe," he has his own interpretation of the grandiloquent expression. We see it annoys him to find it in other hands. In fact, thinkers of this class have by no means done with an idea when they have turned it out of their hands. They like to be their own commentators; and in this present attitude we fancy we see the recoil from a promiscuous handling of opinions which he can only accept with his own gloss, or through a hypothesis of his own framing. No man can build a bolder or more compact superstructure on such a foundation than Dr. Newman. Becoming convinced of a dogma, perhaps by a sudden illumination, his reason satisfies itself with drawing conclusions from it; and if these are only logically deduced—if he sees every link of the chain—he is most heroically indifferent to the world's charge of credulity or superstition. But then the conclusions must be his own. The position is one of all others in which to feel sensitively having other people's deductions fathered upon you. Perhaps he furnished the original groundwork; but this does not incline an acute intellect to a more indulgent view of illegitimate inferences from it.

When the commonalty have to receive an immense, expanding system of belief with an undoubting indiscriminating acceptance, some intellects must necessarily be put on the stretch, and excited to bolder flights than we, who do not know the trial, can easily picture to ourselves. This daring habit of mind Dr. Newman seems to us to have encouraged by his example beyond his power of control. He does not now consider England the field for the exercise of fancy in devotion, yet it is an English convert, over whom he once must have had influence, who is the very type of extravagance in this direction. And Dr. Newman still argues that people must not be critical on the score of expression where devotion to the Virgin is concerned. "Of all passions," he says, "love is the most unmanageable; nay more, I would not give much for that love which is never extravagant. What mother, what husband or wife, what youth or maiden in love, but says a thousand foolish things in the way of endearment which the speaker would be sorry for strangers to hear?" Any one who writes like this would incur a heavy responsibility if necessity had not made the line already familiar. Those who own one only Supreme Object of worship, refuse to see any just analogy between the babblings of human fondness, and prayer to an invisible, infinite Being; and to defend creature-worship in heaven by creature-worship on earth, is an argument that seems to cut both ways.

But here we come to another point of the subject. It is the uniform apology for this cultus that it is the fruit of asceticism. Roman Catholic writers, of all schools, adduce this as its justification.

"The phrases," says Canon Oakeley, "which Dr. Pusey has exhibited in a somewhat startling severance from the doctrines which justify them and the context which modifies them, represent rather the shape into which men of ascetic lives and profoundly spiritual minds are accustomed to cast their thoughts

on this subject, than the standard of our customary preaching, &c." Again, in picturing the different labours of the Church, it is "the saint who is following out a train of thought on the Incarnation, and resting with holy rapture on inferences strictly within the terms of the faith, yet hidden from minds less purified from earthly stain or less practised in the exercise of mental prayer." Again, "Dr. Pusey can hardly have failed to remark two facts most important to our argument: the one, that they who have spoken most rapturously of the prerogatives and merits of the Blessed Virgin, have always been either canonised saints or Catholics who have earned the right to venture upon such utterances by some especial fellowship with the sufferings of our Lord; the other, that those saints who are the most remarkable for devotion to the Blessed Virgin, are also most devoted to the Passion of her Divine Son. If I cite St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, St. Alphonsus Liguori, I shall but suggest a host of other names, &c."—(Canon Oakeley's Letters, p. 34.) And Dr. Newman's remark, that he does not understand the sayings of saints, and that they are beyond him, implies the same; that extremes, as such, are reached by the saints—and that asceticism is a distinct mark of saintship. Now, all must grant that the language of devotion is not to be learnt in the bustle and stir of life. A man busy in the world's lawful business cannot sit down in an interval of rare quiet and compose a prayer that shall touch other hearts, or even express best to himself his faith, his needs, his hopes. Something of separation and retirement is indispensable to attune the soul to sublime utterances. But the language which sets the strain of Roman Catholic devotion is the development of an austere system cutting off the whole life from natural influences. "A religious, as it is said, must be dead to nature."

All men have some imagination; men capable of renouncing present gratification for future have probably more than others—at least, what they possess is less obscured by the business and cares of common life. Now, asceticism absolutely forbids the exercise of fancy or imagination on things of this life. The whole region of sense is forbidden to the ascetic, except as a scene of trial and endurance. He eats distasteful food, and that sparingly; he sleeps broken sleep, and that in scant measure: he must suffer cold and heat as if unconscious of their effects: his eyes may not rest on anything new or pleasant, he casts them down to the ground lest they should encounter temptation; he must be dead to human affection, and it is as unlawful to yield to romantic dreams of earthly feeling, felicity, passion, or sentiment in the abstract, as where self is the object of them. Religion and the invisible world are his only field. And still, while the brain acts and the life of the intellect lasts, the mind must be doing—it must *play* even, it must exercise itself by branching off from the subject given it to dwell upon. We cannot think at all without this amount of discursiveness; conscious meditation must expatiate. We can think of nothing without thinking our own thoughts about it, and these thoughts must follow the leading and bent of the natural powers. The fancy that has once been active cannot be quenched without a general death of the powers. *Invention* once in motion will go on to invent; and suffering gives to all who suffer a right to speak, and with this a sense of enlightenment. The mere fact of suffering for a cause, or a truth, or an opinion, makes a man feel it more intimately—constitutes him in his own eyes an authority. Voluntary suffering especially imparts self-reliance. We do not always see how this need be, but it certainly does. After some great sacrifice there follows an enlarge-

ment of the speculative faculties, and a trust in their conclusions. And in the case of ascetics these natural consequences are fostered by others, who, seeing a life they reverence but cannot imitate, invest it with something of the supernatural, and readily come to regard these bold conclusions as revelation. A man so absorbed in the contemplation of things divine and unseen *must* surely see far; and the subject being divine, it is easy to assume a divine enlightenment. The speculatist, conscious of gleams (which when they happen in common affairs men put to the test of reason), and thus encouraged from without, accepts them as intuitions, and pushes forward his discoveries. Thought conceals its course from the thinker; an idea flashes upon his brain from he knows not where; the next step is to trust it as a semi-inspiration, and impart it to the world. The world receives it first as "the pious invention of saintly love," and next, with Father Faber, accepts it implicitly, and numbers it among "the revelations of the saints."

Those who are the boldest advocates for "elbow-room" in the matter of devotion—who would indemnify the saint, cut off from all other exercise of the affections, with liberty even to extravagance here—never go so far as to defend unbridled freedom of thought and expression towards the Supreme. Every man but the veriest fanatic feels, in approaching his Creator, some awe-inspired caution; there is, in fact, no temptation to extravagance where we apprehend the idea of infinity. We cannot reach the height of our subject: words are vain even to approach it. Thus when once an inferior cultus was admitted as compatible with Christianity, it would be felt to supply a want. Here was room for romance, for tenderness, for fancy, for freedoms and prettinesses, nay, even for the language of compliment, which the ascetic could find nowhere else. Here race and nationality can find expression and development. Natural affections quenched find another outlet, and yet it is the natural element still. Dr. Newman lays it to St. Chrysostom's Greek origin that he could not conceive a perfect woman, and so attributes to the Blessed Virgin "vainglory." It remained for the Gothic races to discover the true nobility of woman. To us these are singular admissions. He himself adopts a language towards the Blessed Virgin, and uses chivalric phrases not harmonising with our ideas of absolute reverence. He will not address her "with fulsome frigid flattery, and stupid flattery too." "It would be like painting up a young and beautiful princess with the brow of Plato and the muscle of Achilles, for which he would expect her to tell one of her people to turn him off her service without warning." This is courtesy rather than awful respect. But on this subject each mind follows its bent with little restraint. We do not believe that any of those titles brought under discussion by Dr. Pusey were otherwise than tentative at first. It was a sort of experiment in the inventor; he did not know whether it would live or not. Such writers as Father Faber let us into the process. The following ineffable assumption is extracted by the 'Tablet' from his posthumous works for approval:—

"There are cold shallow controversies on earth about Our Lady's greatness, while at this hour the great St. Michael is gazing on her throne with a rapture of astonishment, a delighted rapture which will grow to all eternity."

Now, not using the word in an offensive sense, surely this statement is a mere fabrication. It was invented as a novelist invents a scene. It was a sort of accident what line the author's fancy took—nobody can pretend that there is any ground for it. Nor do we believe that those about Faber who saw his

pen writing it, or those now who read it amongst his fragments as extracted in the 'Tablet,' believe it to be an inspired vision; yet time, if the present practices go on, will certainly make it such. It will *become a fact.* All the people who have judged Father Faber as excitable, and able to put himself into a frame or to assume a character as being sentimental or unreal, will have passed from the scene. He will be a saint favoured with direct revelations of the third heaven, which it will be profane or blasphemous to discredit.

In preparation for this canonisation, the 'Dublin,' in a late number, draws a portrait of Father Faber, which is evidently to have its further use as a contrast:—

"His faith was not shaken, nor his loyalty dim. He believed, and was therefore strong. He was not one who explained away the nature of the Church, or the supremacy of the Pope, or the severity of a doctrine, or the disagreeableness of a custom." And a former sermon of his is quoted with enthusiastic approval which denounces nationalism. "Beware," it says, "of representing the Church as abating one jot or tittle of the greatest of those pretensions which seemed most arrogant and most preposterous even in the middle ages. Beware of another evil, that of trying to throw aside or to pare down what seems most faithful and warm in the devotions of foreign lands. Do not tell that cruel falsehood—do not throw aside devotion and sweetness and worship and affection as though they were not fit for us—as though God's Church were not one; for this is nothing less in reality than to deny the unity of God's Church," &c. Dr. Newman, for whose benefit we must suppose this passage extracted, has in his time written strange things, which we might not always be able to distinguish in tone from the characteristic utterances of this great light of the ultramontanes. But Faber was not capable of an under-current—an inner self unreached by system. In the midst of much zealous—it might at one time be called impassioned—language towards the Blessed Virgin, we seem still to discern one fact in Dr. Newman's mind touching this cultus; the higher he places men in the scale of worth and intelligence, the less does he own it a necessity. Extremes may be absolutely necessary for Neapolitans, but they are repugnant to English feeling, and he likes English belief best. More than this, he finds even in England this devotion more necessary to others than to himself; what else can we understand by the statement with which the 'Dublin' does not at all agree, "that it has far more connection with the public services and festal aspect of Christianity than with what is *strictly personal and primary* in religion?" What is strictly *personal* a man judges for himself; the rest he is more ready to take on trust. The Church enjoins it, and Dr. Newman throws himself into what she dictates with logical fervour. As the Church's son, then, this cultus is necessary to a man, but not as he is himself. There is a sanctum into which it does not intrude, and it is there the soul realises most intensely its relation to God. Between the belief that makes this reservation and that which does not recognise it, we see a distinction which must have practical effects. The religion which does not own this *personal, primary* relation, we gather to be in Dr. Newman's eyes a "vulgar religion," and we accept the epithet as a deliberate comment and stricture on the enormous pretensions and arrogance of the party which assumes to represent the living spirit of Rome; whether it speaks through such men as the biographer of the Hon. George Spencer—who denounces the tendency of English Catholics to pare down their books of devotion to suit "the fastidiousness of some whitewashed Puseyite, as disgraceful, mean, and dishonourable," — or

through the Archbishop of Westminster, who declares the "enunciation of the Church of this *hour* to be the test and evidence of the original revelation, and to refuse this is to reject the voice of God in the world."

We cannot but congratulate those English Roman Catholics who feel aggrieved at attacks and insinuations of this nature from men, now in high favor and office—whom as novices they received, perhaps it seems to some of them not so long ago, with open arms—on having for their champion the one member of the body who has retained, through the ordeal of an organic change of belief, all the qualities which constitute individuality; all that play of thought and feeling which first formed a style incomparable for subtle force and lithe grace of expression, and which now maintains it in youthful freshness and vigour. Such a style is in itself a guarantee. No man can so write for a mere party, or concentrate the whole interest and fervour of his mind on one dogma, or forget friends he has once had reason to value, or wilfully startle and shock them, or hurry those who trust him and look to him for guidance into extremes, or embrace extremes himself as removing him farthest from his old self and most insolently defying old associations.

Circumstances have recently broken somewhat rudely through the outside unanimity which has been the boast of Rome, and brought her differences before the world. The spectacle may well be turned to profit; and we have called attention to it as furnishing a lesson still needed in certain quarters. Men profess to go to Rome not only for truth but peace; the confident possession of the one is to secure the other. Is this antagonism of parties, then, the rest promised to the perplexed—this the soul-satisfying union and repose? Is Rome, in any sense worth the name, a refuge from the war of opinion? Can those who fly to her escape by one plunge the pains of deliberation and the duty of thought and choice? Are the differences in our own communion—exaggerated as they are by harassed doubters—carried on with greater bitterness here than there? Is controversy among Roman Catholics one whit less acrimonious? The only way to find peace in Rome it would seem, as well as elsewhere, is to be of the dominant faction, and to go all lengths. But is the eager, conscientious inquirer in love with such peace, when he realises what it is, and at what a cost of independence, and of those qalities of mind he has most exercised and valued, it is to be obtained? No doubt there is a peace independent of co-religionists, as it is of the world, and this the devout mind will profess itself content with, failing the other; but we are much mistaken if this solitary repose of spirit would satisfy the restless seeker in prospect, however he may in the end resign himself to it, in the absence of fellowship and wide sympathy; or if the sight and example of such repose in another would draw him towards the Church which accords no warmer welcome to one who has sought her bosom.

NINA BALATKA: THE STORY OF A MAIDEN OF PRAGUE.—PART III.

CHAPTER VI.

ANTON TRENDELLSOHN had learned from his father that Nina had spoken to her aunt about the title-deeds of the houses in the Kleinseite, and that thus, in a round-about way, a demand had been made for them. "Of course, they will not give them up," he had said to his father. "Why should they, unless the law makes them? They have no idea of honour or honesty to one of us." The elder Jew had then expressed his opinion that Josef Balatka should be required to make the demand as a matter of business, to enforce a legal right; but to this Anton had replied that the old man in the Kleinseite was not in a condition to act efficiently in the matter himself. It was to him that the money had been advanced, but to the Zamenoys that it had in truth been paid; and Anton declared his purpose of going to Karil Zamenoy, and himself making his demand. And then there had been a discussion, almost amounting to a quarrel, between the two Trendellsohns as to Nina Balatka. Poor Nina need not have added another to her many causes of suffering by doubting her lover's truth. Anton Trendellsohn, though not given to speak of his love with that demonstrative vehemence to which Nina had trusted in her attempts to make her friends understand that she could not be talked out of her engagement, was nevertheless sufficiently firm in his purpose. He was a man very constant in all his purposes, whom none who knew him would have supposed likely to jeopardise his worldly interests for the love of a Christian girl, but who was very little apt to abandon aught to which he had set his hand because the voices of those around him might be against him. He had thought much of his position as a Jew before he had spoken of love to the penniless Christian maiden who frequented his father's house, pleading for her father in his poverty; but the words when spoken meant much, and Nina need not have feared that he would forget them. He was a man not much given to dalliance, not requiring from day to day the soft sweetness of a woman's presence to keep his love warm; but his love could maintain its own heat, without any softness or dalliance. Had it not been so, such a girl as Nina would hardly have surrendered to him her whole heart as she had done.

"You will fall into trouble about the maiden," the elder Trendellsohn had said.

"True, father; there will be trouble enough. In what that we do is there not trouble?"

"A man in the business of his life must encounter labour and grief and disappointment. He should take to him a wife to give him ease in these things, not one who will be an increase to his sorrows."

"That which is done is done."

"My son, this thing is not done."

"She has my plighted word, father. Is not that enough?"

"Nina is a good girl. I will say for her that she is very good. I have wished that you might have brought to my house as your wife the child of my old friend Baltazar Loth; but if that may not be, I would have taken Nina willingly by the hand—had she been one of us."

"It may be that God will open her eyes."

"Anton, I would not have her eyes opened by anything so weak as her love for a man. But I have said that she was good. She will hear reason; and when she shall know that her marriage among us

would bring trouble on us, she will restrain her wishes. Speak to her, Anton, and see if it be not so."

"Not for all the wealth which all our people own in Bohemia! Father, to do so would be to demand, not to ask. If she love me, could she refuse such a request were I to ask it?"

"I will speak a word to Nina, my son, and the request shall come from her."

"And if it does, I will never yield to it. For her sake I would not yield, for I know she loves me. Neither for my own would I yield; for as truly as I worship God, I love her better than all the world beside. She is to me my cup of water when I am hot and athirst, my morsel of bread when I am faint with hunger. Her voice is the only music which I love. The touch of her hand is so fresh that it cools me when I am in fever. The kiss of her lips is so sweet and balmy that it cures when I shake with an ague fit. To think of her when I am out among men fighting for my own, is such a joy, that now, methinks now, that I have had it belonging to me, I could no longer fight were I to lose it. No, father; she shall not be taken from me. I love her, and I will keep her."

Oh that Nina could have heard him! How would all her sorrows have fled from her, and left her happy in her poverty! But Anton Trendellsohn, though he could speak after this manner to his father, could hardly bring himself to talk of his feelings to the woman who would have given her eyes, could she for his sake have spared them, to hear him. Now and again, indeed, he would say a word, and then would frown and become gloomy, as though angry with himself for such outward womanly expression of what he felt. As it was, the words fell upon ears which they delighted not. "Then, my son, you will live to rue the day in which you first saw her," said the elder Jew. "She will be a bone of contention in your way that will separate you from all your friends. You will become neither Jew nor Christian, and will be odious alike to both. And she will be the same."

"Then, father, we will bear our sorrows together."

"Yes; and what happens when sorrows come from such causes? The man learns to hate the woman who has caused them, and ill-uses her, and feels himself to be a Cain upon the earth, condemned by all, but by none so much as by himself. Do you think that you have strength to bear the contempt of all those around you?"

Anton waited a moment or two before he answered, and then spoke very slowly. "If it be necessary to bear so much, I will at least make the effort. It may be that I shall find the strength."

"Nothing then that your father says to you avails aught?"

"Nothing, father, on that matter. You should have spoken sooner."

"Then you must go your own way. As for me, I must look for another son to bear the burden of my years." And so they parted.

Anton Trendellsohn understood well the meaning of the old man's threat. He was quite alive to the fact that his father had expressed his intention to give his wealth and his standing in trade and the business of his house to some younger Jew, who would be more true than his own son to the traditional customs of their tribes. There was Ruth Jacobi, his granddaughter—the only child of the house—who had already reached an age at which she might be betrothed; and there was Samuel Loth, the son of Baltazar Loth, old Trendellsohn's oldest friend. Anton Trendellsohn did not doubt who might be the adopted child to be taken to fill his place. It has been already explained that there was no partnership actually existing between the two Trendellsohns. By degrees the son had slipt into the father's place, and the

business by which the house had grown rich had for the last five or six years been managed chiefly by him. But the actual results of the son's industry and the son's thrift were still in the possession of the father. The old man might no doubt go far towards ruining his son if he were so minded.

Dreams of a high ambition had, from very early years, flitted across the mind of the younger Trendellsohn till they had nearly formed themselves into a settled purpose. He had heard of Jews in Vienna, in Paris, and in London, who were as true to their religion as any Jew of Prague, but who did not live immured in a Jew's quarters, like lepers separate and alone in some loathed corner of a city otherwise clean. These men went abroad into the world as men, using the wealth with which their industry had been blessed, openly as the Christians used it. And they lived among Christians as one man should live with his fellow-men—on equal terms, giving and taking, honouring and honoured. As yet it was not so with the Jews of Prague, who were still bound to their old narrow streets, to their dark houses, to their mean modes of living, and who, worst of all, were still subject to the isolated ignominy of Judaism. In Prague a Jew was still a Pariah. Anton's father was rich—very rich. Anton hardly knew what was the extent of his father's wealth, but he did know that it was great. In his father's time, however, no change could be made. He did not scruple to speak to the old man of these things; but he spoke of them rather as dreams, or as distant hopes, than as being the basis of any purpose of his own. His father would merely say that the old house, looking out upon the ancient synagogue, must last him his time, and that the changes of which Anton spoke must be postponed—not till he died—but till such time as he should feel it right to give up the things of this world. Anton Trendellsohn, who knew his father well, had resolved that he would wait patiently for everything till his father should have gone to his last home, knowing that nothing but death would close the old man's interest in the work of his life. But he had been content to wait—to wait, to think, to dream, and only in part to hope. He still communed with himself daily as to that House of Trendellsohn which might, perhaps, be heard of in cities greater than Prague, and which might rival in the grandeur of its wealth those mighty commercial names which had drowned the old shame of the Jew in the new glory of their great doings. To be a Jew in London, they had told him, was almost better than to be a Christian, provided that he was rich, and knew the ways of trade,—was better for such purposes as were his purposes. Anton Trendellsohn believed that he would be rich, and was sure that he knew the ways of trade; and therefore he nursed his ambition, and meditated what his action should be when the days of his freedom should come to him.

Then Nina Balatka had come across his path. To be a Jew, always a Jew, in all things a Jew, had been ever a part of his great dream. It was as impossible to him as it would be to his father to forswear the religion of his people. To go forth and be great in commerce by deserting his creed would have been nothing to him. His ambition did not desire wealth so much as the possession of wealth in Jewish hands, without those restrictions upon its enjoyment to which Jews under his own eye had ever been subjected. It would have delighted him to think that, by means of his work, there should no longer be a Jews' quarter in Prague, but that all Prague should be ennobled and civilised and made beautiful by the wealth of Jews. Wealth must be his means, and therefore he was greedy; but wealth was not his last or only aim,

and therefore his greed did not utterly destroy his heart. Then Nina Balatka had come across his path, and he was compelled to shape his dreams anew. How could a Jew among Jews hold up his head as such who had taken to his bosom a Christian wife?

But again he shaped his dreams aright—so far aright that he could still build the castles of his imagination to his own liking. Nina should be his wife. It might be that she would follow the creed of her husband, and then all would be well. In those far cities to which he would go, it would hardly in such case be known that she had been born a Christian; or else he would show the world around him, both Jews and Christians, how well a Christian and a Jew might live together. To crush the prejudice which had dealt so hardly with his people—to make a Jew equal in all things to a Christian—this was his desire; and how could this better be fulfilled than by his union with a Christian? One thing at least was fixed with him—one thing was fixed, even though it should mar his dreams. He had taken the Christian girl to be part of himself, and nothing should separate them. His father had spoken often to him of the danger which he would incur by marrying a Christian, but had never before uttered any word approaching to a personal threat. Anton had felt himself to be so completely the mainspring of the business in which they were both engaged—was so perfectly aware that he was so regarded by all the commercial men of Prague—that he had hardly regarded the absence of any positive possession in his father's wealth as detrimental to him. He had been willing that it should be his father's while his father lived, knowing that any division would be detrimental to them both. He had never even asked his father for a partnership, taking everything for granted. Even now he could not quite believe that his father was in earnest. It could hardly be possible that the work of his own hands should be taken from him because he had chosen a bride for himself! But this he felt, that should his father persevere in the intention which he had expressed, he would be upheld in it by every Jew of Prague. "Dark, ignorant, and foolish," Anton said to himself, speaking of those among whom he lived; "it is their pride to live in disgrace, while all the honours of the world are open to them if they chose to take them."

He did not for a moment think of altering his course of action in consequence of what his father had said to him. Indeed, as regarded the business of the house, it would stand still altogether were he to alter it. No successor could take up the work when he should leave it. No other hand could continue the webs which were of his weaving. So he went forth, as the errands of the day called him, soon after his father's last words were spoken, and went through his work as though his own interest in it were in no danger.

On that evening nothing was said on the subject between him and his father, and on the next morning he started immediately after breakfast for the Ross Markt, in order that he might see Karil Zamenoy, as he had said that he would do. The papers, should he get them, would belong to his father, and would at once be put into his father's hands. But the feeling that it might not be for his own personal advantage to place them there did not deter him. His father was an old man, and old men were given to threaten. He at least would go on with his duty.

It was about eleven o'clock in the day when he entered the open door of the office in the Ross Markt, and found Ziska and a young clerk sitting opposite to each other at their desks. Anton took off his hat and bowed to Ziska, whom he knew slightly, and asked the young man if his father were within.

"My father is here," said Ziska, "but I do not know whether he can see you."

"You will ask him, perhaps," said Trendellsohn.

"Well—he is engaged. There is a lady with him."

"Perhaps he will make an appointment with me, and I will call again. If he will name an hour, I will come at his own time."

"Cannot you say to me, Herr Trendellsohn, that which you wish to say to him?"

"Not very well."

"You know that I am in partnership with my father."

"He and you are happy to be so placed together. But if your father can spare me five minutes, I will take it from him as a favour." Then, with apparent reluctance, Ziska came down from his seat and went into the inner room. There he remained some time, while Trendellsohn was standing, hat in hand, in the outer office. If the changes which he hoped to effect among his brethren could be made, a Jew in Prague should, before long, be asked to sit down as readily as a Christian. But he had not been asked to sit, and he therefore stood holding his hat in his hand during the ten minutes that Ziska was away. At last young Zamenoy returned, and, opening the door, signified to the Jew that his father would see him at once if he would enter. Nothing more had been said about the lady, and there, when Trendellsohn went into the room, he found the lady, who was no other than Madame Zamenoy herself. A little family council had been held, and it had been settled among them that the Jew should be seen and heard.

"So, sir, you are Anton Trendellsohn," began Madame Zamenoy, as soon as Ziska was gone—for Ziska had been told to go—and the door was shut.

"Yes, madame: I am Anton Trendellsohn. I had not expected the honour of seeing you, but I wish to say a few words on business to your husband."

"There he is; you can speak to him."

"Anything that I can do, I shall be very happy," said Karil Zamenoy, who had risen from his chair to prevent the necessity of having to ask the Jew to sit down.

"Herr Zamenoy," began the Jew, "you are, I think, aware that my father has purchased from your friend and brother-in-law, Josef Balatka, certain houses in the Kleinseite, in one of which the old man still lives."

"Upon my word, I know nothing about it," said Zamenoy—"nothing, that is to say, in the way of business;" and the man of business laughed. "Mind I do not at all deny that you did so—you or your father, or the two together. Your people are getting into their hands lots of houses all over the town; but how they do it nobody knows. They are not bought in fair open market."

"This purchase was made by contract, and the price was paid in full before the houses were put into our hands."

"They are not in your hands now, as far as I know."

"Not the one, certainly, in which Balatka lives. Motives of friendship——"

"Friendship!" said Madame Zamenoy, with a sneer.

"And now motives of love," continued Anton, "have induced us to leave the use of that house with Josef Balatka."

"Love!" said Madame Zamenoy, springing from her chair; "love indeed! Do not talk to me of love for a Jew."

"My dear, my dear!" said her husband, expostulating.

"How dares he come here to talk of his love? It is filthy—it is worse than filthy—it is profane."

"I came here, madame," continued Anton, "not to talk of my love, but of certain documents or title-deeds respecting those houses,

which should be at present in my father's custody. I am told that your husband has them in his safe custody."

"My husband has them not," said Madame Zamenoy.

"Stop, my dear—stop," said the husband.

"Not that he would be bound to give them up to you if he had got them, or that he would do so; but he has them not."

"In whose hands are they then?"

"That is for you to find out, not for us to tell you."

"Why should not all the world be told, so that the proper owner may have his own?"

"It is not always so easy to find out who is the proper owner," said Zamenoy the elder.

"You have seen this contract before, I think," said Trendellsohn, bringing forth a written paper.

"I will not look at it now at any rate. I have nothing to do with it, and I will have nothing to do with it. You have heard Madame Zamenoy declare that the deed which you seek is not here. I cannot say whether it is here or no. I do not say—as you will be pleased to remember. If it were here it would be in safe keeping for my brother-in-law, and only to him could it be given."

"But will you not say whether it is in your hands? You know well that Josef Balatka is ill, and cannot attend to such matters."

"And who has made him ill, and what has made him ill?" said Madame Zamenoy. "Ill! of course he is ill. Is it not enough to make any man ill to be told that his daughter is to marry a Jew?"

"I have not come hither to speak of that," said Trendellsohn.

"But I speak of it; and I tell you this, Anton Trendellsohn—you shall never marry that girl."

"Be it so; but let me at any rate have that which is my own."

"Will you give her up if it is given to you?"

"It is here then?"

"No; it is not here. But will you abandon this mad thought if I tell you where it is?"

"No; certainly not."

"What a fool the man is!" said Madame Zamenoy. "He comes to us for what he calls his property because he wants to marry the girl, and she is deceiving him all the while. Go to Nina Balatka, Trendellsohn, and she will tell you who has the document. She will tell you where it is, if it suits her to do so."

"She has told me, and she knows that it is here."

"She knows nothing of the kind, and she has lied. She has lied in order that she may rob you. Jew as you are, she will be too many for you. She will rob you with all her seeming simplicity."

"I trust her as I do my own soul," said Trendellsohn.

"Very well; I tell you that she and she only knows where these papers are. For aught I know she has them herself. I believe that she has them. Ziska," said Madame Zamenoy, calling aloud, "Ziska, come hither," and Ziska entered the room. "Ziska, who has the title-deeds of your uncle's houses in the Kleinseite?" Ziska hesitated a moment without answering. "You know, if anybody does," said his mother; "tell this man, since he is so anxious, who has got them."

"I do not know why I should tell him my cousin's secrets."

"Tell him, I say. It is well that he should know."

"Nina has them, as I believe," said Ziska, still hesitating.

"Nina has them!" said Trendellsohn.

"Yes; Nina Balatka," said Madame Zamenoy. "We tell you to the best of our knowledge at least. At any rate they are not here."

"It is impossible that Nina should have them," said Trendellsohn. "How should she have got them?"

"That is nothing to us," said Madame Zamenoy. "The whole thing

is nothing to us. You have heard all that we can tell you, and you had better go."

"You have heard more than I would have told you myself," said Ziska, "had I been left to my opinion."

Trendellsohn stood pausing for a moment, and then he turned to the elder Zamenoy. "What do you say, sir? Is it true that these papers are at the house in the Kleinseite?"

"I say nothing," said Karil Zamenoy. "It seems to me that too much has been said already."

"A great deal too much," said the lady. "I do not know why I should have allowed myself to be surprised into giving you any information at all. You wish to do us the heaviest injury that one man can do another, and I do not know why we should speak to you at all. Now you had better go."

"Yes; you had better go," said Ziska, holding the door open, and looking as though he were inclined to threaten. Trendellsohn paused for a moment on the threshold, fixing his eyes full upon those of his rival; but Ziska neither spoke nor made any further gesture, and then the Jew left the house.

"I would have told him nothing," said the elder Zamenoy when they were left alone.

"My dear, you don't understand; indeed you do not," said his wife. "No stone should be left unturned to prevent such a horrid marriage as this. There is nothing I would not say; nothing I would not do."

"But I do not see that you are doing anything."

"Leave this little thing to me, my dear—to me and Ziska. It is impossible that you should do everything yourself. In such a matter as this, believe me that a woman is best."

"But I hate anything that is really dishonest."

"There shall be no dishonesty,—none in the world. You don't suppose that I want to get the dirty old tumble-down houses. God forbid! But you would not give up everything to a Jew! Oh, I hate them! I do hate them! Anything is fair against a Jew." If such was Madame Zamenoy's ordinary doctrine, it may well be understood that she would scruple at using no weapon against a Jew who was meditating so great an injury against her as this marriage with her niece. After this little discussion old Zamenoy said no more, and Madame Zamenoy went home to the Windberggasse.

Trendellsohn, as he walked homewards, was lost in amazement. He wholly disbelieved the statement that the document he desired was in Nina's hands, but he thought it possible that it might be in the house in the Kleinseite. It was, after all, on the cards that old Balatka was deceiving him. The Jew was by nature suspicious, though he was also generous. He could be noble in his confidence, and at the same time could become at a moment distrustful. He could give without grudging, and yet grudge the benefits which came of his giving. Neither he nor his father had ever positively known in whose custody were the title-deeds which he was so anxious to get into his own hands. Balatka had said that they must be with the Zamenoys, but even Balatka had never spoken as of absolute knowledge. Nina, indeed, had declared positively that they were in the Ross Markt, saying that Ziska had so stated in direct terms; but there might be a mistake in this. At any rate he would interrogate Nina, and if there were need, would not spare the old man any questions that could lead to the truth. Trendellsohn, as he thought of the possibility of such treachery on Balatka's part, felt that, without compunction, he could be very cruel, even to an old man, under such circumstances as those.

CHAPTER VII.

Madame Zamenoy and her son no doubt understood each other's purposes, and there was another person in the house who understood them—Lotta Luxa, namely; but Karil Zamenoy had been kept somewhat in the dark. Touching that piece of parchment as to which so much anxiety had been expressed, he only knew that he had, at his wife's instigation, given it into her hand in order that she might use it in some way for putting an end to the foul betrothal between Nina and the Jew. The elder Zamenoy no doubt understood that Anton Trendellsohn was to be bought off by the document; and he was not unwilling to buy him off so cheaply, knowing as he did that the houses were in truth the Jew's property; but Madame Zamenoy's scheme was deeper than this. She did not believe that the Jew was to be bought off at so cheap a price; but she did believe that it might be possible to create such a feeling in his mind as would make him abandon Nina out of the workings of his own heart. Ziska and his mother were equally anxious to save Nina from the Jew, but not exactly with the same motives. He had received a promise, both from his father and mother, before anything was known of the Jew's love, that Nina should be received as a daughter-in-law, if she would accept his suit; and this promise was still in force. That the girl whom he loved should love a Jew distressed and disgusted Ziska; but it did not deter him from his old purpose. It was shocking, very shocking, that Nina should so disgrace herself; but she was not on that account less pretty or less charming in her cousin's eyes. Madame Zamenoy, could she have had her own will, would have rescued Nina from the Jew—firstly, because Nina was known all over Prague to be her niece—and, secondly, for the good of Christianity generally; but the girl herself, when rescued, she would willingly have left to starve in the poverty of the old house in the Kleinseite, as a punishment for her sin in having listened to a Jew.

"I would have nothing more to say to her," said the mother to her son.

"Nor I either," said Lotta, who was present. "She has demeaned herself far too much to be a fit wife for Ziska."

"Hold your tongue, Lotta; what business have you to speak about such a matter?" said the young man.

"All the same, Ziska, if I were you, I would give her up," said the mother.

"If you were me, mother, you would not give her up. If every man is to give up the girl he likes because somebody else interferes with him, how is anybody to get married at all? It's the way with them all."

"But a Jew, Ziska!"

"So much the more reason for taking her away from him." Then Ziska went forth on a certain errand, the expediency of which he had discussed with his mother.

"I never thought he'd be so firm about it, ma'am," said Lotta to her mistress.

"If we could get Trendellsohn to turn her off, he would not think much of her afterwards," said the mother. "He wouldn't care to take the Jew's leavings."

"But he seems to be so obstinate," said Lotta. "Indeed I did not think there was so much obstinacy in him."

"Of course he is obstinate while he thinks the other man is to have her," said the mistress; "but all that will be changed when the girl is alone in the world."

It was a Saturday morning, and Ziska had gone out with a certain

fixed object. Much had been said between him and his mother since Anton Trendellsohn's visit to the office, and it had been decided that he should now go and see the Jew in his own home. He should see him and speak him fair, and make him understand if possible that the whole question of the property should be settled as he wished it—if he would only give up his insane purpose of marrying a Christian girl. Ziska would endeavour also to fill the Jew's mind with suspicion against Nina. The former scheme was Ziska's own; the second was that in which Ziska's mother put her chief trust. "If once he can be made to think that the girl is deceiving him, he will quarrel with her utterly," Madame Zamenoy had said.

On Saturday there is but little business done in Prague, because Saturday is the Sabbath of the Jews. The shops are of course open in the main streets of the town, but banks and counting-houses are closed, because the Jews will not do business on that day—so great is the preponderance of the wealth of Prague in the hands of that people! It suited Ziska, therefore, to make his visit on a Saturday, both because he had but little himself to do on that day, and because he would be almost sure to find Trendellsohn at home. As he made his way across the bottom of the Kalowrat-strasse and through the centre of the city to the narrow ways of the Jews' quarter, his heart somewhat misgave him as to the result of his visit. He knew very well that a Christian was safe among the Jews from any personal ill-usage; but he knew also that such a one as he would be known personally to many of them as a Christian rival, and probably as a Christian enemy in the same city, and he thought that they would look at him askance. Living in Prague all his life, he had hardly been above once or twice in the narrow streets which he was now threading. Strangers who come to Prague visit the Jews' quarter as a matter of course, and to such strangers the Jews of Prague are invariably courteous. But the Christians of the city seldom walk through the heart of the Jews' locality, or hang about the Jews' synagogue, or are seen among their houses unless they have special business. The Jews' quarter, though it is a banishment to the Jews from the fairer portions of the city, is also a separate and somewhat sacred castle in which they may live after their old fashion undisturbed. As Ziska went on, he became aware that the throng of people was unusually great, and that the day was in some sort more peculiar than the ordinary Jewish Sabbath. That the young men and girls should be dressed in their best clothes was, as a matter of course, incidental to the day; but he could perceive that there was an outward appearance of gala festivity about them which could not take place every week. The tall bright-eyed black-haired girls stood talking in the streets, with something of boldness in their gait and bearing, dressed many of them in white muslin, with bright ribbons and full petticoats, and that small bewitching Hungarian hat which they delight to wear. They stood talking somewhat loudly to each other, or sat at the open windows; while the young men in black frock-coats and black hats, with crimson cravats, clustered by themselves, wishing, but not daring so early in the day, to devote themselves to the girls, who appeared, or attempted to appear, unaware of their presence. Who can say why it is that those encounters, which are so ardently desired by both sides, are so rarely able to get themselves commenced till the enemies have been long in sight of each other? But so it is among Jews and Christians, among rich and poor, out under the open sky, and even in the atmosphere of the ball-room, consecrated though it be

to such purposes. Go into any public dancing-room of Vienna, where the girls from the shops and the young men from their desks congregate to waltz and make love, and you shall observe that from ten to twelve they will dance as vigorously as at a later hour, but that they will hardly talk to each other till the mellowness of the small morning hours has come upon them.

Among these groups in the Jewish quarter Ziska made his way, conscious that the girls eyed him and whispered to each other something as to his presence, and conscious also that the young men eyed him also, though they did so without speaking of him as he passed. He knew that Trendellsohn lived close to the synagogue, and to the synagogue he made his way. And as he approached the narrow door of the Jews' church, he saw that a crowd of men stood round it, some in high caps and some in black hats, but all habited in short muslin shirts, which they wore over their coats. Such dresses he had seen before, and he knew that these men were taking part from time to time in some service within the synagogue. He did not dare to ask of one of them which was Trendellsohn's house, but went on till he met an old man alone just at the back of the building, dressed also in a high cap and shirt, which shirt, however, was longer than those he had seen before. Plucking up his courage, he asked of the old man which was the house of Anton Trendellsohn.

"Anton Trendellsohn has no house," said the old man; "but that is his father's house, and there Anton Trendellsohn lives. I am Stephen Trendellsohn, and Anton is my son."

Ziska thanked him, and, crossing the street to the house, found that the door was open, and that two girls were standing just within the passage. The old man had gone, and Ziska, turning, had perceived that he was out of sight before he reached the house.

"I cannot come till my uncle returns," said the younger girl.

"But, Ruth, he will be in the synagogue all day," said the elder, who was that Rebecca Loth of whom the old Jew had spoken to his son.

"Then all day I must remain," said Ruth; "but it may be he will be in by one." Then Ziska addressed them, and asked if Anton Trendellsohn did not live there.

"Yes; he lives there," said Ruth, almost trembling, as she answered the handsome stranger.

"And is he at home?"

"He is in the synagogue," said Ruth. "You will find him there if you will go in."

"But they are at worship there," said Ziska, doubtingly.

"They will be at worship all day, because it is our festival," said Rebecca, with her eyes fixed upon the ground; "but if you are a Christian they will not object to your going in. They like that Christians should see them. They are not ashamed."

Ziska, looking into the girl's face, saw that she was very beautiful; and he saw also at once that she was exactly the opposite of Nina, though they were both of a height. Nina was fair, with grey eyes, and smooth brown hair which seemed to demand no special admiration, though it did in truth add greatly to the sweet delicacy of her face; and she was soft in her gait, and appeared to be yielding and flexible in all the motions of her body. You would think that if you were permitted to embrace her, the outlines of her body would form themselves to yours, as though she would in all things fit herself to him who might be blessed by her love. But Rebecca Loth was dark, with large dark blue eyes, and jet black tresses which spoke out loud to the beholder of their own loveliness. You could not fail to think of her hair and of her eyes, as though they were things almost separate from

herself. And she stood like a queen, who knew herself to be all a queen, strong on her limbs, wanting no support, somewhat hard withal, with a repellant beauty that seemed to disdain while it courted admiration, and utterly rejected the idea of that caressing assistance which men always love to give, and which women often love to receive. At the present moment she was dressed in a frock of white muslin, looped round the skirt, and bright with ruby ribbons. She had on her feet coloured boots, which fitted them to a marvel, and on her glossy hair a small new hat, ornamented with the plumage of some strange bird. On her shoulders she wore a coloured jacket, open down the front, sparkling with jewelled buttons, over which there hung a chain with a locket. In her ears she carried long heavy earrings of gold. Were it not that Ziska had seen others as gay in their apparel on his way, he would have fancied that she was tricked out for the playing of some special part, and that she should hardly have shown herself in the streets with her gala finery. Such was Rebecca Loth the Jewess, and Ziska almost admitted to himself that she was more beautiful than Nina Balatka.

"And are you also of the family?" Ziska asked.

"No; she is not of the family," said Ruth. "She is my particular friend, Rebecca Loth. She does not live here. She lives with her brother and her mother."

"Ruth, how foolish you are! What does it signify to the gentleman?"

"But he asked, and so I supposed he wanted to know."

"I have to apologise for intruding on you with any questions, young ladies," said Ziska; "especially on a day which seems to be solemn."

"That does not matter at all," said Rebecca. "Here is my brother, and he will take you into the synagogue if you wish to see Anton Trendellsohn." Samuel Loth, her brother, then came up and readily offered to take Ziska into the midst of the worshippers. Ziska would have escaped now from the project could he have done so without remark; but he was ashamed to seem afraid to enter the building, as the girls seemed to make so light of his doing so. He therefore followed Rebecca's brother, and in a minute or two was inside the narrow door.

The door was very low and narrow, and seemed to be choked up by men with short white surplices, but nevertheless he found himself inside, jammed among a crowd of Jews; and a sound of many voices, going together in a sing-song wail or dirge, met his ears. His first impulse was to take off his hat, but that was immediately replaced upon his head, he knew not by whom; and then he observed that all within the building were covered. His guide did not follow him, but whispered to some one what it was that the stranger required. He could see that those inside the building were all clothed in muslin shirts of different lengths, and that it was filled with men, all of whom had before them some sort of desk, from which they were reading, or rather wailing out their litany. Though this was the chief synagogue in Prague, and, as being the so-called oldest in Europe, is a building of some consequence in the Jewish world, it was very small. There was no ceiling, and the high-pitched roof, which had once probably been coloured, and the walls, which had once certainly been white, were black with the dirt of ages. In the centre there was a cage, as it were, or iron grille, within which five or six old Jews were placed, who seemed to wail louder than the others. Round the walls there was a row of men inside stationary desks, and outside them another row, before each of whom there was a small movable

standing desk, on which there was a portion of the Law of Moses. There seemed to be no possible way by which Ziska could advance, and he would have been glad to retreat had retreat been possible. But first one Jew and then another moved their desks for him, so that he was forced to advance, and some among them pointed to the spot where Anton Trendellsohn was standing. But as they pointed, and as they moved their desks to make a pathway, they still sang and wailed continuously, never ceasing for an instant in their long, loud, melancholy song of prayer. At the further end there seemed to be some altar, in front of which the High Priest wailed louder than all, louder even than the old men within the cage; and even he, the High Priest, was forced to move his desk to make way for Ziska. But, apparently without displeasure, he moved it with his left hand, while he swayed his right hand backwards and forwards as though regulating the melody of the wail. Beyond the High Priest Ziska saw Anton Trendellsohn, and close to the son he saw the old man whom he had met in the street, and whom he recognised as Anton's father. Old Trendellsohn seemed to take no notice of him, but Anton had watched him from his entrance, and was prepared to speak to him, though he did not discontinue his part in the dirge till the last moment.

"I had a few words to say to you, if it would suit you," said Ziska, in a low voice.

"Are they of import?" Trendellsohn asked. "If so, I will come to you."

Ziska then turned to make his way back, but he saw that this was not to be his road for retreat. Behind him the movable phalanx had again formed itself into close rank, but before him the wailing wearers of the white shirts were preparing for the commotion of his passage by grasping the upright stick of their movable desks in their hands. So he passed on, making the entire round of the synagogue, and when he got outside the crowded door, he found that the younger Trendellsohn had followed him. "We had better go into the house," said Anton; "it will not be well for us to talk here on any matter of business. Will you follow me?"

Then he led the way into the old house, and there at the front door still stood the two girls talking to each other.

"You have come back, uncle," said Ruth.

"Yes; for a few moments, to speak to this gentleman."

"And will you return to the synagogue?"

"Of course I shall return to the synagogue."

"Because Rebecca wishes me to go out with her," said the younger girl, in a plaintive voice.

"You cannot go out now. Your grandfather will want you when he returns."

"But, uncle Anton, he will not come till sunset."

"My mother wished to have Ruth with her this afternoon if it were possible," said Rebecca, hardly looking at Anton as she spoke to him; "but of course if you will not give her leave I must return without her."

"Do you not know, Rebecca," said Anton, "that she is needful to her grandfather?"

"She could be back before sunset."

"I will trust to you, then, that she is brought back." Ruth, as soon as she heard the words, scampered up-stairs to array herself in such finery as she possessed, while Rebecca still stood at the door.

"Will you not come in, Rebecca, while you wait for her?" said Anton.

"Thank you, I will stand here. I am very well here."

"But the child will be ever so long making herself ready. Surely you will come in."

But Rebecca was obstinate, and

kept her place at the door. "He has that Christian girl there with him day after day," she said to Ruth as they went away together. "I will never enter the house while she is allowed to come there."

"But Nina is very good," said Ruth.

"I do not care for her goodness."

"Do you not know that she is to be uncle Anton's wife?"

"They have told me so, but she shall be no friend of mine, Ruth. Is it not shameful that he should wish to marry a Christian?"

When the two men had reached the sitting-room in the Jew's house, and Ziska had seated himself, Anton Trendellsohn closed the door, and asked, not quite in anger, but with something of sternness in his voice, why he had been disturbed while engaged in an act of worship.

"They told me that you would not mind my going in to you," said Ziska, deprecating his wrath.

"That depends on your business. What is it that you have to say to me?"

"It is this. When you came to us the other day in the Ross Markt, we were hardly prepared for you. We did not expect you."

"Your mother could hardly have received me better had she expected me for a twelvemonth."

"You cannot be surprised that my mother should be vexed. Besides, you would not be angry with a lady for what she might say."

"I care but little what she says. But words, my friend, are things, and are often things of great moment. All that, however, matters very little. Why have you done us the honour of coming to our house?"

Even Ziska could perceive, though his powers of perception in such matters were perhaps not very great, that the Jew in the Jews' quarter, and the Jew in the Ross Markt, were very different persons. Ziska was now sitting while Anton Trendellsohn was standing over him. Ziska, when he remembered that Anton had not been seated in his father's office—had not been asked to sit down—would have risen himself, and have stood during the interview, but he did not know how to leave his seat. And when the Jew called him his friend, he felt that the Jew was getting the better of him—was already obtaining the ascendant. "Of course we wish to prevent this marriage," said Ziska, dashing at once at his subject.

"You cannot prevent it. The law allows it. If that is what you have come to do, you may as well return."

"But listen to me, my friend," said Ziska, taking a leaf out of the Jew's book. "Only listen to me, and then I shall go."

"Speak, then, and I will listen; but be quick."

"You want, of course, to be made right about those houses?"

"My father, to whom they belong, wishes to be made right, as you call it."

"It is all the same thing. Now, look here. The truth is this. Everything shall be settled for you, and the whole thing given up regularly into your hands, if you will only give over about Nina Balatka."

"But I will not give over about Nina Balatka. Am I to be bribed out of my love by an offer of that which is already mine own? But that you are in my father's house, I would be wrathful with you for making me such an offer."

"Why should you seek a Christian wife, with such maidens among you as her whom I saw at the door?"

"Do not mind the maiden whom you saw at the door. She is nothing to you."

"No; she is nothing to me. Of course, the lady is nothing to me. If I were to come here looking for her, you would be angry, and would bid me seek for beauty among my

own people. Would you not do so? Answer me now."

"Like enough. Rebecca Loth has many friends who would take her part."

"And why should we not take Nina's part — we who are her friends?"

"Have you taken her part? Have you comforted her when she was in sorrow? Have you wiped her tears when she wept? Have you taken from her the stings of poverty, and striven to make the world to her a pleasant garden? She has no mother of her own. Has yours been a mother to her? Why is it that Nina Balatka has cared to receive the sympathy and the love of a Jew? Ask that girl whom you saw at the door for some corner in her heart, and she will scorn you. She, a Jewess, will scorn you, a Christian. She would so look at you that you would not dare to repeat your prayer. Why is it that Nina has not so scorned me? We are lodged poorly here, while Nina's aunt has a fine house in the New Town. She has a carriage and horses, and the world around her is gay and bright. Why did Nina come to the Jews' quarter for sympathy, seeing that she, too, has friends of her own persuasion? Take Nina's part indeed! It is too late now for you to take her part. She has chosen for herself, and her resting-place is to be here." Trendellsohn, as he spoke, put his hand upon his breast, within the fold of his waistcoat; but Ziska hardly understood that his doing so had any special meaning. Ziska supposed that the "here" of which the Jew spoke was the old house in which they were at that moment talking to each other.

"I am sure we have meant to be kind to her," said Ziska.

"You see the effect of your kindness. I tell you this only in answer to what you said as to the young woman whom you saw at the door. Have you aught else to say to me? I utterly decline that small matter of traffic, which you have proposed to me."

"It was not traffic exactly."

"Very well. What else is there that I can do for you?"

"I hardly know how to go on as you are so—so hard in all that you say."

"You will not be able to soften me, I fear."

"About the houses—though you say that I am trafficking, I really wish to be honest with you."

"Say what you have to say, then, and be honest."

"I have never seen but one document which conveys the ownership of those houses."

"Let my father then have that one document."

"It is in Balatka's house."

"That can hardly be possible," said Trendellsohn.

"As I am a Christian gentleman," said Ziska, "I believe it to be in that house."

"As I am a Jew, sir, fearing God," said the other, "I do not believe it. Who in that house has the charge of it?"

Ziska hesitated before he replied. "Nina, as I think," he said at last. "I suppose Nina has it herself."

"Then she would be a traitor to me."

"What am I to say as to that?" said Ziska, smiling. Trendellsohn came to him and sat down close at his side, looking closely into his face. Ziska would have moved away from the Jew, but the elbow of the sofa did not admit of his receding; and then, while he was thinking that he would escape by rising from his seat, Anton spoke again in a low voice—so low that it was almost a whisper, but the words seemed to fall direct into Ziska's ears, and to hurt him. "What are you to say? You called yourself just now a Christian gentleman. Neither the one name nor the other goes for aught with me. I am neither the one nor the other. But I am a man;—and

I ask you as another man, whether it be true that Nina Balatka has that paper in her possession—in her own possession, mind you, I say." Ziska had hesitated before, but his hesitation now was much more palpable. "Why do you not answer me?" continued the Jew. "You have made this accusation against her. Is the accusation true?"

"I think she has it," said Ziska. "Indeed, I feel sure of it."

"In her own hands?"

"Oh yes;—in her own hands. Of course it must be in her own hands."

"Christian gentleman," said Anton, rising again from his seat, and now standing opposite to Ziska, "I disbelieve you. I think that you are lying to me. Despite your Christianity, and despite your gentility—you are a liar. Now, sir, unless you have anything further to say to me, you may go."

Ziska, when thus addressed, rose of course from his seat. By nature he was not a coward, but he was unready and knew not what to do or to say on the spur of the moment. "I did not come here to be insulted," he said.

"No; you came to insult me, with two falsehoods in your mouth, either of which proves the other to be a lie. You offer to give me up the deeds on certain conditions, and then tell me that they are with the girl! If she has them, how can you surrender them? I do not know whether so silly a story might prevail between two Christians, but we Jews have been taught among you to be somewhat observant. Sir, it is my belief that the document belonging to my father is in your father's desk in the Ross Markt."

"By heaven, it is in the house in the Kleinseite."

"How could you then have surrendered it?"

"It could have been managed."

It was now the Jew's turn to pause and hesitate. In the general conclusion to which his mind had come, he was not far wrong. He thought that Ziska was endeavouring to deceive him in the spirit of what he said; but that as regarded the letter the young man was endeavouring to adhere to some fact for the salvation of his conscience as a Christian. If Anton Trendellsohn could but find out in what lay the quibble, the discovery might be very serviceable to him. "It could have been managed;—could it?" he said, speaking very slowly. "Between you and her, perhaps."

"Well, yes; between me and Nina;—or between some of us," said Ziska.

"And cannot it be managed now?"

"Nina is not one of us now. How can we deal with her?"

"Then I will deal with her myself. I will manage it if it is to be managed. And, sir, if I find that in this matter you have told me the simple truth,—not the truth, mind you, as from a gentleman, or the truth as from a Christian, for I suspect both,—but the simple truth as from man to man, then I will express my sorrow for the harsh words I have used to you." As he finished speaking, Trendellsohn held the door of the room open in his hand, and Ziska, not being ready with any answer, passed through it and descended the stairs. The Jew followed him and also held open the house door, but did not speak again as Ziska went out. Nor did Ziska say a word, the proper words not being ready to his tongue. The Jew returned at once into the synagogue, having during the interview with Ziska worn the short white surplice in which he had been found; and Ziska returned at once to his own house in the Windberg-gasse.

THE GREAT WOODS IN WINTER.

On first changing from a civilised life to one in the wilds, a host of new sensations strike forcibly on the mind. The most artificial and elaborate cultivation of existence has been exchanged for the most simple; and the traveller is surprised to find how limited the actual necessities of life are, and how easily a man is able to be his own workman in everything in this primitive condition. The army of wants created by civilisation, and the means of gratifying them, the results of combination and mutual dependence, appear very clearly in the comparison with this simpler mode of life. The complexity of our social system, and the effect of the division of labour in the former, contrast forcibly with the self-sufficiency, the complete independence of the individual, and his reliance on himself alone, in the latter. In life in the wilds, a man is compelled, not only to obtain daily food for himself in the most literal sense, but also to provide by his own labour every other necessary of life, and every comfort. He must procure everything, and do everything, by his own individual action. He is a compendium of all trades in his own person—his own builder, carpenter, and mason; his own butcher, baker, shoemaker, and tailor. But one of the novelties which most forcibly and constantly impress an Old World traveller in a new unsettled country, such as the virgin forest and prairie of North America, is the absence of boundaries, the sense of the illimitable extent of country spreading out on every side without artificial obstruction to progress in any direction, the perfect freedom to wander anywhere and everywhere without restraint or fear of trespass. There are no walls or hedges, no rights of property to respect. And akin to this is the new feeling of the utter absence of law and conventionality. Every man is a law unto himself, and does, almost without dread of interference, or even comment, what seems right in his own eyes. He consults no one as to the propriety of his conduct, and his actions are regulated merely by his own inclination or sense of right or expediency. But more impressive even than this consciousness of absolute and perfect freedom and independence, is the sense of solitude which necessarily accompanies it. There is a solitude which may be experienced even in the busiest haunts of men—a loneliness amongst multitudes—felt by the friendless outcast in some great city, where the very presence of unknown unsympathising crowds adds point and bitterness to the isolation, and causes the man who is "alone in the world" to feel more utterly desolate, more terribly solitary and companionless. But the solitude of the prairie and the woods is different to this—less painful indeed, and less despairing, but perhaps more awesome. When amongst the buffalo which crowd the plains in summer, and the bands of hunters and swarms of wolves which ceaselessly and unrelentingly pursue them; when the thousand pools and lakes are thronged with myriads of wildfowl, and their shores with the stilt-plover, the bittern, and the snipe; when the broods of prairie-birds flutter out of the long rank grass, or burst with loud whirr from the copses; when the air is full of its summer tenants, the swallow and the butterfly to charm the eye, and the musquito and the gadfly to vex the body; when the hawk dashes past in pursuit of his quarry, and the crow caws as it flaps lazily by overhead;

when the crane stalks along in the distance, and the prairie-dog and the ground-squirrel play about on the greensward; when the dry earth is musical with the chirp of the grasshopper, and the swampy ground seems to vibrate with the croak of countless frogs;—then, even then, while the animal world keeps you company with a goodly and joyous throng, and the hum of active business in the inferior creation resounds around, the sense of solitude is never absent. When the sun goes down, and the wolves announce the close of day in howling chorus; when the owls hoot and flit round in company with bats in the dim twilight,—the feeling of loneliness increases. Later yet, when all is hushed and still, and the crackle of the logs on the camp-fire is the only sound which breaks the perfect quiet, the sense of isolation from mankind grows more and more intense. For although, when the whole expanse of copse and prairie is visible in broad daylight, the rarity of man is striking enough, it is in the solemn noiseless darkness that the want of society is most keenly felt. But this sense of solitude experienced by the summer traveller on the prairies of North America, influential as it is, seems weak and small compared with the loneliness of the great woods in winter. Then the wildfowl have fled away from the fierce cold, the waters are closed with a lid of ice, and the only sign of life there is the Christmas house of the provident musk-rat. The bear has retreated to his hole, and is wrapped in his six months' sleep, and the beaver stirs not abroad from his conical hut on the river bank. The musquito and the gadfly are dead, the leaves have fallen from the deciduous trees, the mosses and ferns are buried deep beneath the snow, and the evergreen firs and pines are mantled in white. The silence of the woods is broken only by the chirrup of the squirrel, tempted by the sun from his nest in the hole at the foot of a pine, or the explosion of a tree cracking with the intense frost.

This utter want of even animal society, this absence or dormancy of life, I felt in all its awesomeness on one trapping expedition into the forests of the North Saskatchewan, in the Hudson Bay Territory. My companion and myself had fixed our winter-quarters on the borders of the great forest, at a lonely spot which had been named La Belle Prairie by the Canadian voyageurs, who had noticed the singular beauty of the place. Here, 80 miles from the nearest trading-post, we built a rough log-hut, and occupied ourselves in hunting and trapping with the Indians and half-breeds.

The winter was drawing to an end, but the cold was still unabated, and I determined to have a last campaign against the martens, the fishers, and the silver-foxes, which yield the most valuable furs. On my former expeditions I had carried all my traps, blankets, and provisions on my back, and had generally been compelled to return sooner than I wished, from the failure of my supply of food. I resolved on the present occasion, therefore, to take a dog-sleigh with me, to convey half a bag of pemmican, and thus hoped to be able to penetrate farther north than I had done before, where the animals I sought would be more numerous. I accordingly harnessed "Tigre," a faithful, knowing old dog, to a little sleigh, and in company with a French half-breed named Bruneau, set out on my journey. Crossing the lake, about two miles in width, which bounded La Belle Prairie on the north, we entered the forest, which stretches far away towards the artic circle. Although there was no path for us to follow, the trees were large, and did not grow very closely together, and we advanced rapidly through this and over a succession of lakes during the first day. But on the second our difficulties began in

earnest. The timber in this part had been burnt by Indian fires, and had been succeeded by a close thicket of young aspens, while the ground was thickly strewn with great fallen trunks. Through this mass of vegetation we had to cut our road with axes foot by foot, to make a passage for Tigre and the sleigh. To add to our embarrassment, a dense fog enveloped us, so that we could see but a few yards ahead, and the sun, by which we steered our course, was invisible. After working away half the day, and making but a few miles' progress with great labour, Bruneau expressed his belief that we were steering to the east instead of north. I was confident that our course was correct, but on appealing to a little pocket-compass which I carried, it also declared that we were marching due east instead of north. So firmly persuaded was I that we were following the right line, that I concluded the compass must have lost its properties by constant proximity to the iron of a knife which I carried in the same pocket. But Bruneau persisted in doubting my opinion, and the only way to decide the question was patiently to await the reappearance of the sun. We therefore camped at once, hoping for clearer weather on the morrow. The next morning broke with a bright unclouded sky, and when the sun rose, it made its appearance, surely enough, straight in front of us. The Indian instinct of the half-breed had been true; and Bruneau, who had hardly left his home in the settlement before he joined our party, and was little more accustomed than myself to wander in the trackless wilds, had shown that inexplicable sense of direction which is so remarkable in the Red man and his half-brothers of the West. Forward again we started, changing our direction according to the new light we had obtained, crossing lake after lake, hewing down the aspens on the "portages," or portions of ground between them, lifting the sleigh over the fallen timber, and scanning with watchful eyes the surface of the snow for the tracks of game. Tigre dragged his load with difficulty, for the snow was deep, and so imperfectly beaten down by the snow-shoes of the pioneer, that it was hardly firm enough to bear the dog's weight, and the recumbent trunks which crossed the path were serious obstacles for him to scramble over with his weighty appendage. On the third day, therefore, of this slow and toilsome march we lightened the cargo by leaving behind in *cache* a great part of the pemmican. But we had a thief to guard against. We knew that, however carefully we hid our store, the rapacious wolverine would infallibly discover it, and as surely devour it. Now the wolverine, or North American glutton, called Kekwaharkess or Evil One by the Indians, is an animal of extraordinary strength and almost superhuman sagacity and ingenuity. During the winter he gets a living by making use of the labours of the trapper, whose track he deligently hunts for; and when he has found it, he follows it with untiring perseverance. When he comes to one of the wooden "deadfall" traps, principally used for the fisher and marten, he proceeds to make a felonious entry at the back, and abstracts the bait with impunity. If an animal has been already caught in the trap he eats it, or wantonly tears it to pieces, or hides it in the bushes or at the top of some tall pine. He carefully examines anything left behind in a deserted camp—nothing escapes his curious investigation; and if it be found edible or destructible, it is demolished. In order to secure our bag of pemmican, therefore, from his clutches, we suspended it by a stout cord from the small end of a long pole, projected, after the manner of a fishing-rod, over a stout branch of a tree. The end of the pole from which the pemmican hung was too slender and taper to afford firm footing for the

animal if he scrambled along it, so that he could not rest there to gnaw the cord in two, and the prize was too high from the ground to permit of his jumping up to it; and even if he should succeed in climbing along the pole, and drop from the point of it on to the bag beneath, this being flat and hard, and suspended in a horizontal position from the middle, would infallibly "tip up" and dislodge him, for his claws could get no firm hold on the smooth case of parchment which enclosed the pemmican. Having thus secured our supplies for future use, we again pursued our northward journey, and by evening reached a point considerably in advance of any we had attained in previous expeditions. Here the tracks of martens were tolerably numerous, and we resolved to fix our headquarters on the bank of a small lake close by, and commence trapping in earnest. The snow was quickly shovelled away with a snow-shoe for a small space, pine-boughs cut and strewn for our couch, a plentiful supply of dry wood cut and stacked up; and then, wrapped in our buffalo robes, we slept the sound sleep of the well-tired voyageur. The next two days were employed in making traps in separate lines several miles in length, radiating from the camp, the "walk" being extended at each journey. Being anxious, however, to obtain news of the party left behind in the hut at La Belle Prairie, I despatched Bruneau thither; and as the road was cleared, we expected that he would accomplish the journey there and back in three days. He set out at daybreak on the following day, and I was left with Tigre as my only companion. I immediately started on my "walk," and kept merrily at work all day, making fresh traps and penetrating still farther into the forest, retracing my steps to the camp at night. Tigre greeted my arrival with a cordial wagging of his tail, to which I responded by giving him an ample supper, then replenishing the smouldering fire, raised a cheerful blaze, and cooked my own very frugal meal of fried pemmican. After emptying my dish of food—the frying-pan—I lit my pipe, and squatted on my bed of pine-boughs before the fire. As I sat and thought, while Tigre crouched by my side and thrust his nose against me and looked up into my face, seeking a caress, the sense of loneliness first began to oppress me. Darkness had set in; the moon, already past the full, had not yet appeared, and the lofty pines of the forest around me, their dark-green boughs decked with glistening snow-wreaths, towered up fairy-like in the bright starlight. The huge fire, sinking down in the snow on which the logs first rested, sent out from its trough of ice vast clouds of steam, which rose in a great column through the clear frosty air towards heaven, and almost hid the flames from sight. Not a breath of air rustled the dead leaves still lingering on the young aspens, or shook the snow from the flat, hard, widespreading branches of the firs. Not a sound broke the calm quiet of the night. The bay of the wolf, the sharp bark of the fox, the sad call of the whip-poor-will, or even the mournful cry of the loon, would have been a relief. But the wolf enters not the thick forest, the wood-fox was dumb, and the whip-poor-will and the loon had not returned from their winter's visit to the south. All was silent, motionless, and still. I heaped a pile of great dry trunks upon the fire, wrapped myself in my buffalo robe, covering my head from the biting frost, closed my eyes, and composed my well-tired limbs for sleep. Weary as I was, however, and sternly resolved to compel the service of the fickle god of sleep, there was something which as persistently repelled him. It was not fear, for there was no possible danger to apprehend; it was not thought for the morrow,

for my material wants were amply though rudely provided for; but I was oppressed by loneliness—I craved for the human presence. I longed with a painful, unspeakable yearning for conversation and society. Tigre, thinking I was asleep, crept quietly up, and lay across my feet close to the fire; and I turned off the robe from my face and talked to the dog, who, as if he appreciated my feelings, and was sensible of the same want as myself, stepped up beside me and uttered a sympathetic whine. Again I lay down, but with uncovered head, braving the keen air, although there was sixty degrees of frost; and my eyes wandered from the blazing fire at my feet along the snowy carpet around me into the shadowy recesses of the forest, and then upward from the snow-decked feathery branches of the tall pines to their taper summits, and thence to the pale stars which glittered so coldly bright in the clear sky. As I gazed, wakefully, wearily, watching the slow march of Orion to the west, my thoughts strayed homewards—

> "Towards its fountain upward ran
> The current of my days."

Visions of dear faces and happy golden hours gone by came before me; and old associations, and the companionship of far-distant friends carried me away for a time from the solitude of the actual reality. A faint rustling, audible enough in the pure silence, caught my ear, and brought my mind back to the present, and my eyes to earth again. A mouse, tempted by the warmth of the fire, had ventured out from his winter's nest, and was nibbling with great zest the remains of the pemmican left in the frying-pan. I welcomed him as an old friend, and turned my head in order to watch him more comfortably; but this slight movement scared him, and he scampered hastily back to his hole. I covered my head once more, for my nose and cheeks ached painfully with the cold, and dozed away fitfully for a time. Before long—not very long—a consciousness of increased light gradually broke upon my dulled senses. It was not sunrise, for, as I peeped out of my robe, my eyes naturally turned to my night-clock Orion, and I saw that he had not advanced very far on his journey. But the heavens were glowing with a brilliancy such as I had never seen equalled before. It was the aurora in all its glory. An arch of bright yet pale yellow light spanned the northern sky from east to west, and from the bow, rays of roseate hue of every shade, mingled with pure white beams, streamed up to the zenith, ever changeable and varied; where at one moment a red ray flared up, a yellow or white streak flashed in place of it fitfully and uncertainly, yet increasing in lustre and brightness. Soon, however, the fires began to pale, and then died out, and the starlight alone lighted the scene. A third time I buried myself in my coverlet, and slept until the squirrels announced daybreak by their merry chirrup. I jumped up, blew with numb quivering lips the smouldering embers into a blaze; and when I had warmed myself thorough, had a hearty breakfast in company with Tigre and two little blue-and-white magpies, which, according to their invariable custom, attached themselves to the camp, and now hopped boldly about, picking up crumbs, and even ventured to make a thieving raid upon the lump of pemmican. Then I tied Tigre to a tree, stuck the axe in my belt, shouldered my gun, and marched off to look at my traps. I could not, however, shake off the feeling of loneliness which had taken hold of me; I had never felt it depressing before on my daily journeys alone, but it disquieted me now. The trees creaked and bent with the strong north wind, the dry leaves rustled on the aspens, and the snow-wreaths shattered down from the firs. Not a living creature did I meet in my long day's tramp. I found the tracks of

the wary moose freshly printed, but he fled far away at the first sound of my approach. Even the rabbits and the partridges evaded me; for it is a marked feature of the American forest, that although the tracks of animals may be plentiful, they themselves are rarely seen. If the snow did not betray their recent presence, their existence would not be suspected; and the reason of this is plain enough—they are so invariably pursued if seen, so constantly hunted by man and four-footed enemies, that they become cautious and timid in the extreme. Any one accustomed to see the game of the Old World playing about in the presence of man, wonders at this invisibility. But the so-called wild animals of civilised countries are accustomed to see mankind, who are not bent on their destruction; they have a seven months' rest from persecution too. But in the wilds of North-West America the approach of man indicates certain pursuit. He is associated only with terror and death, for the hunter spares not—he needs all he can catch, and neglects no opportunity for slaughter. Thus the faintest sound scares the denizens of the woods, which instantly hide themselves.

Returning from my long walk at sunset with a most satisfactory load of furs, I felt a dreary anticipation of the coming evening; and thinking even a change of camp would be a relief, I decided to move it farther north, where marten-tracks were numerous. I harnessed Tigre, accordingly, to the little sleigh, and proceeded to a point where there was an ample supply of dead dry trees. I had but just completed the task of chopping the firewood, when I heard the soft tread of snow-shoes behind me, and Bruneau appeared striding through the trees, followed by several dogs. He had come a day sooner than I expected, having hastened back with the news that cranes and geese had already been seen passing northwards—a sure sign that the thaw was close at hand; and it was therefore necessary to return to the hut as quickly as possible, for when the snow begins to melt, travelling is almost impossible, and we might be detained in the woods for days half-starved. One more look at our traps next day, then after skinning our victims we went early to rest, intending to commence our homeward journey about midnight. But we both—Bruneau tired out with his forced marches, and I from my wakefulness the previous night—overslept ourselves, and the grey light of dawn had begun to appear before we left the camp. As the sun gained power the snow began rapidly to soften. We were too late—the thaw had commenced. The hut was more than thirty miles distant, and the difficulty of travelling increased every moment. The melting snow adhered in great cakes to our snow-shoes, and accumulated in masses on the network instead of sifting through the meshes as it does when frozen and dry, so that we walked with great labour and embarrassment, each leg being clogged with a heavy weight. The parchment strips with which the shoes are laced like a racket, stretched and snapped with the wet.

The dogs could hardly move along, sinking up to their bellies at every step, as the frozen crust on the track gave way beneath their feet. At last, after an hour or two's toil, our snow-shoes broke down hopelessly, and we were compelled to stop and camp, hoping to resume our journey under more favourable circumstances in the evening, when the night-frost had hardened the surface sufficiently for it to bear our weight without the aid of show-shoes, for these were now utterly useless.

The sun shone out warmly, and we stretched ourselves on our backs on the elastic couch of branches, and basked in the genial heat in pleasant half-sleep, so still and motionless that a carrion crow, taking us for a couple of corpses, swooped

down with a loud hoarse croak, and came so close, in his eagerness to dig out our eyes, that his wings flapped against our faces; and thus rudely awakened, we started up with a shout, which caused the frightened intruder to see his mistake and sail hurriedly away over the tree-tops. When the moon arose, two or three hours after sundown, we again harnessed the dogs, and continued our harassing march. We were probably not more than twenty miles from the hut, but surely never was an equal distance traversed with greater trouble and fatigue. We had cast away our broken "racquettes," and the crust on the surface of the snow, weakened by the heat, was only strong enough to bear our weight, with unshod feet, in certain places which had been sheltered from the full force of the sun. Here we stepped easily along for a few yards, and then the platform would give way, we crashed through to the ground, a yard beneath, with a jarring shock, and plunged up to the thighs in "slush." Through this we ploughed for a few hundred yards, slowly and painfully, panting heavily with the exertion, the dogs toiling after with the sleigh. Then came another firmer portion, and we stalked along it for a few strides, to be shaken to the marrow again by another break through, or had to turn back to help our four-footed fellow-sufferers, who every now and then lay down, unable to move their load through the adhesive snow-paste. Thus, hour after hour, we struggled on, staggering, faint, and weary. The night wore on, and still we trudged away, until the early dawn found us on the shores of the lake, on the other side of which, some two miles distant, the hut was situated. But by this time we were so completely worn out and exhausted that we were unable to proceed another step, although so near the end of our journey, and were fain to light a fire and lie down to rest. We slept heavily until the sun was fully up, and then, somewhat revived by the rest, resumed our laborious task, and at last joyfully stepped on to the firm, well-beaten pathway that led to the hut. Glad smiling faces greeted us at the door with an eager welcome, for our companions feared that we might be detained in the forest by the sudden arrival of the thaw, and, tired of inaction, were anxious to leave winter-quarters as soon as possible, since provisions were falling short, and the time for setting out on our expedition across the Rocky Mountains had come at length.

A talk over our adventures, with breakfast and a soothing smoke, and then Bruneau and myself, with nodding heads and blinking eyes, in the broad noonday, thankfully retired to bed, and slept on and on, with hardly a break, until the next morning.

W. B. Cheadle, M.A. M.D.,
Author of 'The North-West Passage by Land.'

THE GREAT UNREPRESENTED.

THE present writer has the disadvantage of being a woman. It is a dreadful confession to put at the beginning of a page; and yet it is not an unmitigated misfortune. It may be hard to bear, yet there are compensations in the feminine lot. We cannot do all we would, but neither, most likely, were the truth known, can the luckier half of creation; and we have exemptions which are not extended to our husbands and brothers. There are some people who waste a great deal of pity, and some who expend a considerable portion of good and ill-natured contempt upon our position; and yet, to tell the truth, women, in England, and in most other civilized countries, are by no means badly off. They are at liberty to do most things which are good and honest. With all respect for the eloquent advocates of work for women, a capable woman is just as likely to make a livelihood for herself if she wants it, and get a good return for her pains, as a man is. If she chooses to attend to her own business and go quietly on her way, she may go over all Europe with as perfect safety from insult or impertinence as any man; and in domestic life, nobody who keeps his eyes about him can assert that she has not her full weight and influence. All these are private privileges of individual existence, and they are those which act most strongly upon life. But so far as public action is concerned, women in England have hitherto been confined to the office of Queen, which it is evident is one which can be very satisfactorily filled by them. Except as queens, the British Constitution takes but small notice of the female part of the community, and the world in general, which is half made up of women, has accepted the tacit conclusion with great and general equanimity. It has been considered a perfectly natural arrangement, founded upon the broadest and simplest principles. Women there have been in all ages who have thought themselves wronged—wronged in respect to the Divorce Courts, in respect to the conveniences of doing evil, which are not held out to them with so much ease and liberality as to men—wronged in respect to trades and professions—wronged, in short, by the mere fact of being women. But it has not as yet become by any means a popular grievance among women that they have no votes. This is the new wrong that has just risen darkly upon our horizon. Mr. Stuart Mill has demanded statistics, and ere long our names may figure in a pathetic list of the Unrepresented. We are respectable householders, punctual tax-payers, substantial members of society—on the whole, we are much more satisfactory people to have anything to do with than publicans and greengrocers—and yet we have no votes. We are even, some of us, admitted to the honour of inscribing our opinions in the pages of Maga; and yet we are supposed unable to decide whether Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones is the best man for the borough. This state of affairs has endured so long, that feeling on the subject has pretty nearly died out, if it ever existed, among us. We have got used to it, and bear the humiliation with that meekness which is truly characteristic of our sex. But now a champion has arisen to avenge our wrongs and procure us our rights; and it would show not only a deadness of sentiment to all that is generous and public-spirited, but at the same time, a base ingratitude, if we were to leave him unaided in the fight.

Steps have consequently been

taken to prove how entirely the female heart acknowledges the championship of its disinterested knight. It is doubtful whether a mass meeting would be a suitable way of proving this fact, so that the milder form of a petition to Parliament has been thought the more advisible way. This petition, some time since, was forwarded to Ourselves (if, indeed, a woman's pen may venture upon that sublime pronoun) for our signature. It was signed by, we should imagine, at least twenty names, and these not names of nobodies, as might have been the case had it been prepared under the auspices of Mr. Beales. The names that were appended to this document were chiefly names more or less known to the public—names which we have been used to see on title-pages of books and in the new magazines. It conveyed a kind of practical answer, as may be hereafter made evident, to the common fallacy that the publicity and noise of an election would make it an unsuitable place for a woman. The twenty or more ladies who have taken this noble initiative are not the kind of women to be daunted by such a bugbear; and their object in petitioning Parliament is not so much to ask directly for the heavenly privilege of a vote, as to explain that they feel the want of a vote to be a grievance, and that the female mind of England is not, as people say, indifferent to the subject. Does anybody really suppose that the twenty women who thus boldly place themselves in the breach, and raise a maiden standard on behalf of the women of England, are less able to decide between Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith than are the tallowchandler and the butterman who have that momentous issue actually in their hands? Men are full of prejudices and prepossessions on this subject, which obscure the little judgment which they may be allowed to possess by nature. But we, who have no such prepossessions, feel ourselves justified in bearing testimony to the perfect competency of the petitioners to exercise the noble right they desire. It is our tradespeople who are generally so kind as to elect for us our Members of Parliament; and these twenty lady petitioners are certainly in advance of any tradespeople with whom we have the pleasure of being acquainted. They are able to form a just idea what the franchise is, and they want to have it. Why, then, if they want it, and if one of the greatest of modern philosophers considers it their right—why should not women have votes?

We have indicated, as clearly as it is possible to do with due regard to the privacy of a privileged communication, the kind of women who thus declare their desire for the franchise. Some of them have made public appearances before now in the cause of science, and have not shrunk from friendly plaudits—as why indeed should they? Almost all have enriched the annals of the period with a name which suggests something in the shape of tale or discourse or verse to the memory of a grateful public. Let us now look at their champion. Mr. Stuart Mill is one of the greatest thinkers of modern times. He is a man who has devoted his life to some of the highest subjects which can occupy the human intellect. We do not share his opinions, nor even enter into his processes of thought; but still less do we understand the fashion of mind which can treat him with contemptuous criticism. To ourselves it seems only natural that a man of such gifts and influence should have a say in the government of his country, and be indeed a distinct power amid the somewhat chaotic elements of the House of Commons. To say that he is "too clever" is a sneer, and sneers are poor weapons at the best; and the most accomplished statesman might be glad of the support or

approbation of one of the most popular of philosophers. If perhaps Mr. Mill's high position may demonstrate, as nothing else could demonstrate, the occasional folly of wisdom, that is quite a different matter; but, at the outset, he is a champion of whom any cause might be proud. He is *sans peur*, for he does not hesitate to throw the mantle of his reputation over doubtful questions, and to take up subjects all but hopeless. And he is also *sans reproche*. He has no public career behind him marked by human inconsistencies. His past occupation has been to think, and he has thought deeply, and expressed his thoughts with noble clearness and unity. Now he has changed his *rôle*, and has taken in hand to do. And it is clear that he means to be consistent still. It is evident that logic is in all his thoughts. He has no intention of allowing the exigencies of practical necessity to contradict his carefully cogitated conclusions. Thus he and the twenty ladies who follow his standard are embarked on even a greater moral enterprise than that of giving the suffrage to women. They are the army of logic in an unreasonable practical world. The syllogism which used to find refuge in cloisters and colleges is at last, after many a vicissitude, standing for its life before the British public. It may be only by accident that it makes what may happen to be its last stand in the cause of that half of the world which is certainly supposed to be least accessible to logic. But here it is, confronting mankind in all its regularity and distinctness. Thus it is a twofold battle which the philosopher and his followers have to fight—a battle of principle, and one of practice. To give votes to women is the external manifestation—to maintain a clear logical sequence, and prove the force of unmitigated reason as chief mover of the affairs of man, is the more important issue. And thus it is that Mr. Mill calls for statistics, and that his little army rallies round him, and that it is no accidental practical question, but the fundamental idea of government by pure reason for which they are prepared to take the field.

It is necessary, however, to distinguish quite clearly, before proceeding further, the class which, so far as we are informed, Mr. Mill proposes to enfranchise. It is not, as we remember hearing a venerable but imbecile reformer assert in other days, "every member of the human family" to whom the philosopher means to accord a vote. It is not even every one of the twenty ladies who have come so bravely forward to back him; for among them are married ladies, each of course in possession of a Representative of her own, and in consequence excluded absolutely from the ranks of the unrepresented. Mr. Mill's scheme by no means extends to the whole female community. Neither the wives of England nor the young ladies of England have anything to do with his statistics. The class for which he proposes to legislate is not the most interesting section of womankind. It is the class of female householders, lone women who pay their own rent and taxes, and have their own affairs to manage, and "nobody to look to them," according to the vernacular. Romance has little to do with this portion of humanity. As a rule, they have lost the charms of youth; and the very position which gives them a claim upon Mr. Mill's sense of justice makes it impossible that they should possess those charms of dependence and helplessness and clinging weakness which are supposed to be so attractive to the lords of the creation. They are old enough and stout-hearted enough to take care of themselves. They are either widows whose day is over, or elderly maidens whose day has never come. It is hard to destroy all illusion on this subject, but yet it is expedient that the

truth should be known, and all pleasant dreams of canvassing under novel and delightful circumstances be dismissed from the minds of budding members. The young ladies will have nothing to do with it. The pretty matrons and maidens will remain as they are, charming members of society, but quite ineligible for political privileges. It is We, gentlemen, with whom you will have to do; we who have withered on the stalk, or taken many a buffet from the world; who are respectable, but no longer charming; whose hair is growing grey—whose cheeks are not unconscious of wrinkles—who inspire esteem or awe, and not any softer sentiment. It is only right that this distinctive line should be clearly and deeply drawn. In most cases it is the possessors of rosy cheeks and golden hair who have the best of it; but this time it is our turn. Mr. Mill, it is well known, has met with women in his life who have inspired him with respect, not to say reverence and devout admiration; and it seems, at the same time, though we are less clearly aware of the reasons which led him to that conclusion, that the right of voting for members of Parliament is a very high privilege in his eyes. Thinking thus, he has looked abroad upon the world, and has seen two evident and distinct facts. The first is, that the British Constitution rewards with a vote every citizen who rents a house above a certain rate, and who pays his taxes, and does nothing to which the law can take exception; the other, that in the midst of the mass of British citizens who pay rent and taxes there are a goodly number of women—women who have nobody belonging to them, who are their own protectors, and sometimes their own bread-winners, but who pay their rents and parish-rates as punctually as their male neighbours, and can read and write, and (presumedly) do sums in the Rule of Three. It would show a contempt for the intelligence of the reader—of which, heaven forbid we should be guilty—did we supply him with the natural inference. Nothing can be more clearly inevitable than that Mr. Mill should have made this inference, swayed as he was by admiration of the franchise and respect for women. Thus it has happened, that it is to Us, and not to womankind in general, or to a class more open to general appreciation, that the philosopher has devoted his thoughts. Alas, few are the thoughts nowadays which are devoted to us! There was a time when we were not in a position to attract the pity of a Radical Reformer; when other people turned other kind of regards in our direction, and when the lack of a Representative was not the fear which most appalled us. But those days are over. Time and Providence have had their will of us, and we stand apart before the world, almost—horrible thought! as if we were men. We have to take care of ourselves and make our own way. We have houses and servants, and pay our rates, and treat at first hand, without any softening medium, with the world. It is in these hard circumstances that Mr. Mill's pity, nay, rather his sympathy and sense of justice, beams upon us. We are not, as other women, cared for and ministered to. It is, then, only justice that compensation should be given us, and that we should be as other men.

This is the beautiful and benevolent inspiration which Logic itself, as applied to human affairs, has breathed into our champion. But let it be at once and distinctly understood, that it is we, the Female Householders of England, who are the heroines of the crusade. Not you, young ladies, who still dwell in that bower of chintz or dimity which is yours by parental permission. Not you, fair ladies, who share the dwellings of your lords.

You have no more to do with it than if you were young Guardsmen or Foreign Ambassadors. To be canvassed, to possess the sweet responsibility of a vote—to decide upon the rival merits of Sir John and Lord Harry—is a promotion that nobody ever dreamt of for *you*. Providence has not given us the same advantages; but Mr. Mill is kind, and means to make it all up to us. Our disabilities suggest to him not barren sympathy, but legal redress. He cannot give us back the life and the friends whose absence makes us what we are, but he can set us on a level with our next-door neighbours, who are householders like ourselves. Thus he has classified us and given us a new place in creation. He has made us out to be something less than woman, something almost man. We live in our own houses, hired or otherwise; we pay our taxes punctually; we break no laws. In our case Logic demands that the penalties of sex should be abolished, and this is how Mr. Mill means to do it. If he could make us as strong as men, or endow us with a profession, or justify us in wearing, like them, a concise and useful costume, it would be but a small matter. It is a vote that he means to give us—that celestial, all but divine privilege which makes the face of the working man to shine prospectively, and fills the soul of Beales with eloquence. It is this gift of the gods which Mr. Mill has decided to bestow upon us as a compensation for all our troubles; but it is upon the women who are householders, and not on the indiscriminate sex, that his favours are to fall.

The logic of the argument is such that even we, the blessed recipients of the boon, are silenced, and cannot tell what to say against it. It is quite true, and we are profoundly sensible of the fact, that though there are silly persons among us, we are far from being in general such fools as men; and that, perhaps, looked at as a matter of public spirit, for the salvation of the country it might come to be our duty to put our shoulders to the wheel. But then that result should be come at in a magnificent miraculous way, by such a general breaking down of the economy of government as happens now and then in the little kingdom of a household when the mistress happens to be out of the way. To be promoted by being made voters is a mode of promotion which strikes us dumb. Such a thing might even happen as that, aghast at the frightful exactness of the reasoning and force of the analogy, the victim might take the insulting gift, and appear to accept it, being bound in the silence of indignation, and unable, out of sheer despite or consternation, to say a word. This might be, and accordingly it behoves us to face the monster while yet there is no power in him. Women are very well off, as we have already said; and yet we are but human creatures after all, and we are badly enough off as it happens. We have to go into the heart of the battle, and get wounded; and our wounds are more evident than a man's. His are private to himself, and nobody has any right to carry him salves and dressings, and try to make it up to him; whereas we, whose old-maidenhood or widowhood is unconcealable, have all the empirical attempts of doctors and philosophers to meet and defeat. But it is not we, the objects of Mr. Mill's practical benevolence, who ask for any compensation or make any outcry about our deficiencies. It is the hot-headed young women who would like to be of a little more importance in the world, and who envy a man's privileges of going where he likes and doing what he likes, and are foolish enough to think that with his freedom and their own powers they could do everything, who make ridiculous claims on our behalf on the pity of the world. Probably,

even some of ourselves were hot-headed young women in our day, just as our brothers, respectable men who nowadays are wonderfully indifferent to the vote which has so long been theirs, were half out of their senses at the time of the old Reform Bill, and thought it the only good upon earth worth fighting for. In the same way it is probable that once upon a time we, being young and ardent, chafed at the restrictions of women, and thought it hard that a blockhead in whiskers should be considered capable of protecting or directing us. These were the days when it was hard to feel the bondage of conditions, even of the gentlest kind—when the young soul wanted to do all and have all, and enjoy all and suffer all—when the painfulest discipline of all was the care that kept one out of danger, and controlled one's impulses, and kept one's existence safe and in shelter, and when it was very hard to be a woman, to be unable to fight or to work, or to rush into adventure or to make any impression on the world. In those days the woman's disadvantages were always before the girl's eyes, who chafed at them; but then the girl was not a woman, nor did she know the life she undervalued, nor was she, thank heaven! a householder. If she had been, with what avidity would she not have rushed at Mr. Mill, and snatched out of his hand that vote which should raise her to what she supposed equality with the other inhabitant of the universe; though probably only to throw into his face again when she found out what it really was. But this hot-headed creature is not Us. We, for our part, long and long ago got used to being women, and found out that it was not so unpleasant a lot. By degrees, it occurred to us to be anything but envious of men—to find that most of them, in reality, instead of being the free, bright, brave creatures we had dreamed, required a vast deal of propping up and stimulating, to keep them with their front to the world—and that the pangs, physical and spiritual, which belonged to us as women, had moments of compensation, exquisite and priceless, of which no other kind of being could be capable. Thus we have all, or mostly all, reconciled ourselves entirely with our species. It is a curious fact, but still it is a fact, that by the time we have reached the responsible age at which alone we could become eligible for Mr. Mill's statistics, we have got rather complacent than otherwise about our distinctive character as women; have got, as it were, slightly proud of ourselves, slightly, kindly contemptuous of any other kind of organisation, and have acquired a certain tolerance of man in the abstract, as of a creature who, on the whole, considering all his disadvantages, can be made something of. We say man in the abstract, for, of course, a particular man may still be the ideal hero or horror of even the most middle-aged existence. This is the state of feeling to which, in most cases, the woman who is a householder has arrived. And it is to this kind of woman—heaven save the mark!—that Mr. Mill, in his logic and justice, is going, of all things in the world, to offer a vote!

It is to this kind of woman that the privilege is offered; and yet the probabilities are that Mr. Mill, though he is a great thinker and a man of genius, knows little about this kind of woman. Youth, gaseous and vehement, is in possession of the stage—actual youth, or that kind of post-dated youthfulness and inexperience to which women who do not marry and have plenty of leisure are subject. We do not pretend for a moment to insinuate that young ladies in general have the slightest desire for political privileges; but yet the women who feel they are injured by being created women, and who chafe at the limitations of sex and are fierce on the

subject of equality with man, are generally young. They are young in reality or in spirit—they are ready (theoretically) to snatch at anything that will prove them to be on an entire level with the envied male creature, who can be a soldier, or a doctor, or a priest, or a statesman — occupations which human prejudice has declared unsuitable for his indignant sisters. And it is this development of woman in general which monopolises the talk on the subject. It is an immensely clever, very amusing, sometimes very charming and interesting class; for it is just as likely to be a generous young soul that does not quite know what to make of itself which is throwing off its exuberance in this way, as a strong-minded woman expressing her natural instincts. But it is not this class from which female householders are drawn; their equivalent in existence is not to be found in the ranks of ambitious and theoretical youth. The class in society which the real female householder resembles most is that of the real male householder, which is a species sufficiently well understood. When this animal is a small tradesman, and of a limited order of intelligence, he is very apt to be political; but everybody who has any practical knowledge must know that the farther one ascends the social scale the less importance generally does the possessor of the franchise give to his vote. It may be wrong, very wrong, and unpatriotic — probably it is so—but still this is the fact. Great, rich, educated, and intellectual communities suffer themselves all over the country to be represented in Parliament by men elected by the publicans and small shopkeepers of their respective districts. Except in a rare public crisis, or in a case which personally interests themselves, few men of intelligence and education take any trouble about their individual votes. If they are sufficiently ambitious and self-denying and leisurely to think of going into Parliament themselves, or if they are deeply interested for somebody else who entertains that intention, the personal motive is strong enough to rouse them; but the mere gratification or duty of exercising the franchise is one which experience proves does not very deeply affect the higher classes of English electors. What seemed so great a matter in old days to the ardent politicians who did not possess it—what even still possesses an attraction, people say, for the working classes, though they do not take the trouble they might do to qualify themselves for its possession, comes to be a very indifferent privilege to the mass of men, whose confidence in British destinies and public opinion makes them lazy about personal exertion. This has been the result to the English middle-class voter who is the father of a family. It is to precisely the same class, modified by the difference of sex, naturally more indifferent to public events, less open to political influences, and less disposed to take any trouble about the matter, to which, and not to the enthusiastic female champion, Mr. Mill would extend the franchise. Reasoning from the example already before us, it is not difficult to form an idea of the effect. If our brother, who was once ardently political, whom we can remember dimly through the mists of youth as a frantic adherent of Reform, and indignant critic of the ten-pound franchise which still excluded an enlightened politician living in his father's house from the exercise of that divine right, has sunk into the mildest indifference to the vote of which he has been long in full possession, and seldom takes the trouble to make any use of it, how should we, who always looked upon it with more reasonable eyes, be expected to excite ourselves on the subject? We have public opinion in our hands to a considerable extent already.

That delicate power which reigns high over all voters and constituencies is susceptible to the touch of our finger—and you think we will take the trouble to disturb our tranquillity and come out of our domestic empire, and descend to the poll with the greengrocer! Mr. Mill is a great philosopher, but there are things in heaven and earth undreamed of in his philosophy. It is evidently in his mind, as in the mind of many men, that to make a human creature a woman is to do it a wrong and an injury — and many intellectual girls are of the same opinion. But such is not our idea, who are the people whom it is his special interest to befriend; and we do not want to be hoisted up on an artificial platform, to put us on a level with man. Long before he meddled with the matter nature had arranged that question for us. If we had votes, we are already so even with man that we would do with them just what our equal and neighbour does with his. And what our neighbour does with his as a general rule—his indifference to it, his carelessness about its possession, the way in which he permits it to lie dormant — must be known to everybody interested in such questions.

In all this, as our readers will perceive, we have taken what is the reasonable and logical view of Mr. Mill's proposal — not considering it as a revolutionary measure intended to bring in Womanhood Suffrage as a balance to the Manhood Suffrage, which some of his friends are disposed to fight for. We have considered only the existing state of the representation, and the class of women who fulfil all the conditions necessary to a man for the possession of a vote, and who have nobody to vote for them. We have acknowledged the perfect logic of the proposal, and its unanswerableness as an argumentative case. But if, instead of this, it was indiscriminate womankind—or, as our clever contemporary, the 'Saturday Review,' describes it, 'a lass with a tocher'—for whose benefit the proposed measure of reform was intended, the chaos would be too comically bewildering for any ordinary imagination. If the two who are vulgarly supposed to be one flesh had two votes, and possibly (one has known such cases) two opinions; if the grown-up daughters possessed and exercised the franchise; if all womankind, wise and foolish, had this new power, if power it can be called, suddenly bestowed upon them, with the charm of novelty and amusing unexpectedness to tempt them for at least once to its exercise—then no doubt the weary world might be tickled by a new sensation, and representative government execute a vast joke for the entertainment of Christendom. But this cannot be supposed to be Mr. Mill's intention. It is, no doubt, on the Female Householder that he takes his stand; and she is a middle-aged, unexcitable, sober-minded person, not enthusiastic at all, feeling no particular sense of injury—perhaps, on the whole, conscious that she is very well off. The fairy gift of the philosopher would fill her with no exultation. It would not make her feel herself better or more on a level with man. Thank heaven she is under no very profound impression of the superiority of man! His shadow does not stand between her and the sun, as it does with some of the young ladies. She is willing to yield to him the war-paint and the feathers, and would not deck herself out in them for the world. This is the ungrateful client whom Mr. Mill has taken up. There are women who think they would like his offering, but, unfortunately, they are not the women who are qualified to receive it. It is, as in Victor Hugo's last novel, where, after the hero has triumphed over the immense resistance of nature, and done the thing that seemed impos-

sible, all his gigantic labour is made of none effect by the caprice of a trifling little female soul. So in the case of the Franchise for Woman, Mr. Mill might triumph like Gilliatt over the impossible and the absurd. He might triumph over nature and common sense and the House of Commons; he might dare the tempest and the treacherous sea and the monsters of the deep; and yet, when he had done all, he might find that he had reckoned without the principal party concerned, and that the woman for whom he had been working was more impenetrable than the mysterious monster and the overwhelming storm. For he would have been acting upon the delusive representations of hot-headed young persons, who think they would like to be men; and he would find out, to conclude with, that the object of his cares was not young nor had any objection to being a woman; and that he and his franchise were as indifferent, nay, as appalling to her, as Gilliatt was to the unconscious lady of his love.

And at the same time the philosopher and logician would prove, as he never before proved in his life, how cruel and weak and foolish and short-sighted a thing was that logic which would fain establish itself as a power among men. He would prove, without meaning to do so, how, when human creatures and not intellectual speculations are to be dealt with, it was the blindest leader that ever led the wayfarer into a ditch. If some malicious spirit, who hated logic, had been at the helm of affairs, it could not have been more perfectly contrived. For, to look at the mere premises, without going any deeper, it is clear that the proposition is perfect. There are women who manage their own affairs in everything as potently and sagely as if they were men. They have cast anchors in the soil and given hostages to society, and have the deepest interest in the maintenance of the Constitution: every condition required of the British elector is fulfilled by them, and they have no man to represent them in the political world and give their vote. Their exceptional position is created, as it were, by the fictitious state of society, which has entirely departed from the primitive rule under which woman seldom lacked a representative. Civilisation has placed them where they are, at the heads of households of their own, and has given them a man's responsibilities, and justice demands that they too, as well as the man who hews their wood and draws their water, and is, perhaps, as inferior to them in sense and education as in social position, should have their voice in the legislature. The case is so clear that we feel almost ashamed to say anything against it: and yet, is it not as false and as foolish and contrary to all the interests of humanity and verities of life as if it had been a fool's fancy instead of a philosopher's scheme? Far be it from us to attempt to demonstrate why, in this case, wisdom is folly. We are too deeply aware of the illogical character of our feminine understanding to dream of opposing anything that might pretend to be reasoning to a conclusion come to by Mr. Mill. Heaven be praised that it is our inalienable privilege to contradict and to refuse! No law, human or divine, logical or illogical, has ever yet been able to take from a woman that glorious power of refusal by means of which she can now and then avenge a great many female wrongs. We do not take our stand upon logic: let it be called instinct, intuition, or what you will. The Syllogism is perfect, but the conclusion is insane and ridiculous. It is for Mr. Mill—who knows about it so much better than we, or any woman does, who has given his life to the consideration of those wonderful complications of thought which leaven all error with a little truth, and almost all evil with a little good—to show

how it happens that a thing which is irresistible as a logical proposition, may be utterly impossible and absurd as a human fact. We ourselves are aware that life in the simpler shape cannot be managed upon strictly logical principles, that pure reason has to give way every day to the perplexing arrangements of Providence and the perverse dispositions of men. Can it be that Mr. Mill has never yet learned this great yet common truth?

Women have been signally unlucky in their champions and defenders. Scarcely a soul has ever opened his or her mouth on the subject without conveying a more or less express insult to his self-constituted clients. "Woman is the lesser man," is their universal sentiment—or rather, woman is a creature who has been deeply, fundamentally injured by not being made a man. For ourselves and our adherents, we beg to give the most unqualified contradiction to this popular fallacy. We are not men spoiled in the making, but women. We have our own uses in this world, and the loftiest genius and most admirable wisdom could make no expedient to replace us were we to strike work. People write about us as if we were a curious sect, or imperfectly known species; and yet we are quite the half of humanity. Never man existed yet whose being was not more closely connected with that of women than with that of other men, notwithstanding that he speaks of us as if we were a tribe in the South Seas. This affectation is of the widest range, and wonderful are its varieties; but it is entirely founded upon the curious delusion that we ought to have been men, and that it is to our unending humiliation and disadvantage that we are not men. But as it happens, that is not our opinion. We are used to being women. On the whole, strange as it may seem, we like it. Girls may object, and do object, to the disabilities which are sometimes rather hard upon them; but by the time a woman has come to the mature age at which she can understand herself and her destiny, she has in most cases got to see the justice of it, and learned to identify herself distinctly in the world. So far as the designs of God may be judged from His works, He did not intend us either for ploughing or voting. He did not create us to carry guns or make speeches; we were not even sent into the world to produce poetry or excel in the fine arts. By chance now and then a woman may be found who is capable of any or all of these things; but if she gives up her own existence to it, then God's purpose is defeated in her. The trouble He took to make her different is rendered of no avail, and she is of no more use than if she were a man. It is worth while to keep this fact plainly before the eyes of a benevolent legislature. Equality of place or of rights is evidently not the chief thing our Maker was thinking of in our creation. Whatever logic may choose to say on the subject, instead of being of one standard of height, we are of a thousand different bignesses and littlenesses; and not only so, but we are two distinct creatures in this world. A husband's duties are not the same as his wife's, neither are those of a brother and sister identical. God's creation is rich and varied, not blank and monotonous. Identification of the two halves of humanity is monstrous as well as foolish; and we protest that a woman is a woman, and not a spoiled and imperfect man.

It is, however, evident enough by what means women have got to be talked of as if they were an odd and imperfectly understood tribe. It is because, in speaking of them, nobody dreams of speaking of all women, but only of the curious assemblage of detached women who choose to present themselves before the world as representatives of their sex. Of such are the

twenty ladies who have petitioned Parliament for political privileges. They are individuals not without influence, and with more than the average intellect; but it scarcely needs to be pointed out how great and grievous a mistake it would be to legislate for one half of humanity on the basis of the wants and wishes of a small and exceptional class. These atoms that float uppermost are no more representatives of women than they are of men. No man dreams in private life of considering that the lady who reads papers in a Social Science Congress, or addresses a political meeting, is a type of his own sisters or daughters. In reality, this exceptional woman is often, strange as it may seem, a very womanly and lovable person; but she has chosen to separate herself to a certain extent from her kind, and she must take the penalty. It is hard, however, when the penalty has to be paid, not by the exceptional class, but by the general sex. That the sneers which the former have provoked should fall upon us is perhaps not to be avoided, and sneers break no bones; but that we should be legislated for as if we were all exceptional women is a real injury, and at the same time a most unphilosophical act. It is this misconception evidently which has led Mr. Mill astray. He has probably, like most public men, been brought into contact with many women of this class. He has found among them, no doubt, an amount of lively and bright intelligence which nobody dreams of denying to them, and he has accepted them as the type of universal womankind. It is a compliment, no doubt, in one way, for we are far from being, in general, so clever as they are. But still to be clever, to know how to write and talk, is not everything. They are too clever to be accepted as our representatives. They have artificial wants and capabilities which are not the capabilities and wants of women. To them, or at least to some of them, the hustings themselves would not be particularly offensive, and a public appearance at the poll a merely ordinary occurrence. They have done harder things in their day, and there is in reality no reason why they should shrink from the friendly applause or even the frank commentary of the crowd. But all these things, which are not contrary to the habits of the exceptional woman, are contrary to our habits; and it is a strange failure of the broad and philosophical view which we have a right to expect from Mr. Mill, that he should accept without question as our representatives, persons who represent us as little as he represents the fox-hunters of England. Has it never occurred to him to look deeper and find out the real springs of life which move within the hearts of women? It seems a piece of presumption to ask such a question of a man who has perhaps looked deeper into the fountains of thought than any other living man; but the breadth of his sage and large intelligence does but in the present case bring into fuller relief the extraordinary misconception, the inhuman formality of reasoning, which has led him into his present position so far as this subject is concerned. He, if any man could, should have been able to understand that one half of the human race must be something more and something else than a mere shabby repetition of the other half—that a creature with duties and functions so different, and an organisation so distinct, has been created for some purpose of her own, and not to jostle man in everything he is doing, and contend with him for a miserable equality. This is the strange, humbling view of life which has been taken by Mr. Mill, and it is also apparently the view which has been taken by his feminine adherents. It is a kind of view which would be pardonable to sheer inexperience. Youth, which knows only the externals of existence,

which has never found out the great inward influences which really are the only things important in it, might be excused for thinking that it would ennoble a woman's existence or enlarge her sphere to give her a kind of humble participation in political life; but how a man of large experience and deep acquaintance with life could for a moment entertain such a notion is something mysteriously unexplainable. We cannot tell in what secret suggestion, in what association or memory, the idea may have arisen in the mind of the philosopher. It looks like the kind of vague, benevolent desire to give a *protégée* something, which occasionally stirs the mind of men who are imperfectly acquainted with women. What would she like? It must be something general—a present to the sex; and Mr. Mill may have hit upon the expedient of giving her a vote, just as a helpless private individual in similar circumstances would give a *bonbonnière* of unusual grandeur and absurdity. It may have been this; or it may be a device of Satan to stultify a great intellect, and demonstrate how foolish a wise man can be. It is one or it is the other; but we do not think it is intended for an insult, though it looks like it, to womankind.

If, however, by any wild chance, Mr. Mill was to succeed in his attempt—if he could manage to construct a law, of which a few exceptional women might take advantage—he would find himself but at the beginning of his troubles. The party of ladies who have rallied round him are not of a kind that would long care to confine themselves to voting. There is nothing in the hustings to frighten them; and with them, as with men of their own class and education, the true zest of politics would soon be found to lie in the privilege, not of being represented, but of representing. Far be it from us to undervalue that inexpressible advantage of representative government which is supposed to secure us our liberty and our special happiness as the most favoured of nations; but still it is the fact, as we have already said, that when an English gentleman is profoundly excited by an election, it is generally because he wants to be himself returned, or to return a friend as Member of Parliament, and not because the exercise of the franchise is in itself peculiarly interesting or glorious. Such would no doubt be the effect also with the ladies. It would be slow work merely to vote; and logic, which would have introduced women into the Parliamentary constituency, could not possibly stop there, but must fulfil its own conditions, and make the represented eligible as representatives. The one privilege follows naturally upon the other. Many women are possessed of the highest administrative gifts, as history has proved over and over again; indeed, it is one of the forms of genius most possible to women. There are also among them many individuals with a very pretty gift of eloquence. Why should they be excluded from the House of Commons? Why should they be excluded anywhere? If God put woman forth as a kind of incomplete version of man, spoiled by some imperfection in the making, why then by all means let us have what machinery is necessary to bring her up to the sole model; let us have steel for her ankles and her spine, and let us remedy, so far as we can, the oversight of Providence: but if, on the other hand, it should happen that God's work after all is not a blurred essay, but a real creation with a purpose; and that a woman is a distinct being, with distinct work and aspirations; and that the other being who inhabits the world, and is more to her, as she is more to him, than man can ever be to man, or woman to woman, is no more her equal than she is his,—why, then, for heaven's sake, let us give up the

impertinences of legislation, and leave God's creature as she is. It is a question which, as being obscured by an obstinate popular fallacy, and darkened by much counsel without wisdom, would be well worthy to employ in real discriminating examination the faculties of such a mind as that of Mr. Mill.

And here a woman may be permitted to say a word in her own person. We reject Mr. Mill's offering, though he means it to be complimentary. Twenty literary and other exceptional women in London may speak for a hundred or two more of their like, scattered over the kingdom; but we speak for the mass, which is not exceptional, which writes no books, and paints no pictures, and wants no votes; and, above all, for the female householders who are intended to be the special heroines of the movement. We decline Mr. Mill's proposal totally, and without equivocation. In consideration of what he has been, and of what, let us hope, he again may be—not a hot-headed and absolute logician, but a philosoper, wise to judge, and slow to make arbitrary conclusions — we forgive him for having so far misconceived us. His mistake proves that he is human and fallible, like all his fellow-creatures; and we will forget the offence, if he repeats it no more. But if Mr. Mill perseveres in his foolish delusion—if he drags our names, which are spotless, and not for vulgar mouthing, into schedules and statistics—if his uncalled for championship continues to expose us to the smartness of newspaper articles, and the gibes of honourable members, and all the little witticisms of all the little wits,—not even certain sacred words of true love and reverence which he has uttered in his lifetime, and which women cannot but remember in his favour, will deliver him from our indignation and resentment. We will not come in a mass, and break his windows, like his friends of the Reform League, nor burn him in effigy, nor mob him on his way to the House of Commons; but yet, as he will have insulted us in the most subtle and penetrating way, so will we—for a crowd has no conscience —nourish an everlasting enmity and scorn of him.

Whether Mr. Mill may care for the threat we cannot tell. This, however, is our answer to his proposal, and to the petition of his adherents. Our ambition is not of so small a character as to be satisfied with the privilege of voting for members of Parliament. Neither have we the slightest desire to be permitted to do as men do, and copy their occupations. We have our own, which are at least as important, and more in our way. When we happen to be compelled, by force of circumstances, to do things that are generally reserved for men, we have, in most cases, found that we were able to do them, heaven be praised! If the poor souls were to try ours, the result might be different indeed. But, in the mean time, we are women, not "lesser men." We are content with that place in the world's economy which God has given us. When our work slips out of our hands, and we find our opportunities over, and that the world no longer stands in need of us, then it will be time to inquire whether we can find a different kind of situation, as it were, in the system of the universe. But, in the mean time, all our powers are necessary for our own individual work; and Mr. Mill must pardon us if we decline to seek another place, until it is proved to us that we are not honourably employed, and of sufficient use and service to our fellow-creatures in the condition of life in which God has placed us.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

OF WHOM TO "HUNT THE BEAR" WITH.

Mr. Bright, in speaking of some public man t'other day, called him one "with whom he would not like to hunt a bear." The expression was significant enough in its reflection on that loyalty one looks for at the hands of a faithful comrade. I suspect the world has a large proportion of people with whom one would not go bear-hunting. Fair-weather friends—people to be "dined" or to dine with—abound. Men who stand to you in adversity are rarer, but men who accept danger with you are rarest of all. Now, I am inclined to believe that this peculiar shortcoming is less the result of cowardice than of the sort of indecision and indetermination which come to men in almost all cases of divided action. The man who hunts the bear with you has his own ideas of what he ought to do, and how and when he ought to do it, which may not be yours: he speculates on the work before him, not alone with reference to its intrinsic difficulty, but also with reference to his own powers to accomplish it. He may have his own notions of the best way to kill a bear—one of which may be to run away and entice the animal into an ambuscade; or he may imagine that a bear is more easily dealt with when wearied with fighting and after a hearty meal, so that he waits till the beast should have eaten you before he engages him.

This is pretty much the present position of the Prusso-Italian alliance; and the Prussians are just now muttering, and not very inaudibly, that it does not pay to go bear-hunting with Italy.

When these two friends went out to hunt the bear, they settled between them, with due care and attention, the separate share each should take in the enterprise. He who was the stronger, more up to bear-fighting, and had besides the sharpest knife, was to attack the beast boldly in front; while the other, weaker and less well armed, was to assail him behind, and, though not expected to be able to inflict a fatal wound, so to worry and torment the creature as to turn his attention at times from his stronger enemy, and prevent his directing his full and undivided powers against him.

Such was the division of labour duly allotted with reference to the competence of each. Prussia went in with a will, and we saw how she acquitted herself. Not that she conquered without a severe struggle and some ghastly wounds. The Bear fought, as all knew he would fight. Fortune was against him—it has almost always been against him—but he fought as if bravery and a bold will must beat even Fate in the long-run; and it is not a bad theory, though it take long to prove it. Prussia was always, however, a little too soon—a very little sometimes, but still just enough for the Bear; and the result was, she beat him. For not only had the Bear certain sluggish habits which he would not give up, but he thought the man who hunted him had the same, and never gave him credit for having learned more active ways or using a sharper knife than his grandfathers.

The much-boasted needle-gun contributed only a small share to these successes. It was in combined action, in rapidity of movement, in the perfection of an organisation that forgot nothing—not even the planks for a bridge, nor the points for the broken railways—that the Prussians showed their superiority to the Austrians. Their waggon-trains and their ambulances were

all more perfectly constructed; even their cavalry, the arm in which Austria had once no rival, were more powerfully mounted than the enemy. Nor was it the least of their advantages that they began the game, and stole, not one, but several moves from their adversary. The bloodless triumph of the march into Saxony was an immense encouragement to a young army, and furnished no small proportion of that dash and *élan* which has carried them to the gates of Vienna.

The odds on the Austrian side would have been overwhelming, if there had been time to mass the troops of her allies. Had the Hanoverians made good their retreat, and united with the Hessians, and both fallen back on the army of Wurtemberg, whose right would have rested on Bavaria, the Prussians would never have dared their onward march into Bohemia. But M. Bismark well knew the sluggishness of his countrymen. All was to be done by surprise, and he did it. He surprised the Hanoverians in the west, and the Austrians in the east. As to the Bavarians, he judged they would wait, like patient people, till their time came to be devoured; and he judged wisely. They sat blowing the froth off their beer for a couple of weeks, and only came out to fight when there was not the shadow of a chance in their favor.

Now, while Prussia was doing all these things, she was, and not very unnaturally, somewhat impatient to learn what her ally in the south was contributing to the common success. I have heard—I have not seen them—but I have heard on authority which it would never occur to me to doubt, that very significant telegrams arrived in Florence, and such questions as, "What are you doing?"—"When will you move?"—"Are you really in earnest?" were asked more than once. Prussia, no more than any one else, expected that Italy could take the Quadrilateral. Such a conquest made no part of her programme; but she did, and she had a right to expect that Italy would occupy the two hundred and fifty thousand Austrians in Venetia, and prevent their being sent to reinforce the army under Benedek. Cialdini's plan of campaign would certainly have done this. His project was, while employing the strong garrisons of Mantua and Verona by a faint attack in front, to have crossed the Po, and moved to the rear of the fortresses, and between them and Venice—thus cutting off this line of communication, and compelling the Austrians, if they came out from their strongholds, to fight between two hostile forces. This would not have captured the Quadrilateral nor taken Venice, but it would have given ample occupation to the Austrian army. La Marmora's rashness and unskilfulness frustrated the whole plan. He crossed the Mincio with three divisions, and contrived that they should never meet till they were driven back defeated. So little of combined action was there in the attack, that Cialdini never heard of it till the telegram in the evening brought the tidings of the disaster. There are scores of stories afloat in explanation of this unhappy blunder; some ascribe it to La Marmora's jealousy of Cialdini, and his desire to strike a great blow before his rival should enter the field; some to false information supplied by the spies, who declared that the Austrians were totally unprepared for attack; and some, again, aver that the King was in fault, that his impetuosity became unmanageable, and that worse might have come if he had not been suffered to go "forward." It would have been difficult, however, to have met worse fortune. The first division was almost cut to pieces, and the army that moved at daybreak with music at the head of its columns was hurled back over the Mincio at evening, broken, shattered, and defeated.

That they fought, and fought well, there cannot be a doubt. The Austrian Archduke's despatch bears the highest testimony to their gallantry. The officers especially distinguished themselves; and the lists of killed and wounded show how dearly the enemy won their victory.

But victory it was, and victory it need never have been if Cialdini, crossing the Po when Cerate crossed the Mincio, had moved on the Austrian rear as La Marmora assailed their front. The very worst thing, however, which the unlucky day of Custozza inflicted was, the eight days' total inaction that followed it. The Italians were not able to rally soon enough after defeat, to diminish the significance of their disaster. Had they taken the field in two or three days after the battle, their accounts of how little they had suffered would have been more generally credited; but eight days passed in which nothing was done. Recruits moved up to fill the gaps in the torn ranks, and wounded were drafted in hundreds to the rear; but beyond some cavalry patrols on the river-bank, not a soldier stirred.

Not only did the defeat of Custozza arrest the onward march of the force under La Marmora, but it completely disconcerted all Cialdini's plan, and obliged him to make a retrograde movement, and, retiring from the Po, fall back upon Ferrara. When the Prussians, therefore, heard that the King was inactive, and Cialdini in retreat, and these tidings first reached them in all the bold and unqualified brevity of the telegraph, they certainly were little pleased with the comrade with whom they had gone to hunt the Bear. While these reverses were befalling their allies, the Prussians were in the full swing of success, and marching on from victory to victory, and all the less disposed to tolerate the excuses or explanations of misfortune. Can Italy do nothing? Has one defeat overthrown her? Was it the entire army was worsted at Custozza? If La Marmora be incompetent, have they no one to replace him? Can Cialdini do nothing but march between Ferrara and the Po? And, last of all, where are these wonderful volunteers who, when last we heard of them, were studying the march to Munich? Such were only a few of the pleasant interrogatories the Prussians pelted their friends with during this wearisome interval.

Now, to be fair, one may blame La Marmora's rashness, and censure his want of generalship to any extent, but it is unjust to condemn the Italian army for not doing that which no troops in Europe could have accomplished. It was before that same terrible Quadrilateral the French Emperor halted the day after Solferino, frankly confessing he was not prepared for a siege of two years or longer. Grand and great as the late battles in Germany were, the Prussians never attacked a position to be compared with the "plateau" before Mantua.

It is neither fair nor generous, then, to censure the Italians for their defeat. It was their Balaclava charge; and just as rash, just as hopeless, just as murderous, as its prototype. To all seeming, the Prussians had the lion's share of the fighting; but in reality this was not so. A mere glance at the map will show that the "terrain" on which the Italians had to operate was, besides being full of difficulties, extremely limited in extent. To the north of Peschiera lies the Tyrol, where anything but partisan warfare would be impossible. To pierce between the fortresses is to move on a line of less than thirty miles in extent, exposed to sorties from the different garrisons; to cross the Po, and march on Rovigo, compels a general to lead his troops into Lyphas and Lertian. All that Italy could really hope to do was to employ the full force of the Austrian army in Venetia, and prevent their sending one man to the north. They took, however, a

different measure of their power. They thought themselves a full match for the enemy; and they burned with a noble ardour to show their countrymen that an Italian army could take the field without an ally on their flank. It is true, Italy desired much to annex the Venetian states; she wished to expel the foreigner from her soil, and round off her territory with completeness; but none of these did she so ardently long for as to gain a great success in the field, to assert the military spirit of her people, to show Europe that Italians could fight.

There is very little of what we would call public opinion in Italy, but there is a great sensitiveness in the Italian people to the judgments passed on them from without. None but one who has lived amongst them could believe how painfully are felt here the occasional censures of our leading English journals, and how men wince under the lash of a sarcasm, more or less merited as it may be. Some ugly phrases that had of late dropped from the 'Times' gave deep offence, reflecting, as they did, on national courage, and they longed for an occasion to prove that they were unmerited. The taunts of the French press, however, gave even greater offence. The sardonic taot of the Frenchman has no echo in the Italian nature; indeed, the language could not lend itself to it; and the half-polite hints about the proper studies and proper occupations for the people of the Peninsula, were about the most insulting things that could be written or said.

The Parisian journals never wearied of telling the Italians that it was to French bravery and gallantry they owed everything; that the war of '59 Italy had contributed little beyond the battle-field; that to engage in any great military enterprise without France was to precipitate the ruin of the country, and restore the old rotten governments, with all their abuses, and all their enormities. This threat, varied and embellished in an infinity of ways, became a stock subject of French journalism.

The French newspapers are not only more able in style and more eloquent in tone, than the Italian, but they possess a far wider range of knowledge, and a more extended sympathy with the general condition of Europe. They have in consequence, an immense influence in Italy, seeming to carry in their columns the collected opinions of the world upon the fate and fortunes of the country.

It would appear half a paradox to say it, but I am ready to declare, that the stern judgments of English, and the flippant impertinences of French journalism have had a great share in precipitating this war, for which Italy was far from being prepared.

We may succeed, or we may fail; we may win Venice, or we may lose Lombardy; but one thing is certain, we must fight. Such was the language one heard on every hand:—in the clubs, in the cafés, amongst grave politicians in *salons*, and from Facchini, as they lounged on the Mole. There was a splendid stake, it is true, on the board; but what they wanted was to show the world that they knew the game, and could play it.

Come what might, cost what it should, they must stamp manhood on the nation as well as unity. A war only could do this. To obtain Venice by diplomacy, to make it a matter of barter or purchase, was to leave Italy under the contemptuous sentence of that generous ally, who daily reminded her of all she had done for her, and how helpless she would be without her.

The Prussian alliance offered itself at a most *apropos* moment. It served national interests, and it spared national susceptibilities. An ally who was fighting five hundred miles off could scarcely come to one's rescue in a critical emergency, or

cover a disastrous retreat; while at the same time, he could fully employ one hand of the enemy, if not "something more." This was exactly what Italy wished; and if she has not made of the opportunity all that she hoped, it is simply because it was impossible. Austria would only meet her where and when she pleased. She gave battle on the field of Custozza, because every condition was in her favour; and, even if she were to fail, the guns of the fortresses would cover the retreat and make pursuit too hazardous.

The chances of an Italian success at sea were far greater. Her fleet was more numerous than the Austrian, stronger in ironclads, and, it was believed, better manned and better officered. Much also was calculated on as to the disaffection of the Austrian crews, all recruited as they were from the Italian provinces of the Empire; but this speculation, like that which impugned Hungarian loyalty, was soon found to be a fallacy, and the cheers for the Kaiser that rung from every ship as she went into action proclaimed how falsely these people had been represented. The Italian papers are honest enough in admitting this.

The sea-fight off Lissa was as great a *fiasco* as the land-battle at Custozza. The whole night before the engagement was passed by the Italians in two ineffectual attempts to disembark troops for the attack on the forts. A heavy surf and a strong wind frustrated the first attempt. The second was interrupted by a signal of recall, the look-out having signalled that "the Austrian fleet was approaching in two columns under sail and steam;" and so little time was there given for preparation, that the boats were only drawn up when the order was passed to form to meet the enemy. Admiral Persano, who was on board the ironclad Re d'Italia, suddenly changed his flag to the Affondatore, a ram of great strength and speed recently built in England, and carrying a heavy armament.

The first shock of battle was directed against the "Re," who was attacked at once by four ships of the enemy; a terrific fire was poured into her at close range, and while she was reeling from the shock her sternpost and rudder were carried away, and she was rendered unmanageable. Fa de Bruno, her gallant captain, seeing the Austrian frigate Hapsburg bearing down to ram him, prepared to board; the crash, however, of the tremendous mass that came down, cutting the frigate to the water's edge, soon destroyed all hope of this, and the Re went down almost instantaneously, the marines in the tops firing as they sank, and cheering with a last cry *Viva l' Italia!* A little episode of this terrible tragedy is worth preserving. Boggio, the deputy—one whose clever and witty speeches in the Chamber, and whose pungent articles in the papers, had won him considerable reputation—was on board the Re. He was the friend and guest of the admiral, who had invited him to see the campaign and chronicle it. When Persano determined to change his flag, Boggio asked if he should accompany him, and the admiral replied, half carelessly, "You may, but I scarcely think there is room in the boat." "In that case I remain where I am," said Boggio. When the action began, and the three Austrians were seen bearing down upon the devoted Re, Boggio, with allusion to the Affondatore, which meant "the sinker," said, "It seems to me that to-day it is the passive, and not the active part of this process —sinking—is to be ours." These words, uttered calmly as he lifted his glass to his eye, were his last. Within a few minutes the Re was "rammed," and she sank immediately.

Soon after, the Palestro, a sister ironclad, took fire from a shell which traversed her coal-bunk

Her crew fought manfully, till the flames reached the ammunition chamber, when she blew up, only thirteen escaping out of a crew of nigh three hundred. After this the action became a series of unguided, undirected movements. The Re de Portogallo attacked the Austrian three-decker Kaiser, and, striking her in the bow, carried away her bowsprit and figure-head —the bust of the Emperor. Broadsides were given and taken, wounded and drowning men rescued, but nothing decisive done on either side. The list of eight killed and forty wounded on all the remaining Italian ships does not convey the impression of any close or warmly contested engagement; and at three o'clock the Austrians sailed away to Lissa—the Italians claiming, as a triumph, that they occupied the field of battle.

Where was the admiral with the Affondatore all this time? That is a question I am not disposed to touch on, all the more as a council of war is already sitting to investigate this point. The language of the public press here is loud in his condemnation, but still weak and moderate in comparison to what is heard in every society. I have no doubt that he will have a fair trial. It will give me pleasure if he come through it with honour. He has served with distinction on former occasions, and is a popular man in the world.

That the Austrians should call Lissa a victory is intelligible enough, and that the Italians should be disposed to contest the point, is no less easy to understand. One thing, however, is clear: the result has thrown great gloom and depression over Italy; as, however unmatched they deemed themselves against Austria on land, they always believed that at sea the enemy could have no chance against them. I have more than once heard it discussed as a doubtful question, Whether the Austrians would go out to meet them? But which of us thought the Austrians to be sailors, or that they could come out of a sea-fight as victors? Their ships did next to nothing in the Baltic; and the general impression was that the Italians if ever they met them, would have "given a good account of them."

And so goes on this war, from the first day to the last reversing every prediction and overturning every prophecy that men made about it.

We have seen the slow-moving Prussians marching and manœuvring with the rapidity and precision of the best troops of France; we have seen what we used to think a mere militia—the landwehr—meet the finest regiments of Austria and overthrow them; we have seen the splendid cavalry of Hungary and the Banat ridden down and routed by Pomeranian hussars; and now we have to see the united fleets of Naples and Sardinia, on whose equipment and perfection the nation has actually squandered millions, sunk or scattered by an Austrian squadron manned with crews of Italian origin, and believed to be heart-felt haters of the flag they served under.

The sea fight at Lissa teaches us little, either as to the power of artillery or the resistance of iron-plating. What was done was done by the ram; and all naval men are agreed that he who goes at his enemy with a will, must either sink him or cripple him. Even wood against iron will succeed in such an encounter. There was plenty of dash and some very hard fighting, in this action, but no great skill. The confusion was such that it was hard at times to say who was friend or enemy; and Tegethoff naïvely remarks in his official report, "It was a happy accident that made the 'Sards'"—so he persistently calls them—"paint their ironclad ships a pale grey, or we might often have mistaken them for our own."

It will thus appear that neither

by La Marmora nor by Persano is Italy likely to take that place, or win that distinction, to which she aspired. She has fought bravely, and shed her blood freely. From the highest to the humblest of her population, all have offered themselves freely to this war. Nor has it been a mere burst of enthusiasm, to subside soon after into a lukewarm indifference: the nation is as eager this moment for the fight as on that memorable daybreak when the King took his affecting leave of his people and left for the camp; and yet with all this, they have not been fortunate. Fortune has looked coldly on all their gallantry; and it is not merely that they have not conquered, but they have not made that impression on the enemy which should have so occupied him as to embarrass him in his dealing with another foe.

In one word, if the Italians had not permitted Austria to send some eighty thousand of her Italian army to the north, Prussia would never have consented to a peace till she signed it at Vienna. These fresh troops, with the Archduke who had already led them to victory, have exactly turned the scale, and determined Prussia to treat.

Since the so-called cession of Venice to the French, the Italians have seen no enemy in the field—for of course it would be idle to talk of those Garibaldian exploits in the Tyrol as war; and with mere garrisons in the fortresses the Austrians have marched northwards to reinforce the army before Vienna.

This is the Prussian grievance; and hence it is rumoured M. Bismark has taken little heed of Italy's claims to an extended frontier, and not even condescended to express an opinion on that vexed and vexatious question—the line of the Italian Tyrol.

"The Italian is not the man to hunt the bear with," say these stubborn northerners; and bad luck has imparted a sort of corroboration to a most unfair judgment.

THE BILL OF COSTS.

When men go to law, I believe that in general they pay little attention to the possible cost of the suit. There is a claim to be advanced, or a right to be defended, or a demand to be resisted, which are quite sufficient to engross all anxiety. Once actually engaged in the process, the game becomes too absorbing to admit of a thought beyond the issue. Gain and *amour propre* get inextricably intermingled, and the desire to win rises to a passion. Your lawyer is all this time not merely your agent, he is your affectionate friend, your trusted ally and adviser. You go to him for counsel and guidance, and you go to him besides for encouragement and consolation. He is a sort of well of official sympathy, of which you drink at all hours, happily unmindful the while that every draught of the precious spring is noted down with a corresponding six-and-eightpence appended to it.

The day comes, however, when Victor or Vanquished, this friendly mission is to cease, and his good offices to terminate. You know that he has done certain things for your behalf, and you remember besides, the warm interest he has vouchsafed you, the numberless little occasions in which he has shown consideration for your feelings, and you recall small traits of attention, that, coming from a class of men the world is so prone to censure and sneer at, actually elevate humanity in your esteem. "Oh, these things can be done in a green wood," say you to yourself, "what may not be expected from archdeacons and deans?"

What a shock then is it to your feelings, excited as they are, when this man's bill of costs comes in, and you find not only are all the formal interviews between you duly recorded and estimated, but every chance meeting, every passing rencontre in the street or the market-place, ay, even to little hospitable *confabulations* over your own sherry in the azure dimness of your own cuban. There they are, all of them, with the formidable title of "Consultation," as if that absurd incident that happened you at Boulogne, or that little adventure of yours with the widow in Wales, should ever figure in this shape, and come back to your mind associated with a demand for thirteen-and-fourpence. I know of no bitterness to compare with the revulsion of that moment. Never before has human nature appeared to you so mean and so despicable. What! you ask yourself, is this the man you have been associating with, at such a sacrifice to all your tastes and liking? Whitebaiting him at Greenwich, and imposing him upon your friends as a worthy fellow at bottom? For whom you have stooped to what score of meannesses in apologies for this or that in his behaviour? Is this the creature—you call him creature now—whom you have treated as an intimate or an equal; telling him your choicest stories, regaling *him* with your dryest amontillado, and recounting for his edification those little traits of your early life, which, had it not been for the indolence of your disposition, would have, ere this, made you a Cabinet Minister or a Lord Chancellor? Is this the serpent you have been nursing in your bosom? For a while the whole wide universe seems hateful and repulsive, and you actually dread the commonest intercourse with your fellows, lest your passing greeting or your farewell rise against you in six-and-eightpences.

One's first smack of this draught, I repeat, is about the very bitterest sup that human lips have ever tasted. With use and frequency, I believe, men come to think less of it, just as dropsical people think nothing of being tapped. What led me to this thought at this moment, was the idea of that man who now is about to come forward with his bill of costs, and who, although he has done next to nothing in the suit—being only called in at the very end of the action, but being, as he is, at the head of the profession—is likely to make a stunning charge for his services. I mean that eminent practitioner, Louis Napoleon, who succeeded to the business of his uncle, and who, it must be owned, has greatly enlarged the connection, and extended the dealings of the House. He it is who now waits to be paid, not by the client who called him in, for he is ruined, but by that other party—Prussia—who has gained the suit, and is largely in funds.* As a general referee, he has done a capital stroke of business of late years; and though, when he set up, the world had got into a humdrum habit of not quarrelling—grumbling a little over their differences maybe—even sulking at times—and now and then hinting to a neighbour, You wouldn't have done this to So-and-so, yet, on the whole, preferring anything to a row, and regarding the quarrelsome fellow as the common enemy,—with all this, I say, he yet contrived, and very soon too, to set folk by the ears. He managed to estrange and separate old friends—to make those who

* This was written and sent to us from Italy on the 8th of August, and the mysterious intimation, application, demand, or whatever it was, to Prussia, speedily justified O'Dowd's foresight. We have not had time to hear from him since Prussia's answer was so meekly accepted, which we regret, as we have no doubt O'Dowd's views on the subject would be worth listening to.

used to trust each other suspectful and suspicious — to widen small breaches — to make misunderstandings serious differences; and although every year had its new row, sometimes breaking out into an actual fight, or smouldering on to blaze up more fearfully hereafter, his eternal cry was, "I am a Man of Peace. All I ask for is to live on good terms with those around me. Show me the people who love industry and quiet, and they are my friends; war is a barbarism," and suchlike. These plausible speeches being all freely heard and very much applauded—especially by John Bull, who has a large bump of credulity which only needs to be fed with something ministering to his national vanity to become inexhaustible—have grown into proverbs; and men repeat such sayings as "The Empire is peace," "When France is contented, the world is tranquil," and a great deal more of the same sort of Brummagem oracular stuff, till by mere clink of repetition they acquire credence. The Imperial party in France are great proficients in what theatrical folk call "patter," and they rattle along with their praises of their system at an astounding pace.

At last, however—it took some years, but at last—the world has begun to see that this same peacemaker was in reality at the bottom of every row and disturbance in Europe. It must be owned he had great faculties for the task he assigned himself. He had great patience, great furtiveness, and a long memory. He knew besides how, after a long peace, men indispose themselves to believe that war can ever come back again, and with what stunning effect a sudden declaration of hostilities would fall upon Europe. What a prestige of power would attend him who should be the first to take the field again!

With these and a French army at his back, what might he not do in Europe!

French politicians, with a candour which does them credit, avow that the present wars of the Continent were all hatched by the Emperor. M. Forcade not alone admits this, but he proceeds to show the immense advantages it was calculated must accrue to France when the Austrians and Prussians, worn out and exhausted by a long and bloody struggle, should appeal to the great arbiter for his judgment.

The belief was that Prussia must be beaten, but not until after such a campaign as would have reduced the Austrian army to a mere skeleton of its former self, and left Austrian finance in hopeless bankruptcy. To the full success of the French Emperor's plans, the war should be vacillating for a while in its fortunes, and not too speedy in its termination. It should be a war in which each of the combatants should put forth all his resources, and exhaust them in the end. While the armies were fighting, there would have been, it was calculated, ample time to study the feelings and learn the sympathies of Germany,—to what goal national ambition directed itself,—how this or that population regarded the issue,—and how far the long-contemplated policy of a Rhenish Confederation might or might not be possible. Last of all, there should be time to be assured as to the policy of Russia, and the certainty of her non-intervention. As to England, the French Emperor's mind was easy. He knew well that our boasted neutrality is simply our isolation read backwards. The ties which once united us to certain Continental states are loosened, if not broken, and we stand as much aloof from Europe as if our island were in the mid-Atlantic.

The events have frustrated all this ingenious policy. Bismark and the needle-gun have disconcerted one of the fairest schemes of the greatest plotter of Europe. Not only is Austria beaten—which was "not in the bond"—but she

is beaten in less than a fortnight! She is beaten, besides, so completely, that about the terms accorded her by her conqueror there can be neither cavil nor question. The tricky resource of introducing France into the quarrel, by making the cession of Venice to her, was a failure; because Italy, backed up by a strong ally, would not submit to an indignity which might have cost her a revolution. What, then, was left to Louis Napoleon in this emergency? He had exhausted his skill and his threats together; and in turn he had threatened Austria and Prussia and Italy, and each rejected the menace and went his way. Prussia very soon showed that she meant to deal with Austria directly, and without the intervention of another; and Italy had already displayed a spirit of independence which French writers speedily characterised as ingratitude. Nothing, then, was left to the great arbitrator but sulk and the waters of Vichy.

Still they have not done with him yet; he was consulted in the suit. Prussia had asked counsel of him; Austria had sent messages to him; and Italy had been constantly "at his office." Business is business. These things cannot be done for nothing; and the day to send in the bill is coming.

It is the common cry of the client, when the case is over, What did you do for me? And we may hear it now, and from each corner of Europe. Not that it will avail in the least. Some mystical speech to the *maire* of a small town —some enigmatical sentences to a *sous-prefet* — will tell us some fine morning that whenever Continental boundaries are meddled with, France must be consulted, and that where frontiers are to be rectified, she has a word to say too. The litigants in this late action will speedily know what this means. Indeed, one of them, the chief, is already asking how much is there to pay? Fortunately we live in a generous age, one remarkable feature of which is, that when a strong state is pressed on to acquit a debt, she always does so at the expense of some small country in her neighbourhood. If Prussia, therefore, should say some fine morning to France, "I am not aware that I owe you anything for my late successes; I don't think you either aided me by men or money; still, not to fall out on a small matter, I am willing to let you have ———," the assignment will in no wise surprise me.

Will France send in her account to Italy too? I half opine not. A crafty creditor scarcely likes to dun his debtor in a moment of anger. Italy is very angry—so angry that she is quite capable of throwing the bill in his face. And what then? Ay, what then?

OUR GARIBALDI.

When a man has passed several years of his life out of England, as has been my fate, he comes to discover that, no matter how diligently he may read his 'Times,' correspond with his absent, and converse with his present, friends, there will be a vast number of changes in his country of which he will remain unconscious, and a variety of new interests, new combinations, and new names, of which he will be in total ignorance.

I have been made to feel this deficiency—for such it certainly is —most painfully within the last few weeks. Never, perhaps, is a man's ignorance the cause of so much shame to him as when he finds himself unable to reply to a foreigner on some question regarding his country, the answer to which, to all seeming, ought to be easy and prompt.

The late riots in Hyde Park have gained a widespread noto-

riety abroad, and even in the midst of the great events which convulse the Continent, men discuss the strange spectacle of a popular rising in London; and all eagerly inquire who that remarkable man may be who holds the peace of the capital in his hands, and upon whose goodwill and pleasure depends the fate of two millions and a quarter of people.

"Qui est M. Beales?" is the question that meets me at every moment. In my club, or in my café, as I sit under the shade of an ilex in a tea-garden, or sip my lemonade on a bench, I am assailed by the same reiterated demand, "Qui est Beales?" and, to my shame and disgrace, do I acknowledge I cannot tell them. I remember some one telling me of a Norfolk farmer—a well-to-do and responsible man—who had never heard of the Duke of Wellington; and in the narrowness of my self-sufficiency I bestowed a contemptuous pity on the man's ignorance; and here am I just as uninformed, just as dead to my country's greatness, and actually unable to reply to the question, "Qui est Beales?" Now, if it were not that I am looked on in our village as a species of authority on English affairs, and have, on more than one occasion, acted as umpire in the discussion of some disputed matter of British life and manners, I might have had the courage to own that I couldn't tell, and might have pleaded my long absence from my country as an excuse for my ignorance; but I bethought me of what would become of my prestige if Beales should turn out to be some new star just rising above the horizon, and whose brightness and splendour were about to amaze and illumine all Europe! Had they asked me who was Moses of the trousers, or Morrison of the pills, I might have found some answer at least ready at hand; but "Qui est Beales?" overcame me completely, and my confusion betrayed my ignorance.

Newspapers have such a gossipping trick of late years of giving little current notices of popular characters, that it is no longer safe to throw off "fancy biographies," or I might have been tempted to sketch a life of Beales from the promise of early boyhood to the ripe fulfilment of the man Beales at the head of his "roughs," and in all the pride of his following. But I was afraid of this, I say, lest the 'Manhood Suffrage Gazette' or 'The Complete Chartist' might have contradicted me next week by showing Beales as a creature of womanly tenderness and with a nature of shrinking bashfulness and humility. I abstained, therefore, and fell back upon that vulgar resource by which so many men in difficulties like my own have profited,—availing themselves of that pleasant sophism that affects to find in the representative men of one nation the correlatives of another: and just as Americans speak of Cooper as the American Walter Scott, and people in Manchester call Bright a Brummagem O'Connell, and Prussians style Bismark a German Cavour, so did I clutch at the analogy, and declare that Beales was "our Garibaldi."

Now, be it remembered, in these rough-and-ready comparisons, it is not the disparity between the imitator and the original is the thing to be regarded; it is the painful and almost humiliating fact that a nation, a whole people, should accept as the ideal of a certain excellence, something that bears scarcely any relation whatever to the original type. When we talk of an Irish diamond, or an Irish peer, it is not that we sneer at the mica or the mock coronet—we only think compassionately of the people who imagine the one to be a gem and the other a greatness.

Now, as I know Garibaldi personally, and respect him sincerely, it was not without much reluctance I took refuge in this "pious fraud." I knew well that Hyde Park was

not Calatafini, nor were the no-shirts-at-all a bit like the red shirts of the Garibaldians. I was wonderfully consoled, however, by thinking that Sir Richard Mayne might stand for the most atrocious follower of King Bomba, and that no better representative of cold-blooded cruelty and dissimulation could easily be found than Mr. Walpole, his manner on receiving the deputation being characterised by all that insolence of office, sternness, and pitiless contempt for popular feeling, which mark the genuine Tory ! ! ! Beales est notre Garibaldi, and we gave him to you just as we give you British brandy—it is not cognac, but it suits the British taste fully as well; it is fiery, hot, and variously adulterated, but we like it, and even if we did not, we couldn't afford better.

Our public men never weary of telling us that we are not a military people; but at the same time they would not willingly see the old bull-dog spirit, as it is called, die out amongst us, and, just as the butcher said to his child, "Be a good boy, Billy, and you shall kill a lamb," so our late rulers may have hinted to our people, You may not be able to fight the Prussians, but you shall thrash a policeman. You haven't got the needle-gun, but you are dead shots with a brickbat! These are days of competitive examinations, in which men must prove their fitness for what they aspire to. Go smash the Park railings, tear up the young trees, and break club windows, and you will establish an incontestable claim to a fuller representation. There is a Siamese connection between manhood suffrage and the bludgeon! It is the cant of certain men in Parliament to deny your fitness for political privileges; disprove all this by showing what a terror you can be to your fellow-citizens!

The most serious part of the whole of this grim comedy is the supremely ridiculous picture we present to all Europe. Our authorities derided, our public force defeated, and our metropolis given up for some hours to the brutal violence of an infuriated mob. Imagine such a drama performed in any other capital of Europe, and say, is it with a Minister of State Mr. Beales would have held colloquy the next morning, or with the Procureur du Roi? It is fitter to presume that Mr. Beales well knew that the meeting in Hyde Park could not have been for purposes of discussion—was merely meant for intimidation! What immunity could he have promised himself if his followers had gone on to acts of sack and pillage? Was his ambition to play the part of Garibaldi, even to its blunders? and did he mean that Hyde Park should be *his* Aspromonte?

Who knows, however, if it was not another great master-mind of Europe he was bent on imitating, and that what was passing in his mind, when he invaded the Park, was a "rectification of frontier"? If so, he must have been gratified to find how completely the doctrine of non-intervention is understood, and that its precepts are as thoroughly admitted in the "Home" as in the Foreign Office. The household troops looked on during the conflict as impassively as if they had been plenipotentiaries. Now, I ask, would it be tolerated, even in America, that a private citizen should present himself before a Minister of State and make terms for the safety of the capital? In the most revolutionary hour of the Continent — when dynasties tottered on every side, and thrones were tumbled over like nine-pins—who ever saw anything like this? It is true that when the Bourbons fell at Naples the peace of the capital was confided to the professional thieves and housebreakers; Liberio Romano having organised the "Camorra" into a regular force, and made them so effective that for weeks the city enjoyed an immunity from crime unknown in the happiest times.

But was London reduced to a condition to call for so bold an experiment? and if so, could Beales have answered for *his* "Camorra" as certainly as Liberio Romano could respond for *his*? Now, either the acts of the Hyde Park mob were acts of indiscipline, and show how little our Garibaldi resembles the original, or they were done in execution of orders—in which latter case I suspect I know where Beales ought to have passed the evening, not to speak of the days, that were to follow it.

It was disgrace enough that the few policemen were left to struggle unaided against the mob of a great city, without the added shame of that congress to which Mr. Beales invited himself the next morning, wherein he defined the conditions of the armistice, and suggested terms for a peace.

These demonstrations are out of place in England. They do well enough in countries where there is no popular representation, and where the masses, having no exponents, must come forward and pronounce for themselves. If they came there for discussion, it is surely not unfair to presume that, to the arguments already listened to from the lips of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Mill, — the "Bealeats," they could not add much; and if they came only for menace, the sooner they were suppressed the better.

Whatever be the diseases of our body politic, they have more or less of a chronic character, and are not to be treated by the heroic remedies which find faith in Continental countries. Garibaldis are out of place with us. Even the great original, with all his integrity and self-devotion, his honesty of purpose and clean-handedness, would not find in England the sort of abuses he could attack with success. An imitator of him is simply a nuisance.

THE LEGACY OF THE LATE GOVERNMENT.

THERE is the best evidence to show that already, to an extent beyond what could have been expected, Lord Derby's Administration is conciliating the goodwill of Parliament, and acquiring the confidence of the nation. Sober-minded men, by whatever party nicknames distinguished, are beginning to perceive that something more is required in the rulers of a great empire like this than the profession of a political faith extravagantly liberal. The conviction has dawned upon many, and will by degrees be received by more, that neither at home nor abroad have the affairs of the country been managed of late as they ought to have been. In the midst of an era of so-called unexampled national prosperity, in which the springs of commerce were continually relaxed, and each successive year brought an increase to the public revenue, we find ourselves suddenly involved in a crisis such as has not been witnessed either here or elsewhere since the bursting of the great monetary bubble of 1825. Schemes got up with the fairest prospects of success—companies formed for the attainment of objects apparently the most legitimate—collapse and come to grief with a rapidity and to an extent which are without a parallel in the history of commercial undertakings. And banks, constituted on principles approved if not introduced by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, after flourishing for a while, and establishing an enormous connection, stop, one after another, and involve in irretrievable ruin all who were in any way connected with them, whether as shareholders, depositors, or creditors. Meanwhile, in a stratum of society beneath the level of that in which the influences we are now describing usually operate, a state of things has arisen which it is far easier to deplore, and even to censure, than to amend. Our working-men seem no longer to be masters of themselves. They cannot make their own bargains with their employers, nor is it allowed them to accumulate their small savings with a view some time or another to become themselves employers of labour. The tyranny of the trades' unions is something not to be told. They dictate the wage which each man is to receive; they tax him for the benefit of the common fund; they determine for whom he shall work, and on what terms, not only as regards money payments, but regulating the amount of time which he shall devote to his business; and they set their faces against every invention which has for its object the increase of production at a diminished cost of personal toil. Finally, the terrible truth has come to light, that when, by sickness or old age, the poor man becomes chargeable to his parish, he is subjected, through the maladministration of the poor-laws, to the grossest ill-treatment, which attains its height exactly in those places, and under the management of those men among whom we find the staunchest supporters of the late Government, and the loudest clamourers for Parliamentary Reform.

It is idle to say that all these are incidents, upon the bringing on or the aversion of which the Government of the day could exercise no control. It is ridiculous to argue that, because England is a free country, the social condition of the English people is no fit subject for the interference of Cabinets or Legislatures. If it be not the duty of the Cabinet to propose, and of the Legislature to pass, measures which shall render social life continually more enjoyable to all

classes, we really do not understand for what purpose Cabinets and Legislatures exist. But at least it will be admitted that Governments neglect their duty which fail to maintain the supremacy of law at home, and leave a country powerless to resist any sudden attack from abroad, though enormous sums may have been voted by the Legislature for the attainment of that object. Let us see, then, how far late administrations have compensated for their mismanagement of other matters by a wise attention to these two rival points; by such a vigorous yet conciliatory administration of the law as to secure for it the willing obedience of the people—and by keeping on foot armaments both at sea and on shore sufficiently formidable to meet an emergeney should it occur, yet not so large as to subject us in time of peace to the burdens which are borne readily enough when war is forced upon us.

Of the extent to which late Governments have caused the law to be respected and obeyed, we have the most convincing proof in the state of Ireland as it is presented to us at this moment. Neither the late Ministry nor their advocates of the press can pretend to affirm that either Lord Palmerston's or Earl Russell's Cabinet was ignorant of the progress of that conspiracy against life and property which for years past has been fermenting in Ireland. Lord Palmerston's Cabinet was aware of its existence in 1857, though it left Lord Derby to proceed against the conspirators in 1859; and their first act, on resuming office in 1860, was to set at large the chiefs whom he had imprisoned, the now notorious Mr. Stephens being one of the numbers. They saw the mischief growing from that date up to 1866, yet took no steps whatever to disperse it. They were too much occupied with other schemes to trouble themselves much about this. An unaccountable belief seems indeed to have possessed them, that the peace of Ireland continued to be, as it once was, in the hands of the priests; and so long as the Romish hierarchy was conciliated, it never entered into their minds to conceive that anything like an outbreak would be attempted in that country. Meanwhile, neglecting the gentlemen of Ireland, they placed such reliance as circumstances seemed to require exclusively on the police. They knew,—for the priests had told them as much,—that since the great emigration, the Irish peasant had to some extent ceased to be guided by his spiritual advisers. But partly through natural vanity, partly with a view to ulterior objects, the priests made as little of this defection as they could; and our rulers, nothing doubting that where the control of the priest failed, the police would be prompt to give information, and strong enough to put down violence, kept their own counsel, and did nothing. At last, as is well known, the disease took such a form, that to affect ignorance of its existence was no longer possible. When returned emigrants began to pour into every harbour, having money and concealed weapons upon them, not even Lord Russell's Liberal Administration could pretend to treat the event with indifference; and the open manner in which the objects of Fenianism were discussed in the taprooms of taverns, in whisky-shops, and even in railway carriages, fairly drove the authorities into action. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act at the opening of the last session of Parliament was a vigorous proceeding, of which all rational men approved. But what are we to say of the administrative ability of a Government which permitted disaffection to spread so far, and to acquire such consistency as that nothing short of a measure, which only the extremity of danger to the State can justify, sufficed to deal with it? Nor is this all. The same Government which at last sus-

pended the Habeas Corpus Act because the Fenian movement threatened to become too strong for it, had committed itself openly to a policy which, when carried to its legitimate issues, would have deprived the Irish landowners of all right of property in their estates, and abolished the Established Church. And that, too, on the assumption that half measures such as these would put an end to disaffection among the masses, who make no secret of their determination to get rid of all churches—the Church of Rome as well as the Church of England—and to divide the soil of their native country among themselves. Verily, if it be the business of a Government to cause the laws to be respected, and so to dispense them as to command from the people a willing obedience, the gentlemen composing her Majesty's defunct Cabinet can hardly claim to have done their duty, at all events in Ireland.

Our excellent contemporary the 'Standard' has so well put this point, that we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of transferring his argument to our own pages. It is not we, be it observed, or the editor of that able paper, who speaks. We only carry between us the reasoning of an honest Whig official to its legitimate issues.

"When Lord Kimberley sat down after making his speech on Ireland, his ex-colleagues must have heartily wished him back again at Dublin, or at Jericho, or anywhere but where he was. His lordship may be a good administrator, but he is evidently no tactician. In a very few sentences he managed to upset all the rigmarole they have been talking for months past about settling the land question, tenant-right, and all the rest of it, and told them in plain words that all they have been doing is mere child's play, or something not quite so innocent. Mr. Cardwell's Act gave the tenant a claim for reimbursement for all improvements made with the landlord's sanction. Mr. Chichester Fortescue improved upon it, and gave him a claim wherever the landlord had not expressed an objection—a tolerable stretch in the direction of making the tenant his own master and his landlord's into the bargain. But what says the too-candid friend? 'Do all this if you like—I quite agree with it as far as it goes; only when you have done it all, you have done nothing that the Irish tenant wants. You have given him one thing, and he is clamouring for quite a different thing, and will give you no thanks for your pains.' He says:—'It is impossible for England to perform its duty to Ireland as long as no attempt is made to deal with the important question of the tenure of land. . . . Unless this course be followed, and remedial measures be adopted, they will be, I am convinced, forced upon the attention of Parliament.' And then come these very ominous words—the more ominous when we consider the recent position and the grave responsibilities of the speaker:—'It is most distasteful to people living in that part of the United Kingdom to think that their condition requires exceptional measures, and that they cannot be dealt with exactly in the same manner as those who hold land in England or Scotland; but I think the noble earl, the First Lord of the Treasury, will not differ from me when I say that the position of Ireland is such that exceptional measures in regard to the land tenure are absolutely required. I believe that the question of land tenure is one which most interests the people, and I am convinced that it is a question which Parliament should first consider and first endeavour to solve.' Irish-Church questions and the like are all very well in their way, but 'that which most interests the mass of the people is the question of land tenure.' We have been preaching this doctrine so long, that it is quite refreshing to have it confirmed by so excellent an authority. Perhaps we should put it in a slightly different shape, but it comes to the same thing in the end; and it amounts to this:—Irish grievances there are, no doubt, and always will be so long as there are people whose interest it is to be grievance-mongers, but not any or all of them together weigh as a feather in the minds of the Celtic part of the population compared with the great land question. Found a Roman Catholic University, or a dozen, if you will, destroy the Irish Church, fine absentees, grant even Mr. Fortescue's bill in the fulness of its confiscating enactments, and you have done nothing at all. The native Celt has his own views about land; they are

'exceptional,' no doubt, but until they are adopted into the statute-book he will be as discontented and as turbulent as ever. 'Exceptional measures' are what he wants—something that nobody would dream of for England or Scotland; what they are Lord Kimberley shrank from saying, but Lord Clanricarde pretty accurately divined the meaning of the words when he said that they imply 'the redistribution of land, and the deprivation of the present possessors of their property.' It is this that was meant by the old war-cry of 'Ireland for the Irish!' It is this that Fenianism undisguisedly means now. It is for this that the small tenants of the south and west are enamoured of it, and—had it but a week's success—would join its standard *en masse*. It is idle, as we have always said, to put the Irish question on any other issue—to play with Irish turbulence, and try to soothe it down with the silly nostrums of the Liberal pharmacopœia; and now at last we have it confessed on authority which the Liberals, at all events, cannot gainsay. We are sincerely thankful to Lord Kimberley for having so effectually cleared away a whole atmosphere of shams and nonsense."

So speaks a journal avowedly Conservative, quoting its authority, and therefore challenging a reply. Now, hear the declaration of a Liberal, and judge whether or no our views be those of a partisan, and nothing more:

"The perplexity, the danger, the discouragement lie here. These provisions" (those of Mr. Fortescue's bill) "are not what the Irish peasant wants; they would not meet his necessities; they would not satisfy his cravings; they would not lift him out of his penury or his privations. They are all that English justice could concede, but they are far from being all that Irish imagination and desire demand. The Irish cottier or labourer does not want to be allowed to purchase a decent-sized farm at small legal cost, because in five cases out of six the purchase-money would be utterly out of his reach. He wants actual and secure possession of the land which he occupies. He claims fixity of tenure. He does not so much wish to be fairly remunerated for his outlay when compelled to quit his farm; he wishes never to be compelled to quit at all. He does not so much object to pay rent when he can; but he does object most resolutely to being ejected because he cannot pay rent, or when he does not. He wants, in fact, what can never be granted, and what, if granted, would only satisfy him and improve his condition for a short time, since in another generation it would infallibly produce once more that multiplication of small holdings which, whether as properties or farms, constituted one of the worst features in the social state of that country. Herein lies the true difficulty of Ireland—a difficulty which it is essential to look fairly in the face. We cannot satisfy the craving of the Irish peasant; we cannot give him what he really longs for and is prepared to fight for (which is not what his advocates ask for him), without doing what would be at once unjust and mischievous. And this is why we are suspicious of the recommendation of 'exceptional' land legislation for Ireland."

The same Government which for years had encouraged discontent with the established order of things in Ireland, thus preparing the public mind for all that has since come to pass, exhibited both in England and Scotland a degree of apathy for which it is not hard to account in regard to proceedings which, if not absolutely illegal, are, at all events, attended with the greatest inconvenience to individuals and damage to society. We have not a word to say adverse to the right of workmen, wherever they may be employed, to combine for a rise of wages, if these seem to be inadequate, or even to demand a diminution of the hours in each day devoted to labour; but we protest, in the name of liberty and law, against combinations attended with personal violence, such as occurred in Edinburgh last year, when the journeymen tailors struck work, and drove out of the city, or maimed and thereby rendered useless, the unfortunate artisans who came from the Continent to supply their places. We protest, too, against that order of combination which takes the form of a conspiracy for restricting the personal freedom, not only of such artisans as think fit to place themselves under its direction, but of all work-

ing-men, whether they be willing to throw in their lot with the tyrant managing committee or otherwise. Ask the ironmasters of Warwickshire, Lanarkshire, and Staffordshire —ask the lessees of coal-mines in Northumberland and Durham — ask the builders in London, and the brickmakers all over the kingdom, how they relish the dictation to which they are now subjected— nay, ask the most industrious and sober among the working hands themselves—and they will tell you to a man, that the condition to which the labour market has of late been reduced in this country is intolerable. Yet, for more than twenty years, a Government calling itself Liberal has permitted this state of things to continue, without one effort made, by legislation or otherwise, to abate the evil. The consequence is, that, with the best iron and coal in the world, we are losing, day by day, our position as machine-makers; that orders which used to be delivered at Birmingham and Sheffield now go to Liege; while France and Prussia are leaving us behind because they can produce articles almost as good as our own, and at a far cheaper rate. No doubt, we still build our own houses, dig our own coal, and make our own bricks; but all these operations are performed at a cost which becomes continually more severe, without affording to the persons actually engaged upon them a proportionate increase of comforts. For their idle hours are too much wasted in places and amid scenes which have no tendency to humanise and elevate, but the reverse; whilst of their enhanced wages no inconsiderable percentage goes to support Mr. Potter, and gentlemen of his kidney, in mischievous idleness. We do not pretend to believe, looking to the point at which the moral disease has arrived, that it would be an easy matter now to remove, or even to restrain it; but if there had been any vigour in the Government when the malady first showed itself, there would have been far less difficulty in stamping it out than stood in the way of stamping out the cattle disease, which at length her Majesty's Ministers were constrained, against their will, to deal with. Her Majesty's late Ministers had, however, other fish to fry than Mr. Potter, and his fellow-labourers in town and country, offered for their manipulation. With a Reform Bill always *in petto*, it would have been suicidal to undertake a crusade against persons so influential as the chairmen and secretaries of great trades' unions; and the deluded men who merely did the bidding of these officers were not worth prosecuting, though they might here and there, when more than usually rash, be pounced upon by the police and handed over to the magistrate. Thus the evil was permitted to make head till it has attained a magnitude with which no executive, except with the assistance of Parliament, can venture to cope; and how far the Legislature may be yet disposed to pass bills explanatory of laws too long misunderstood and abused, is a problem with which we do not at this moment feel ourselves called upon to deal.

If it were possible to divide the responsibility which Cabinets jointly undertake, and to assign to each particular Minister his share of praise or censure according as public affairs are well or ill conducted, we should say that at the door of Sir George Grey lies the blame of all this gross mismanagement and anarchy both in Great Britain and Ireland. For twenty years and more, subject to very brief interruptions, he has held the seals of the Home Office, without ever attempting, so far as we can discover, to put a stop to these abuses. Whether, as it was his duty to do, he ever called the attention of his colleagues to them, he and the other members of the Administra-

tion know best; but one thing is certain, that if the error was his, it was his in part only, because the state of Ireland must have come repeatedly before the Cabinet; and strikes and their consequences have been too frequent of late, and too mischievous, to escape the notice of any one. What, however, shall we think of the administration of the poor laws, and the ignorance, not to say the indifference, of the late President of the Board, to the horrible abuses which, as it now appears, have been practised for months and years in every workhouse throughout the metropolis? The revelations made in regard to what were called the casual wards by the adventurous gentleman who first ventured to penetrate within their recesses, took the most careless by surprise; and the results of the inquiry forced on the other day mainly through the exertions of the editor of the 'Lancet,' more than confirmed the worst suspicions which had thereby been excited. Nor will it do to urge that the care of providing a remedy for the evil devolved not upon the Poor-Law Board and its President, but upon the local authorities. It was not the interest of the local authorities to treat the poor otherwise than harshly. Had they provided adequate accommodation for the sick and the infirm, they must have raised the rates on themselves and their fellow-parishioners; and a metropolitan guardian will do anything rather than render himself unpopular by taxing his well-to-do neighbours in order to minister to the wants of the poor. But surely this is a state of things which, as it never ought to have existed, so it was the duty of the President of the Board to apply a remedy to it, by legislation or otherwise, as soon as it became known. Was this done? Nothing of the sort. Over and over again reports were made by benevolent individuals at the central office; and from time to time letters appeared in the newspapers which deserved to be read and pondered by Mr. Villiers himself. Mr. Villiers, however, seems to have been too much engrossed with the great design of opening the constitution to healthy working-men, to waste a thought on the condition of other men who had once been healthy workers, but could work no longer. Let our readers observe how these poor creatures suffer, taking as their authority on that head the statements of a journal which never speaks harshly of the defunct Ministers till forced by the weight of evidence to abandon them:—

"In a small den, which the guardians explicitly admit was not fit 'for any person bodily ill,' a decent old man, suffering from ulcer, is compelled to endure the close society of a lunatic sufficiently violent to require restraint, and of an imbecile suffering from paralysis. The old man is left to dress his own wound, and the lunatic is designedly retained in the ward until his ulcer should be healed. But to proceed. We have the farther admission that a man paralysed, bedridden, and suffering from bed sores, was lying on a straw bed; and an opinion is quoted from the medical officer in justification of such treatment. It is admitted that there are no cards of diet and prescription placed over the heads of the patients' beds; and we are told that such cards may be desirable in 'hospitals where several medical gentlemen attend; but it must be borne in mind that in workhouses there is only one medical attendant.' This assumes that one medical man is capable of retaining in his memory from day to day the various prescriptions and diets of perhaps 200 such persons. But with regard to the administration of the medicine thus ordered, we have the following piece of information:—'It is the general custom for the nurse, not only at night, *but always*, and for the medical officer also, in going into the various wards, to inquire whether any one requires any medicine; but this . . . is an inquiry whether they have consumed all the medicine that has been supplied to them, and require a renewal of it so that it may be sent for. The head nurse also inquires whether they have all had their medicine, and if any one

should not, she sees it at once attended to.' Now the only persons who could rightly answer these inquiries are the patients themselves—some of them paralytic—and the pauper nurses; and it follows, therefore, that it depends absolutely on these helpless and ignorant creatures whether the patients have their medicine at proper times, and whether they are sufficiently supplied with it. After this admission, we do not think that it will be necessary to quote anything further."

We do not think that it is, so far, at least, as the treatment of the sick in mind and body is concerned; but our extract would be incomplete were we not to supplement it with a brief reference to the manner of dealing in our workhouses with the aged and infirm. "The reports which appear in the public papers on this subject," said Lord Derby, addressing the Peers of England on the 18th of last July, "are so revolting and disgusting, and they disclose such scenes of hardship and misery, inflicted upon those who have no power to help themselves, and those, consequently, who are most deserving of consideration and sympathy, that any Government would be most blamable which did not turn its attention to these grievances, and try to put an end to scenes so revolting." Not one member of the late administration rose to contradict this statement, or to repel the charge which was implied in it. They knew that into the condition of the workhouses and the general treatment of the poor they would have instituted no inquiry, had not facts come to light, through independent sources, which fairly shamed them into a tardy recognition of the duty which now they have left to their successors—a task the extent and importance of which cannot be over-estimated. It is well that they should have done so. The task will be neither evaded nor perfunctorily executed. It has fallen into able and willing hands, and will be carried through to the uttermost. For we cordially agree with the noble Premier in believing that, "for the task of dealing with the amendment of the law, or, what is probably of more importance than the amendment of the law, with the administration of the law, and the provision of proper inspection, there is not a man in her Majesty's dominions better qualified, or who will bring to bear upon the subject greater energy and earnestness, than the gentleman who has accepted the office of President of the Poor-Law Board," and who sits in the House of Commons where Mr. Gladstone once sat, but will never sit again, as one of the members of the University of Oxford.

If the Liberals have been unfortunate in Ireland, and more than scrimp in their dealings with the working-classes and the poor, and if the bent of their commercial legislation has been to bring about the state of things which now prevails, it cannot be said of them that they have taken any pains to render the results of bankruptcy—unfortunately too common among us—either just towards the creditor or generous towards the debtor. Their efforts to improve the old bankruptcy laws have all resulted in failure. It is admitted, we believe, even by their own friends, that they "meddled only to muddle," and that greater injustice occurs under the new system than ever was complained of under the old. Observe that we do not blame Lord Westbury for this. His scheme, by no means a bad one, as first proposed, was ruined in its progress through Parliament. But wherever the chief amount of blame may lie, the fact is incontestable that the law reforms of the Whigs have proved to be no reforms at all, and that on their successors has devolved the task of putting to rights matters which the late Government took up with a prodigious flourish of trumpets, and laid down again more confused than ever. Thus,

while encouraging the mercantile classes to push their speculations to the uttermost, and evoking a spirit of gambling in multitudes who never thought of trade before, her Majesty's late Ministers have not so much as provided, we do not say a remedy, but an amelioration, for their own wrong. They point the way, by their limited-liability laws, to rash dealing on the part of the simple, and leave them, when the crash comes, to the tender mercies of "winders-up," whose little fingers may be said to be thicker than the wrists either of commissioners or official assignees, or of both combined.

It appears, then, that, so far as the domestic concerns of the nation go, her Majesty's late advisers have done little to benefit either their own generation or posterity. Their great object seems to have been to remodel, not to work, the constitution of the country as they found it. They were so much occupied with plans for letting down an old monarchy to the dead level of a democracy, that they could find neither time nor leisure to improve laws which were defective, and to enforce obedience to such as were not. The consequences are, that Ireland is kept down only by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, that the working-men of England and Scotland have become the slaves of a self-constituted tyranny, that our merchants and bankers are falling on every side, and that money cannot be had except at a cost which is absolutely ruinous. Meanwhile the phantom of Parliamentary Reform has been pursued with a recklessness which puts every consideration of national honour, and even safety, in the background. The late riots in Hyde Park are but the legitimate consequences of what the leading members of the late Government said and did during the Reform discussion; and the care which Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone have taken neither to condemn nor disavow them, shows plainly that they are alive to that fact, and quite ready to make capital out of it. Thus, among other precious legacies left to their successors, is the duty of quieting, by such means as they can apply to it, a spirit among the masses which ought never to have been shown, nor would have been shown had the late Cabinet known what the duties of a Government are.

We turn now to the condition of the Army and the Navy, and to their state of fitness to meet some sudden emergency, should it arise—a subject not at this moment of inferior importance to any which can come under the notice of statesmen. With Europe in a transition state, of which it is impossible to foretell the issues, and America changing her laws so as to render a breach with this country more easy than it ever was before, common-sense would suggest that, persevering still in a policy of peace, we ought to be ready at a moment's notice to accept war from whatever quarter it might be forced upon us. And this we have the more right to expect that for ten years back, indeed from the opening of the Crimean war, Parliament has been liberal, as some imagine, to a fault, in voting money with a view to place the defences of the country in a perfect condition. How, then, stands the case? Of the army we need not stop to say much. As we do not pretend or desire to be considered an aggressive Power, it is not necessary that our regular army should vie in point of numbers with those of the great military nations of the Continent. It ought, however, to be respectable, which, numerically considered, it is not, and a wise measure of recruiting and furnishing to it a reserve, has yet to be invented. In like manner, a great deal more must be done to render our disembodied militia effective, and to accustom the volunteers to work more than they do with the re-

gular army collected into masses. All this the late Government neglected, taking immense credit to themselves the while for energy in such matters. In like manner it would be worse than idle to conceal that neither are our infantry and cavalry armed and equipped as they ought to be, nor is the system of administration by which the military affairs of the country are managed, such as will bear examination. The War Office and the Horse Guards compose between them the most cumbrous machine that the stupidity of man ever perhaps put together. A co-ordinate authority which pulls generally in opposite directions—a Commander-in-Chief whose sole object is to keep the army effective and to distribute it aright, with a War Office looking continually to what each suggested move will cost, and cutting down expenditure till the outlay becomes sheer waste, because it is unprofitable,—this is the sort of instrument with which England is expected to work her military resources, and to keep herself in a condition to measure swords at any moment with an antagonist. And then our system of recruiting—we do not say for the regular army, because that, perhaps, is for the present inevitable—but the manner in which we recruit for the militia itself—this alone, if it stood alone, must always keep us exposed to be struck at suddenly, and crushed before there is time to recover from the blow. Now we hold that, till great changes are effected in regard to recruiting, Parliament may vote as much money as it pleases; but the army, to the wants of which the English people are most creditably attentive, will never be placed upon a footing which competent judges can pronounce to be efficient. It may be difficult to reintroduce the ballot — though we confess that we cannot see where the difficulty lies — and in most respects inconvenient so to connect regular regiments with counties that the militia may become, as it were, the feeder of the line; but a Government which has held office for twenty years, and witnessed the practical inconveniences which attend the existing order of things, might have made, by these or other means—indeed ought to have made, secure as it was in the support of Parliament—a bold effort to ameliorate or avert the evil. This the Liberals have not done, neither have they moved hand or foot to clean out the Augean stable in Pall Mall; and we do not hesitate to say that, till the War Office is thoroughly reformed, England dare not venture upon military operations. Things were bad enough in 1854; and the blame of the break-down that followed was laid upon the distribution of power and the consequent frittering away of responsibility among too many departments of the State. But now that all power in military matters, and all responsibility likewise, centres in the War Office, our honest belief is that the condition of affairs has become far worse than it ever was. Checks and balances are excellent things in political arrangements; they keep a constitution balanced, and save at once the authority of the executive and the liberty of the subject. But such checks and balances as the late Sir Benjamin Hawes, superintended by the present Lord Dalhousie, introduced into the War Office—though modified by their successors, whether for the better or the worse is quite a different question—render a collapse inevitable whenever a sudden call shall be made upon our energies. The War Office, as now arranged and worked, could no more provide for the emergencies of a serious campaign than it could govern the empire.

There is enough to complain of here in regard to the remissness of the outgoing authorities, but more remains to be told. Our army, such as it is, which ought to be the best appointed and armed in the

world, is, in respect both of arms and appointments, inferior to that of France, immeasurably below that of Prussia, scarcely equal to that of Austria,—it may be on a level with the army of Belgium or Holland. The Enfield rifle, of which we long boasted as the queen of weapons, though better than the tool which broke down in the Indian Mutiny, is too delicate to endure the rough handling of a campaign, and unnecessarily heavy because unnecessarily long. For this latter mistake there is no excuse; because any chemist could have told the Government that the sole use of a gun-barrel is to insure the entire ignition of the charge before the projectile escapes; and that, with the improved gunpowder now in use, a tube considerably shorter than was required half a century ago secures that object without subjecting the projectile to the impeding process which a more lengthened barrel occasions. Neither can we acquit the late Government of exceeding remissness in regard to the substitution of the breech-loading for the muzzle-loading process. It is very well to say that considerations of economy weighed with them; and that, with our immense stock of muzzle-loaders on hand, there would have been great opposition in Parliament to a vote for providing breech-loaders till ingenuity in converting the weapons actually in store had exhausted itself. Perhaps so; but did the late War Ministers exercise due diligence in pushing on the work of conversion? We think not. Snider's plan was approved of so long ago as the summer of 1865. When General Peel came into office in June 1866, there were but a dozen converted muskets in possession of the War Office. Thus twelve months which, if rightly used, ought to have given us at least 60,000 breech-loaders, turned out by the Government workshops alone, were entirely wasted. And now, with one great European war scarcely ended, and another possibly about to begin, we must still rely, if called upon to take the field, upon weapons which are very little useful, because the men who carry have no longer any confidence in them. As to our artillery, that, we are glad to learn, is, so far as the field-batteries are concerned, in good condition. But of heavy guns wherewith to arm our coast defences we are all but destitute — for this among other reasons, that the most formidable of those which we possess are little to be depended on after a few rounds of firing.

So much for the Army: now a word or two about the Navy, which we prefer giving in the words of a contemporary; because the journal which now speaks out with such laudable candour and force was, during the whole course of Lord Palmerston's rule, the consistent and uncompromising advocate of things as they were. When the 'Times' turns round upon those whom it long supported, we may well believe that there is very much to be complained of. And the 'Times' on the present occasion speaks from authority:—

"A few lines in our impression of yesterday have a national importance which forbids us to pass them over without notice. They consist of a question and answer in the House of Commons, which are enough to fill any Englishman with astonishment and indignation. 'Mr. Graves asked the First Lord of the Admiralty the names of the ships at present available in the Reserves for immediate service. Sir John Pakington replied as follows:—'My hon. friend will excuse me if I do not give him the names of these ships, but I am sorry to say that if I did so the list would be a very short one. I regret to state that I find the Reserves by no means in a satisfactory condition, or, indeed, in such a state as I had a right to find them; so much so, that the Admiralty have great difficulty in finding relief for the ships that return from foreign service.' This is the condition of the British Navy at the present moment. This is the end of the expenditure of seventy millions within seven years, of endless inspections and experiments and parliamentary debates and

professional discussions! This is the final result which is attained by the nation which unites the finest and most costly Government dockyards and arsenals in the world with the largest private enterprise! It is now eight years since this country set to work to reconstruct its fleets. At that time the Conservative Government was in office, and the first efforts were made by the Board of Admiralty presided over by Sir John Pakington. But the Conservatives were soon driven out, and the Ministry of Lord Palmerston succeeded them. The nation was promised, and it expected, great things. It was eager on the subject of naval defence with an eagerness fostered by not ill-grounded alarm. The excessive preparations of France, and the suddenness with which that power had attacked and humbled an enemy, caused all classes to believe that we needed the best ships, the most powerful guns, and the largest supply of seamen that could be obtained. The reconstruction of the navy became one of the most popularly interesting subjects of the day. It was no longer confined to merely professional disputants. Scientific men propounded their theories and submitted their models; private enterprise was ready to lend its aid to any extent demanded by the service. The House of Commons has never in its whole career been more liberal. It was ready to vote anything that the Government declared necessary to the national security and honour. Economists will not soon forget the expenditure of that time. Nearly thirty millions were asked for in a single year in the name of national defence. Of this the Admiralty had its full share. We were to build vessels fit to compete with and conquer any that were sent out of foreign yards; we were to induce our merchant seamen to take kindly to the naval service, and to insure a ready supply of men on the first note of danger. Wooden vessels had evidently had their day. The vast hulks which lie in our naval harbours would never more form line of battle. Those who had seen iron-plated vessels knew that in time of war the old orthodox three-decker must either go back to port or go to the bottom. 'My Lords' seemed to see this with more than their usual clearness of vision, and such were their promises, and the largeness of their demands for the fulfilment of them, that the nation could not but trust them.

"From that time to this we have been 'reconstructing' continually. It has been all designing and building and altering and trying ships at the measured mile at Stokes Bay, where each ship is always said to have proved faster that any that has ever preceded it, until unsophisticated people might be excused from thinking that Britannia ruled the waves more imperiously than ever. And now we find a First Lord of the Admiralty—not an aspiring young member of Parliament anxious to appropriate a grievance, but an actual responsible First Lord, with official dignity to maintain, and official obligations to bind him—declaring that we really have not ships to send to sea. Sir John Pakington is admitted by everybody to be at least a straightforward man; he is not likely to speak without thinking, or examine without coming to a reasonable conclusion. Nor is it the temper of himself or his party to say anythipg that may excite what is called 'popular clamour.' When he speaks on this subject, he has good means of judging and every inducement to be accurate; and we implicitly believe him. We will repeat his words. He is sorry that the list of ships in the Reserves is 'a very short one.' The Reserves are 'by no means in a satisfactory condition, or, indeed, in such a state as he had a right to find them.' 'The Admiralty have great difficulty in finding relief for the ships that return from foreign service.'"

So wrote the 'Times' on the 7th of last month — not unwisely nor unadvisedly. So it opened a subject which has since undergone further discussion, and the results are at once unsatisfactory and alarming. Sir John Pakington, we perceive, does what he can to screen the shortcomings of his predecessors, and the blundering of the office with which he is again officially connected. This is creditable to him as a high-minded gentleman, but it will not satisfy the nation. We greatly prefer to his the verdict which the 'Times' has delivered; and by it, we suspect, the present First Lord will find himself, nothing loath, compelled to abide.

"The late Admiralty was praised by its friends as a superlatively efficient body. Its representative in the Commons was a naval reformer, who made his way into office by criticising others, and was con-

sequently supposed to be doing great things himself. If the Department was an Augean stable, Hercules was at work, and soon not a trace of the refuse would be left. But it is now evident that the mismanagement during the seven years of the late Administration must have been greater than at any previous time. Here is this country with a first Steam Reserve, and a second Steam Reserve, and yet the new head of the Department has hardly taken his seat at the Board before he is compelled in self-defence to state that these divisions of the British fleet have no real existence—that, in fact, we have no ships to send to sea. This is, we believe, the simple truth. There are a few iron frigates and a number of wooden vessels of various sorts and sizes, but of really efficient vessels ready for the public service there are hardly any. Is, then, our naval power as rotten a thing as the Austrian Empire or a model Finance Association? Is it true that we are incapable of attack and almost of defence? Whenever these things are dwelt upon there are sure to be people to say that the Press is doing harm; that it is exposing the national weakness, lowering the national reputation, and so on. But could a score of leading articles be more damaging to the influence of England than the three or four sentences which were forced from Sir John Pakington on Saturday? No one can say that either the War Office or the Admiralty has met with any impatient or unreasonable criticism from us. All these years we lived in hope that the vast expenditure of the country would bring something like a fair return. When manifest injustice was done to the originator of a new and important principle in the building of ships of war, or when a lumbering old three-decker was sent to flounder in the Mediterranean, we did, indeed, remonstrate; but on the whole the Duke of Somerset and Lord Clarence Paget have had things all their own way. They have been supplied with enormous sums yearly almost without question in the House of Commons, and without criticism from the Press. We now see the consequence. We fully believe that the business of the Admiralty has never been more mismanaged than during the late Administration, and it is now time that a searching inquiry and a thorough reform be made. The waste, the confusion, and we may say the jobbery, that reign in every dockyard are beyond belief. Numbers of vessels that are certain never to go to sea are kept for no other purpose, seemingly, than to spend money upon, and to keep up a horde of useless dependants on the public purse. Let any one look through the 'Navy List,' or, better still, visit Sheerness, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, and see the harbours crowded with innumerable hulks, and then reflect that with ten millions spent every year, we cannot relieve the ships now at sea when they are paid off. The House of Commons must exercise an interference more powerful, direct, and stringent than it has ever hitherto attempted, or this gigantic national evil will never be overthrown. The first thing to be done is to insist that the whole of the useless vessels should be sold or broken up, and that the British Navy should cease to be a sort of Chinese imposture and become a reality. Then into every detail of building, repair, and manufacture, a thorough inquiry is necessary, for the Admiralty is much belied if there be not need of change. The whole machine of naval administration is out of gear, and the Parliament must not only suggest but demand its reconstruction."

Having thus miserably failed at the Home Office, in the Poor-Law Board, at the War Office, and at the Admiralty, the members of the late Government may perhaps have redeemed their character as administrators by the skill with which they managed the affairs of India, and in their dealings with the colonies and at the Foreign Office. With the manner in which the colonies have of late been dealt with there is little fault to find. It was not Mr. Cardwell who set up dissensions in Australasia, and rendered parliamentary government in Jamaica impossible. These legacies he received from his predecessors; and in the difficulties thence arising, it is just to add that he has acquitted himself, on the whole, with equal temper and judgment. We still hold, indeed, as we held at the beginning, that in superseding Mr. Eyre in order to prepare for inquiry he made a mistake. But the mistake was in some measure atoned for by the choice of Commissioners, and the impartiality and ability with which they performed the task assigned to them;

and of the final results only Mr. Bright and the fanatics of Exeter Hall can complain. In like manner, the recall of Governor Darling, though morally wrong, was politically and constitutionally right. The Governor's motives cannot be impugned, but his mode of acting upon them is indefensible. We admit, then, that, so far as colonial management is concerned, the Whigs come out not discreditably from the investigation into the general system of government which late events have forced upon us. But what shall we say of India, over the destinies of which Sir Charles Wood, now Lord Halifax, so long presided? or of the state of our foreign relations, as Lord Russell for six years, and Lord Clarendon for six months, managed to settle them? That, in regard to the former, we have committed blunder after blunder, from the day when, by the annexation of Oude, we applied the torch to a mine which had long been loaded. That act, coming on the back of a course of hasty and ill-considered legislation, destroyed whatever of confidence still remained in our justice and moderation throughout the length and breadth of Southern India, and afforded an opportunity of working on the loyalty of the native army, to which we mainly trusted for the maintenance of our power. The mutiny followed, and after the mutiny that amalgamation which, as it was effected in a hurry, and without due consideration to consequences, has kept us ever since in hot water both at home and abroad. It may be said that we, who never approved of the amalgamation at all, are scarcely fair judges of the extent of inconvenience occasioned by it. For argument's sake we bow to this decision. But surely Lord Halifax may be accepted as an honest witness in the case; and of the state in which he handed over the office to Lord de Grey, and Lord de Grey gave it to Lord Cranborne, nobody can pretend any longer to be ignorant. First, the drain upon the British army is so great and continuous, that it will soon become a serious question whether or not we can afford to bear with it. Seventy thousand men, the flower of our population, is a large force to keep in banishment under a tropical sun, and in a country everywhere unfavourable to a European constitution; and seven, or at most ten, years may be taken as the average interval at which it must be renewed. But that is not all. The amalgamation of the Indian with the Queen's army has been managed upon a principle which satisfies neither party, and inflicts positive hurt upon both. The Indian army, consisting almost exclusively of officers—for the native regiments, having rebelled or melted away, are now replaced by battalions of police—is thrust upon the Queen's army at one blow, with a separate roster of promotion for each army, and constant heart-burnings thereby occasioned; while, in itself, the Indian army is divided into two sections—one called a Staff Corps, without men to command, yet giving rapid advancement to its members; the other, regarded as regimental officers, and promoted by rotation, whether they be employed in the command of men or not. Moreover, from the whole of these the contingent advantages were withdrawn which used to be secured to them from the recognised, though not authorised, system of purchase; so that men who paid, it may be, many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pounds for the rank which they held, had no other prospect in retirement than the sacrifice of all this, and the receipt of their bare pensions. Once again we adopt the statements of the 'Times' in reference to this matter; for though slightly mistaken as to details, the writer of the article is correct in the main; and he points his moral so clearly, that no one can misunderstand him:—

"The other grievance involved more doubtful questions, and Lord Cranborne deserves especial credit for the manner in which he has dealt with it. As we have explained, in the old Indian army promotion went entirely by seniority, and no purchase of commissions was permitted. It was the custom, however, for all officers regularly to subscribe, in rates proportioned to their rank, for the purpose of inducing senior officers to retire. A fund was thus established in each regiment,* in which every officer had more or less money invested; and he looked to receive his return partly by accelerated promotion, and partly by his chance of receiving his own share of the fund, if the time ever came for his retirement. Now, when the Indian army was reduced, a large number of regiments was disbanded, and though the *cadres* were still retained, junior officers ceased to be appointed at the bottom of the list. As a necessary consequence, in these regiments the system of subscription, or, as it was called, the bonus system, at once ceased, and the senior officers who had subscribed in their time for the retirement of their seniors, saw themselves deprived of the anticipated advantage of being in turn bought out by their juniors. This alteration involved, it will be seen, a direct pecuniary loss. It occasioned the sacrifice of an important investment—the savings of years—and any injustice in such a matter is always felt very bitterly. Upon this point, however, all redress has been hitherto refused. According to strict law, there can be no doubt that the bonus system was illegal. The late Government was consequently advised by Lord Cranworth that the Parliamentary guarantee could not be held to cover the alleged loss, and they steadily refused to grant any redress. At the same time the existence of this system was thoroughly well known, and was unquestionably sanctioned by authority. If illegal, it was certainly not so objectionable as the purchase system in our own army, and was, on the whole, a very reasonable arrangement. Officers had, at all events, acted upon it in perfect good faith, and had invested their money upon a reasonable confidence in the stability of the existing regulation. Although, therefore, they had no legal claim for compensation, they had a very strong moral claim, and we cannot but regard it as extremely unfortunate that the demand should have been so long resisted."

Brief as his tenure of office has been, Lord Cranborne has already applied a remedy to the personal grievances of the Indian officers. He has thrown open the Staff Corps to all without exception, and has arranged for getting out of the revenues of India compensation for the pecuniary losses with which they were threatened. Other difficulties, however, are not overcome. Arrangements were ready, it appears, on the suggestion of Sir John Lawrence, to annex the kingdom of Mysore on the death of the reigning sovereign, on the plea that he has no legitimate issue, and that on former occasions the Company refused to acknowledge the claims of adopted children. Now, this is perfectly true. We acted on this principle in various instances, and conspicuously so in the case of Nana Sahib, of which the result was a feeling of bitter hatred towards us in every region where the old customs of Hindooism prevail. We may go on with the practice if we will, because there is not force enough in Mysore to resist us; but if we do, we must make up our minds to the consequences—which may not show themselves to-morrow or next day, but will surely wait on us sooner or later. Lord Cranborne, we doubt not, will give his best attention to this point also; and if he do, we feel that the issues may be left safely in his hands.

And now, what shall we say of our foreign relations, and of the system of management which has brought them to their present state? There was a time when not a shot could be fired in anger on any part of the continent of Europe without our permission. Even the invasion of Spain by France in 1822 took place because the English Govern-

* This is a mistake. There was no regimental fund, though there was an understanding, in honour, that the outgoing officer would receive from his juniors at least as much as he gave for promotion to his existing rank.

ment, though averse to the act, did not care to threaten war in order to avert it. Had the plea of France been less reasonable than it was, and England taken her stand against it, no invasion would have occurred. We did not pretend to dispute the right of the French people to change their rulers in 1830; indeed, a different course would have been antagonistic to the principle of non-intervention as it was then understood and acted upon. The Tories were at that time in power, and their prompt acknowledgment of Louis Philippe as King of the French alone kept the other great powers of Europe quiet. But the case was different when Belgium declared for separation from Holland—and a French army and an English fleet co-operated to undo the work of 1815. From that time we lost all hold upon the respect and confidence of our old allies, and nothing has since occurred to restore it. Who can look back without a blush upon the part played by our Whig rulers in the early troubles of Italy?—how they fanned the flame which led to the conflagration of 1848, and then sat down quietly under its total extinction by Radetzky's campaign of Novara! It was then seen all over Europe that, though brave enough to talk, we were too feeble to strike, and that Lord Minto might preach rebellion from his balcony in Milan, without thereby pledging his son-in-law to support the rebels with English fleets and armies. By-and-by came the war with Russia—a war planned by the Emperor of the French for his own aggrandisement, which made shipwreck of our prestige as a military nation, and cost us much blood and treasure, in order that France might reap a harvest of glory. And after the Crimean campaign came the Danish question, our mode of dealing with which sank us so low that individual Englishmen were ashamed to show their faces anywhere out of their own country. No wonder that we are at this moment without a voice in the councils of Europe! No wonder that Prussia, meditating her attack upon Austria, never wasted a thought upon England! No wonder that Austria, calling upon the Bund to declare against Prussia, disregarded our warnings, if warnings we ventured to utter! And now France comes forward with a demand for the rectification of her frontier, on the reply to which, by the Court of Berlin, the peace of the world may depend. We say nothing of the attitude which the Legislature of the United States has assumed—the abrogation of the Commercial Treaty with Canada, the Bill for admitting our British provinces into the States, the remodelling of the Foreign Enlistment Act, and the hurrying forward of a large and formidable navy. All these acts may be without political importance; but the watchfulness of the Government which took no care to provide against them cannot surely be commended; nor is the *rôle* which they have thus handed down to their successors lightly to be spoken of.

We might pursue this argument very much farther, were it necessary to do so, because there is no single branch of the public service which the late Government have not systematically and perseveringly neglected. Even Mr. Gladstone's much-boasted financial arrangements, which looked so pleasant upon paper, and enabled him to come to the House of Commons year after year with plausible budgets, will be found to have entirely broken down. Had they not broken down, private credit would have scarcely become so depressed as it now is, nor money so dear that the most solvent trader in the world cannot afford to accept accommodation, however convenient or even necessary it may be to the progress of his business. But the point to which we desire to draw the attention of our

readers is this, that all these shortcomings, and many more, have not been accidental; that they are the legitimate and necessary outgrowth from a seed-time carefully prepared; and that the Liberal Governments which have presided over the destinies of the empire for not far short of a quarter of a century, are, collectively and individually, responsible for the confusion into which the real business of the country has fallen. How, indeed, could a Home Secretary find time to attend to the preservation of the public peace, when, year by year, his energies were taxed to sustain some wild scheme of theoretical improvement? How could the President of the Poor-Law Board look after the necessities of the poor, when his whole soul was given up to plotting for the extension of the franchise? We will venture to say that both in the War Office and at the Admiralty, a great deal more has been said and written of late years about borough and county qualifications, than about guns, ships, and men. And as to India, it might drift whithersoever it listed, so long as the Secretary of State had this one great and paramount matter to consider and to speak for. Now, all this we hold to be nothing short of a crime against the nation. What! did her Majesty place at the head of the great departments of the State, and Parliament accept as its leaders, Ministers, not because they were believed to be able and willing to do the nation's business, but in order that they might make use of their official influence in cramming idle crotchets down the throats of wiser men? For, after all, is there a thoughtful man in the Liberal party who believes, or pretends to say, that the defunct Reform Bill, if it had been carried, would have done the smallest good to any one? No; the measure has been discussed over and over again, in public and private, from opposite sides of the House of Commons, and among familiar friends holding widely different opinions, and we never heard more said in its favour, except when Mr. Bright professed an opinion concerning it, than that *possibly it might do no harm;* and, at all events, that it had become a necessity.

Our firm conviction is, that in regard to this necessitarian view of the subject, a great change in public opinion has already taken place. Wise men desire to be wisely governed, not to be kept in a constant ferment as to who shall govern them. The country wants an efficient War Office, an efficient Admiralty, an efficient Poor-Law Board, an efficient India, Foreign, and Home Office. It feels, to its cost, that they to whom for twenty years it had given its confidence provided none of these things, and had neither the ability nor the forethought necessary to provide them. The country has shaken itself free of the incubus which too long weighed it down. New Ministers are in office, and from them great things, in the way of practical and administrative reform, are expected. Let them not shrink from the *rôle* which has overtaken them. If, as at the Admiralty, matters be so bad that no First Lord, however brave, can grapple with them single-handed, let Sir John Pakington get a royal commission to inquire, and place Mr. Seely himself upon it. So also with the War Office, the India Office, and, indeed, with all the departments of State. What the strength of one man is not perhaps competent to effect, the recommendations of a well-selected and unprejudiced committee may enable him to carry through. At all events, and by any means, let us have the reform which is really needed, before we again turn our attention to reforms of which the value is problematical.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART XVII.

CHAPTER LXV.—ON THE DOOR-STEPS AT NIGHT.

It was late at night when Sewell arrived at the Priory. He had had another disastrous night of play, and had scattered his "acknowledgments" for various sums on every side. Indeed, he had not the vaguest idea of how much he had lost. Disputes and hot discussions too, almost verging on personal quarrels, dashed with all their irritating influences the gloom of his bad-luck; and he felt, as he arose to go home, that he had not even that sorry consolation of the unfortunate gambler—the pitying sympathy of the looker-on.

Over and over, as he went, he asked himself what Fate could possibly intend by this persistent persecution of him? Other fellows had their "innings" now and then. Their fortune came checkered with its bright and dark days. He never emerged, not even passingly, from his ill-luck. "I suppose," muttered he, "the whole is meant to tempt me—but to what? I need very little temptation if the bait be only money. Let me but see gold enough, and my resistance will not be very formidable. I'll not risk my neck; short of that I'm ready for anything." Thus thinking, he plodded onward through the dark night, vaguely wishing at times that no morning was ever to break, and that existence might prolong itself out to one long dark autumn night, silent and starless.

As he reached the hall-door he found his wife seated on the steps as on a former night. It had become a favourite spot with her to taste the cool refreshing night-air, and rally her from the feverish closeness of the sick-room.

"How is he? is it over yet?" cried he as he came up.

"He is better; he slept calmly for some hours, and woke much refreshed."

"I could have sworn it!" burst he in vehemently. "It is the one way Fate could have rescued me, and it is denied me. I believe there is a curse on me! Eh—what?"

"I didn't speak," said she, meekly.

"You muttered though. I heard you mumble something below your breath, as if you agreed with what I said. Say it out, madam, if you think it."

She heaved a weary sigh, but said nothing.

"Has Beattie been here?" asked he, hastily.

"Yes; he stayed for above an hour, but was obliged to go at last to visit another patient. He brought Dr. Lendrick out with him; he arrived this evening."

"Lendrick! Do you mean the man from the Cape?"

"Yes."

"That completes it!" burst he, as he flung his arms wildly up. "I was just wondering what other malignant piece of spite Fortune could play me, and there it is! Had you any talk with this man?"

"Yes; he remained with me all the time Dr. Beattie was upstairs."

"And what was his tone? has he come back to turn us out?—that of course he has—but does he avow it?"

"He shows no such intentions. He asked whether you held much to 'The Nest,' if it was a place that you liked, or if you could relinquish it without any regret?"

"Why so?"

"Because Sir Brook Fossbrooke has just purchased it."

"What nonsense! you know as well as I do that he couldn't purchase a dog-kennel. That property was valued at sixteen thousand pounds four years ago—it is worth twenty now; and you talk to me of this beggar buying it."

"I tell you what he told me, and it was this: Some mine that Sir Brook owned in Sardinia has turned out to be all silver, and in consequence he has suddenly become immensely rich—so rich, indeed, that he has already determined to settle this estate on Lucy Lendrick; and intends, if he can induce Lord Drumcarron to part with 'The Forest,' to add it to the grounds."

Sewell grasped his hair with both hands, and ground his teeth together with passion as he listened.

"You believe this story, I suppose?" said he at last.

"Yes; why should I not believe it?"

"I don't believe a word of it. I see the drift — I saw the drift of it before you had told me ten words. This tale is got up to lull us into security, and to quiet our suspicions. Lendrick knows well the alarm his unexpected return is likely to give us, and to allay our anxieties they have coined this narrative, as though to imply they will be rich enough not to care to molest us, nor stand between us and this old man's money. Don't you see that?"

"I do not. It did not occur to me before, and I do not admit it now."

"I ought not to have asked you. I ought to have remembered what old Fossbrooke once called 'the beautiful trustfulness of your nature.'"

"If I had it once, it has left me many a long day ago!"

"But I deny that you ever had it. You had the woman's trick of affecting to believe, and thus making out what you assumed to think, to be a pledge given by another—a bit of female craft that you all trade on so long as you are young and good-looking."

"And what supplies the place of this ingenious device when we are neither young nor good-looking?"

"I don't know, for the simple reason that I never much interested myself in the sex after that period."

"That's a very sad thing for us. I declare I never had an idea how much we're to be pitied before."

"You would be to be pitied if you knew how we all think of you;" and he spoke with a spiteful malignity almost demoniac.

"It's better, then, for each of us that we should not know this. The

trustfulness that you sneer at does us good service after all."

"And it was this story of the mine that induced Lendrick to come home from the Cape, wasn't it?"

"No; he only heard of the mine since he arrived here."

"I thought," rejoined he, with a sneer, "that he ought to have resigned his appointment on account of this sudden wealth, all the more because I have known that he intended to come back this many a day. And what is Fossbrooke going to do for you? Is there a diamond necklace ordered? or is it one of the brats he is going to adopt?"

"By the way, I have been robbed: some one has carried off my gold comb and some pins; they were on my dressing-table last night. Jane saw them when I went into my room."

"Now's your time to replace the loss! It's the sort of tale old Fossbrooke always responded to."

She made no answer; and for several minutes each sat in silence. "One thing is pretty evident," said he at last, as he made figures with his cane on the ground—"we'll have to troop off, whether the Lendricks come here or not. The place will not be tenable once they are in the vicinity."

"I don't know."

"You don't know! Do you mean that the Doctor and his daughter will stand the French cook here, and the dinners, and let the old man make a blessed fool of himself, as he has been doing for the last eight or ten months past? or do you pretend that if we were to go back to the leg-of-mutton days, and old Haire for company, that it would be worth holding on to it? *I* don't; and I tell you frankly that I intend to demand my passports, as the Ministers say, and be off."

"But *I* can't 'be off.' I have no such alternative!"

"The worse luck yours, or rather the worse skill; for if you had played your hand better, it would not have been thus with you. By the way, what about Trafford? I take it he'll marry this girl now."

"I have not heard," said she, pinching her lips, and speaking with a forced composure.

"If I were you I'd make myself Lucy's confidante, get up the match, and go and live with them. These are the really happy *ménages*. If there be such a thing as bliss, perfect bliss in this world, it is where the wife has a dear friend in the house with her, who listens to all her sorrows, and helps her to manage the tyrant that inflicts them. It was a great mistake of ours not to have known this in early life. Marriage was meant to be a triangle."

"If you go, as you speak of going, have you any objection to my addressing myself to Sir Brook for some assistance?"

"None whatever. I think it the most natural thing in life; he was your guardian, and you have a right to ask what has become of your fortune."

"He might refer me to *you* for the information."

"Very unmannerly if he should, and very ungallant too, for an old admirer. I'm certain if I were to be—what is the phrase?—removed, yes, removed—he'd marry you. Talk of three-volume novels and virtue rewarded, after that!"

"You have been playing to-night," said she, gravely.

"Yes."

"And lost?"

"Lost heavily."

"I thought so. Your courtesies to me have been the measure of your bad-luck for many a day. I have often felt that 'four by honours' has saved me from a bad headache."

"Then there has been more sympathy between us than I ever suspected," said he, rising, and stretching himself; and after a moment or two added, "Must I call

on this Dr. Lendrick?—will he expect me to visit him?"

"Perhaps so," said she, carelessly —"he asked after you."

"Indeed!—did he ask after Trafford too? Do you remember the day at the Governor's dinner he mistook you for Trafford's wife, and explained his mistake by the familiarity of his manner to you in the garden? It was the best bit of awkwardness I ever witnessed."

"I suppose you felt it so?"

"*I*—*I* felt it so! I suspect not! I don't believe there was a man at table enjoyed the blunder as heartily."

"I wish—how I wish!" said she, clasping her hands together.

"Well—what?"

"I wish I could be a man for one brief half-hour!" cried she, and her voice rang with a mild but clear resonance, that made it seem louder than it really was.

"And then?" said he, mockingly.

"Oh do not ask me more!" cried she, as she bent down and hid her face in her hands.

"I think I *will* call on Lendrick," said he, after a moment. "It may not be exactly the sort of task a man would best like; but I opine, if he is about to give his daughter in marriage to this fellow, he ought to know more about him. Now *I* can tell him something, and my wife can tell him more. There's no indiscretion in saying so much, is there?"

She made no reply; and after a pause he went on—"If Trafford hadn't been a shabby dog, he'd not have higgled about buying up those letters. Cane & Kincaid offered them to him for a thousand pounds. I suspect he'd like to have the offer repeated now, but he shall not. He believes, or affects to believe, that for my own sake, I'll not make a public scandal: he doesn't know his man when he thinks this. *You*, madam, might have taught him better—eh?" Still no reply, and he continued—"There is not a man living despises public opinion as I do. If you are rich you trample on it, if poor it tramples on *you;* but so long as a fellow braves the world, and declares that he shrinks from nothing —evades nothing—neither turns right nor left to avoid its judgments—the coward world gives way and lets him pass. *I'll* let them see that I don't care a straw for my own life, when at the price of it I can blow up a magazine."

"No, no, no!" muttered she, in a low but clear tone.

"What do you mean by No, no?" cried he, in a voice of passion.

"I mean that you care a great deal for your own life, and a great deal for your own personal safety; and that if your tyranny to a poor, crushed, weak woman has any bounds, it is from your fear, your abject fear, that in her desperation she might seek a protector, and find him."

"I told you once before, madam, men don't like this sort of protectorate. The old bullying days are gone by. Modern decorum 'takes it out' in damages." She sat still and silent; and after waiting some time, he said, in a calm, unmoved voice, "These little interchanges of courtesy do no good to either of us; they haven't even the poor attraction of novelty: so, as my friend Mr. O'Reardon says, let us 'be practical.' I had hoped that the old gentleman up-stairs was going to do the polite thing, and die; but it appears now he has changed his mind about it. This, to say the least of it, is very inconvenient to me. My embarrassments are such that I shall be obliged to leave the country; my only difficulty is, I have no money. Are you attending? are you listening to me?"

"Yes; I hear you," said she, in a faint whisper.

"*You*, I know, cannot help me; neither can my mother. Of course the old Judge is out of the ques-

tion. As for the fellows at the Club, I am deeply in debt to many of them; and Kincaid only reminds me of his unsettled bill of costs when I ask for a loan. A blank look-out, on the whole; isn't it?"

She muttered something like assent, and he went on. "I have gone through a good many such storms before, but none fully as bad as this; because there are certain things which in a few days must come out — ugly little disclosures—one or two there will be. I inadvertently sold that beech timber to two different fellows, and took the money too."

She lifted up her face and stared at him without speaking.

"Fact, I assure you! I have a confoundedly bad memory; it has got me into scores of scrapes all through life. Then, this very evening, thinking that the Chief couldn't rub through, I made a stupid wager with Balfour that the seat on the Bench would be vacant within a week; and finished my bad run of luck by losing — I can't say how much, but very heavily indeed—at the Club."

A low faint sigh escaped her, but not a word.

"As to bills renewed, protested, and to be protested," said he, in the same easy tone, "they are legion. These take their course, and are no worse than any other man's bills — I don't fret myself about *them*. As in the old days of chivalry one never cared how scurvily he treated the 'villains,' so he behaved like a knight to his equals; so nowadays a man must book up at Tattersall's, though he cheat his tailor. I like the theory, too; it keeps 'the ball rolling' if it does nothing else."

All this he rattled out as though his own fluency gave him a sort of Dutch courage; and who knows, too—for there is a fund of vanity in these men—if he was not vain of showing with what levity he could treat dangers that might have made the stoutest heart afraid?

"Taking the 'tottle of the whole' of these—as old Joe Hume used to say—it's an ugly balance!"

"What do you mean to do?" said she, quietly.

"Bolt, I suppose. I see nothing else for it."

"And will that meet the difficulty?"

"No, but it will secure *me;* secure me from arrest, and the other unpleasant consequences that might follow arrest. To do this, however, I need money, and I have not five pounds—no, nor, I verily believe, five shillings—in the world."

"There are a few trinkets of mine up-stairs. I never wear them——"

"Not worth fifty pounds, the whole lot; nor would one get half fifty for them in a moment of pressure."

"We have some plate——"

"We had, but I sold it three weeks ago; and that reminds me there was a rum old tea-urn got somehow mixed up with our things, and I sold it too, though it has Lendrick's crest upon it. You'll have to get it back some of these days—I told the fellow not to break it up till he heard from you."

"Then what is to be done?" said she, eagerly.

"That's the question; travelling is the one thing that can't be done on tick."

"If you were to go down to 'The Nest'——"

"But our tenure expires on the seventeenth, just one fortnight hence—not to say that I couldn't call myself safe there one hour. No, no; I must manage to get abroad, and instantly, that I may escape from my present troubles; but I must strike out some way of life — something that will keep me."

She sat still and almost stupefied, trying to see an escape from these difficulties, but actually overwhelmed by the number and the nature of them.

"I told you a while ago that I did not believe one word of this

story of the mine, and the untold wealth that has fallen to old Fossbrooke; *you*, however, do believe it; you affirm the tale as if you had seen and touched the ingots; so that you need have no reluctance to ask him to help you."

"You do not object to this course, then?" asked she, eagerly.

"How can I object? If I clutch at a plank when I'm drowning, I don't let go because it may have nails in it. Tell him that you want to buy me off, to get rid of me; that by a couple of hundred pounds—I wish he'd make it five—you can insure my leaving the country, and that my debts here will prevent my coming back again. It's the sort of compact he'll fully concur in; and you can throw in, as if accidentally, how useless it is for him to go on persecuting me, that his confounded memory for old scores has kept my head under water all my life, and hint that those letters of Trafford's he insists on having——"

"*He* insists on having!"

"To be sure he does; I thought I had told you what brought him over here! The old meddling humbug, in his grand benevolence vein, wants to smooth down the difficulties between Lucy Lendrick and Trafford, one of which was thought to be the fellow's attachment to *you*. Don't blush; take it as coolly as I do. I'm not sure whether reading the correspondence aloud isn't the best way to dispel this illusion. You can say that better than I can."

"Trafford never wrote one line to me which I should be afraid or ashamed to see in print."

"These are matters of taste. There are scores of women like publicity, and would rather be notorieties for scandal than models of unnoticed virtue, so we'll not discuss that. There, there; don't look so supremely indignant and contemptuous. That expression became you well enough at three-and-twenty; but ten years, ten long years of not the very smoothest existence, leave their marks!"

She shook her head mournfully, but in silence.

"At all events," resumed he, "declare that you object to the letters being in other hands than your own; and as to a certain paper of mine—a perfectly worthless document, as he well knows—let him give it to you, or burn it in your presence."

She pushed her hair back from her temples, and pressed her hands to either side of her head as though endeavouring to collect her thoughts, and rally herself to an effort of calm determination.

"How much of this is true?" said she at last.

"What do you mean?" said he, sternly.

"I mean this," said she, resolutely—"that I want to know, if you should get this money, is it really your intention to go abroad?"

"You want a pledge from me on this?" said he, with a jeering laugh. "You are not willing to stoop to all this humiliation without having the price of it afterwards? Is not that your meaning?"

Her lips moved, but no sound was audible.

"All fair and reasonable," said he, calmly. "It's not every woman in the world would have the pluck to tell her husband how much meanness she would submit to simply to get rid of him; but you were always courageous, that I will say—you have courage enough."

"I had need of it."

"Go on, madam, finish your speech. I know what you would say. 'You had need of courage for two;' that was the courteous speech that trembled on your lip. The only thing beats your courage is your candour! Well, I must content myself with humbler qualities. I cannot accompany you into these high flights of excellence, but I can go away; and that, after all, is something. Get me this money and I will go—I promise you faithfully—go, and not come back."

"The children," said she, and stopped.

"Madam!" said he, with a mock-heroic air, "I am not a brute! I respect your maternal feelings, and would no more think of robbing you of your children——"

"There—there, that will do. Where is Sir Brook to be found—where does he live?"

"I have his address written down—here it is," said he—"the last cottage on the southern side of Howth. There is a porch to the door, which, it would seem, is distinctive, as well as three chimneys; my informant was as descriptive as Figaro. You had better keep this piece of paper as a reminder; and the trains deposit you at less than half a mile from the place."

"I will go early to-morrow morning. Shall I find you here on my return?"

"Of that you may be certain. I can't venture to leave the house all day; I'm not sure there will not be a writ out against me."

She arose and seemed about to say something — hesitated for a moment or two, and then slowly entered the house, and disappeared.

CHAPTER LXVI.—GOING OUT.

In a small dinner-room of the Viceregal Lodge, in the Phœnix Park, the Viceroy sat at dinner with Sir Brook Fossbrooke. He had arrived in great haste, and incognito, from England, to make preparations for his final departure from Ireland; for his party had been beaten in the House, and expected that, in the last debate on the measure before them, they would be driven to resign office. Lord Wilmington had no personal regrets on the subject. With high station and a large fortune, Ireland, to him, meant little else than estrangement from the habits and places that he liked, with the exposure to that species of comment and remark which the Press so unsparingly bestows on all public men in England. He had accepted office to please his party; and, though naturally sorry for their defeat, there was a secret selfish satisfaction at being able to go back to a life more congenial to him that more than consoled him for the ministerial reverse.

It is difficult for the small world of place-hunters and office-seekers to understand this indifference; but I have little doubt that it exists largely amongst men of high position and great fortune, and imparts to their manner that seeming dignity in adversity which we humble folk are so prone to believe the especial gift of the "order."

Cholmondeley Balfour did not take matters so coolly; he had been summoned over by telegram to take his part in the "third reading," and went away with the depressing feeling that his official sun was about to set, and all the delightful insolences of a "department" were about to be withdrawn from him.

Balfour had a brief interview with the Viceroy before he started, and hurriedly informed him how events stood in Ireland. Nor was it without a sense of indignation that he saw how little his Excellency cared for the defeat of his party, and how much more eager he seemed to see his old friend Fossbrooke, and thank him for his conduct, than listen to the details of the critical questions of the hour.

"And this is his address, you say?" said Lord Wilmington, as he held a card in his hand. "I must send off to him at once."

"It's all Bentley's fault," said Balfour, full of the House and the debate. "If that fellow were drowning, and had only breath for it, he'd move an amendment! And it's so provoking, now we had got so splendidly through our prosecu-

tions, and were winning the Catholics round to us besides; not to say that I have at last managed to induce Lendrick to resign, and we have a Judgeship to bestow." In a few hurried words he recounted his negotiation with Sewell, placing in the Viceroy's hand the document of the resignation.

Lord Wilmington's thoughts were fully as much on his old friend Fossbrooke all this time as on questions of office, and not a little disconcerted the Secretary by muttering, "I hope the dear old fellow bears me no ill-will. I would not for worlds that he should think me unmindful of him."

And now they sat over their wine together, talking pleasantly of bygone times and old friends—many lost to them by death, and some by distance.

"I take it," said Fossbrooke, after a pause, "that you are not sorry to get back to England?"

Lord Wilmington smiled, but said nothing.

"You never could have cared much for the pomp and state of this office, and, I suppose, beyond these, there is little in it?"

"You have hit it, exactly. There is nothing to be done here—nothing! The shortness of the period that is given to any man to rule this country, and the insecurity of his tenure, even for that time, compel him to govern by a party; and the result is, we go on alternately pitting one faction against the other, till we end by marshalling the nation into two camps, instead of massing them into one people. Then there is another difficulty. In Ireland, the question is not so much what you do as by whom you do it. It is the men, not the measures, that are thought of. There is not an infringement on personal freedom I could not carry out, if you only let me employ for its enactment some popular demagogue. Give me a good patriot in Ireland, and I'll engage to crush every liberty in the island."

"I don't envy you your office, then," said Fossbrooke, gravely.

"Of course you don't; and between ourselves, Fossbrooke, I'm not heartbroken by the thought of laying it down. I suspect, too, that after a spell of Irish official life every statesman ought to lie fallow for a while: he grows so shifty and so unscrupulous here, he is not fit for home work."

"And how soon do you leave?"

"Let me see," said he, pondering. "We shall be beaten to-night, or to-morrow night at farthest. They'll take a day to talk it over, and another to see the Queen; and allowing three more days for the negotiations back and forward, I think I may say we shall be out by this day week. A week of worry and annoyance it will be!"

"How so?"

"All the hungry come to be fed at the last hour. They know well that an outgoing administration is always bent on filling up everything in their gift. You make a clean sweep of the larder before you give up the key to the new housekeeper; and one is scarcely so inquisitive as to the capacity of the new office-holder as he would be if, remaining in power, he had to avail himself of his services. For instance, Pemberton may not be the best man for Chief Baron, but we mean to bequeath him in that condition to our successors."

"And what becomes of Sir William Lendrick?"

"He resigns."

"With his peerage?"

"Nothing of the kind; he gets nothing. I'm not quite clear how the matter was brought about. I heard a very garbled, confused story from Balfour. As well as I could gather, the old man intrusted his step-son, Sewell, with the resignation, probably to enable him to make some terms for himself; and Sewell—a shifty sort of fellow, it would seem — held it back,—the Judge being ill, and unable to act, —till he found that things looked

ticklish. We might go out — the Chief Baron might die — heaven knows what might occur. At all events he closed the negotiation, and placed the documents in Balfour's hands, only pledging him not to act upon it for eight-and-forty hours."

"This interests me deeply. I know the man Sewell well, and I know that no transaction in which he is mixed up can be clean-handed."

"I have heard of him as a man of doubtful character."

"Quite the reverse; he is the most indubitable scoundrel alive. I need not tell you that I have seen a great deal of life, and not always of its best or most reputable side. Well, this fellow has more bad in him, and less good, than any one I have ever met. The world has scores, thousands, of unprincipled dogs, who, when their own interests are served, are tolerably indifferent about the rest of humanity. They have even, at times, their little moods of generosity, in which they will help a fellow-blackguard, and actually do things that seem good-natured. Not so Sewell. Swimming for his life, he'd like to drown the fellow that swam alongside of him."

"It is hard to believe in such a character," said the other.

"So it is! I stood out long—ay, for years—against the conviction; but he has brought me round to it at last, and I don't think I can forgive the fellow for destroying in me a long-treasured belief that no heart was so depraved as to be without its relieving trait."

"I never heard you speak so hardly before of any one, Fossbrooke."

"Nor shall you ever again, for I will never mention this man more. These fellows jar upon one's nature, and set it out of tune towards all humanity."

"It is strange how a shrewd old lawyer like the Chief Baron could have taken such a man into his confidence."

"Not so strange as it seems at first blush. Your men of the world —and Sewell is eminently one of these—wield an immense influence over others immeasurably their superiors in intellect, just by force of that practical skill which intercourse with life confers. Think for a moment how often Sewell might refer some judgment or opinion of the old Chief to that tribunal they call 'Society,' of whose ways of thought, or whose prejudices, Lendrick knows as much as he knows of the domestic habits of the Tonga Islanders. Now Sewell was made to acquire this influence, and to employ it."

"That would account for his being intrusted with this," said the Viceroy, drawing from his breast-pocket the packet Balfour had given him. "This is Sir William's long-waited-for resignation."

"The address is in Sewell's writing. I know the hand well."

"Balfour assured me that he was well acquainted with the Chief Baron's writing, and could vouch for the authenticity of the document. Here it is." As he said, he opened the envelope, and drew forth a half-sheet of post-paper, and handed it to Fossbrooke.

"Ay, this is veritable. I know the hand too, and the style confirms it." He pondered for some seconds over the paper, turned it, looked at the back of it, examining it all closely and carefully, and then, holding it out at arm's-length, he said, "You know these things far better than I do, and you can say if this be the sort of document a man would send on such an occasion."

"You don't mean that it is a forgery?"

"No, not that; nor is it because a forgery would be an act Sewell would hold back from. I merely ask if this looks like what it purports to be? Would Sir William Lendrick, in performing so solemn an act, take a half-sheet of paper,—the first that offered, it would seem—for see, here are some words scrib-

bled on the back,—and send in his resignation blurred, blotted, and corrected like this?"

"I read it very hurriedly. Balfour gave it to me as I landed, and I only ran my eyes over it; let me see it again. Yes, yes," muttered he, "there is much in what you say; all these smudges and alterations are suspicious. It looks like a draft of a despatch."

"And so it is. I'll wager my head on it—just a draft."

"I see what you mean. It was a draft abstracted by Sewell, and forwarded under this envelope."

"Precisely. The Chief Baron, I am told, is a hot, hasty, passionate man, with moments of rash, impetuous action; in one of these he sat down and wrote this, as Italians say, 'per sfogarsi.' Warm-tempered men blow off their extra steam in this wise, and then go on their way like the rest of us. He wrote this, and, having written it, felt he had acquitted a debt he owed his own indignation."

"It looks amazingly like it; and now I remember in a confused sort of way something about a bet Balfour lost; a hundred—I am not sure it was not two hundred——"

"There, there," said Fossbrooke, laughing. "I recognise my honourable friend at once. I see the whole as if it were revealed to me. He grows bolder as he goes on. Formerly, his rascalities were what brokers call 'time bargains,' and not to be settled for till the end of the month, but now he only asks a day's immunity."

"A man must be a consummate scoundrel who would do this."

"And so he is—a fellow who stops at nothing. Oh, if the world only knew how many brigands wore diamond shirt-buttons, there would be as much terror in going into a drawing-room as people now feel about a tour in Greece. You will let me have this document for a few hours?"

"To be sure, Fossbrooke. I know well I may rely on your discretion; but what do you mean to do with it?"

"Let the Chief Baron see it, if he's well enough; if not, I'll show it to Beattie, his doctor, and ask his opinion of it. Dr. Lendrick, Sir William's son, is also here, and he will probably be able to say if my suspicions are well founded."

"It seems odd enough to me, Fossy, to hear *you* talk of your suspicions! How hardly the world must have gone with you since we met to inflict you with suspicions! You never had one long ago."

"And shall I tell you how I came by them, Wilmington?" said he, laughing. "I have grown rich again — there's the whole secret. There's no such corrupter as affluence. My mine has turned out a perfect Potosi, and here am I ready to think every man a knave and a rascal, and the whole world in a conspiracy to cheat me!"

"And is this fact about the mine?—tell me all about it."

And Fossbrooke now related the story of his good fortune, dwelling passingly on the days of hardship that preceded it; but frankly avowing that it was a consummation of which he never for a moment doubted. "I knew it," said he; "and I was not impatient. The world is always an amusing drama, and though one may not be 'cast' for a high part, he can still 'come on' occasionally, and at all events he can enjoy the performance."

"And is this fortune to go like the others, Fossy?" said the Viceroy, laughing.

"Have I not told you how much wiser I have grown? that I trust no one? I'm not sure that I'll not set up as a money-lender."

"So you were forty years ago, Fossy, to my own knowledge; but I don't suspect you found it very profitable."

"Have I not had my fifty—ay, my five hundred—per cent. in my racy enjoyment of life? One cannot be paid in meal and malt too;

and *I* have 'commuted,' as they call it, and 'taken out' in cordiality what others prefer in cash. I do not believe there is a corner of the globe where I could not find some one to give me a cordial welcome!"

"And what are your plans?"

"I have fully a thousand; my first, however, is to purchase that place on the Shannon, where, if you remember, we met once—the Swan's Nest. I want to settle my friends the Lendricks in their old home. I shall have to build myself a crib near them. But before I turn squatter I'll have a run over to Canada. I have a large tract there near Huron, and they have built a village on me, and now are asking me for a church, and a schoolhouse, and an hospital. It was but a week ago they might as well have asked me for the moon! I must see Ceylon too, and my coffee-fields. I am dying to be 'bon Prince' again and lower my rents. 'There's arrant snobbery,' some one told me t'other day, 'in that same love of popularity;' but they'll have to give it even a worse name before they disgust me with it. I shall have to visit Cagliari also, and relieve Tom Lendrick, who would like, I have no doubt, to take that 'three months in Paris' which young fellows call 'going over to see their friends.'"

"You are a happy fellow, Brook; perhaps the happiest I ever knew."

"I'll sell my secret for it cheap," said Fossbrooke, laughing. "It is, never to go grubbing for mean motives in this life; never tormenting yourself what this might mean or that other might portend, but take the world for what it seems, or what it wishes you to believe it. Take it with its company face on, and never ask to see any one in *déshabille* but old and dear friends. Life has two sides, and some men spin the coin so as always to make the wrong face of the medal come uppermost. I learned the opposite plan when I was very young, and I have not forgotten it. Good-night now; I promised Beattie to look in on him before midnight, and it's not far off, I see."

"We shall have a day or two of you, I hope, at Crew before you leave England?"

"When I have purchased my estate and married off my young people, I'll certainly make you a visit."

CHAPTER LXVII.—AT HOWTH.

On the same evening that Fossbrooke was dining with the Viceroy Trafford arrived in Dublin, and set out at once for the little cottage at Howth to surprise his old friend by his sudden appearance. Tom Lendrick had given him so accurate a description of the spot that he had no difficulty in finding it. If somewhat disappointed at first on learning that Sir Brook had dined in town, and might not return till a late hour, his mind was so full of all he had to say and to do that he was not sorry to have some few hours to himself for quiet and tranquil thought. He had come direct from Malta without going to Holt, and therefore was still mainly ignorant of the sentiments of his family towards him, knowing nothing beyond the fact that Sir Brook had induced his father to see him. Even that was something. He did not look to be restored to his place as the future head of the house, but he wanted recognition and forgiveness — the first for Lucy's sake more than his own. The thought was too painful that his wife—and he was determined she should be his wife—should not be kindly received and welcomed by his family. "I ask nothing beyond this," would he say over and over to himself. "Let us be as poor as we may, but let them treat us as kindred, and not regard us as

outcasts. I bargain for no more." He believed himself thoroughly and implicitly when he said this. He was not conscious with what force two other and very different influences swayed him. He wished his father, and still more his mother, should see Lucy; not alone see her beauty and gracefulness, but should see the charm of her manner, the fascination which her bright temperament threw around her. "Why, her very voice is a spell!" cried he, aloud, as he pictured her before him. And then, too, he nourished a sense of pride in thinking how Lucy would be struck by the sight of Holt—one of the most perfect specimens of old Saxon architecture in the kingdom; for though a long line of descendants had added largely, and incongruously too, to the building, the stern and squat old towers, the low broad battlements and square casements, were there, better blazons of birth and blood than all the gilded decorations of a herald's college.

He honestly believed he would have liked to show her Holt as a true type of an ancient keep, bold, bluff, and stern-looking, but with an unmistakable look of power, recalling a time when there were lords and serfs, and when a Trafford was as much a despot as the Czar himself. He positively was not aware how far personal pride and vanity influenced this desire on his part, nor how far he was moved by the secret pleasure his heart would feel at Lucy's wondering admiration.

"If I cannot say, This is your home—this is your own, I can at least say, It is from the race who have lived here for centuries he who loves you is descended. We are no 'new rich,' who have to fall back upon our wealth for the consideration we count upon. We were men of mark before the Normans were even heard of." All these, I say, he felt, but knew not. That Lucy was one to care for such things he was well aware. She was intensely Irish in her reverence for birth and descent, and had that love of the traditionary which is at once the charm and the weakness of the Celtic nature. Trafford sat thinking over these things, and thinking over what might be his future. It was clear enough he could not remain in the army; his pay, barely sufficient for his support at present, would never suffice when he had a wife. He had some debts, too; not very heavy, indeed, but onerous enough when their payment must be made out of the sale of his commission. How often had he done over that weary sum of subtraction! not that repetition made matters better to him; for somehow, though he never could manage to make more of the sale of his majority, he could still, unhappily for him, continually go on recalling some debt or other that he had omitted to jot down—an unlucky 'fifty' to Jones which had escaped him till now; and then there was Sewell! The power of the unknown is incommensurable; and so is it, there is that in a vague threat that terrifies the stoutest heart. Just before he left Malta he had received a letter from a man whose name was not known to him in these terms: "Sir,—It has come to my knowledge professionally, that proceedings will shortly be instituted against you in the Divorce Court at the suit of Colonel Sewell, on the ground of certain letters written by you. These letters, now in the hands of Messrs. Cane & Kincaid, solicitors, Dominick Street, Dublin, may be obtained by you on payment of one thousand pounds, and the costs incurred up to this date. If it be your desire to escape the scandal and publicity of this action, and the much heavier damages that will inevitably result, you may do so by addressing yourself to your very obedient and faithful servant,

"JAMES MAHER,
"Attorney-at-Law,
"Kildare Place."

He had had no time to reply to this unpleasant epistle before he started, even had he known what reply to make, all that he resolved on being to do nothing till he saw Sir Brook. He had opened his writing-desk to find Lucy's last letter to him, and by ill luck it was this ill-omened document first came to his hand. Fortune will play us these pranks. She will change the glass we meant to drink out of, and give us a bitter draught at the moment that we dreamed of nectar! "If I'm to give this thousand pounds," muttered he, moodily, "I may find myself with about eight hundred in the world! for I take it these costs he speaks of will be no trifle! I shall need some boldness to go and tell this to Sir William Lendrick when I ask him for his grand-daughter." Here again he bethought him of Sir Brook, and reassured himself that with his aid even this difficulty might be conquered. He arose to ask if it were certain that Sir Brook would return home that night, and discovered that he was alone in the cottage, the fisherman and his wife who lived there having gone down to the shore to gather the seaweed left by the retreating tide. Trafford knew nothing of Fossbrooke's recent good fortune. The letters which conveyed that news reached Malta after he had left, and his journey to England was prompted by impatience to decide his fate at once, either by some arrangement with his family which might enable him to remain in the army, or, failing all hope of that, by the sale of his commission. "If Tom Lendrick can face the hard life of a miner, why should not I?" would he say. "I am as well able to rough it as any man. Fellows as tenderly nurtured as myself go out to the gold-diggings and smash quartz, and what is there in me that I should shrink from this labour!" There was a grim sort of humour in the way he repeated to himself the imaginary calls of his comrades. 'Where's Sir Lionel Trafford? Will some one send the distinguished baronet down here with his shovel?' "Lucy, too, has seen the life of hard work and stern privation. She showed no faint-heartedness at its hardships; far from it. I never saw her look happier nor cheerier. To look at her, one would say that she liked its wild adventure—its very uncommonness. I'll be sworn if we'll not be as happy—happier, perhaps, than if we had rank and riches. As Sir Brook says, it all depends upon himself in what spirit a man meets his fortune. Whether you confront life or death, there are but two ways —that of the brave man or the coward.

"How I wish he were come! How impatient I am to know what success he has had with my father! My own mind is made up. The question is, Shall I be able to persuade others to regard the future as I do? Will Lucy's friends let her accept a beggar? No, not that! He who is able and willing to work need not be a beggar. Was that a tap at the door? Come in." As he spoke the door slowly opened, and a lady entered: her veil, closely drawn and folded, completely concealed her face, and a large shawl wrapped her figure from shoulders to feet.

As she stood for an instant silent, Trafford arose and said, "I suppose you wished to see Sir Brook Fossbrooke; but he is from home, and will not return till a late hour."

"Don't you remember me, Lionel?" said she, drawing back her veil, while she leaned against the wall for support.

"Good heavens! Mrs. Sewell!" and he sprang forward and led her to a seat. "I never thought to see you here," said he, merely uttering words at random in his astonishment.

"When did you come?" asked she, faintly.

"About an hour ago."

"True? Is this true?"

"On my honour. Why do you ask? why should you doubt it?"

"Simply to know how long you could have been here without coming to me." These words were uttered in a voice slightly tremulous, and full of a tender significance. Trafford's cheeks grew scarlet, and for a moment he seemed unable to reply. At last he said, in a confused way, "I came by the mail-packet, and at once drove out here. I was anxious to see Sir Brook. And you?"

"I came here also to see him."

"He has been in some trouble lately," said Trafford, trying to lead the conversation into an indifferent channel. "By some absurd mistake they arrested him as a Celt."

"How long do you remain here, Lionel?" asked she, totally unmindful of his speech.

"My leave is for a month, but the journey takes off one-half of it."

"Am I much changed, Lionel, since you saw me last? You can scarcely know. Come over and sit beside me."

Trafford drew his chair close to hers. "Well," said she, pushing back her bonnet, and by the action letting her rich and glossy hair fall in great masses over her back, "you have not answered me? How am I looking?"

"You were always beautiful, and fully as much so now as ever."

"But I am thinner, Lionel. See my poor hands, how they are wasted. These are not the plump fingers you used to hold for hours in your own—all that dreary time you were so ill;" and as she spoke she laid her hand, as if unconsciously, over his.

"You were so good to me," muttered he—"so good and so kind."

"And you have wellnigh forgotten it all," said she, sighing heavily.

"Forgotten it! far from it. I never think of you but with gratitude."

She drew her hand hastily away, and averted her head at the same time with a quick movement.

"Were it not for your tender care and watchfulness, I know well I could never have recovered from that severe illness. I cannot forget, I do not want to forget, the thousand little ways in which you assuaged my suffering, nor the still more touching kindness with which you bore my impatience. I often live it all over again, believe me, Mrs. Sewell."

"You used to call me Lucy," said she, in a faint whisper.

"Did I—did I dare?"

"Yes, you dared. You dared even more than that, Lionel. You dared to speak to me, to write to me, as only he can write or speak who offers a woman his whole heart. I know the manly code on these matters is, that when a married woman listens even once to such addresses, she admits the plea on which her love is sought; but I believed—yes, Lionel, I believed—that yours was a different nature. I knew—my heart told me—that you pitied me."

"That I did," said he, with a quivering lip.

"You pitied me because you saw the whole sad story of my life. You saw the cruel outrages, the insults I was exposed to! Poor Lionel," and she caught his hand as she spoke—"how severely did it often try your temper to endure what you witnessed!"

Trafford bit his lip in silence, and she went on more eagerly, "I needed not defenders. I could have had scores of them. There was not a man who came to the house would not have been proud to be my champion. You know if this be a boast. You know how I was surrounded. For the very least of those caresses I bestowed upon you on your sickbed, there was not one who would not have risked his life. Is this true?"

"I believe it," muttered he.

"And why did I bear all this," cried she, wildly—"why did I en-

dure, not alone and in the secrecy of my own home, but before the world—in the crowd of a drawing-room—outrage that wounds a woman's pride worse than a brought home crime? Why did I live under it all? Just for this, that the one man who should have avenged me was sick, if not dying; and that if *he* could not defend me, I would have no other. You said you pitied me," said she, leaning her head against his shoulder. "Do you pity me still?"

"With all my heart I pity you."

"I knew it—I was sure of it!" said she, with a voice vibrating with a sort of triumph. "I always said you would come back—that you had not, could not, forget me—that you would no more desert me than a man deserts the comrade that has been shipwrecked with him. You see that I did not wrong you, Lionel."

Trafford covered his face with both his hands, but never uttered a word, while she went on—"Your friends, indeed, if that be the name for them, insisted that I was mistaken in you! How often have I had to hear such speeches as 'Trafford always looks to himself. Trafford will never entangle himself deeply for any one;' and then they would recount some little story of a heartless desertion here, or some betrayal there, as though your life—your whole life, was made up of these treacheries; and I had to listen to these as to the idle gossip one hears in the world and takes no account of! Would you believe it, Lionel, it was only last week I was making a morning call at my mother-in-law's, and I heard that you were coming home to England to be married! Perhaps I was ill that day — I had enough to have made me ill—perhaps more wretched than usual—perhaps, who knows, the startling suddenness of the news—I cannot say how, but so overcome was I by indignation, that I cried out, 'It is untrue—every syllable of it untrue.' I meant to have stopped there, but somehow I went on to say—heaven knows what—that I would not sit by and hear you slandered — that you were a man of unblemished honour — in a word, Lionel, I silenced your detractors; but in doing so, I sacrificed myself; and as one by one each visitor rose to withdraw—they were all women—they made me some little apology for whatever pain they had given me, and in such a tone of mock sorrow and real sarcasm, that as the last left the room I fell into a fit of hysterics that lasted for hours. 'Oh, Lucy, what have you done!' were the first words I heard, and it was *his* mother who spoke them. Ay, Lionel, they were bitter words to hear! Not but that she pitied me. Yes, women have pity on each other in such miseries. She was very kind to me, and came back with me to the Priory, and stayed all the evening with me, and we talked of *you!* Yes, Lionel, she forgave me. She said she had long foreseen what it must come to—that no woman had ever borne what I had — that over and over again she had warned him, conjuring him, if not for his own sake, for the children's—— Oh, Lionel, I cannot go on!" burst she out, sobbing bitterly, as she fell at his feet, and rested her head on his knees. He carried her tenderly in his arms and placed her on a sofa, and she lay there to all seeming insensible and unconscious. He was bending anxiously over her as she lifted her eyelids and gazed at him—a long steadfast look it was, as though it would read his very heart within him. "Well," asked she—"well?"

"Are you better?" asked he, in a kind voice.

"When you have answered *my* question, I will answer yours," said she, in a tone almost stern.

"You have not asked me anything, Lucy," said he, tremulously.

"And do you want me to say I

doubt you?" cried she, with almost a scream. "Do you want me to humble myself to ask, Am I to be forsaken?—in plain words, Is there one word of truth in this story of the marriage? Why don't you answer me? Speak out, sir, and deny it as you would deny the charge that called you a swindler or a coward. What! are you silent? Is it the fear of what is to come after that appalls you? but I absolve you from the charge, Trafford. You shall not be burthened by me. My mother-in-law will take me. She has offered me a home, and I have accepted it. There, now, you are released of that terror. Say that this tale of the marriage is a lie—a foul lie—a lie invented to outrage and insult me;—say that, Lionel—just bow your head, my own—— What! It is not a lie, then?" said she, in a low distinct voice—"and it is *I* that have been deceived, and you are——all they have called you."

"Listen to me, Lucy."

"How dare you, sir?—by what right do you presume to call me Lucy? Are you such a coward as to take this freedom because my husband is not here to resent it? Do not touch me, sir. That old man, in whose house I am, would strike you to the ground if you insulted me. It was to see him I came here—to see him, and not you. I came here with a message from my husband to Sir Brook Fossbrooke—and not to listen to the insulting addresses of Major Trafford. Let me go, sir; and at your peril touch me with a finger. Look at yourself in that glass yonder—look at yourself, and you will see why I despise you." And with this she arose and passed out, while with a warning gesture of her hand she motioned that he should not follow her.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—TO REPORT.

It was long after midnight when Mrs. Sewell reached the Priory. She dismissed her cab at the gate lodge, and was slowly walking up the avenue when Sewell met her.

"I was beginning to think you didn't mean to come back at all," cried he, in a voice of mingled taunt and irritation—"it is close on one o'clock."

"He had dined in town, and I had to wait till he returned," said she, in a low, faint tone.

"You saw him, however?"

"Yes, we met at the station."

"Well, what success?"

"He gave me some money—he promised me more."

"How much has he given you?" cried he, eagerly.

"Two hundred, I think; at least I thought he said there was two hundred—he gave me his pocket-book. Let me reach the house and have a glass of water before you question me more. I am tired—very tired."

"You seem weak, too; have you eaten nothing?"

"No, nothing."

"There is some supper on the table. We have had guests here. Old Lendrick and his daughter came up with Beattie. They are not above half an hour gone. They thought to see the old man, but Beattie found him so excited and irritable he advised them to defer the visit."

"Did you see them?"

"Yes, I passed the evening with them most amicably. The girl is wonderfully good-looking; and she has got rid of that shy, half-furtive way she had formerly, and looks at one steadfastly, and with such a pair of eyes too! I had no notion she was so beautiful."

"Were they cordial in manner—friendly?"

"I suppose they were. Dr. Len-

drick was embarrassed and timid, and with that fidgety uneasiness as if he wanted to be anywhere else than where he was; but she was affable enough—asked affectionately about you and the children, and hoped to see you to-morrow."

She made no reply, but hastening her steps, walked on till she entered the house, when, passing into a small room off the hall, she threw off her bonnet, and, with a deep-drawn sigh, said, "I am dead tired—get me some water."

"You had better have wine."

"No, water. I am feverish. My head is throbbing painfully."

"You want food and support. Come into the dining-room and eat something. I'll keep you company, too, for I couldn't eat while those people were here. I felt, all the time, that they had come to turn us out; and indeed Beattie, with a delicate tact quite his own, half avowed it, as he said, 'It is a pity there is not light enough for you to see your old flower-garden, Lucy, for I know you are impatient to be back in it again.'"

"I'll try and eat something," said Mrs. Sewell, rising, and with weary steps moving into the dining-room.

Sewell placed a chair for her at the table, helped her, and filled her glass, and, telling the servant that he need not wait, sat down opposite her. "From what Beattie said I gather," said he, "that the Chief is out of danger; the crisis of the attack is over, and he has only to be cautious to come through. Isn't it like our luck?"

"Hush!—take care."

"No fear. They can't hear even when they try—these double doors puzzle them. You are not eating."

"I cannot eat; give me another glass of wine."

"Yes, that will do you good; it's the old thirty-four. I took it out in honour of Lendrick, but he is a water-drinker. I'm sure I wish Beattie were. I grudged the rascal every glass of that glorious claret which he threw down with such gusto, telling me the while that it was infinitely finer then when he last tasted it."

"I feel better now, but I want rest and sleep. You can wait for all I have to tell you till to-morrow—can't you?"

"If I must, there's no help for it; but considering that my whole future, in a measure, hangs upon it, I'd rather hear it now."

"I am wellnigh worn out," said she, plaintively; and she held out her glass to be filled once more; "but I'll try and tell you."

Supporting her head on both her hands, and with her eyes half closed, she went on in a low monotonous tone, like that of one reading, from a book:—"We met at the station, and had but a few minutes to confer together. I told him I had been at his house; that I came to see him, and ask his assistance; that you had got into trouble, and would have to leave the country, and were without means to go. He seemed, I thought, to be aware of all this, and asked me, Was it only now that I had learned or knew of this necessity? He also asked if it were at your instance, and by your wish, that I had come to him? I said, Yes; you had sent me." Sewell started as if something sharp had pierced him, and she went on—"There was nothing for it but the truth; and, besides, I know him well, and if he had once detected me in an attempt to deceive him, he would not have forgiven it. He then said, "It is not to the wife I will speak harshly of the husband, but what assurance have I that he will go out of the country?' I said, 'You had no choice between that and a jail.' He nodded assent, and muttered, 'A jail—and worse; and *you*,' said he, 'what is to become of you?' I told him 'I did not know; that perhaps Lady Lendrick would take me and the children.'"

"He did not offer you a home

with himself?" said Sewell, with a diabolical grin.

"No," said she calmly; "but he objected to our being separated. He said that it was to sacrifice our children, and we had no right to do this; and that come what might, we ought to live together. He spoke much on this, and asked me more than once if our hard-bought experiences had not taught us to be more patient, more forgiving towards each other."

"I hope you told him that I was a miracle of tolerance, and that I bore with a saintly submission what more irritable mortals were wont to go half mad about—did you tell him this?"

"Yes; I said you had a very practical way of dealing with life, and never resented an unprofitable insult."

"How safe a man's honour always is in a good wife's keeping," said he, with a savage laugh. "I hope your candour encouraged him to more frankness; he must have felt at ease after that?"

"Still he persisted in saying there must be no separation."

"That was hard upon you; did you not tell him that was hard upon *you*?"

"No; I avoided mixing up myself in the discussion. I had come to treat for you, and you alone."

"But you might have said that he had no right to impose upon you a life of—what shall I call it?—incompatibility or cruelty."

"I did not; I told him I would repeat to you whatever he told me as nearly as I could. He then said, 'Go abroad and live together in some cheap place, where you can find means to educate the children. I,' said he, 'will take the cost of that, and allow you five hundred a-year for your own expenses. If I am satisfied with your husband's conduct, and well assured of his reformation, I will increase this allowance.'"

"He said nothing about you nor *your* reformation—did he?"

"Not a word."

"How much will he make it if we separate?"

"He did not say. Indeed he seemed to make our living together the condition of aiding us."

"And if he knew of anything harder or harsher he'd have added it. Why, he has gone about the world these dozen of years back telling every one what a brute and blackguard you had for a husband—that, short of murder, I had gone through every crime towards you. Where was it I beat you with a hunting-whip?"

"At Rangoon," said she, calmly.

"And where did I turn you into the streets at midnight?"

"At Winchester."

"Exactly; these were the very lies—the infernal lies—he has been circulating for years; and now he says, 'If you have not yet found out how suited you are to each other, how admirably your tastes and dispositions agree, it's quite time you should do so. Go back and live together, and if one of you does not poison the other, I'll give you a small annuity.'"

"Five hundred a year is very liberal," said she, coldly.

"I could manage on it for myself alone, but it's mean to support a family. It's beggary, neither more nor less."

"We have no claim upon him."

"No claim! What! no claim on your godfather, your guardian, not to say the impassioned and devoted admirer who followed you over India just to look at you, and spent a little fortune in getting portraits of you. Why, the man must be a downright impostor if he does not put half his fortune at your feet!"

"I ought to tell you that he annexed certain conditions to any help he tendered us. 'They were matters,' he said, 'could best be treated between you and himself; that I did not, nor need not, know any of them.'"

"I know what he alluded to."

"Last of all, he said you must

give him your answer promptly, for he would not be long in this country."

"As to that, time is fully as pressing to me as to him. The only question is, Can we make no better terms with him?"

"You mean more money?"

"Of course I mean more money. Could you make him say one thousand, or at least eight hundred, instead of five?"

"It would not be a pleasant mission," said she, with a bitter smile.

"I suppose not; a ruined man's wife need not look for many 'pleasant missions,' as you call them. This same one of to-day was not over-gratifying."

"Less even than you are aware," said she, slowly.

"Oh, I can very well imagine the tone and manner of the old fellow; how much of rebuke and severity he could throw into his voice; and how minutely and painstakingly he would dwell upon all that could humiliate you."

"No; you are quite wrong. There was not a word of reproach, not a syllable of blame; his manner was full of gentle and pitying kindness, and when he tried to comfort and cheer me, it was like the affection of a father."

"Where, then, was this great trial and suffering of which you have just said I could take no full measure?"

"I was thinking of what occurred before I met Sir Brook," said she, looking up, and with her eyes now widely opened, and a nostril distended as she spoke; "I was thinking of an incident of the morning. I have told you that when I reached the cottage where Sir Brook lived, I found that he was absent, and would not return till a late hour. Tired with my long walk from the station, I wished to sit down and rest before I had determined what to do, whether to await his arrival or go back to town. I saw the door open, I entered the little sitting-room, and found myself face to face with Major Trafford."

"Lionel Trafford?"

"Yes, he had come by that morning's packet from England, and gone straight out to see his friend."

"He was alone, was he?"

"Alone! there was no one in the house but ourselves."

Sewell shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Go on."

The insult of his gesture sent the blood to her face and forehead, and for an instant she seemed too much overcome by anger to speak.

"Am I to tell you what this man said to me? Is *that* what you mean?" said she, in a voice that almost hissed with passion.

"Better not, perhaps," replied he, calmly, "if the very recollection overcome you so completely."

"That is to say, it is better I should bear the insult how I may than reveal it to one who will not resent it."

"When you say resent, do you intend I should call him out?—fight him?"

"If I were the husband instead of the wife, it is what I should do—ay," cried she, wildly, "and thank Fortune that gave me the chance."

"I don't think I'm going to show any such gratitude," said he, with a cold grin. "If he made love to you, I take it he fancied you had given him some encouragement. When you showed him that he was mistaken, he met his punishment. A woman always knows how to make a man look like a confounded fool at such a moment."

"And is that enough?"

"Is *what* enough?"

"I ask, is it enough to make him like a confounded fool? Will *that* soothe a wife's insulted pride, or avenge a husband's injured honour?"

"I don't know much of the wife's part; but as to the husband's share in the matter, if I had to fight every fellow who made up to you, my wedding garment ought to have been a suit of chain-armour."

"A husband need not fight for his wife's flirtations; besides, he can make her give these up if he likes. There are insults, however, that a man," and she said the word with a fierce emphasis, "resents with the same instinct that makes him defend his life."

"I know well enough what he'd say; he'd say that there was nothing serious in it, that he was merely indulging in that sort of larking talk one offers to a pretty woman who does not seem to dislike it. The chances are he'd turn the tables a bit, and say that you rather led him on than repressed him."

"And would these pleas diminish your desire to have his heart's blood?" cried she, wild with passion and indignation together.

"Having his heart's blood is very fine, if I was sure — quite sure — he might not have mine. The fellow is a splendid shot."

"I thought so. I could have sworn it," cried she, with a taunting laugh.

"I admit no man my superior with a pistol," said Sewell, stung far more by her laughter than her words; "but what have I to gain if I shoot him? His family would prosecute me to a certainty: and it went devilish close with that last fellow who was tried at Newgate."

"If you care so little for my honour, sir, I'll show you how cheaply I can regard yours. I will go back to Sir Brook to-morrow, and return him his money. I will tell him besides that I am married to one so hopelessly lost to every sentiment and feeling, not merely of the gentleman, but of the man, that it is needless to try to help him; that I will accept nothing for him—not a shilling; that he may deal with you on those other matters he spoke of as he pleases; that it will be no favor shown me when he spares you. There, sir, I leave you now to compute whether a little courage would not have served you better than all your cunning."

"You do not leave this room till you give me that pocket-book," said he, rising, and placing his back to the door.

"I foresaw this, sir," said she, laughing quietly, "and took care to deposit the money in a safe place before I came here. You are welcome to every farthing I have about me."

"Your scheme is too glaring, too palpable by half. There is a vulgar shamelessness in the way you 'make your book,' standing to win whichever of us should kill the other. I read it at a glance," said he, as he threw himself into a chair; "but I'll not help to make you an interesting widow. Are you going? Good-night."

She moved towards the door, and just as she reached it he arose and said, "On what pretext could I ask this man to meet me? What do I charge him with? How could I word my note to him?"

"Let *me* write it," said she, with a bitter laugh. "You will only have to copy it."

"And if I consent, will you do all the rest? Will you go to Fossbrooke and ask him for the increased allowance?"

"I will."

"Will you do your best—your very best—to obtain it? Will you use all the power and influence you have over him to dissuade him from any act that might injure *me*? Will you get his pledge that he will not molest me in any way?"

"I will promise to do all that I can with him."

"And when must this come off—this meeting, I mean?"

"At once, of course. You ought to leave this by the early packet for Bangor. Harding or Vaughan—any one—will go with you. Trafford can follow you by the mid-day mail, as your note will have reached him early."

"You seem to have a capital head for these sort of things; you arrange all to perfection," said he, with a sneer.

"I had need of it, as I have to think for two," and the sarcasm stung him to the quick.

"I will go to your room and write the note. I shall find paper and ink there?"

"Yes; everything. I'll carry these candles for you," and he arose and preceded her to his study. "I wish he would not mix old Fossbrooke in the affair. I hope he'll not name him as his friend."

"I have already thought of that," said she, as she sat down at the table and began to write. After a few seconds she said, "This will do, I think:"

"SIR,—I have just learned from my wife how grossly insulting was your conduct towards her yesterday, on the occasion of her calling at Sir Brook Fossbrooke's house. The shame and distress in which she returned here would fully warrant any chastisement I might inflict upon you; but for the sake of the cloth you wear, I offer you the alternative which I would extend to a man of honour, and desire you will meet me at once with a friend. I shall leave by the morning packet for Holyhead, and be found at the chief hotel, Bangor, where, waiting your pleasure, I am your obedient servant.

"I hope it is needless to say that my wife's former guardian, Sir B. F., should not be chosen to act for you on this occasion."

"I don't think I'd say that about personal chastisement. People don't horsewhip nowadays."

"So much the worse. I would leave it there, however. It will insult him like a blow."

"Oh, he's ready enough—he'll not need poking to rouse his pluck. I'll say that for him."

"And yet I half suspect he'll write some blundering sort of apology; some attempt to show that I was mistaken. I know—I know it as well as if I saw it—he'll not fire at you."

"What makes you think that?"

"He couldn't. It would be impossible for him."

"I'm not so sure of that. There's something very provocative in the sight of a pistol muzzle staring at one a few paces off. *I*'d fire at my father if I saw him going to shoot at me."

"I think *you* would," said she, dryly. "Sit down and copy that note. We must send it by a messenger at once."

"I don't think you put it strongly enough about old Fossbrooke. I'd have said distinctly,—I object to his acting on account of his close and intimate connection with my wife's family."

"No, no; leave it all as it stands. If we begin to change we shall never have an end of the alterations."

"If I believed he would not fire at me, I'd not shoot him," said Sewell, biting the end of his pen.

"He'll not fire the first time; but if you go on to a second shot, I'm certain that he will aim at you."

"I'll try and not give him this chance, then," said he, laughing. "Remember," added he, "I'm promising to cross the Channel, and I have not a pound in my pocket."

"Write that, and I'll go fetch you the money," said she, leaving the room; and, passing out through the hall and the front door, she put her arm and hand into a large marble vase, several of which stood on the terrace, and drew forth the pocket-book which Sir Brook had given her, and which she had secretly deposited there as she entered the house.

"There, that's done," said he, handing her his note as she came in.

"Put it in an envelope and address it. And now, where are you to find Harding, or whoever you mean to take with you?"

"That's easy enough; they'll be at supper at the Club by this time. I'll go in at once. But the money?"

"Here it is. I have not counted

it; he gave me the pocket-book as you see."

"There's more than he said. There are two hundred and eighty-five pounds. He must be in funds."

"Don't lose time. It is very late already—nigh two o'clock; these men will have left the Club, possibly?"

"No, no; they play on till daybreak. I suppose I'd better put my traps in a portmanteau at once, and not require to come back here."

"I'll do all that for you."

"How amiable a wife can be at the mere prospect of getting rid of her husband!"

"You will send me a telegram?"

"Very likely. Good-bye. Adieu."

"*Adieu, et bonne chance*," said she, gaily.

"That means a good aim, I suppose?" said he, laughing.

She nodded pleasantly, kissed her hand to him, and he was gone.

CHAPTER LXIX.—A MOMENT OF CONFIDENCE.

Mrs. Sewell's maid made two ineffectual efforts to awaken her mistress on the following morning, for agitation had drugged her like a narcotic, and she slept the dull heavy sleep of one overpowered by opium. "Why, Jane, it is nigh twelve o'clock," said she, looking at her watch. "Why did you let me sleep so late?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I did my best to rouse you. I opened the shutters, and I splashed the water into your bath, and made noise enough, I'm sure, but you didn't mind it all; and I brought up the Doctor to see if there was anything the matter with you, and he felt your pulse, and put his hand on your heart, and said, No, it was just over-fatigue; that you had been sitting up too much of late, and hadn't strength for it."

"Where's Colonel Sewell?" asked she, hurriedly.

"He's gone off to the country, ma'am; leastways he went away early this morning, and George thinks it was to Killaloe."

"Is Dr. Beattie here?"

"Yes, ma'am; they all breakfasted with the children at nine o'clock."

"Whom do you mean by all?"

"Mr. Lendrick, ma'am, and Miss Lucy. I hear as how they are coming back to live here. They were up all the morning in his lordship's room, and there was much laughing, as if it was a wedding."

"Whose wedding? What were you saying about a wedding?"

"Nothing, ma'am; only that they were as merry—that's all."

"Sir William must be better, then?"

"Yes, ma'am, quite out of danger; and he's to have a partridge for dinner, and the Doctor says he'll be down-stairs and all right before this day week; and I'm sure it will be a real pleasure to see him lookin' like himself again, for he told Mr. Chaytor to take them wigs away, and all the pomatum-pots, and that he'd have the shower-bath that he always took long ago. It's a fine day for Mr. Chaytor, for he has given him I don't know how many coloured scarfs, and at least a dozen new waistcoats, all good as the day they were made; and he says he won't wear anything but black, like long ago; and, indeed, some say that old Rives, the butler as was, will be taken back, and the house be the way it used to be formerly. I wonder, ma'am, if the Colonel will let it be—they say below-stairs that he won't."

"I'm sure Colonel Sewell cares very little on the subject. Do you know if they are going to dine here to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am, they are. Miss Lucy said the butler was to take your orders as to what hour you'd like dinner."

"Considerate, certainly," said she, with a faint smile.

"And I heard Mr. Lendrick say, 'I think you'd better go up yourself, Lucy, and see Mrs. Sewell, and ask if we inconvenience her in any way;' but the Doctor said, 'You need not; she will be charmed to meet you.'"

"He knows me perfectly, Jane," said she, calmly. "Is Miss Lucy so very handsome? Colonel Sewell called her beautiful."

"Indeed I don't think so, ma'am. Mr. Chaytor and me thought she was too robusteous for a young lady; and she's freckled, too, quite dreadful. The picture of her below in the study's a deal more pretty; but perhaps she was delicate in health when it was done."

"That would make a great difference, Jane."

"Yes, ma'am, it always do; every one is much genteeler-looking when they're poorly. Not but old Mr. Haire said she was far more beautiful than ever."

"And is he here too?"

"Yes, ma'am. It was he that pushed Miss Lucy down into the arm-chair and said, 'Take your old place there, darling, and pour out the tea, and we'll forget that you were ever away at all.'"

"How pretty and how playful! The poor children must have felt themselves quite old in such juvenile company."

"They was very happy, ma'am. Miss Cary sat in Miss Lucy's lap all the time, and seemed to like her greatly."

"There's nothing worse for children than taking them out of their daily habits. I'm astonished Mrs. Groves should let them go and breakfast below-stairs without orders from me."

"It's what Miss Lucy said, ma'am. 'Are you quite sure Mrs. Sewell would like it?'"

"She need never have asked the question; or if she did, she might have waited for the answer. Mrs. Sewell could have told her that she totally disapproved of any one interfering with the habits of her children."

"And then old Mr. Haire said, 'Even if she should not like it, when she knows all the pleasure it has given us, she will forgive it.'"

"What a charming disposition I must have, Jane, without my knowing it!"

"Yes, ma'am," said the girl, with a pursed-up mouth, as though she would not trust herself to expatiate on the theme.

"Did Colonel Sewell take Capper with him?"

"No, ma'am; Mr. Capper is below. The Colonel gave him a week's leave, and he's going a-fishing with some other gentleman down into Wicklow."

"I suspect, Jane, that you people below-stairs have the pleasantest life of all. You have little to trouble you. When you take a holiday, you can enjoy it with all your hearts."

"The gentlemen does, I believe, ma'am; but we don't. We can't go a-pleasuring like them; and if it an't a picnic, or a thing of the kind that's arranged for us, we have nothing for it but a walk to church and back, or a visit to one of our friends."

"So that you know what it is to be bored!" said she, sighing drearily. "I mean, to be very tired of life, and sick of everything and everybody."

"Not quite so bad as that, ma'am; put out, ma'am, and provoked at times—not in despair, like."

"I wish I was a housemaid."

"A housemaid, ma'am!" cried the girl, in almost horror.

"Well, a lady's-maid. I mean, I'd like a life where my heaviest sorrow would be a refused leave to go out, or a sharp word or two for an ill-ironed collar. See who is that at the door; there's some one tapping there the last two minutes."

"It's Miss Lucy, ma'am; she wants to know if she may come in?"

Mrs. Sewell looked in the glass

before which she was sitting, and as speedily passed her hands across her brow, and by the action seeming to chase away the stern expression of her eyes; then, rising up with a face all smiles, she rushed to the door and clasped Lucy in her arms, kissing her again and again, as she said, "I never dreamed of such happiness as this; but why didn't you come and awaken me? why did you rob me of one precious moment of your presence?"

"I knew how tired and worn-out you were. Grandpapa has told me of all your unwearying kindness."

"Come over to the light, child, and let me see you well. I'm wildly jealous of you, I must own, but I'll try to be fair and judge you honestly. My husband says you are the loveliest creature he ever saw; and I declare I'm afraid he spoke truly. What have you done with your eyes? they are far darker than they used to be; and this hair—you need not tell me it's all your own, child. Gold could not buy it. Yes, Jane, you are right; she *is* perfectly beautiful."

"Oh, do not turn my head with vanity," said Lucy, blushing.

"I wish I could—I wish I could do anything to lessen any of your fascinations. Do you know it's very hard—very hard indeed—to forgive any one being so beautiful, and hardest of all for *me* to do so?"

"Why for you?" said Lucy, anxiously.

"I'll tell you another time," said she, in a half-whisper, and with a significant glance at her maid, who, with the officiousness of her order, was taking far more than ordinary trouble to put things to rights. "There, Jane," said her mistress at last, "all that opening and shutting of drawers is driving me distracted; leave everything as it is, and let us have quiet. Go and fetch me a cup of chocolate."

"Nothing else, ma'am?"

"Nothing; and ask if there are any letters for me. It's a dreadful house, Lucy, for sending one's letters astray. The Chief used to have scores of little scented notes sent up to him that were meant for me, and I used to get masses of formal-looking documents that should have gone to him; but everything is irregular here. There was no master, and, worse, no mistress; but I'll hope, as they tell me here, that there will soon be one."

"I don't know—I have not heard."

"What a diplomatic damsel it is! Why, child, can't you be frank, and say if you are coming back to live here?"

"I never suspected that I was in question at all; if I had, I'd have told you, as I tell you now, there is not the most remote probability of such an event. We are going back to live at The Nest. Sir Brook has bought it, and made it over to papa or myself—I don't know which, but it means the same in the sense I care for, that we are to be together again."

"How delightful! I declare, child, my envy of you goes on increasing every minute. I never was able to captivate any man, old or young, who would buy a beautiful house and give it to me. Of all the fortunate creatures I ever heard or read of, you are the luckiest."

"Perhaps I am. Indeed I own as much to myself when I bethink me how little I have contributed to my own good fortune."

"And I," said she, with a heavy sigh, "about the most unlucky! I suppose I started in life with almost as fair a promise as your own. Not so handsome, I admit. I had not these long lashes nor that wonderful hair, that gives you a look of one of those Venetian beauties Giorgione used to paint; still less that lovely mouth, which I envy you more even than your eyes or your skin; but I was good-looking enough to be admired, and I was admired, and some of my admirers were very great folk in

deed; but I rejected them all and married Sewell; I need not tell you what came of that. Poor papa foresaw it all. I believe it helped to break his heart; it might have broken mine too if I happened to have one. There, don't look horrified, darling. I wasn't born without one; but what with vanity and distrust, a reckless ambition to make a figure in the world, and a few other like good qualities, I made of the heart that ought to have been the home of anything that was worthy in my nature, a scene of plot and intrigue, till at last I imagine it wore itself out, just as people do who have to follow uncongenial labour. It was like a lady set down to pick oakum! Why don't you laugh, dear, at my absurd simile?"

"Because you frighten me," said Lucy, almost shuddering.

"I'm certain," resumed the other, "I was very like yourself when I was married. I had been very carefully brought up — had excellent governesses, and was trained in all the admirable discipline of a well-ordered family. All I knew of life was the good side. I saw people at church on Sundays, and fancied that they wore the same tranquil and virtuous faces throughout the week. Above all things I was trustful and confiding. Colonel Sewell soon uprooted such delusions. He believed in nothing nor in any one. If he had any theory at all of life, it was that the world consisted of wolves and lambs, and that one must make an early choice which flock he would belong to. I'm ashamed to own what a zest it gave to existence to feel that the whole thing was a great game in which, by the exercise of skill and cleverness, one might be almost sure to win. He soon made me as impassioned a gambler as himself, as ready to risk anything—everything—on the issue. But I have made you quite ill, child, with this dark revelation; you are pale as death."

"No, I am only frightened — frightened and grieved."

"Don't grieve for me," said the other, haughtily. "There is nothing I couldn't more easily forgive than pity. But let me turn from my odious self and talk of you. I want you to tell me everything about your own fortune, where you have been all this time, what seeing and doing, and what is the vista in front of you?"

Lucy gave a full account of Cagliari and her life there, narrating how blank their first hopes had been, and what a glorious fortune had crowned them at last. "I'm afraid to say what the mine returns at present; and they say it is a mere nothing to what it may yield when improved means of working are employed, new shafts sunk, and steam power engaged."

"Don't get technical, darling; I'll take your word for Sir Brook's wealth; only tell me what he means to do with it. You know he gambled away one large fortune already, and squandered another, nobody knows how. Has he gained anything by these experiences to do better with the third?"

"I have only heard of his acts of munificence or generosity," said Lucy, gravely.

"What a reproachful face to put on, and for so little!" said the other, laughing. "You don't think that when I said he gambled I thought the worse of him?"

"Perhaps not; but you meant that *I* should."

"You are too sharp in your casuistry; but you have been living with only men latterly, and the strong-minded race always impart some of their hardness to the women who associate with them. You'll have to come down to silly creatures like me, Lucy, to regain your softness."

"I shall be delighted if you let me keep your company."

"We will be sisters, darling, if you will only be frank with me."

"Prove me if you like; ask me

anything you will, and see if I will not answer you freely."

"Have you told me all your Cagliari life—all?"

"I think so; all at least that was worth telling."

"You had a shipwreck on your island, we heard here; are such events so frequent that they make slight impression?"

"I was but speaking of ourselves and our fortunes," said Lucy; "my narrative was all selfish."

"Come—I never beat about the bush — tell me one thing — it's a very abrupt way to ask, but perhaps it's the best way — are you going to be married?"

"I don't know," said she; and her face and neck became crimson in a moment.

"You don't know! Do you mean that you're like one of those young ladies in the foreign convents, who are sent for to accept a husband whenever the papas and mammas have agreed upon the terms?"

"Not that; but I mean that I am not sure whether grandpapa will give his consent, and without it, papa will not either."

"And why should not grandpapa say yes? Major Trafford — we needn't talk riddles to each other —Major Trafford has a good position, a good name, and will have a good estate—are not these the three gifts the mothers of England go in pursuit of?"

"His family, I suspect, wish him to look higher; at all events they don't like the idea of an Irish daughter-in-law."

"More fools they! Irish women, of the better class, are more ready to respond to good treatment, and less given to resent bad usage, than any I ever met."

"Then I have just heard since I came over that Lady Trafford has written to grandpapa in a tone of such condescension and gentle sorrow, that it has driven him half crazy. Indeed, his continual inference from the letter is—What must the son of such a woman be!"

"That's most unfair!"

"So they have all told him—papa and Beattie, and even Mr. Haire, who met Lionel one morning at Beattie's."

"Perhaps I might be of service here; what a blush, child! dear me, you are crimson, far too deep for beauty. How I have fluttered the dear little bird, but I'm not going to rob its nest, or steal its mate away. All I meant was, that I could exactly contribute that sort of worldly testimony to the goodness of the match that old people like and ask for. You must never talk to them about affections, nor so much as allude to tastes or tempers; never expatiate on anything that cannot be communicated by parchment, and attested by proper witnesses. Whatever is not subject to stamp-duty, they set down as mere moonshine."

While she thus ran on, Lucy's thoughts never strayed from a certain letter which had once thrown a dark shadow over her, and even yet left a gloomy memory behind it. The rapidity with which Mrs. Sewell spoke, too, had less the air of one carried away by the strong current of feeling than of a speaker who was uttering everything, anything, to relieve her own overburdened mind.

"You look very grave, Lucy," went she on. "I suspect I know what's passing in that little brain. You are doubting if I should be the fittest person to employ on the negotiation; come, now, confess it."

"You have guessed aright," said Lucy, gravely.

"But all that's past and over, child. The whole is a mere memory now, if even so much. Men have a trick of thinking, once they have interested a woman on their behalf, that the sentiment survives all changes of time and circumstance, and that they can come back after years and claim the deposit; but it is a great mistake, as *he* has found by this

time. But don't let this make you unhappy, dear; there never was less cause for unhappiness. It is just of these sort of men the model husbands are made. The male heart is a very tough piece of anatomy, and requires a good deal of manipulation to make it tender, and, as you will learn one day, it is far better all this should be done before marriage than after.—Well, Jane, I did begin to think you had forgotten about the chocolate. It is about an hour since I asked for it."

"Indeed, ma'am, it was Mr. Chaytor's fault; he was a-shooting rabbits with another gentleman."

"There, there, spare me Mr. Chaytor's diversions, and fetch me some sugar."

"Mr. Lendrick and another gentleman, ma'am, is below, and wants to see Miss Lucy."

"A young gentleman, Jane?" asked Mrs. Sewell, while her eyes flashed with a sudden fierce brilliancy.

"No, ma'am, an old gentleman, with a white beard, very tall and stern to look at."

"We don't care for descriptions of old gentlemen, Jane. Do we, Lucy? Must you go, darling?"

"Yes; perhaps papa wants me."

"Come back to me soon, pet. Now that we have no false barriers between us, we can talk in fullest confidence."

Lucy hurried away, but no sooner had she reached the corridor than she burst into tears.

CONCERNING SALADS AND FRENCH WINES.

It was a hot day in July. The thermometer stood at 86° in the shade. Parliament was still sitting. It was a far cry to Lochow, or any other place in the Highlands. Grouse was a sacred and untouchable bird for a month to come. The season was at its zenith. Rotten Row was crowded with horsemen and horsewomen, most of whom would, in all probability, if the truth were known and fashion permitted, have been much better pleased if they had been cantering over the breezy downs of Brighton or the Isle of Wight; or, better still, if they had been quietly sitting by an open window at the seaside, reading the last new novel, or bathing their manly or their lovely limbs, as the case might be, in cool waters. It was nearly dinner-time as I sat in my customary nook by the window at the club in Pall Mall, and looked out wistfully upon the little patch of verdure on which once stood the palace of the Prince Regent in the hot youth of our grandfathers when George III. was king, but which is now a little oasis in the populous desert of London, that appears to be trodden by no human feet except those of the gardener, and to be wholly abandoned, when that official is not on duty, to the cats and the sparrows. But the green grass is always pleasant to the eyes of the fagged and weary Londoner, and suggested to me on that over-warm afternoon all the delights of the country. I longed to be roaming in the shadow of beech or elm, by the side of murmuring river, by forest or shaw, by lake or mountain, or woodland bordering on the sea—anywhere, in fact, where it was possible to enjoy the luxury of cool winds, to breathe an atmosphere unladen with the mephitic impurities of a great city, and to look forth upon the beautiful world with no such boundary to the vision as a wilderness of brick and mortar, or a row of dingy houses all of the same pattern. But the wish was not to be gratified. Tied to the metropolis like other labourers (for do we not all of us, whether ministers of state, mem-

bers of Parliament, judges, barristers, authors, publishers, merchants, bankers, mechanics, or ploughmen, belong to the working class?), the nearest approach to rural coolness that could at that moment be mine was to sit at the open window and look upon the little green enclosure aforesaid, drink Wenham Lake ice as clear as crystal with my temperate half bottle, and order a dinner befitting alike the atmosphere and the state of body and mind which it induced. To be a Pythagorean, a Hindoo, or a vegetarian, is not consistent with my English notions on the subject of beef, or with my Scottish notions on the superiority of mutton; but if there ever be a period when a purely vegetable diet recommends itself strongly to the carnally nurtured Briton, it is on the rare occasions when an English summer justifies its name and boils up the mercury in the glass to the figures above eighty-five. In his 'Philosophical Dictionary,' under the head of Brahmin, the learned cynic of Ferney says, "Une atmosphère brulante exige une nourriture raffraichissante, et inspire de l'horreur pour notre coutume d'engloutir des cadavres dans nos entrailles." "Engloutir des cadavres" is a rather strong expression, though not wholly inappropriate to the temporary idiosyncrasy produced by very warm weather, when the idea of fruit and vegetables — the dinner of Adam before the Fall—is pleasant to the imagination; and when that of hot joints steaming from the pot, the spit, or the oven is simply repulsive; unless, indeed, one happens to be a savage, or a civilised man actually enduring the pangs of hunger. Not being a Brahmin or a Pythagorean, or unusually hungry, and remembering what the 'Almanach des Gourmands' asserts, that "une salade est la compagne inseparable du rôti," I compromised on the "rôti" by ordering a couple of ribs of cold roast lamb—*and a salad.*

My friend Mr MacTavish, who has been in all parts of the world, and is in the habit of maintaining against all opposition that an American devours, an Englishman eats, and a Frenchman dines, and that he in this respect, if in no other, is a Frenchman, hearing me order the lettuce and other materials, asked permission to sit at my table. "Everybody," said he, "thinks he can prepare a salad. It is the commonest false pretence within the limits of my experience. I myself am a tolerably good proficient in the mystery; but, flattery apart, you make a better salad than anybody I ever met in the Old World or the New." Thus propitiated by a homage to my merits which I felt to be merited, it was not in human nature, even if it had been consistent with politeness, to refuse Mr. MacTavish's company. So we dined together, and extended our *menu* until it assumed the following shape—

Sole frite à la française.
Roti d'agneau froid à l'Anglaise—sauce de menthe.
Salade à la laitue suprême.

DESSERT.

Des fraises à la crême.

VINS.

Pouilly première.
Clos Vougeot (vin de comète).

The reader will perhaps observe that "cheese" is omitted from this little bill of fare. But not without cause or purpose. The vast majority of Englishmen seem to consider that a dinner without cheese at the end is no dinner. Some Frenchmen are of the same barbarous opinion. Brillat Savarin, in the 'Physiologie du Goût,' panders to this popular delusion, and informs the world that "a dessert without cheese is like a beautiful woman with but one eye." Had that delectable Frenchman been alive, and dining that day with MacTavish and myself, I think I could have proved to him that his predilection for cheese was a prejudice unworthy of his genius; and that

cheese should never be eaten with fruits of any kind, unless it be after fruit, to prepare the palate for a fresh wine. Not having to argue the point with him or with his memory, or intending to drink after dinner, I purposely omitted the article from the *menu*, with the acquiescence of my companion. With his acquiescence, also, sherry and port were systematically excluded from our repast, being wines that are fitter for winter than for summer drinking, and which have done more to bedull the British intellect and impair the healthful activity of the British stomach, than any beverages that ever were compounded since men abandoned the exclusive use of pure cold water. As an accompaniment to the sole, we chose Pouilly, a noble white Burgundy, very superior to Chablis, which it resembles; and for the lamb and salad, that require a red wine, we resolved to remain true to the vintages of Burgundy, and to drink either Chambertin, the wine of Napoleon I., or Clos Vougeot. The latter, as the more delicate and less potent of the two, was finally agreed upon.

"I wonder," said MacTavish, as the sole was removed, and the materials for the salad placed upon the table, "whether any one has ever written a book upon salads?"

"Not to my knowledge. Even Brillat Savarin, the only man who has written tolerably well upon the philosophy of dining, has not thought proper to devote a chapter to the subject, though it might well have tempted him. I think if any enterprising publisher would give you and me, say a thousand guineas, for the job, we could get up a nice little volume, in which we would discuss it historically, gastronomically, philosophically, poetically, medicinally, and anecdotically—make it, in fact, the textbook of the subject, now and for evermore."

"I never wrote a book in my life, and don't intend," replied MacTavish; "but I would read such a book if it were published, and if it were the work of a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of the world."

"Rare combination! Supposing *I* now—excuse the modesty—were to write the book, how should I begin? *Firstly*, I should look into the etymology of salad, and should find that the word was derived from *sal*, salt, and that therefore it means something salted, or *salada*, as they say in Spanish and Italian. This would afford an opportunity, *in limine*, for diverging into an historical chapter or two upon salt, beginning with the creation of the world and the salt sea, and why the sea is salt, and could not be fresh with safety to the denizens of the dry land. If I did not go into the geology of the subject, and descend into the salt-mines, or explore the salt-licks of which the buffaloes are so fond, I could at all events begin with Lot's wife, and end with the revenue of £5,300,000 per annum, which Lord Cranbourne a night or two ago informed the House of Commons and the country was paid by the poor people of India as a tax upon the sea-salt, almost the only condiment which they use with their wretched dinners of boiled rice.

"A rich vein to work on; while one still richer, perhaps, would be the superstitions connected with salt—how it was placed upon the breast of the corpse in ancient times to keep away the devil, and how the same practice is still maintained in some remote parts of the Highlands of Scotland. The devil is believed to abhor salt, because it is the emblem of immortality. Mr. John Graham Dalzell, in his interesting work on the Darker Superstitions of Scotland, narrates many curious incidents of this superstition. Even I myself, though a philosopher, *tant soit peu*, do not like to spill the salt; and if nobody be looking, I contrive to throw a

pinch of it over my left shoulder after such an accident, to break the charm and avert the augury.

"We are all of us, more or less, superstitious, if we would but confess it. Do you remember the beautiful passage in Béranger's *Treize à Table*, when he spills the salt?"

"Not distinctly."

"That there should have been thirteen at table was ominous enough; but that the salt should have been upset before his plate was worse, for it seemed to prognosticate that out of the thirteen he was the one singled out for early death. Full of the thought, he beheld a vision of Death—not of death, the male skeleton, ugly, repulsive, and grinning horribly, but of Death a beautiful young mother, with a babe upon her bosom, who reproached him in gentle terms that he should be afraid of *her*—of her the friend and not the foe of humanity—of her, fair as Venus, chaste as Madonna, innocent as an angel, and who pointed to the babe at her breast to signify that Death in the true sense is a mother that conducts man, her child, out of this poor world of sin and sorrow into the new world of life, beauty, and immortality beyond the grave. Having seen the beatific vision, he exclaimed—

'Rejoice, my friends, be happy as of yore;
I've looked on Death, and fear her face no more.'"

"An agrecable episode!" said Mr. MacTavish, filling my glass and his own with the last remnant of the Pouilly, yellow as molten gold, and clear as liquid sunshine. "If you went on in this way, you would have quite a plethora of illustration and anecdote about salt alone. The well-worn phrase, 'Cum grano salis,' would require a chapter of illustration, while 'Attic salt' would have to be traced to its beginnings as an apophthegm, and explained by example and citation."

"Of course; and for the sake of the clergy much might be said with befitting reverence upon the divine description of the Apostles as 'the salt of the earth.' Were I a parson, and had to preach next Sunday, I think I would choose this as my text, and make a sermon on it that should neither be tedious nor heterodox. It would not do, however, to dwell too long upon the one topic. Too much salt in the book, or the salad, would be equally misplaced; and I should be compelled to reserve a little space for vinegar, its history, traditions, and uses; for olive oil, that choice blessing of all-bounteous heaven, with which kings were formerly anointed, and without which a true and wholesome salad would be impossible: for pepper, for mustard, for sugar, and for hard-boiled eggs."

"For sugar?" inquired MacTavish, dubiously.

"Yes, sir, for sugar," I replied emphatically, with a look that would have suited Johnson when snubbing Boswell. "Without a judicious, a slight, but a palpable flavour of sugar, a salad, however scientifically prepared in other respects, must be deposed from the first to the second rank, and belong to the insipid mediocrity which, in salads as in poetry, is detestable to gods and men. The sugar is necessary to harmonise all the other ingredients, so that the complete work should be without a flaw, a defect, or a note of discord; and as perfect in its way as a poem, a picture, a statue, a tune, a cathedral, a stained-glass window, or any other work of art."

"Does Shakespeare, who does *not* mention tobacco—the more's the pity!—make any mention of salad?"

"He does, five or six times. In 'Henry VI.' Jack Cade, in his extremity of peril when hiding from his pursuers in Iden's garden, says that he has climbed over the wall to see if he could eat grass or pick a salad, 'which is not amiss,' he adds, 'to cool a man's stomach in

the hot weather.' In 'Antony and Cleopatra,' the passionate Queen speaks of her '*salad* days, when she was green in judgment, cool in blood.' Here the word means raw and unripe, but a proper salad well-prepared is neither. Hamlet uses the word with the more ancient orthography of '*sallet*,' and says in his speech to the players, 'I remember, one said, there were no *sallets* in the lines to make them savoury.' By this he meant that there was nothing piquant in them —no Attic salt. Now, the salad which we are about to mix shall be fresh and cool as in Cleopatra's allusion, and piquant as in Hamlet's. A salad is no salad if it do not partake of both qualities."

"I wonder," said Mr. MacTavish, "what the cookery-books say upon the subject; though, to the best of my knowledge and belief, there has never been written or published a good cookery-book fit for the reading of any one better than the habitual denizens, male or female, of the kitchen. Waiter! fetch Mrs. Rundell's cookery-book from the library."

The book was brought, and MacTavish read aloud, "'How to make a French salad.—Chop three anchovies, a shalot, and some parsley small; put them into a bowl with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of oil, a little mustard and salt. When well mixed add by degrees some cold roast or boiled meat in very thin slices; put in a few at a time, not exceeding two or three inches long. Shake them in the seasoning and then put more; but cover the bowl close, and let the salad be prepared three hours before it is to be eaten. Garnish with parsley and a few slices of the fat.'"

"Make your salad three hours before you consume it!" said I. "Three minutes, or *one* minute, will suffice. Mrs. Rundell was a fool—her recipe for what she calls a French salad is execrable. How does she make what I should call an English salad?"

"She has not a word to say on the subject—nothing but the following, which she calls a Lobster Salad:—

"'Make a salad, and put some of the red part of the lobster to it, cut. This forms a pretty contrast to the white and green of the vegetables. Do not put much oil, as shell-fish absorb the sharpness of the vinegar. Serve in a dish, not a bowl.'"

"Mrs. Rundell knew nothing of the subject. Anchovy and slices of meat and 'fat' are no fit ingredients of a salad, either French or English. And then the crass stupidity of her recommendation of two spoonfuls of vinegar to one of oil! The woman was ignorant of the merest A B C of her art, and knew as much about a salad as Nebuchadnezzar when he cropped the herbage, or as any donkey who browses upon thistles with no other condiment than his hunger. Let us hear what Francatelli says."

Francatelli's book was sent for, but afforded no information except about a Russian salad with lobsters, a German salad with herrings, and an Italian salad with potatoes—none of them the true, fresh, seasonable summer salad which Frenchmen make so well, and which Englishmen can equal, if not surpass, if they will take the trouble."

"Never mind the stupid cookery-books," said MacTavish; "let us talk."

"Of all the vegetables of which a salad can be made, a lettuce is unquestionably the best. Have the kindness, Mr. MacTavish, to assure yourself that these lettuce-leaves are quite dry. There must be no drops of water left upon the leaves to mingle with and weaken the vinegar or object to coalesce with the oil. 'The lettuce, when it is *panachée*,' says the 'Almanach des Gourmands' —that is, when it has streaked or variegated leaves, and is not all green like a cabbage—'is truly a salad of distinction'—*une salade de distinction*. None but a Frenchman could

pay such a compliment. The milky juices of the lettuce are similar in their soporific effects, though in a minor degree, to those of the poppy, and like opium predispose the mind of him who partakes wisely but not too well, to repose of temper and philosophic thought. There should always be a flavour of onion —spring onions are best—in a salad, if, as the Frenchman says, it is to be one 'of distinction.'"

"Here they are," said MacTavish, "young, fresh, and tender, and about the eighth of an inch in diameter."

"The right size. Chop them up fine. Next to the lettuce comes the cucumber as the best material for a salad. Dr. Johnson, or some other burly big-wig of criticism, declared that the best thing you could do with a cucumber, after you had prepared it with much care and thought, and with all the proper ingredients, was to throw it out of the window. But the great lexicographer was a man of strong prejudices, or he would not have gone out of his way to libel Scotland—a great country, sir—and the Scotch, a noble people, who have made their mark in the world, sir. Neither did he know everything, or he would not have traced the etymology of 'curmudgeon'—he was one himself—to *cœur méchant*, for his heart, notwithstanding his infirmities of temper, was essentially kind. He was a gross eater, a glutton—a *gourmand*, not a *gourmet:* and there is as wide a distinction between the two as between a wolf and a lapdog. It is my conviction, in spite of Dr. Johnson—even had he been a Doctor of Medicine or of Divinity, and not a mere Doctor of Laws, a title which signifies nothing, but that the man who bears it is an honorary magnate of the republic of letters—that a cucumber, cut in the thinnest possible slices, and with the proper seasoning of vinegar, oil, salt, pepper (and no sugar), and either with or without an accompaniment of spring onions, or the French *ciboule*, is a diet as wholesome as it is savoury and refreshing. The moot point as regards cucumber is, whether it should be sliced with or without the rind. My excellent friend and physician from the Shetland Isles, the author of the 'Cyclopedia of Medicine,' a better authority than Dr. Johnson, maintains that the rind of the cucumber is the best part of it, as that of the lemon is, for flavour and aroma, and that, moreover, it very materially aids the digestibility of this particular form of salad. For my part, I am content to sit at his feet a disciple, and accept his dictum as a dogma. Third in my list of salads is *endive*, that comes to us in the winter, when we have no other such green and pleasant visitor. And after endive, recommend me to celery, without admixture of any other vegetable, as the basis of what the 'Almanach des Gourmands' calls a *salade très distinguée*. The only peculiarity about it is, that you should double or treble the quantity of mustard which you would use for lettuce or endive. Though not strictly a salad, there is a mixture, very common in early summer in Italy, which deserves honourable mention—boiled *asparagus*, allowed to grow cold. With the usual dressing it is far preferable in this way to the hot asparagus and melted butter which is the usual dish in this benighted country, where, as Voltaire says, there used to be *'cinquante religions et une seule sauce!'*"

"All these salads are good," interposed MacTavish, "but I think, lettuce excepted, there is one other that transcends them all. Were you ever in America?"

"Yes, for my sins."

"And I," said MacTavish, "for my merits and the increase of my experience. Having been there, either for your sins or your virtues, you must have dined at the New York Hotel or at Delmonico's; and if it were in the summer time, with the heat at 104 degrees in the

shade, as it has been during this fiery July, as I learn by a letter I have just received, you must have partaken of a tomato salad."

"I was coming to the tomato," I replied. "It is a noble fruit, as sweet in smell as the odours of Araby, and makes an excellent, and, were I a Frenchman, I would say, an illustrious salad. Its medicinal virtue is as great as its gastronomical goodness. It is the friend of the hale to keep them hale, and the friend of the sick to bring them back into the lost sheepfolds of Hygeia. The Englishman's travelling companion, the blue pill, would never be needed if he would pay proper court to the tomato—not as we consume it in England, as a sauce, but as a cooked vegetable, stewed, or, better than all, as a salad. Would that, in our cold climate, it could be grown to perfection!"

"Amen to that sweet prayer!"

"I have now mentioned, I think, all the main ingredients of the true, fresh, summer salads. The minor ingredients are water-cress, which is not to be highly recommended; the common mustard and cress, which are good if used sparingly; and the beetroot. The latter, after being boiled and allowed to cool, may be cut into thin slices and advantageously compounded with the lettuce and the endive, but should never be used with the cucumber or the tomato. It spoils the colour of the one, and is an unnecessary surplusage to the colour of the other. The true lover of salad need not be deprived of his favourite food at any period of the year; for when the fresh green vegetables fail, there are always potatoes, onions, and beetroot to fall back upon. The Russians and the Germans make a very excellent salad of cold potatoes, cut into slices about an eighth of an inch thick, with thinner slices of fresh onions and beetroot, and a sprinkling of parsley chopped very fine.

"In addition to these, which may be called the legitimate salads, or salads pure and simple, compounded solely of vegetables, are lobster salads, ham salads, chicken salads, and mixtures, such as the Dutch and Germans make with sausages, herrings, anchovies, and sardines. All such messes ought to be called mayonnaises and not salads. They are only fit for *gourmands* and not for *gourmets;* and those, more especially, which are mixed with fish of any kind are an abomination.

"And having discoursed so far, let us proceed to the business immediately before us—our own dinner and salad. You will do the work, Mr. MacTavish, while I do the talking. Place the egg in the bowl and carefully remove the white. It must have been boiled ten minutes at least, or it will not answer its purpose, which is simply to add a little consistency to the mixture which we are about to make. Half-a-dozen broad Windsor beans, well boiled, with the skins removed, would answer the purpose still better if beaten into a *purée;* but for to-day, as there are no beans, the egg must suffice. The next time we make a salad the broad beans shall be provided, and no animal ingredient of any kind shall interfere with the purely vegetable character of the dainty. Now add a teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of mustard. I hope the mustard is genuine, and not adulterated trash—ten per cent of mustard and ninety per cent of flour coloured with turmeric, which is sold by some of the rascal grocers of this swindling metropolis, for whose especial behoof it were to be wished the pillory and the whipping-post could be revived. To be quite sure of the requisite pungency, add a little cayenne pepper, and pound the mixture well together at the bottom of the bowl with a silver spoon. Next add a spoonful of vinegar, and discard the silver for an ivory or hardwood spoon. Here it is to your hand. Common vinegar, if pure, will answer the pur-

pose; but for the perfect salad, tarragon vinegar, odoriferous as a garden of herbs, is a *sine qua non*. Stir all these gently together for one minute; next add two spoonfuls, not stinted, but brimming over, of the best olive oil of Lucca. 'Niggard of your vinegar, prodigal of your oil,' is an old maxim that every salad-maker should act upon. Stir again for a minute or two, till the ingredients are well mingled; and then, as the finishing touch, add half a teaspoonful of brown sugar; once again ply the spoon for a minute, when the mixture will be ready to receive half-a-dozen little spring onions cut fine, three or four slices of beetroot, the white of the egg not cut too small, and the lettuce itself—to the beauty of which all the rest are but the adornments. The lettuce, crisp and dry, is the king, of whom the other ingredients are but the ministers and the courtiers. Have a care to remove the hard stock, and use only the tender leaves, with the brittle spinal columns that support them. Do not shake the mixture too violently or too long. It used to be said, *Fatiguez la salade*, but this is error. It is sufficient that every portion of the vegetable should come in contact with the mixture, and a very gentle stirring, so as not to break or bruise the lettuce, is all that is required."

Mr. MacTavish was as docile as a disciple should be, and the salad thus compounded was pronounced to be a success, not merely of that modified kind which in dramatic criticism is delicately called a *succès d'estime*, but such a decided success as at the theatre brings down the bouquets at the feet of a *prima donna*. It will doubtless have been remarked by the gentle reader, that in this matter my companion had by no means the lion's share of the talking; but in the supplementary conversation that sprang up on the subject of the wine we had been drinking and were about to drink, he had his revenge, and discoursed fluently upon a topic which was evidently his favorite.

"How little do the English people know about claret and burgundy," said he, pouring out a glass of Clos Vougeot, and taking especial care not to shake the bottle, which lay cozily in a cradle—as burgundy always should do, if he who drinks it would be sure that the waiter or butler had not stirred it in the process of decanting. "Though the consumption of claret has increased since Mr. Gladstone's reduction of the duty, it seems as if it were only the travelling, and well-read but not over wealthy professional classes, who have discarded the use of the fiery port and sherry of their fathers and grandfathers, for the cheaper and better drink that France offers us. For my part I should like to see claret as cheap and as plentiful as beer. If it were, the national vice of drunkenness would receive a blow, which would stagger and perhaps kill it. The Frenchman drinks wine at his breakfast, but for one drunken Frenchman who is to be met with in the world, there must be, if appearances are not *too* deceptive, a hundred drunken Englishmen or Scotchmen. It takes a long time, however, to induce people into new habits, either of thinking or of drinking."

"Being in the country one day this summer," said I, "I stopped at a pleasant little wayside inn, within twenty-five miles of the metropolis. Needing some refreshment, I asked the landlord if he had any claret. 'No,' said he; 'but I have some excellent old port' (his red nose and blotchy face were a sign positive that he did not keep it exclusively for his guests). 'The fact is, I don't keep *home-made* wines.' I endeavoured to prove to him that claret was a foreign and not a home-made wine; but he was neither to be convinced that claret was not as

native as gooseberry, or argued out of his belief that port was the only wine fit for an Englishman's drinking; so I had to refresh myself with a draught of Bass's bitter beer and leave my Boniface alone with his ignorance. Much as the English still love port, or the compound that goes under that name, I do not think it is more than a century ago that England seriously took to the drinking of either Portuguese or Spanish wines."

"I am not sure," said M'Tavish; "for I happen to remember a snatch of the old National Anthem of England, the famous '*Vive le Roi*,' that long preceded 'God save the King,' and was sung by the Cavaliers over their cups during the Protectorate of Cromwell—

'Shall not the Roundhead
Be confounded.
Sa! sa! sa! boys; ha! ha! ha! boys;
Then we'll return with triumph and joy;
Then we'll be merry, drink *white wine and sherry*;
Then we'll sing, boys,
God bless the King, boys,
Cast up our caps, and cry *Vive le Roi!*'

Claret, I believe, came in with Charles II., and superseded the 'white wine and sherry' of the Cromwellian era, when claret was not easily obtainable. In an old ballad in the Roxburghe collection, the toper sings—

'I'll subscribe to petitions for nothing but claret,
That that may be cheap, here's both my hands for it.
No doubt 'tis the best of all drinks, or so soon
'Twould not have been drunk by the Man in the Moon.'

The allusion is to the silly old nursery rhyme—

'The Man in the Moon drinks claret,
But he is a dull Jack-a-dandy;
Would he know a sheep's head from a carrot,
He should learn to drink cider and brandy.'

Doubtless the nursery ditty belongs to the sack, or white wine and sherry period. Perhaps it was intended to nurture the youthful Briton even from the cradle into a liking for the strong drinks of his ancestors, and to indispose him to the new-fangled potions that were coming in from France, which at that time was supposed by the Whigs to be the natural enemy of England. If claret came in with Charles II., it went out with his unfortunate brother, or, at all events, was driven out by the statesmen of William III. and Queen Anne. To punish Louis XIV., who claimed to be the state (*L'état, c' est moi*), for having espoused the cause of the Stuarts, the British Government, in 1693, imposed a duty of £8 per tun on all French wines imported into England, which duty, four years afterwards, with the same spiteful and silly object, was increased to £33 per tun. Claret, in consequence, became scarce and dear, and England lost a good French customer. Acting on the same irrational principle, the British Government, in 1703, entered into the famous Methuen treaty with Portugal, by which Great Britain bound herself to admit Portuguese wines at a duty of 33⅓ per cent less than was levied upon those of France. For ten years England was in consequence obliged to drink port and beer, or confine her libations to the pump. How much international ill-will was thus engendered no one can tell. How greatly the doctors of the day profited, perhaps not even their heirs could remember, for port grew in favour, and it was not everybody who knew how much podagra was contained in every dozen of it. Previously to 1689, it is doubtful whether a single pipe of port wine ever found its way into England. Once the taste was acquired, the upper classes never wholly lost it, while the Tories forgot the Whiggery of its introduction in their love for the liquor. At the peace of Utrecht in 1713, Louis XIV. having agreed to abandon the Pretender, and to acknowledge Queen Anne's title and the Protestant succession, the British

Government agreed to re-admit French wines on the same terms as those of Portugal and all other countries. The popular opinion of the time on this free-trade movement is recorded in a song to the tune of Old Sir Simon the King, in 'A Pill to purge State Melancholy.'

'King Louis is a good-humoured man,
O Lord! who can it deny?
Since he sends such good wine to Queen Anne,
Lest her Majesty should be dry.

'Lest her Majesty should be dry,
And her servants too, I suppose.
There's good reason for it; for why—
Just look on the treasurer's nose.

'Then fill up a bumper, my friends.
Ingratitude is a sin;
Here's peace with old Lewis le Grand,
And a health to Monsieur Le Vin.'

"This age is of the same opinion as that was, and might well join, if it were a singing age—which I don't think it is, as far as table conviviality is concerned—in a similar chorus with regard to the greater than Louis le Grand who now sits on the uneasy throne of the Gauls and Franks. I for one most fervently hope that every pipe of good claret we import may strengthen the friendship between France and England."

"And of good burgundy also?"

"Decidedly. Burgundy is, after all, a little more to the taste of a port-loving people than claret. But claret, for what is called a steady drink, is the safest and most wholesome wine that France produces. There is neither gout nor drunkenness in the Bordeaux country. At one time burgundy was better known in England than claret. You know the chorus—

'A bumper of burgundy fill, fill for me,
Give those who prefer it champagne.'"

"I do: and another song of Queen Anne's time, in an old song-book which I possess, full of indecencies, but asserted by the publisher in his preface to contain nothing to unfit it for a place on the drawing-room table—

'Hail, burgundy, thou juice divine!
Inspirer of my song;
The praises given to other wine
To thee alone belong.

'Of poignant wit and rosy charms
Thou canst the power improve;
Care of its sting thy balm disarms,
Thou noblest gift of Jove!'

Such tributes to its merits as this are as thick in the literature of that age as poppies in a wheat-field in this month of July. I could cite you scores of them."

"I prithee, forbear. But did you ever meet with a song or ballad in praise of port?—I never did. With the Methuen treaty the poetry of wine received the *coup de grace*. As Home, the author of 'Douglas,' says, speaking of port, in the well-known epigram,

'He drank the poison and his spirit died.'

In fact, the fires both of patriotism and of poetry were dulled and dimmed by the heavy stupefying liquor that our rulers introduced amongst us. No poet could write in praise of port; although, for the sake of a rhyme to "merry," some of the smaller fry of poetasters tried their 'prentice hands upon the glorification of sherry—a wine against which I beg you to understand that I have nothing to say. I fully admit its goodness; while I state at the same time my own conviction that, as a whole, the French wines are preferable, and, all things considered—cheapness, wholesomeness, flavour, aroma, whatever makes wine pleasant, exhilarating, and innocuous—the finest in the world."

"Yet it is strange how firm a hold port—though real port is very dear and very difficult to obtain—has taken upon the British upper and middle classes, and how strong the prejudice against claret—as something weak, poor, and thin—continues to be. Unless among those who have lived upon the Continent, there is scarcely one middle-class Englishman in ten who knows the difference between bordeaux and burgundy."

"I grant the ignorance, and hope

it may be dispelled, for the sake of the revenue, for the sake of international amity, and for the sake of sobriety."

"Have you made up your mind, Mr. MacTavish, as to which particular wine is the finest in the world?"

"Not exactly. I cannot decide between Chateau Margaux — the queen of all clarets — and Clos Vougeot—the king of all burgundies. I have visited both places, and drank the wines at the fountainhead. Were there no drop of Chateau Margaux left in the wicked world, I should have no hesitation in proclaiming Clos Vougeot to be king and lord of the vintages; and, in like manner, were Clos Vougeot removed from a world unworthy to possess it, I should throw up my cap, and shout *vivat* for Chateau Margaux."

"I think there is a proverb which goes further than you do, or at all events is less dubious than you are in glorification of burgundy. It says 'Burgundy for kings, champagne for duchesses, claret for gentlemen, and port for shopkeepers.'"

"Champagne for nobles — not duchesses—is the way in which I have heard the proverb. There is another which says, 'The Caliban among wines is port; the Ariel is champagne.'"

"All the Continental people dislike port, which is no favourite anywhere but in England. Even the Portuguese do not drink it. Their own 'Oporto' is akin to burgundy, light and delicate; but when they sell to England they load and overload it with alcohol. The American poet, Emerson, a great sage, and I believe a teetotaller, craves in one of his poems for

> 'Wine that never grew
> In the belly of the grape.'

This might mean port, and for that matter, champagne; nine-tenths of the world's consumption of both being as innocent of the grape as you or I of the murder of King Duncan. Champagne can be made of rhubarb, apples, turnips, and other trash; port can be made of logwood and brandy, and, as some chemists tell us, of the refuse of gasworks. Fortunately you can't make burgundy of anything but of Burgundian grapes; and not always of these, for the grape is coy and uncertain, and the vintage of one proprietor may be good and super-excellent, while that of his next door neighbour, whose grapes are of the same quality, whose vineyard may have the same exposure, and the soil of whose 'terre' may to all appearance be identical, may yield a very inferior *vin*. Grapes are a mystery. No one knows their secret. We know, however, that wine is good, in moderation, as all heaven's choicest blessings are; and may be content to remain in ignorance of all the little crotchety idiosyncrasies of the grape which produces it. And if you want any further praise of burgundy, find it in Erasmus, who says it restored his youth, and made him feel younger at forty than he was at twenty. Napoleon I. always took a supply of Chambertin with him when he travelled, or entered upon a campaign. Pope Gregory XVI., in the year 1371—for Clos Vougeot was even then celebrated all over Europe—made the abbot of the monastery a cardinal, to show how grateful he was for a present of his best old wine, which the good abbot had sent him. It is declared in the neighbourhood that Clos Vougeot has never been so good as it used to be when the monks had the estate, and cultivated the grape *de cœur*, for their own consumption. The worthy fellows were dispossessed in 1794 by decree of the National Convention, and the domain sold as national property for 1,140,000 francs, or £46,500. The old and last superintendent of the *cru*, the chief monk vintager, named Dom Gobelet (a singularly appropriate one), carried

off secretly, by some means or other, a hundred dozen or more of his very best and oldest wine, and took it with him to Dijon. He lived for nineteen years afterwards, to a green and hearty old age, nourishing his failing energies by the excellent old Clos Vougeot, which he had helped to make, and of which, better than any man living, he knew the virtues. He was very poor, but he would never sell a bottle of his 'Clos.' After the battle of Marengo, Napoleon, who had heard of the worthy monk's treasure, sent to ask him for a few bottles, in order that he might make a present to some one whom he especially delighted to honour. 'No,' said Dom Gobelet; 'I have Clos fit for the gods, and forty years old. If Napoleon *en veut boire, qu'il vienne.* If he wants to drink with me, let him come, and be welcome; but out of my house my wine shall never go, either for love or for money.'"

"Before we separate, shall we have a cup of coffee?"

"Decidedly not. To take coffee after wine is to make a tacit confession that you have drunk too much. And none can say that two bottles between a hale Scotchman and a hearty Englishman is a sin against the lovely virtue of temperance—the temperance that uses the gifts of heaven with a grateful and joyous spirit, and would not desecrate the bounty by abusing it."

LIGHT AND DARK BLUE.

TAKE almost any two well-educated Englishmen anywhere, introduce them to each other, and leave them to make such conversation as they may for the next hour or so, under the overwhelming difficulties which every true-born Briton feels on such occasions, and there is one short form of question and answer which is pretty sure to pass between them before they part. It is not nearly such safe betting that they will have exchanged original criticisms upon the weather, as that one will have asked the other—"Are you Oxford or Cambridge?" Against social catechisms in general English reticence revolts. To ask questions about a man's family, his profession or occupation, or the many other points which excite natural curiosity in the case of strangers, and which might help them to get on with each other if they once had the clue, would be felt to be ill-bred and impertinent; but there is no awkwardness in this particular question, because, even supposing him not to be a university man (a point, however, which will have been pretty well ascertained beforehand), it is only paying him a compliment to show that you have assumed him to be such. The answer in this case will affect in a very perceptible degree the approaches to cordiality. To have been members of the same university is felt to be at once an immense gain of common ground. More certainly so than even to have been at the same public school; not only because (except in the case of contemporary schoolfellows) there are fewer common reminiscences and a narrower circle of interests, but because the *esprit de corps* of public-school men is weaker than it used to be. Eton, where it was strongest, and which perhaps still retains most of it, has become too large and too indolent. The days are long past in which Sir Robert Walpole gave all the good things to Eton men, when his son Horace warmed out of his selfishness at the very name of the old school, and Mr. Justice Hardinge divided the world into Etonians and other people. But the bond of university fellowship, if not so close, is more comprehensive; and

the locomotive habits of modern life have done much to bridge over the great gulf which used to separate the grown-up man from his college days. If he has cared at all to do so, he may have kept up a decent amount of acquaintance with Alma Mater throughout his maturer years. He no longer makes, once in his lifetime, the long-promised visit to his old friend who has become college tutor, or his college tutor who has been promoted to the headship, to feel himself a sort of academical Rip Van Winkle, bewildered at the strange faces in the old familiar streets; railway tickets are cheap, and college hospitality unfailing, and some Commencement, or Commemoration, or contested election, or scientific gathering has probably tempted him to run up every two or three years at intervals, so that even the startling changes in the costume, habits, and vocabulary of the undergraduates have come upon him gradually, and fail to shock him as they ought.

As to this question, Oxford or Cambridge? we know that some persons of fine discrimination hold that, after an interview of ten minutes, such a question ought to be altogether superfluous; that there are specific differences of style and tone by which the Oxonian may be distinguished from the Cantab as readily as a grazier knows his Herefords from his North Devons. Without pledging ourselves to the infallibility of such distinction, still less committing ourselves to the partisanship of pronouncing either to be the superior animal, we may admit that the characteristics do exist. They are not so strongly marked, we may be sure, as they were a hundred years ago; partly because the tendency of modern culture is to obliterate all such characteristics—to make every scholar more a citizen of the world; and partly because the line of study at the two universities has of late been more nearly assimilated. The old bitterness of jealousy has, we may hope, at any rate disappeared, though an honorable rivalry is good for the interests of both. There is considerably more intercourse between the two bodies than when (not so very long ago) a pair-horse coach, bearing on the hind boot the classical name of "*Ad Eundem*," made the journey from city to city painfully in twelve hours three times a-week, carefully driven by "Civil John," and when the visit of an Oxford undergraduate to Cambridge, or *vice versâ*, was an event to be chronicled. They meet often enough now to take each other's measure. There are even great annual contests in which the elect youths of both universities contend for public honours; which are looked forward to with intense interest from year to year, and which lift the successful champions high among the hero-gods of academic worship.

It is true that the subject-matter of these contests would very much surprise the grave scholars of past generations. In Friar Bacon's days, when the Cambridge men brought a challenge to Oxford, it was to a public disputation in Latin verse, a point upon which his fellow-Oxonians seem to have been hardly so strong as they might have been; for Bacon, as the old story goes, only filched the victory from the challengers by a ruse. Mounting a ladder in the disguise of a thatcher, he saluted them on their entrance into the town in such fluent verse, that they hurried back straight to Cambridge as they came, having at least logic enough to draw an argument *a minore*—what wonderful versifiers the Oxford gownsmen must be, if even the thatchers had caught the trick. So when, some centuries afterwards, two Oxford students rode forth on a similar errand ("having much learning in their heads," says the Cambridge chronicler, "but needing to have brought more in their portmanteaus"), they chal-

lenged all comers in the Cambridge schools to the discussion of certain questions, not very practical, perhaps—for one of them was, whether a woman who had twice escaped hanging by the breaking of the rope, ought to be hung a third time—but still in Latin, as became the dignity of scholars. Like Nelson, these young champions engaged without orders from headquarters; and not having Nelson's justification of success, their university is said to have expelled them—ostensibly for their presumption, but really, no doubt, for their bad logic. But modern contests between these academic rivals are of a totally different kind. If a party of challengers arrives at the gate of the sister University now, whatever else their portmanteaus may be likely to contain, it is certainly not learning. Their moderate stock of that article is kept for home consumption. Instead of *quodlibets* and *quæstiones*, which they would not know what to make of if they had them, they bring out of their travelling stores new inventions of academic warfare, instruments of offence and defence, which their college forefathers would be equally puzzled to handle; clubs of strange shape and cunning workmanship, and body-armour of pads and india-rubber; or they make their appearance something in the classical guise of an old Athenian war-crew, each man with his oar and cushion. The battle-grounds on which the light and dark blue now meet are the river, the cricket-field, and the billiard-room. To these, of late years, has been added a sort of modern Olympic festival, known as the "Inter-University Athletics," held alternately at Oxford and Cambridge, at which the recognised *quadrivium* is running, leaping, throwing the cricket-ball, and throwing the hammer. There can be no question that the interest excited by these contests has become, to the vast majority of the undergraduates, the great interest of the academical year, and the successful champions are far greater heroes in the eyes of their fellows than the most brilliant "double first." Even grave tutors may be seen crowding against the ropes, moving out of their usual propriety to see whether Smith of their own college can beat the champions of the rival University, who had it all their own way in the two-mile race last year; and heads of colleges have been known to take gracious notice of a youth who has won one of the great "events," though we have not yet heard of any rash aspirant having been expelled for failure.

The development of "muscular" education both at our public schools and universities is a fact which is beginning to attract a good deal of attention, and not more than it deserves. The gospel of athletics has been preached very energetically, and its missionaries may point to very considerable results in all quarters, whatever may be their weight for good or evil. So far as the universities are concerned, no one who fairly compares the present undergraduate life with what it was five-and-twenty years ago will deny that the results for good have been neither few nor unimportant. It is much better that a young man should spend his hours of relaxation on the cricket-ground, in the racket-court, or on the river, than in galloping a wretched hack ten or twenty miles along a turnpike road to pay for a bad dinner at some roadside inn, or earning the ill-will of every farmer in the neighbourhood by "larking" over his fences, or driving a couple of the same animals, paired but not matched, in a tandem, or in lounging with no earthly object up and down the streets of a university town. And it is much better for him to go off to bed at a reasonable hour, thoroughly tired out with a long day's cricket, or a severe "grind" on the river in his college eight, than to sit up to any hour of the morning at an uproarious supper-party, muddling his brains with

brandy-punch, and shouting himself hoarse with cheering stupid toasts, and singing worse than stupid songs. These were, in too many cases, the amusements of the idler men of the past university generation, and it must be confessed there was too much in the circumstances of the case to account for and in some measure excuse it. Young men require some kind of excitement, and will have it, lawful or unlawful; and unless an undergraduate had sufficient love of boating, and science as an oarsman, to be chosen for his college boat, or could afford to hunt and cared for it, there were few vents for his animal spirits except in the directions which have been mentioned. There were only two cricket-clubs at Oxford (and one of those was more celebrated for its dinners than its play), and only two or three at Cambridge. Racket-courts there were none; two or three expensive private tennis-courts were frequented by some score or two of men. Football was unknown. And so the boy who had come up from school, accustomed to his daily exercise of two or three hours' wholesome play at one or other of these noble games, found himself reduced either to repeat the dull "constitutional" to Headington or Bagley, Madingley or Chesterton, or to adopt the foolish alternatives which combined the greatest possible waste of time and money. On these points undergraduates have worked a reform for themselves of much more importance and much more effectual than any which has resulted from a Royal Commission. A man is no longer compelled, in the matter of his amusement, to choose between being "fast" or "slow;" he may be a member of his college cricket or football club, and play his game of rackets, without any extravagant expense (if he chooses), with infinite benefit to his health and spirits, and without any detriment to his reading. And it has followed, if not altogether as a consequence, certainly as a concomitant of these new outlets for the waste energies of the idler men, that the college quadrangles are much more quiet than they used to be, and (except at the celebration of some of those athletic victories) the midnight student is seldom disturbed by the discordant revelry of his neighbours.

But having allowed all this, much to the credit of modern university tastes, there is another view of the question which forces itself upon those dispassionate observers who, having been finally bowled out at cricket some years ago, not being carried away by any vain ambition for hammer throwing, and being, like Falstaff, "too large i' the girth to run," retain an old-fashioned notion that the objects of a university education are not completely attained even by the most perfect success in these things. There is, no doubt, a grand classical simplicity in reducing the whole essence of a gentleman's training into something like the ancient formula—"to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth;" but, popular as are all these accomplishments, especially the two first (substituting the short Enfield for the bow), there is a reasonable doubt entertained in some quarters, and beginning to find very audible expression, whether an English gentleman ought not to learn something more. The evidence given before the Royal Commissioner, as to the state of some of our public schools, opened some eyes which had been trying hard, for years past, not to see more than they liked in the matter of our higher-class training. A very warm discussion has been raised, or rather an old discussion revived—as to whether the old system of devoting so many years of early life to Latin and Greek may not be modified with advantage in favour of modern languages and science. But the real battle to be fought just at present, as many of our ablest public teachers well know, is not between this or that course of intellectual study, but between the cultivation of the mind

and of the body; not whether the classical or modern department shall prove most useful and most attractive, but whether either can hold their own before the popular glories of the palæstra. It has been argued that Latin and Greek are comparatively useless acquisitions, because few men find that a quotation from a Greek chorus, or a knack of composing neat Latin hexameters, comes handy in the practical work of life; but equally true, on the other hand, is the melancholy reflection which occurred to the philosophic navigator, that "life isn't all beer and skittles." To wander through all England, bat in hand, with the Zingari, or to win silver challenge-cups at perpetual regattas, till time and boat shall be no more, is no doubt the earthly paradise of heroes, but in this working world can be the happy lot of but a few. And even their glory is short-lived. A man may write graceful Latin verse long after his grand climacteric; but few cricketers can be called "fit to go" after forty, and the rowing man's day is shorter still. The curiosity of the public ceases to be gratifying to its object, when it takes the form (as our amusing friend, the Cambridge Don tells us) of a question from the bank, "Who's that fat duffer rowing four?" To a man who has his bread to win, his average at cricket (unless he comes out as a professional) will avail him about as little as Greek Iambics. Possibly, if the student goes into business as an African explorer, the arm that has swung the hammer may be useful in smashing the jaw of a mutineer; but in any ordinary English business or profession, muscular development will but slightly affect his success. Greek plays may not now, as in the good old times, make a man a bishop; but a testimonial certifying that he can run a mile in three minutes will hardly get him even a country curacy. We have heard, indeed, of an eminent theologian who was called *Malleus hæreticorum:* but we always hoped that his sledge-hammer was strictly metaphorical.

We have been led to these remarks from a glance into two or three publications which have lately made their appearance, and which may be taken to be fair exponents of the modern university mind. The novels which have professed to give to the outer world an insight into college life must always be, more or less, untrustworthy authorities. The fictitious element is necessarily too strong; the pathos is for the most part unreal, and the fun is caricature. But when the Oxford undergraduates publish a 'Journal' of their own, which records the facts and opinions of the day, it may be assumed to be as trustworthy as any other publication of the kind. They have started, in fact, within the last few months, two periodicals. 'The Undergraduates' Journal'* is a broadsheet, which assumes to be nothing more than a chronicle of current events, with comments thereon; while the 'Harlequin'† aspires to be a sort of Oxford 'Punch,' and collects the undergraduates' witticisms of pen and pencil. Cambridge, at the very same time, by a coincidence probably not quite accidental, comes out in more distinctly literary form with a magazine called the 'Light Blue.' It would be very ungenerous to take up our young contemporaries in a captious spirit, or to apply to them any but the most good-humoured criticisms. But as they are quite *sui generis*, and readers in general may not be likely to fall in with them, we take leave to touch briefly upon their style and contents.

The editors of the 'Oxford Undergraduates' Journal' are somewhat bold in their prospectus. They propose not only to give their

* 'The Oxford Undergraduates' Journal.' Oxford, 1866.
† 'The Harlequin.' Oxford, 1866.

readers information, in the matter of "University matches and races" (observe how the athletics take the first place), "of college gossip, of general scraps of news, of Union debates," but they come out, above all, as reformers of abuses. To use their own words—"they feel that if the collection of news of general interest be difficult, the discovery of remediable abuse is easy, and to this object they ask all who have any affection for Oxford to devote their energies and pens, rather than pass their university career in sluggish inactivity." There is an honest naïveté in this statement which deserves commendation. No doubt, "the discovery of remediable abuse"—in other words, fault-finding—is easy enough, and is a much more attractive occupation than the painful collection of facts; and this is a principle upon which a good many elder journalists find it convenient to act, without having the grace, like our young Oxford friends, to acknowledge it. The worst of it is, that all reformers of abuses, young or old, find it so much more easy to set their neighbours right than themselves. We are not inclined to defend the Dons of Oxford from undergraduate criticism; we believe that their neglect, in many cases, of the duties which are implied at least, if not actually prescribed, by the position which they hold, is quite indefensible. But when the Christ-Church men raise a war-cry against the prices of bread and butter, and scrutinise every item of the butler's bills as carefully as if they were all mothers of families, it is impossible not to wish that they would apply the same laudable economy in other directions. No doubt the prices charged were unjustifiable, and we join the editors of the 'Journal' in congratulating the undergraduates upon their victory over the "House;" but we cannot help remembering that, in college expenses, there commonly goes little more than Falstaff's poor "halfpenny-worth of bread [and butter] to an intolerable deal of sack;" in other words, an undergraduate's charge for commons for breakfast and tea forms a very inconsiderable item in the sum total of his yearly bills. The odd twopences which have been struck off somebody's perquisites at Christ Church are not the difficulties which have led a committee of well-meaning gentlemen to contemplate the establishment in the university of a new "Hall," where economy is to be the rule and not the exception. And we shall be very glad to learn that the protest which we find in these early pages against "the rapacity of college servants" is extended in future numbers to other abuses in the matter of expense which are at least easily "remediable," because they are within the undergraduates' own control. The 'Journal' also set out with the hope that its pages might become "a medium of communication" between the undergraduates and the Dons; and it proceeded very early in its career—still in the spirit of a reformer of abuses—to criticise a late election of a Fellow at Pembroke College. It was said that on that occasion the electors had taken into account certain other qualifications in the successful candidate beyond the bare results of an examination; and that the Master of the College, with a somewhat incautious honesty, had allowed it to be known beforehand that such would probably be the case. The 'Journal's' remarks drew forth a not very wise rejoinder from one of the electors in question, in which the undergraduate complaint was characterised, in language more classical than complimentary, as "*νηπια υλυλαγματα*"—"childish howlings;" and as the war of words was taken up and continued in the London papers, this first opening of a "communication" between the greater and lesser lights of the Oxford world was hardly so successful as could have been wished. We sincerely hope that the *entente cordiale* between "Dons" and "men,"

which these writers profess themselves anxious to promote, may be maintained unbroken, and that the former will not look with too severe an eye upon the zeal of young reformers who rush into print. And we agree with these latter, that "economy might be introduced advantageously with reference to hall-dinners," though we cannot advise, with them, that the college bursar should lay in a stock of cigars (among other necessaries), and "charge them at cash prices in the terminal battels." The 'Journal,' however, seems to be conducted with a fair amount of good sense; and even if it does not realise all the aspirations of its promoters, it may be very useful in its way. It assigns a large proportion of its columns, of course, to the important interests of athletics, but it by no means ignores the fact that other studies are permitted in the university; and scholarships, fellowships, and public examinations come in—as a sort of respectable "padding"—between College and University sports, the boats, the rifle corps, and the cricket or football matches. On one point of good taste we must join issue with the editors. Why should they persist in printing such senseless vulgarisms as "'*Varsity* Men," and the "'*Varsity* Boat"? a slang of which it is difficult to see the fun even in conversation, but against which in print even the soul of 'Bell's Life'—not a sensitive soul on such matters—revolts, and has uttered (in vain) its friendly protests. Where the warning of such an oracle is disregarded, we can have little hope that our feeble echoes—"*νηπια νλυλαγματα*," indeed, as they must sound in the ears of the heroes of the rowlock and the sledge-hammer—can be of any avail; yet we cannot help reminding them that they will never pull an ounce the less, or cast an inch the shorter, for printing decent English. That we may part on kindly terms, let us say how glad we recognise that their taste is better in act than in word, in the very sensible reprobation with which they notice the conduct too long notorious amongst undergraduates of a certain stamp, who attend public exhibitions, such as concerts and lectures, only to insult the audience with noise and tobacco smoke. Let us hope that they will extend this protest to the senseless disturbances which of late years have made the proceedings at Commemoration little more than a farce, and which have lowered the character of the Oxford undergraduate in the eyes of English and foreign visitors alike. The recognised licence of expressing applause or disapprobation of University authorities, public characters, or political parties, is what no sensible person wishes to stop; but when the uproar continues throughout the whole business of the day, so that men whose very presence is an honour are presented to their degrees in dumb show, and the prize compositions, which were once welcomed with a generous sympathy in a comrade's success, are interrupted by a storm of senseless "chaff," no words of reprehension can possibly be too strong for conduct which neither befits gentlemen nor scholars. Let the 'Undergraduates' Journal' raise its voice boldly against this, and, whether its career be long or short, it will at least have manfully attempted one reform which the recognised authorities have, to their great disgrace, declared themselves powerless to accomplish.*

We turn next to 'Harlequin,' who professes nothing more than to make his readers laugh; but professional jesting is many degrees harder work than cricket. He was

* In the usual Latin speech upon resigning office, one of the proctors a year or two ago spoke of what he termed the "unbridled licence" of the undergraduates on these occasions, adding the comment—"*cui impares sumus*"—"which we are unable to control" (!) Certainly an amazing confession.

fortunate enough, at starting, to have on his staff a caricaturist who promises to rival Leech himself in power and delicacy of drawing. Few who have even a passing acquaintance with Oxford will have missed seeing some of those clever sketches reproduced in photograph, in which the current events of the University have been caricatured—if such admirable likenesses can be termed caricature—and which have extended the fame of the young artist considerably beyond his college walls. Some of them were shown at first privately, as it was feared that the satire on the authorities, though always good-humoured, might not be well received by the parties most concerned; but it was soon found that those gentlemen had the good sense to be more amused than angry, and the sketches were soon openly published, and have had a very considerable sale. The late University election was naturally a fertile subject; and one sketch—"The Rival Bill-stickers"—contained such remarkable likenesses of two active members of the opposing committees, that one of them is said to have purchased more than one copy, as better than any photograph of himself which he has been able to obtain. The artist's contributions to 'Harlequin,' though clever, hardly came up to this mark; and he has subsequently withdrawn his assistance, a loss which is very perceptibly felt. His forte lies rather in delicacy of touch than in broadness of caricature. Of the letterpress of our motley contemporary we will only say that (with one unlucky exception) it seems quite free from coarseness or personalities; and as it does not take very much to make an undergraduate laugh, it may probably answer that purpose. For less mercurial readers an occasional note in Mr Artemus Ward's style seems required—"This is a goak." 'The Invasion' [of Oxford by the ladies at Commemoration time] has some amusing lines:—

"Awake from your reverend slumbers,
Staid City of learning, arise!
Already around thee in numbers
Besiegers prepare a surprise!
Shake off your most classic of snooses,
One glance at your dangers to take;
The Graces have ousted the Muses—
Awake, Alma Mater, awake!
Commem. is approaching, be waking!—
Poor old dame! her false sons have betrayed her,
And already in hundreds are making
A truce with the lovely invader.
An army of beautiful Vandals
'Neath her reverend towers appear,
Hats for helmets, Balmorals for sandals,
The silk parasol for the spear.
They are coming with whispers and rustlings,
And blushes, and murmurs, and sighs,
And dazzlings of silks and book-muslins,
And glancings of ankles and eyes.
Young, elderly, stately, and *mignon*,
Petite and tall, *blonde* and brunette,
Bands, ringlets, *l'Imperatrice*, *chignon*,
Flirt and blue-stocking, prude and coquette;
The girls who've a neat foot and show it,
The girls who will waltz and who won't,
The girls who are pretty and know it,
The girls who are pretty and don't.
Old walls, you will ring with sweet laughter,
Grey stones, you will echo light feet,
And every black worm-eaten rafter
Will have its love-tale to repeat.
Dieu garde! 'tis an awful invasion!
May the powers to whom bachelors pray
Keep us heart-whole from now to vacation,
And send us in safety away!"

The Cambridge men take the field in more ambitious style with a regular magazine, which is to come out twice a term, and of which five numbers have already appeared. University publications of this stamp have never had more than a brief and partial success. The causes are not difficult to understand. There are always clever young men enough at either University to supply the material for a good magazine, and the articles would often make up in freshness and originality what they might want in accuracy and finish. But, in the first place, most of those who have industry and ability enough to supply contributions worth reading are too busily engaged in the real hard work of the place to spare much time or energy for lighter literature; while the clever idle men, of whom there are many, are no more to be depended upon by

editors than by examiners. In the second place, a really good article will probably, for obvious reasons, find its way elsewhere. Again, a magazine, in order to be successful, depends as much upon administrative as upon literary ability; while in the university world editors must of necessity be perpetually changing, can have very little experience, and have no real interest in the permanent standing of the publication. 'Knight's Quarterly'—a brilliant exception in point of ability, as containing some of the happiest early efforts of Praed and Macaulay—was only partially an undergraduate publication, and was very shortlived. The 'Light Blue'* seems to be at least as good as any of its later academic predecessors. The serial story, which has the necessary dash of college life in it, might pass muster under graver colours; and Miss Angelina Gushington's confidences are occasionally very amusing, especially when she goes to town, and makes notes on her catalogue of the pictures at the Royal Academy, to the effect that it is "very nice to know that angels wear lilac satin trimmed with yellow;" or when she criticises the character of Euphemia Witherly in the 'Favourite of Fortune' at the Haymarket, on the ground not that she is nervous, but that "her nervousness is so misplaced; I am nervous myself to a degree," confesses Miss Gushington—"I can imagine a girl screaming and fainting away at the sight of a spider, a toad, or a wasp, but not at the sight of a man." The department of Athletics—without which no university publication could hope for patronage—is here relegated to an appendix, where, under the questionable title of "While the ball is rolling," the muscular undergraduate of every variety may find the chronicle of his favourite science.

The modern life of Cambridge has found other exponents lately besides this undergraduate magazine. The clever 'Sketches by a Don,'† which have been reprinted from the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' present a truer picture of his own university than either 'Tom Brown' or 'Verdant Green' did of Oxford; and the humour, if not so broad, is much more delicate. From the "Head of a House" downwards, the various grades of gownsmen are admirably touched, though in little more than outline. The 'Don' looks with a very kindly eye upon the doings—and even the misdoings—of his younger brethren, and by no means echoes the sentiment which he heard expressed by an excellent friend, a fellow of his college—"What a blessed place this would be if there were no undergraduates!" But he, too, is struck by the prevailing worship of the physical:—

"I was standing, at the Oxford and Cambridge sports, partially sheltered by a corner of the pavilion from the pelting of the pitiless snow-storm, admiring the efforts of the bare-legged, bare-armed, and all but bare-backed University athletes. . . . . I dimly caught sight through the snow-flakes of wild figures careering at intervals across the field, or heaving weights, jumping bars, and throwing cricket-balls. Here, I thought, is a fine chance for composing a poetical peroration on muscular Christianity. My ideas naturally took the form of a sermon; the text was the dogma attributed to the sect whose strange rites I was contemplating; namely, that a man's whole duty was to fear God and to walk 1000 miles in 1000 hours. My discourse was, I believe, divided into the orthodox three heads; first, that such an athlete was, of necessity, a true *man*; secondly, that he was a true University man; and, finally, that he was a true Christian. I have unfortunately quite forgotten the logical process by which I arrived at this last result."

His sketch of "The Rowing

* 'The Light Blue.' Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1866.

† 'Sketches by a Don.' London and Cambridge: Macmillan. 1865.

Man" of his own day (whom he admits to be, in spite of his little peculiarities, "a very good fellow") will be recognised as hardly in any point an exaggeration:—

"He resided at the University for, say, 800 days, excluding Sundays and vacations. Of those he passed 790 on the river; and during nine of the remainder he was laid up by a sprain caused by his exertions. The remaining day, which he wasted in lionising his mother and sisters, he will regret as long as he lives. Years afterwards he will date events by the University races of the time. The Crimean war, he will say, broke out in the year of 'the eighteen-inch race'— *i. e.* the race when Oxford beat Cambridge at Henley by that distance. The race was in fact the most prevailing topic of his meditations during the year. It was the culminating event of a series of which the year was made up. Every morning, at that period, he was up at seven o'clock, and took his tub after half an hour's trot. His breakfast, according to a superstition not yet extinct, was raw beef-steak; his supper was oatmeal porridge. He measured his wine (except on occasional jollifications) with the careful eye of a gaoler distributing an allowance. He did not smoke, for fear of injuring his wind. The only ornaments in his rooms were cups or 'pewters' won on the river. His dress always included the colours of his boat-club. His library consisted chiefly of the 'Boating Almanac,' and the back numbers of 'Bell's Life.' His conversation varied only by referring at one season to the sculls, and at another to the 'fours;' and he always had a party of friends like-minded with himself to discuss such matters over a glass of wine."

But if any one wholly uninitiated in the mysteries of English university life wants to see what Cambridge is—looking for information rather than amusement—he will find it all very soberly, and on the whole fairly and accurately described, by an American writer, of all others. It is singular that for such information we should have to go to foreigners. Huber's is the best modern history of our universities that we have, except that which may be gathered, with some trouble, out of the Royal Commissioners' Reports; and by far the best and pleasantest book about the Cambridge of thirty years ago was written by an American of Trinity—Mr. C. A. Bristed's 'Five Years in an English University.' It is unfortunately out of print; but though few may now remember it, it had a deserved reputation in its day. Mr. William Everett, youngest son of the well-known American ambassador upon whom Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin conferred honorary degrees during his residence in England, graduated at Trinity Cambridge in 1863. While resident there he made notes with a view to future publication in his own country; and on his return to America he threw his collections and reminiscences into the form of lectures, which he delivered before the Lowell Institute at Boston. They have been republished in England, with a preface (not in the best possible taste) by an English editor, under the title of 'On the Cam.'* Nothing can be fairer than the spirit in which they are written; and the kindly tone in which he speaks of his foster-mother, of the welcome which he received from her, and of the lessons which she taught him, we accept as a testimony not only to the institutions of the old country, but to the sound-heartedness of the American undergraduate. "My heart is full of the place," he says. "I remember with never-dying affection the days and nights passed with the associates of study. I wear every day the gay badge of our ancient boat club." American he is to the backbone, and he never conceals his sentiments, and what in some instances we must call his prejudices; but when we remember the form in which his sketches of English University life were first made public—as lectures read to an American audience—justice requires us to look rather at the manliness and honesty which refrained

* 'On the Cam.' By W. Everett, M.A. London: Beeton. 1866.

from covert sneers and exaggerated strictures, than at any little occasional display of national pique or prejudice, from which no loyal citizen of either country can be wholly free. It is much that, knowing and feeling, as he says, that his subject would "involve what, in the opinion of many good Americans, is a fatal objection to any writer or speaker,—the praises of England and of some English institutions,"—he yet gives those praises boldly and ungrudgingly. It is not every English lecturer who, discoursing of Harvard College, U. S., before an English university audience, would have dealt so generously with his subject, or so conscientiously refrained from the *ad captandum* embellishments which would have been sure to win a transient applause.

Mr. Everett is sparing in his satire generally, and perhaps his severest use of it is where he gives us the following, "not as a caricature, but as what he honestly believes to be a fair exposition of the opinion held by a majority of Americans" on the subject of our English universities:—

"That there is in England a college or university—the terms being used interchangeably—situated at Oxford, to which the name of Cambridge is occasionally applied, of which 'The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green' is the guide-book, published by official authority; that the young men wear a peculiar dress, of which the main part is generally known as the Oxford hat; that studies are pursued, standing in the same relation to those of our colleges that *they* do to those of our public schools; that the undergraduates are, on an average, six or eight years older than our own; that boating is practised, the least bit inferior to ours; that the Articles of the Church of England are frequently signed by all the members of this college—Oxford College, sometimes called Cambridge; and that it is infested by a swarm of things called Lords, who make the necks of the other students their habitual promenade."

The writer should know his own countrymen best; but this would have looked like caricature of the broadest from any pen on this side of the water. If such were the prevalent ideas on the subject, it was certainly a better excuse than usual for a set of lectures. The following passage, too, is more severe upon transatlantic college life, in some of its features, than anything which he has said against our English institutions. He is speaking of reading-men at Cambridge, and the light in which they are regarded.

"The manner in which the scholars are treated by those who have no taste for study is equally generous and honourable. They do not stigmatise them by the exquisitely refined and classical names of 'digs' or 'prigs;' they do not take every opportunity to deride and condemn literary competition; they do not, finally, descend to that last and most contemptible pitch of working up their own little, crude, uncultivated talent to a sort of tinsel brilliancy in the effort to prove, by false argument and false rhetoric, in debating societies, in speeches, in college magazines, that it is beneath a man of refined tastes and lofty motives to show attention and reverence to the instructors of his university, and to pursue those studies which the world has for ages agreed to admit as profitable, as improving, as enchanting. On the contrary, they canvass his prospects of college and university honours with as much eagerness, and even more undiscriminating heartiness, than their own games and races. They raise a glad 'hurrah' in the gallery when he takes his degree; and they hail it as an honour received, not a concession gained over strictness, if they can secure his presence at their meetings."

In another point, too, he does not spare to draw a contrast between his personal experiences of an American and an English college (he is apostrophising the students of Harvard):—

"Does a new-comer to your college—just leaving home, just fresh from school, just quitting boyhood, thrown into a strange place, with a journey to pursue, a way to make he knows nothing of, among new faces, new scenes, new occupations,—does he find advice, assistance, attentions, friendship from those in the year above him? Do they seek him out on a slight acquaintance, and endeavour to make his path easier? I am ready to hide my face with shame when I think

of the contrast. I am almost ready to renounce my countrymen when I think how I, and a hundred freshmen with me, and ten thousand before and after, have been received at Cambridge and Oxford by men belonging to the nation whose shyness and indisposition to court acquaintance have grown into a proverb. For I remember, I see now, the despicable substitute at our own colleges for this truly gentlemanly, noble, Christian behaviour. I see the laws of politeness, of decency, of the land itself, habitually broken; sometimes ludicrously, sometimes tragically, but never from any better motive than that which, beyond the college walls, condemns the character of a man in any society—fondness for practical joking."

As a specimen of the style in which Cambridge scenes are described, this may be taken as one of the best:—

"Again the candidates assemble in the Senate-house a few minutes before nine, or rather their friends, for the candidates themselves don't like to go much. A proctor appears in the gallery with a list. Five hundred upturned faces below listen eagerly for his first words. The clock strikes nine. 'Senior Wrangler—Romer of Trinity Hall.' A tumultuous, furious, insane shout bursts forth, caps fly up into the air, dust rises immeasurable, and it takes many minutes to restore the order that greets the announcement of the greatest honour the University can bestow for that year. 'Second Wrangler — Leeke of Trinity.' Another burst of cheering that would be called terrific, had the other not preceded it. 'Third,'—and so on through the wranglers, or first class. Now, look out. The proctors in the gallery, each armed with his file of printed lists, proceed to scatter them to the multitude below. Talk of Italian beggars, beasts at a menagerie; why, the rush, the scuffle, the trampling, the crushing of caps and cap-bearers in a shapeless mass, the tearing of gowns, coats, and the very papers that come slowly floating down, hardly ever to reach the floor, beats any tumult I ever saw, excepting the contention for coppers of the Irish beggars on the wharf at Queenstown, before the tug-boat leaves for the Cunard steamer. At length all are distributed, and the successful retire with the failing to talk over the list of mathematical honours for a day."

Mr. Everett does not ignore the great subject of athletics. We do not know, indeed, what the present race of undergraduates will say to a writer on Cambridge life who shamelessly confesses that he "knows nothing of cricket" (which, he considers, "to an outsider is truly unintelligible"), and congratulates himself and the public that the pursuit of that noble science "lasts only a few months in the year, and for the rest of the time" its professors "can talk and act rationally;" but perhaps they may condone this lamentable ignorance on the ground that he has evidently handled an oar, and has given a description of a boat-race on the Cam, too long for quotation here, but almost as good as the scene on the rival Isis, so well painted by "Tom Brown." The "Trinity Boat Song" which follows was, no doubt, enthusiastically received at the Trinity boat-suppers (if Mr. Everett composed it for the occasion), for conquerors are not critical upon their sacred bards, if only the compliments are strong enough; but the boat would never have reached the head of the river if its crew had not been better than its poet.

One or two good Cambridge stories are told in the book, but we fancy much of their point must have been lost upon an American audience. The following is characteristic, and in its present form may be new to many readers as to us:—

"An undergraduate of St. John's was once lounging on Trinity Bridge, just before dinner, when the reverend and learned the Master was returning from his daily canter. He rode up to the youth with the remark, 'Sir, this is a place of transit, not of lounge.' No attention was paid to this, and the remark was repeated with yet more force. 'Sir, are you aware what the Bridge of Trinity is made for?' 'Yes, sir, to see St. John's new buildings from.' And the Master rode on to dinner."

The American student, like some of his young Oxford contemporaries, complains of the "indefensible extortions" to which the undergradu-

ate is exposed by "a series of immemorial customs and vested rights." He is particularly severe upon the college servants, and their constant expectation of small gratuities in ale or money. He very fairly protests against the ridiculous custom common to both universities, by which the unlucky winner of a scholarship or any other college or university honour becomes at once the subject of attack from all classes of small officials, who express a strong desire to drink his health. Even a man who takes an ordinary degree is (or at least was) expected to fee the bell-ringers, of all people under the sun, who are supposed to ring a peal in his especial honour, as if a degree were some most unusual and distinguished achievement. Mr. Everett illustrates the prevailing notion that a university-man is good for a *pour boire* upon any conceivable occasion, by a story of an undergraduate who once saved a small child from being smothered in a Cambridge ditch, and after receiving the mother's blessing for his exertions, was waited upon in his rooms next day by the grateful father, who, after repeating the family thanks, "pulled his forelock, and observed, in the inimitable Cambridge grunt,—'Haven't you got never a half-crown, sir, for a poor man to drink your honour's health in?'" The reminiscences of many a reader will make such a story seem quite probable; but, if it shows a very disagreeable greediness on the part of the dependent classes, it shows also, we fear, well-known habits of careless profusion on the part of young men, which alone could beget and encourage this kind of applications. Mr. Everett has some very sensible remarks upon college extravagance; but when, in an appendix, he tells us that a young man with less than two hundred and fifty pounds a-year "would have to practise great care, in order to make his means square with the style of associates to which his antecedents would probably introduce him"—*i. e.*, to live like a gentleman, and enter into pleasant society—at Cambridge, he is surely helping unconsciously to give young men a very expensive estimate of what they ought to spend. Like our friends of the 'Undergraduates' Journal,' he seems to us to be straining at the gnat while he swallows the camel—protesting (very fairly, so far) against abuses which have been gendered by extravagance, but tacitly acquiescing in the extravagance itself. One does not care very much to see young men getting over-careful about half-crown perquisites to others, and spending guineas upon some indulgence for themselves.

The extension of university education, and the limitation of university expenses, which alone can make such extension possible in any large degree, is a question which has long been entertained and frequently discussed. The proposal has of late taken a very distinct shape in the hands of men who deserve all praise for their zeal and sincerity, and of whose efforts none would wish to speak otherwise than with the very highest respect. A committee has been sitting at Oxford "to consider the question of the extension of the University, with a view especially to the education of persons needing assistance, and desirous of admission into the Christian ministry;" and, contemporaneously with this movement, it is suggested by the many friends and admirers of the late Mr. Keble, to build and endow a hall of this kind at Oxford in memory of that great Christian poet, and "to call it by his name." For this purpose, above £23,000 has been already promised. The following are some of the regulations under which such a hall is proposed to be carried on:—

"That the principal be expected to take part in the instruction, and especially in the theological lectures.

"That the charge for tuition be £4;

for furnished rooms, £3; for battels, £10. a term, Easter and Act terms to count as one, making £51 per annum. In the battels would be included breakfast, luncheon, plain dinner, attendance, and the general lighting of the college.

"That all reasonable extras, whether for entertainment or otherwise, be supplied within the walls, but only up to a stated limit, and that large parties be discouraged.

"That if any member contracts debts beyond a certain amount, or be found to be forming expensive habits, he be requested to remove to some other college or hall, as not being the character for which this foundation is instituted."

There are many other regulations; but these are the most important. Now, as to the first which we have quoted, requiring the Principal to take some part in the instruction. Can any good reason be given, except that of use and wont, why so very rational and sensible a regulation should not be adopted in the existing colleges? Is it absolutely necessary, in order to the integrity of our university system, that this description of heads of houses, given by our Cambridge Don, should be literally true?—

"You live in a picturesque old house, haunted by the associations of centuries. You succeed to a long line of dignitaries, interrupted half-way by the vulgar intrusion of the civil wars. In your own little world you hold indisputably the first place; you have a sufficient salary; and, last, not least, you have nothing in the world to do."

With the exception of some routine college business, is not this true? and is it right that it should be? Then, we find here the necessary college payments set down at £51 per annum. It might be invidious to mention colleges by name; but there are certainly more than one or two of the existing colleges and halls where an undergraduate's mere "battel bills," *with economy*, need not amount to more than £65 or £70. Is the additional saving of any very real importance? is the money difference important enough to make up the social difference to a young man between being a member of one of the old foundations, and of a modern "Poor Hall"? for by some such name these institutions will be known, whatever other style and title be bestowed upon them by their excellent founders. And we have said nothing of what might fairly be taken into the reckoning,—the small annual exhibitions which most colleges have to award, and which ought to be awarded (and generally are) to deserving men who are known to need such help. Then, as to the proviso about "contracting debts," and "forming expensive habits;" how will the authorities of these new halls know what debts a man is contracting out of college? Is there any special duty which will attach to the tutors, or deans, or censors of these new institutions (which must necessarily be rather short-handed) which does not already attach in the strongest manner to those who hold office in the older collegiate bodies? What is to prevent any tutor now from remonstrating with an undergraduate who is forming habits of expense beyond his means, and suggesting to him something to the effect (and it might be in better English) of his "not being the character for which this foundation is instituted"? Is not this the bounden duty already of all college authorities towards those who are "*in statu pupillari*"? The old statutes contain as many provisions against extravagant habits as the regulations of the proposed new halls. If Oxford were in earnest in enforcing upon her students the "plain living and high thinking" which befits a scholar's life, she can do it with the machinery she has already. What step has she taken in this direction? It must be a strong sense of the shortcomings of the present college authorities on this point, which can draw such a complaint as this from undergraduates themselves — "A paternal supervision and atten-

tion to our special wants is rather overlooked; and thence arises much of the extravagance and vagueness of Oxford life as compared with that of public schools."* What kind of superintendence or control is exercised in any college over the expenditure, within or without the walls, even of those who are scholars on the foundation — who were supposed by the munificent founders to be *pauperes et egentes*—the very class for which these new halls are proposed? The great step which *has* been made is a step backward. Either with the ready consent, or with but the very feeble opposition of the University itself, the "poverty qualification" for scholarships and exhibitions has been repealed; the provision made for "poor scholars" has been given to the sons of rich men; and now it is discovered that the middle class is shut out, and that they must be relegated to special halls to be built and endowed for their separate accommodation, while the existing colleges are to be given up, as it were openly, to confessed extravagance and luxury, by the very fact of thus withdrawing from them the only class to whom economy is important. In this separation lies the great weakness of this well-meant plan. The literary education of our great universities is a very valuable thing; the social education which accompanies it is hardly of less value. If we banish the sons of the clergy, and other gentlemen of small means, to a special hall, we may almost as well banish them from the University. If they are to be trained for the Church, they may receive a better special education, and equal social advantages, at one of the existing theological colleges. It seems to us that even the old days were preferable, when the servitor, attached at some of the larger colleges to the student of higher rank, had no temptation to emulate his expenditure, but enjoyed the same education, and had at least in after life the feeling of having belonged to the same house, and often rose to its higher dignities. With the great wealth of our colleges, can no mode be adopted for making some of it available for the reduction of college expenses to those who require it, and so opening their advantages to a larger class? For in this respect Oxford at least has gone backward. In 1612, there were resident at Oxford, besides "scholars" and "commoners," no less than 420 students under the name of *Pauperes Scholares*.† It might be no unbecoming exercise for the learned leisure of some of those who enjoy their founders' bounty, to investigate the tenure by which these poor scholars were attached to their respective colleges, and the mode of their support. We shall never, it is true, be able to reproduce, in this luxurious age, the hard and self-denying life of the poor scholar of the sixteenth and seventeenth century; but at least something might be done to give his modern representative a fair share in the increased prosperity of our old educational foundations. Let us teach him, if we can, what is but the simple truth, that a manly self-denial will after all win him more "honour among them that sit at meat with him," than the selfish wasting of money that is not his. Let us bring all necessary college charges within his means, if indeed they are not so already; but do not let us push him into a corner, into a "Poor Hall," out of the light of real university life, and try to persuade him that this is making room for him.

* 'Oxford Undergraduates' Journal,' June 13, 1866.

† Of these Magdalen College had 76, Christ-church 41, Exeter 37, and Queen's 35.

NINA BALATKA: THE STORY OF A MAIDEN OF PRAGUE.—PART IV.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY on the following morning,—the morning of the Christian Sunday—Nina Balatka received a note, a very short note, from her lover the Jew. "Dearest, meet me on the bridge this evening at eight. I will be at your end of the right-hand pathway exactly at eight. Thine, ever and always, A. T." Nina, directly she had read the words, rushed out to the door in order that she might give assurance to the messenger that she would do as she was bidden; but the messenger was gone, and Nina was obliged to reconcile herself to the prospect of silent obedience. The note, however, had made her very happy, and the prospect pleased her well. It was on this very day that she had intended to go to her lover; but it was in all respects much pleasanter to her that her lover should come to her. And then, to walk with him was of all things the most delightful, especially in the gloom of the evening, when no eyes could see her,—no eyes but his own. She could hang upon his arm, and in this way she could talk more freely with him than in any other. And then the note had in it more of the sweetness of a love-letter than any written words which she had hitherto received from him. It was very short, no doubt, but he had called her "Dearest," instead of "Dear Nina," as had been his custom, and then he had declared that he was hers ever and always. No words could have been sweeter. She was glad that the note was so short, because there was nothing in it to mar her pleasure. Yes, she would be there at eight. She was quite determined that she would not keep him waiting.

At half-past seven she was on the bridge. There could be no reason, she thought, why she should not walk across it to the other side and then retrace her steps, though in doing so she was forced, by the rule of the road upon the bridge, to pass to the Old Town by the right-hand pathway in going, while he must come to her by the opposite side. But she would walk very quickly and watch very closely. If she did not see him as she crossed and recrossed, she would at any rate be on the spot indicated at the time named. The autumn evenings had become somewhat chilly, and she wrapped her thin cloak close round her, as she felt the night air as she came upon the open bridge. But she was not cold. She told herself that she could not and would not be cold. How could she be cold when she was going to meet her lover? The night was dark, for the moon was now gone and the wind was blowing; but there were a few stars bright in the heaven, and when she looked down through the parapets of the bridge, there was just light enough for her to see the black water flowing fast beneath her. She crossed quickly to the figure of St. John, that she might look closely on those passing on the other side, and after a few moments recrossed the road. It was the figure of the saint, St. John Nepomucene, who was thrown from this very bridge and drowned, and who has ever since been the protector of good Christians from the fate which he himself had suffered. Then Nina bethought herself whether she was a good Christian, and whether St. John of the bridge would be justified in interposing on her behalf, should she be in want of him. She had strong doubts as to the validity of her own Christianity, now that she loved a Jew; and feared that it was more

than probable that St. John would do nothing for her, were she in such a strait as that in which he was supposed to interfere. But why now should she think of any such danger? Lotta Luxa had told her to drown herself when she should find herself to have been jilted by her Jew lover; but her Jew lover was true to her; she had his dear words at that moment in her bosom, and in a few moments her hand would be resting on his arm. So she passed on from the statue of St. John, with her mind made up that she did not want St. John's aid. Some other saint she would want, no doubt, and she prayed a little silent prayer to St. Nicholas, that he would allow her to marry the Jew without taking offence at her. Her circumstances had been very hard, as the saint must know, and she had meant to do her best. Might it not be possible, if the saint would help her, that she might convert her husband? But as she thought of this, she shook her head. Anton Trendellsohn was not a man to be changed in his religion by any words which she could use. It would be much more probable, she knew, that the conversion would be the other way. And she thought she would not mind that, if only it could be a real conversion. But if she were induced to say that she was a Jewess, while she still believed in St. Nicholas and St. John, and in the beautiful face of the dear Virgin,—if to please her husband she were to call herself a Jewess while she was at heart a Christian,—then her state would be very wretched. She prayed again to St. Nicholas to keep her from that state. If she were to become a Jewess, she hoped that St. Nicholas would let her go altogether, heart and soul, into Judaism.

When she reached the end of the long bridge she looked anxiously up the street by which she knew that he must come, endeavouring to discover his figure by the glimmering light of an oil-lamp that hung at an angle in the street, or by the brighter glare which came from the gas in a shop-window by which he must pass. She stood thus looking and looking till she thought he would never come. Then she heard the clock in the old watch-tower of the bridge over her head strike three-quarters, and she became aware that, instead of her lover being after his time, she had yet to wait a quarter of an hour for the exact moment which he had appointed. She did not in the least mind waiting. She had been a little uneasy when she thought that he had neglected or forgotten his own appointment. So she turned again and walked back towards the Kleinseite, fixing her eyes, as she had so often done, on the rows of windows which glittered along the great dark mass of the Hradschin Palace. What were they all doing up there, those slow and faded courtiers to an ex-Emperor, that they should want to burn so many candles? Thinking of this she passed the tablet on the bridge, and according to her custom, put the end of her fingers on it. But as she was raising her hand to her mouth to kiss it she remembered that the saint might not like such service from one who was already half a Jew at heart, and she refrained. She refrained, and then considered whether the bridge might not topple down with her into the stream because of her iniquity. But it did not topple down, and now she was standing beyond any danger from the water at the exact spot which Trendellsohn had named. She stood still lest she might possibly miss him by moving, till she was again cold. But she did not regard that, though she pressed her cloak closely round her limbs. She did not move till she heard the first sound of the bell as it struck eight, and then she gave a little jump as she found that her lover was close upon her.

"So you are here, Nina," he said, putting his hand upon her arm.

"Of course I am here, Anton. I have been looking, and looking, and looking, thinking you never would come; and how did you get here?"

"I am as punctual as the clock, my love."

"Oh yes, you are punctual, I know; but where did you come from?"

"I came down the hill from the Hradschin. I have had business there. It did not occur to your simplicity that I could reach you otherwise than by the direct road from my own home."

"I never thought of your coming from the side of the Hradschin," said Nina, wondering whether any of those lights she had seen could have been there for the use of Anton Trendellsohn. "I am so glad you have come to me. It is so good of you."

"It is good of you to come and meet me, my own one. But you are cold. Let us walk, and you will be warmer."

Nina, who had already put her hand upon her lover's arm, thrust it in a little farther, encouraged by such sweet words; and then he took her little hand in his, and drew her still nearer to him, till she was clinging to him very closely. "Nina, my own one," he said again. He had never before been in so sweet a mood with her. Walk with him? Yes; she would walk with him all night if he would let her. Instead of turning again over the bridge as she had expected, he took her back into the Kleinseite, not bearing round to the right in the direction of her own house, but going up the hill into a large square, round which the pathway is covered by the overhanging houses, as is common for avoidance of heat in Southern cities. Here, under the low colonnade, it was very dark, and the passengers going to and fro were not many. At each angle of the square where the neighbouring streets entered it, in the open space, there hung a dull, dim oil-lamp; but other light there was none. Nina, however, did not mind the darkness while Anton Trendellsohn was with her. Even when walking close under the buttresses of St. Nicholas—of St. Nicholas, who could not but have been offended—close under the very niche in which stood the statue of the saint—she had no uncomfortable qualms. When Anton was with her she did not much regard the saints. It was when she was alone that those thoughts on her religion came to disturb her mind. "I do so like walking with you," she said. "It is the nicest way of talking in the world."

"I want to ask you a question, Nina," said Anton; "or perhaps two questions." The tight grasping clasp made on his arm by the tips of her fingers relaxed itself a little as she heard his words, and remarked their altered tone. It was not, then, to be all love; and she could perceive that he was going to be serious with her, and, as she feared, perhaps angry. Whenever he spoke to her on any matter of business, his manner was so very serious as to assume in her eyes, when judged by her feelings, an appearance of anger. The Jew immediately felt the little movement of her fingers, and hastened to reassure her. "I am quite sure that your answers will satisfy me."

"I hope so," said Nina. But the pressure of her hand upon his arm was not at once repeated.

"I have seen your cousin Ziska, Nina; indeed I have seen him twice lately, and I have seen your uncle and your aunt."

"I suppose they did not say anything very pleasant about me."

"They did not say anything very pleasant about anybody or about anything. They were not very anxious to be pleasant; but that I did not mind."

"I hope they did not insult you, Anton?"

"We Jews are used as yet to insolence from Christians, and do not mind it."

"They shall never more be anything to me, if they have insulted you."

"It is nothing, Nina. We bear those things, and think that such of you Christians as use that liberty of a vulgar tongue, which is still possible towards a Jew in Prague, are simply poor in heart and ignorant."

"They are poor in heart and ignorant."

"I first went to your uncle's office in the Ross Markt, where I saw him and your aunt and Ziska. And afterwards Ziska came to me, at our own house. He was tame enough there."

"To your own house?"

"Yes; to the Jews' quarter. Was it not a condescension? He came into our synagogue and ferreted me out. You may be sure that he had something very special to say when he did that. But he looked as though he thought that his life were in danger among us."

"But, Antón, what had he to say?"

"I will tell you. He wanted to buy me off."

"Buy you off!"

"Yes; to bribe me to give you up. Aunt Sophie does not relish the idea of having a Jew for her nephew."

"Aunt Sophie!—but I will never call her Aunt Sophie again. Do you mean that they offered you money?"

"They offered me property, my dear, which is the same. But they did it economically, for they only offered me my own. They were kind enough to suggest that if I would merely break my word to you, they would tell me how I could get the title-deeds of the houses, and thus have the power of turning your father out into the street."

"You have the power. He would go at once if you bade him."

"I do not wish him to go. As I have told you often, he is welcome to the use of the house. He shall have it for his life, as far as I am concerned. But I should like to have what is my own."

"And what did you say?" Nina, as she asked the question, was very careful not to tighten her hold upon his arm by the weight of a single ounce.

"What did I say? I said that I had many things that I valued greatly, but that I had one thing that I valued more than gold or houses—more even than my right."

"And what is that?" said Nina, stopping suddenly, so that she might hear clearly every syllable of the words which were to come. "What is that?" She did not even yet add an ounce to the pressure; but her fingers were ready.

"A poor thing," said Anton; "just the heart of a Christian girl."

Then the hand was tightened, or rather the two hands, for they were closed together upon his arm; and his other arm was wound round her waist; and then, in the gloom of the dark colonnade, he pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her lips and her forehead, and then her lips again. "No," he said, "they have not bribed high enough yet to get from me my treasure—my treasure."

"Dearest, am I your treasure?"

"Are you not? What else have I that I make equal to you?" Nina was supremely happy—triumphant in her happiness. She cared nothing for her aunt, nothing for Lotta Luxa and her threats; and very little at the present moment even for St. Nicholas or St. John of the bridge. To be told by her lover that she was his own treasure, was sufficient to banish for the time all her miseries and all her fears.

"You are my treasure. I want you to remember that, and to believe it," said the Jew.

"I will believe it," said Nina, trembling with anxious eagerness. Could it be possible that she would ever forget it?

"And now I will ask my questions. Where are those title-deeds?"

"Where are they?" said she, repeating his question.

"Yes; where are they?"

"Why do you ask me? And why do you look like that?"

"I want you to tell me where they are, to the best of your knowledge."

"Uncle Karil has them,—or else Ziska."

"You are sure of that?"

"How can I be sure? I am not sure at all. But Ziska said something which made me feel sure of it, as I told you before. And I have supposed always that they must be in the Ross Markt. Where else can they be?"

"Your aunt says that you have got them."

"That I have got them?"

"Yes, you. That is what she intends me to understand." The Jew had stopped at one of the corners, close under the little lamp, and looked intently into Nina's face as he spoke to her.

"And you believe her?" said Nina.

But he went on without noticing her question. "She intends me to believe that you have got them, and are keeping them from me fraudulently! cheating me, in point of fact;—that you are cheating me, so that you may have some hold over the property for your own purposes. That is what your aunt wishes me to believe. She is a wise woman, is she not? and very clever. In one breath she tries to bribe me to give you up, and in the next she wants to convince me that you are not worth keeping."

"But, Anton——"

"Nay, Nina, I will not put you to the trouble of protestation. Look at that star. I should as soon suspect the light which God has placed in the heaven of misleading me, as I should suspect you."

"Oh, Anton, dear Anton, I do so love you for saying that! Would it be possible that I should keep anything from you?"

"I think you would keep nothing from me. Were you to do so, you could not be my own love any longer. A man's wife must be true to him in everything, or she is not his wife. I could endure not only no fraud from you, but neither could I endure falsehood."

"I have never been false to you. With God's help I never will be false to you."

"He has given you His help. He has made you true-hearted, and I do not doubt you. Now answer me another question. Is it possible that your father should have the paper?"

Nina paused a moment, and then she replied with eagerness, "Quite impossible. I am sure that he knows nothing of it, more than you know." When she had so spoken they walked in silence for a few yards, but Anton did not at once reply to her. "You do not think that father is keeping anything from you, do you?" said Nina.

"I do not know," said the Jew. "I am not sure."

"You may be sure. You may be quite sure. Father is at least honest."

"I have always thought so."

"And do you not think so still?"

"Look here, Nina. I do not know that there is a Christian in Prague who would feel it to be beneath him to rob a Jew, and I do not altogether blame them. They believe that we would rob them, and many of us do so. We are very sharp, each on the other, dealing against each other always in hatred, never in love—never even in friendship."

"But, for all that, my father has never wronged you."

"He should not do so, for I am endeavouring to be kind to him. For your sake, Nina, I would treat him as though he were a Jew himself."

"He has never wronged you;—I am sure that he has never wronged you."

"Nina, you are more to me than you are to him."

"Yes, I am—I am your own; but yet I will declare that he has never wronged you."

"And I should be more to you than he is."

"You are more—you are everything to me; but, still I know that he has never wronged you."

Then the Jew paused again, still walking onwards through the dark colonnade with her hand upon his arm. They walked in silence the whole side of the large square, Nina waiting patiently to hear what would come next, and Trendellsohn considering what words he would use. He did suspect her father, and it was needful to his purpose that he should tell her so; and it was needful also, as he thought, that she should be made to understand that in her loyalty and truth to him she must give up her father, or even suspect her father, if his purpose required that she should do so. Though she were still a Christian herself, she must teach herself to look at other Christians, even at those belonging to herself, with Jewish eyes. Unless she could do so she would not be true and loyal to him with that truth and loyalty which he required. Poor Nina! It was the dearest wish of her heart to be true and loyal to him in all things; but it might be possible to put too hard a strain even upon such love as hers. "Nina," the Jew said, "I fear your father. I think that he is deceiving us."

"No, Anton, no! he is not deceiving you. My aunt and uncle and Ziska are deceiving you!"

"They are trying to deceive me, no doubt; but as far as I can judge from their own words and looks, they do believe that at this moment the document which I want is in your father's house. As far as I can judge their thoughts from their words, they think that it is there."

"It is not there," said Nina positively.

"That is what we must find out. Your uncle was silent. He said nothing or next to nothing."

"He is the best of the three, by far," said Nina.

"Your aunt is a clever woman in spite of her blunder about you; and had I dealt with her only I should have thought that she might have expressed herself as she did, and still have had the paper in her own keeping. I could not read her mind as I could read his. Women will lie better than men."

"But men can lie too," said Nina.

"Your cousin Ziska is a fool."

"He is a fox," said Nina.

"He is a fool in comparison with his mother. And I had him in my own house, under my thumb, as it were. Of course he lied. Of course he tried to deceive me. But, Nina, he believes that the document is here,—in your house. Whether it be there or not, Ziska thinks that it is there."

"Ziska is more fox than fool," said Nina.

"Let that be as it may, I tell you the truth of him. He thinks it is here. Now, Nina, you must search for it."

"It is not there, Anton. I tell you of my own knowledge, it is not in the house. Come and search yourself. Come to-morrow. Come to-night, if you will."

"It would be of no use. I could not search as you can do. Tell me, Nina; has your father no place locked up which is not open to you?"

"Yes, he has his old desk; you know it, where it stands in the parlour."

"You never open that?"

"No, never; but there is nothing there—nothing of that nature."

"How can you tell? Or he can keep it about his person?"

"He keeps it nowhere. He has not got it. Dear Anton, put it out of your head. You do not know my cousin Ziska. That he has it in his own hands I am now sure."

"And I, Nina, am sure that it is here in the Kleinseite—or at least am sure that he thinks it to be so. The question now is this: Will you obey me in what directions I may give you concerning it?" Nina could not bring herself to give an unqualified reply to this demand on the spur of the moment. Perhaps it occurred to her that the time for such implicit obedience on her part had hardly yet come—that as yet at least she must not be less true to her father than to her lover. She hesitated, therefore, in answering him. "Do you not understand me, Nina?" he said, roughly. "I asked you whether you will do as I would have you do, and you make no reply. We too, Nina, must be one in all things, or else we must be apart,—in all things."

"I do not know what it is you wish of me," she said, trembling.

"I wish you to obey me."

"But suppose——"

"I know you must trust me first before you can obey me."

I do trust you. You know that I trust you."

"Then you should obey me."

"But not to suspect my own father."

"I do not ask you to suspect him."

"But you suspect him?"

"Yes; I do. I am older than you, and know more of men and their ways than you can do. I do suspect him. You must promise me that you will search for this deed."

Again she paused, but after a moment or two a thought struck her, and she replied eagerly, "Anton, I will tell you what I will do. I will ask him openly. He and I have always been open to each other."

"If he is concealing it, do you think he will tell you?"

"Yes, he would tell me. But he is not concealing it."

"Will you look?"

"I cannot take his keys from him and open his box."

"You mean that you will not do as I bid you?"

"I cannot do it. Consider of it, Anton. Could you treat your own father in such a way?"

"I would cling to you sooner than to him. I have told him so, and he has threatened to turn me penniless from his house. Still I shall cling to you,—because you are my love. I shall do so if you are equally true to me. That is my idea of love. There can be no divided allegiance."

And this also was Nina's idea of love—an idea up to which she had striven to act and live when those around her had threatened her with all that earth and heaven could do to her if she would not abandon the Jew. But she had anticipated no such trial as that which had now come upon her. "Dear Anton," she said, appealing to him weakly in her weakness, "if you did but know how I love you!"

"You must prove your love."

"Am I not ready to prove it? Would I not give up anything, everything, for you?"

"Then you must assist me in this thing, as I am desiring you." As he said this they had reached the corner from whence the street ran in the direction of the bridge, and into this he turned instead of continuing their walk round the square. She said nothing as he did so; but accompanied him, still leaning upon his arm. He walked on quickly and in silence till they came to the turn which led towards Balatka's house, and then he stopped. "It is late," said he, "and you had better go home."

"May I not cross the bridge with you?"

"You had better go home." His voice was very stern, and as she dropped her hand from his arm she felt it to be impossible to leave him in that way. Were she to do so, she would never be allowed to speak to him or to see him again. "Good-night," he said, preparing to turn from her.

"Anton, Anton, do not leave me like that."

"How then shall I leave you? Shall I say that it does not matter whether you obey me or no? It does matter. Between you and me such obedience matters everything. If we are to be together, I must abandon everything for you, and you must comply in everything with me." Then Nina, leaning close upon him, whispered into his ear that she would obey him.

CHAPTER IX.

Nina's misery as she went home was almost complete. She had not, indeed, quarrelled with her lover, who had again caressed her as she left him and assured her of his absolute confidence, but she had undertaken a task against which her very soul revolted. It gave her no comfort to say to herself that she had undertaken to look for that which she knew she would not find, and that therefore her search could do no harm. She had, in truth, consented to become a spy upon her father, and was so to do in furtherance of the views of one who suspected her father of fraud, and who had not scrupled to tell her that her father was dishonest. Now again she thought of St. Nicholas, as she heard the dull chime of the clock from the saint's tower, and found herself forced to acknowledge that she was doing very wickedly in loving a Jew. Of course troubles would come upon her. What else could she expect? Had she not endeavoured to throw behind her and to trample under foot all that she had learned from her infancy under the guidance of St. Nicholas? Of course the saint would desert her. The very sound of the chime told her that he was angry with her. How could she hope again that St. John would be good to her? Was it not to be expected that the black-flowing river over which she understood him to preside would become her enemy and would swallow her up,—as Lotta Luxa had predicted? Before she returned home, when she was quite sure that Anton Trendellsohn had already passed over, she went down upon the bridge, and far enough along the causeway to find herself over the river, and there crouching down, she looked at the rapid-running silent black stream beneath her. The waters were very silent and very black, but she could still see or feel that they were running rapidly. And they were cold, too. She herself at the present moment was very cold. She shuddered as she looked down, pressing her face against the stone-work, with her two hands resting on two of the pillars of the parapet. It would be very terrible. She did not think that she much cared for death. The world had been so hard to her, and was growing so much harder, that it would be a good thing to get away from it. If she could become ill and die, with a good kind nun standing by her bedside, and with the cross pressed to her bosom, and with her eyes fixed on the sweet face of the Virgin Mother as it was painted in the little picture in her room,—in that way she thought that death might even be grateful. But to be carried away she knew not whither in the cold, silent, black-flowing Moldau! And yet she half believed the prophecy of Lotta. Such a quiet death as that she had pictured to herself could not be given to her! What nun would come to her bedside,—to the bed of a girl who had declared to all Prague that she intended to marry a Jew? For weeks past she had feared even to look at the picture of the Virgin.

"I'm afraid you'll think I am

very late, father," she said, as soon as she reached home.

Her father muttered something, but not angrily, and she soon busied herself about him, doing some little thing for his comfort, as was her wont. But as she did so she could not but remember that she had undertaken to be a spy upon him, to secrete his key, and to search surreptitiously for that which he was supposed to be keeping fraudulently. As she sat by him empty-handed —for it was Sunday night, and as a Christian she never worked with a needle upon the Sunday—she told herself that she could not do it. Could there be any harm done were she to ask him now, openly, what papers he kept in that desk? But she desired to obey her lover where obedience was possible, and he had expressly forbidden her to ask any such question. She sat, therefore, and said no word that could tend to ease her suffering; and then, when the time came, she went suffering to her bed.

On the next day there seemed to come to her no opportunity for doing that which she had to do. Souchey was in and out of the house all the morning, explaining to her that they had almost come to the end of the flour and of the potatoes which he had bought, that he himself had swallowed on the previous evening the last tip of the great sausage—for, as he had alleged, it was no use a fellow dying of starvation outright—and that there was hardly enough of chocolate left to make three cups. Nina had brought out her necklace and had asked Souchey to take it to the shop and do the best with it he could; but Souchey had declined the commission, alleging that he would be accused of having stolen it; and Nina had then prepared to go herself, but her father had called her, and he had come out into the sitting-room and had remained there during the afternoon, so that both the sale of the trinket and the search in the desk had been postponed. The latter she might have done at night, but when the night came the deed seemed to be more horrid than it would be even in the day.

She observed also, more accurately than she had ever done before, that he always carried the key of his desk with him. He did not, indeed, put it under his pillow, or conceal it in bed, but he placed it with an old spectacle-case which he always carried, and a little worn pocket-book which Nina knew to be empty, on a low table which stood at his bed-head; and now during the whole of the afternoon he had the key on the table beside him. Nina did not doubt but that she could take the key while he was asleep; for when he was even half asleep—which was perhaps his most customary state —he would not stir when she entered the room. But if she took it at all she would do so in the day. She could not bring herself to creep into the room in the night and to steal the key in the dark. As she lay in bed she still thought of it. She had promised her lover that she would do this thing. Should she resolve not to do it, in spite of that promise, she must at any rate tell Anton of her resolution. She must tell him, and then there would be an end of everything. Would it be possible for her to live without her love?

On the following morning it occurred to her that she might perhaps be able to induce her father to speak of the houses and of those horrid documents of which she had heard so much, without disobeying any of Trendellsohn's behests. There could, she thought, be no harm in her asking her father some question as to the ownership of the houses, and as to the Jew's right to the property. Her father had very often declared in her presence that old Trendellsohn could turn him into the street at any moment. There had been no secrets between her and her father as to their pov-

erty, and there could be no reason why her tongue should now be silenced, so long as she refrained from any positive disobedience to her lover's commands. That he must be obeyed she still recognised as the strongest rule of all—obeyed, that is, till she should go to him and lay down her love at his feet, and give back to him the troth which he had given her.

"Father," she said to the old man about noon that day, "I suppose this house does belong to the Trendellsohns?"

"Of course it does," said he, crossly.

"Belongs to them altogether, I mean?" she said.

"I don't know what you call altogether. It does belong to them, and there's an end of it. What's the good of talking about it?"

"Only if so, they ought to have those deeds they are so anxious about. Everybody ought to have what is his own. Don't you think so, father?"

"I am keeping nothing from them," said he; "you don't suppose that I want to rob them?"

"Of course you do not." Then Nina paused again. She was drawing perilously near to forbidden ground, if she were not standing on it already; and yet she was very anxious that the subject should not be dropped between her and her father.

"I'm sure you do not want to rob any one, father. But——"

"But what? I suppose young Trendellsohn has been talking to you again about it. I suppose he suspects me; if so, no doubt, you will suspect me too."

"Oh, father! how can you be so cruel?"

"If he thinks the papers are here, it is his own house; let him come and search for them."

"He will not do that, I am sure."

"What is it he wants, then? I can't go out to your uncle and make him give them up."

"They are, then, with uncle?"

"I suppose so; but how am I to know? You see how they treat me. I cannot go to them, and they never come to me;—except when that woman comes to scold."

"But they can't belong to uncle."

"Of course they don't."

"Then why should he keep them? What good can they do him? When I spoke to Ziska, Ziska said they should be kept, because Trendellsohn is a Jew; but surely a Jew has a right to his own. We at any rate ought to do what we can for him, Jew as he is, since he lets us live in his house."

The slight touch of irony which Nina had thrown into her voice when she spoke of what was due to her lover even though he was a Jew was not lost upon her father. "Of course you would take his part against a Christian," he said.

"I take no one's part against any one," said she, "except so far as right is concerned. If we take a Jew's money I think we should give him the thing which he purchases."

"Who is keeping him from it?" said Balatka, angrily.

"Well;—I suppose it is my uncle," replied Nina.

"Why cannot you let me be at peace then?"

Having so said he turned himself round to the wall, and Nina felt herself to be in a worse position than ever. There was nothing now for her but to take the key; or else to tell her lover that she would not obey him. There could be no further hope in diplomacy. She had just resolved that she could not take the key—that in spite of her promise she could not bring herself to treat her father after such fashion as that—when the old man turned suddenly round upon her again, and went back to the subject.

"I have got a letter somewhere from Karil Zamenoy," said he, "telling me that the deed is in his own chest."

"Have you, father?" said she, anxiously, but struggling to repress her anxiety.

"I had it, I know. It was written ever so long ago—before I had settled with the Trendellsohns; but I have seen it often since. Take the key and unlock the desk, and bring me the bundle of papers that are tied with an old tape; or—stop—bring me all the papers." With trembling hand Nina took the key. She was now desired by her father to do exactly that which her lover wished her to have done; or, better still, her father was about to do the thing himself. She would at any rate have positive proof that the paper was not in her father's desk. He had desired her to bring all the papers, so that there would be no doubt left. She took the key very gently,—as softly as was possible to her, and went slowly into the other room. When there she unlocked the desk and took out the bundle of letters tied with an old tape which lay at the top ready to her hand. Then she collected together the other papers, which were not many, and without looking at them carried them to her father. She studiously avoided any scrutiny of what there might be, even by so much as a glance of her eye. "This seems to be all there is, father, except one or two old account-books."

He took the bundle, and with feeble hands untied the tape and moved the documents, one by one. Nina felt that she was fully warranted in looking at them now, as her father was in fact showing them to her. In this way she would be able to give evidence in his favour without having had recourse to any ignoble practice. The old man moved every paper in the bundle, and she could see that they were all letters. She had understood that the deed for which Trendellsohn had desired her to search was written on a larger paper than any she now saw, and that she might thus know it at once. There was, certainly, no such deed among the papers which her father slowly turned over, and which he slowly proceeded to tie up again with the old tape. "I am sure I saw it the other day," he said, fingering among the loose papers while Nina looked on with anxious eyes. Then at last he found the letter from Karil Zamenoy, and having read it himself, gave it her to read. It was dated seven or eight years back, at a time when Balatka was only on his way to ruin—not absolutely ruined, as was the case with him now—and contained an offer on Zamenoy's part to give safe custody to certain documents which were named, and among which the deed now sought for stood first.

"And has he got all those other papers?" Nina asked.

"No! he has none of them, unless he has this. There is nothing left but this one that the Jew wants."

"And uncle Karil has never given that back?"

"Never."

"And it should belong to Stephen Trendellsohn?"

"Yes I suppose it should."

"Who can wonder, then, that they should be anxious and inquire after it, and make a noise about it? Will not the law make uncle Karil give it up?"

"How can the law prove that he has got it? I know nothing about the law. Put them all back again." Then Nina replaced the papers, and locked the desk. She had, at any rate, been absolutely and entirely successful in her diplomacy, and would be able to assure Anton Trendellsohn, of her own knowledge, that that which he sought was not in her father's keeping.

On the same day she went out to sell her necklace. She waited till it was nearly dark—till the first dusk of evening had come upon the street, and then she crossed the bridge, and hurried to a jeweller's shop in the Grosser Ring which she had often observed, and at which she knew such trinkets as hers were customarily purchased. The Grosser Ring is an open space—such as we call a square—in the oldest part

of the town, and in it stand the Town Hall and the Theinkirche—which may be regarded as the most special church in Prague, as there for many years were taught the doctrines of Huss, the great Reformer of Bohemia. Here, in the Grosser Ring, there was generally a crowd of an evening, as Nina knew, and she thought that she could go in and out of the jeweller's shop without observation. She believed that she might be able to borrow money on her treasure, leaving it as a deposit; and this, if possible, she would do. There were regular pawnbrokers in the town, by whom no questions would be made, who, of course, would lend her money in the ordinary way of their trade; but she believed that such people would advance to her but a very small portion of the value of her necklace; and then, if, as would be too probable, she could not redeem it, the necklace would be gone, and gone without a price!

"Yes, it is my own, altogether my own—my very own." She had to explain all the circumstances to the jeweller, and at last with a view of quelling any suspicion, she told the jeweller what was her name, and explained how poor were the circumstances of her house. "But you must be the niece of Madame Zamenoy, in the Windberg-gasse," said the jeweller. And then when Nina with hesitation acknowledged that such was the case, the man asked her why she did not go to her rich aunt, instead of selling a trinket which must be so valuable.

"No!" said Nina, "I cannot do that. If you will lend me something of its value, I shall be so much obliged to you?"

"But Madame Zamenoy would surely help you?"

"We would not take it from her. But we will not speak of that, sir. Can I have the money?" Then the jeweller gave her a receipt for the necklace and took her receipt for the sum he lent to her. It was more than Nina had expected, and she rejoiced that she had so well completed her business. Nevertheless she wished that the jeweller had known nothing of her aunt. She was hardly out of the shop before she met her cousin Ziska, and she so met him that she could not escape him. She heard his voice, indeed, almost as soon as she recognised him, and had stopped at his summons before she had calculated whether it might not be better to run away. "What, Nina, is that you?" said Ziska, taking her hand before she knew how to refuse it to him.

"Yes; it is I," said Nina.

"What are you doing here?"

"Why should I not be in the Grosser Ring as well as another? It is open to rich and poor."

"So is Rapinsky's shop; but poor people do not generally have much to do there." Rapinsky was the name of the jeweller who had advanced the money to Nina.

"No, not much," said Nina. "What little they have to sell is soon sold."

"And have you been selling anything?"

"Nothing of yours, Ziska."

"But have you been selling anything?"

"Why do you ask me? What business is it of yours?"

"They say that Anton Trendellsohn, the Jew, gives you all that you want," said Ziska.

"Then they say lies," said Nina, her eyes flashing fire upon her Christian lover through the gloom of the evening. "Who says so? You say so. No one else would be mean enough to be so false."

"All Prague says so."

"All Prague! I know what that means. And did all Prague go to the Jews' quarter last Saturday, to tell Anton Trendellsohn that the paper which he wants, and which is his own, was in father's keeping? Was it all Prague told that falsehood also?" There was a scorn in

her face as she spoke which distressed Ziska greatly, but which he did not know how to meet or how to answer. He wanted to be brave before her; and he wanted also to show his affection for her, if only he knew how to do so, without making himself humble in her presence.

"Shall I tell you, Nina, why I went to the Jews' quarter on Saturday?"

"No; tell me nothing. I wish to hear nothing from you. I know enough without your telling me."

"I wish to save you if it be possible, because—because I love you."

"And I—I never wish to see you again, because I hate you. I hate you, because you have been cruel. But let me tell you this; poor as we are, I have never taken a farthing of Anton's money. When I am his wife, as I hope to be—as I hope to be—I will take what he gives me as though it came from heaven. From you!—I would sooner die in the street than take a crust of bread from you." Then she darted from him, and succeeded in escaping without hearing the words with which he replied to her angry taunts. She was woman enough to understand that her keenest weapon for wounding him would be an expression of unbounded love and confidence as to the man who was his rival; and therefore, though she was compelled to deny that she had lived on the charity of her lover, she had coupled her denial with an assurance of her faith and affection, which was, no doubt, bitter enough in Ziska's ears. "I do believe that she is witched," he said, as he turned away towards his own house. And then he reflected wisely on the backward tendency of the world in general, and regretted much that there was no longer given to priests in Bohemia the power of treating with salutary ecclesiastical severity patients suffering in the way in which his cousin Nina was afflicted.

Nina had hardly got out of the Grosser Ring into the narrow street which leads from thence towards the bridge, when she encountered her other lover. He was walking slowly down the centre of the street when she passed him, or would have passed him, had not she recognised his figure through the gloom. "Anton," she said, coming up to him and touching his arm as lightly as was possible, "I am so glad to meet you here."

"Nina?"

"Yes; Nina."

"And what have you been doing?"

"I don't know that I want to tell you; only that I like to tell you everything."

"If so, you can tell me this." Nina, however, hesitated. "If you have secrets, I do not want to inquire into them," said the Jew.

"I would rather have no secrets from you, only——"

"Only what?"

"Well; I will tell you. I had a necklace; and we are not very rich, you know, at home; and I wanted to get something for father and——"

"You have sold it?"

"No; I have not sold it. The man was very civil, indeed quite kind, and he lent me some money."

"But the kind man kept the necklace, I suppose."

"Of course he kept the necklace. You would not have me borrow money from a stranger, and leave him nothing?"

"No; I would not have you do that. But why not borrow from one who is no stranger?"

"I do not want to borrow at all," said Nina, in her lowest tone.

"Are you ashamed to come to me in your trouble?"

"Yes," said Nina. "I should be ashamed to come to you for money. I would not take it from you."

He did not answer her at once, but walked on slowly while she kept close to his side.

"Give me the jeweller's docket," he said at last. Nina hesitated for

a moment, and then he repeated his demand in a sterner voice. "Nina, give me the jeweller's docket." Then she put her hand in her pocket and gave it to him. She was very averse to doing so, but she was more averse to refusing him aught that he asked of her.

"I have got something to tell you, Anton," she said, as soon as he had put the jeweller's paper into his purse.

"Well—what is it?"

"I have seen every paper and every morsel of everything that is in father's desk, and there is no sign of the deed you want."

"And how did you see them?"

"He showed them to me."

"You told him then what I had said to you?"

"No; I told him nothing about it. He gave me the key, and desired me to fetch him all the papers: He wanted to find a letter which uncle Karil wrote him ever so long ago. In that letter uncle Karil acknowledges that he has the deed.

"I do not doubt that in the least."

"And what is it you do doubt, Anton?"

"I do not say I doubt anything."

"Do you doubt me, Anton?"

There was a little pause before he answered her — the slightest moment of hesitation. But had it been but half as much, Nina's ear and Nina's heart would have detected it. "No," said Anton, "I am not saying that I doubt any one."

"If you doubt me, you will kill me. I am at any rate true to you. What is it you want? What is it you think?"

"They tell me that the document is in the house in the Kleinseite."

"Who are they? Who is it that tells you?"

"More than one. Your uncle and aunt said so; — and Ziska Zamenoy came to me on purpose to repeat the same."

"And would you believe what Ziska says? I have hardly thought it worth my while to tell you that Ziska——"

"To tell me what of Ziska?"

"That Ziska pretends to — to want that I should be his wife. I would not look at him if there were not another man in Prague. I hate him. He is a liar. Would you believe Ziska?"

"And another has told me."

"Another?" said Nina, considering.

"Yes, another."

"Lotta Luxa, I suppose."

"Never mind. They say indeed that it is you who have the deed."

"And you believe them?"

"No, I do not believe them. But why do they say so?"

"Must I explain that? How can I tell? Anton, do you not believe that the woman who loves you will be true to you?"

Then he paused again — "Nina, sometimes I think that I have been mad to love a Christian."

"What have I been then? But I do love you, Anton—I love you better than all the world. I care nothing for Jew or Christian. When I think of you I care nothing for heaven or earth. You are everything to me, because I love you. How could I deceive you?"

"Nina, Nina, my own one!" he said.

"And as I love you, so do you love me? Say that you love me also."

"I do, said he—I love you as I love my own soul."

Then they parted; and Nina, as she went home, tried to make herself happy with the assurance which had been given to her by the last words her lover had spoken; but still there remained with her that suspicion of a doubt which, if it really existed, would be so cruel an injury to her love.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE, 1815–52.

A NEW epoch is opening on Europe, and an old one is passing away. The treaties of 1815 are virtually at an end. One by one they are being torn from the statute-book of Europe, and disappear amidst the flames of war. Peace to their ashes. All treaties are mortal: the best of them, those which most fully meet the wants and necessities of the time, must perish when circumstances which created them have passed away. The grand Treaties of Vienna have served their time. The disparagement of these old treaties, of which we hear so much at present, is doubtless natural, seeing that they no longer correspond with the circumstances of Europe; but in so far as that disparagement is meant to apply to the past, to the treaties when originally drawn up, it is baseless and unjust. The Settlement of Vienna was the best that could be made in 1815: and one of the most practical proofs of this is to be seen in the long time which that Settlement lasted. The Treaties of Vienna brought down a halcyon calm upon Europe, after twenty-seven years of fierce and continuous warfare. They gave to Europe, as a whole, a long peace, during which the energies of pacific industry came into full play—developing the arts, and adding in an unprecedented manner to the wealth and welfare of mankind. During that epoch of peace, the feelings of international community grew apace. Nations allied themselves, no longer simply as warring Powers, but in treaties of commerce and moral law; and in the partial but ever-increasing communion in matters of Trade, of Finance, and of Justice, those sentiments and interests have developed themselves which nowadays tend to bring Europe out of its old state of warring disunion into that of a commonwealth, wherein the interests of the whole will dominate and keep in subjection the rivalry of its component parts. More wars and further changes still impend over the Continent; nevertheless the progress in international affairs is manifest. And to that progress the Treaties of Vienna have greatly contributed—if indeed they did not give to it its initial impetus. The grand conclave of Powers at Vienna in 1815 certainly paved the way for the future great Congress of Powers, which a few years hence will again revise the map of Europe, and by a new Settlement give to the war-stricken Continent a still longer and happier epoch of peace.

We have only to look at a map of Europe to see the changes which have taken place since the Settlement of Vienna. New kingdoms have arisen; new nations have established or re-established themselves; some Powers have been aggrandised, others have disappeared. Poland has disappeared as a kingdom, and now exists only as a province of Russia. The republic of Cracow has likewise disappeared, merged in the Austrian province of Galicia. Denmark has been shorn of half her territories, and forms a mere corner of land on the shores of the Sound and the Kattegat. The kingdom of the Netherlands has been disparted into two weak and moribund States, soon to be absorbed, the one by France and the other by Germany. On the other hand, Greece has reappeared on the map, and a Scandi-

'History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852.' By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D. C. L. A new and revised edition. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1865.

navian prince is now King of the Hellenes. Italy, ceasing to be merely "a geographical expression," has become a united kingdom, stretching from the Alps to the shores of Calabria and the Sicilian seas. The German Confederation has been dissolved, only to give place to a beneficial consolidation of the long-divided power of the Fatherland. Austria, despoiled of her Italian provinces, and at the same time compelled to resign her position as a German Power, is reduced to a state of weakness, from which she can only emerge, in a new shape, as an Imperial Federation, stretching from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, and embracing all the States on the Lower Danube and the north-western provinces of Turkey. Finally, in France, an heir of the proscribed family of the Buonapartes not only reigns, but has revived the Empire; is extending anew the territorial frontiers of France, and is consolidating the internal strength of the country, weakened by a long epoch of revolutions. What presents itself in these varied changes is a mingled scene of National Rights and Political Might—in which each of these rival forces has its triumph.

The continuation of Sir Archibald Alison's History presents the events of this period in a graphic and most instructive form, as well as the causes and principles which originated and shaped those changes. In 1815 every Power in Europe longed for peace; and in framing the Settlement of Vienna, their great desire was to insure the maintenance of peace by taking precautions against the disturbing elements which had plunged Europe into the terrible series of wars from which, suffering and exhausted, she had at length emerged. France was the great Power which they were bound to keep in check; and Revolution, the origin of all the mischief, as well as the lever which France had employed to extend her dominion, was the great principle which was most especially detested in 1815, alike by the governments and the peoples. The treaties then framed were as successful a settlement as was then practicable. All the great Powers were earnest in their desires for peace. The "Holy Alliance" itself was inspired by an honest desire to prevent the renewal of the dreaded horrors of war. By it the contracting sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, and Austria solemnly pledged themselves to abstain from attacking their neighbours, and to help one another, and every country which might invoke their aid, in maintaining the blessings of internal tranquillity.

As subsequent events have shown, the Settlement of Vienna was a great success, as regards the preservation of international peace. For forty years, from 1815 down to 1854—with one exception of which we shall now speak—no great Power in Europe declared war against any of its neighbours. During that long time proclamations of war were unknown. Each of the great Powers scrupulously regarded the rights and territories of its compeers. The wars which ever and anon interrupted the Long Peace were essentially domestic wars. They were all occasioned by rebellions and revolutions. The first of these was the revolution in Southern Italy, which, in accordance with the principle of the "Holy Alliance," was promptly suppressed, almost bloodlessly, by the intervention of Austria. Invoked by the King of Naples, and deputed to act on their behalf by Russia and Prussia, the Austrian Government lent the aid of its battalions, not from motives of ambition or aggrandisement, but simply as a means of maintaining tranquillity. Naples, in a state of revolution, was regarded as a house on fire, which every right-minded neighbour was bound to assist in extinguishing. It was a similar occasion and motive which led soon

afterwards to the French expedition into Spain. By that military intervention the French Government sought no project of ambition or aggrandisement: invoked by the Spanish Government, and deputed to act by all the other great Powers of the Continent, it marched an army into the Peninsula simply for the purpose of extinguishing a commotion which appeared to it, in common with the other Continental Powers, to endanger the general peace, and plunge Europe anew into an epoch of war. The British Government, under the leadership of Castlereagh, Wellington, and Canning, protested against both of these interventions. And they were right in so doing; they maintained the right of every people to manage its own affairs—just as Pitt had done at the commencement of the French Revolution. This is a sound principle, but abstract principle goes for nothing in the actual policy of States. Every State, so far as its power permits, acts solely on its own interests. And impartial history must acknowledge that it was only natural for the great Powers of the Continent, who had already suffered so much from the revolutionary spirit, to crush in the bud a new upheaval of this spirit in Spain, which, if triumphant, would have powerfully reacted upon the political condition of France, and, through it, upon the general condition of Europe. In fact the British Government, although unable to arrest the French expedition into Spain, practically intervened on the same occasion, by hastening to recognise, and indirectly to lend powerful assistance to, the Spanish States of South America, who were then combating, with doubtful success, to shake off the yoke of the mother country.

The rebellion of the Greeks against the Turks was the next event which engaged the attention of the Great Powers of Europe. And here again the principle of non-intervention was openly disregarded. The Greek war for independence excited great enthusiasm in England; and undoubtedly the Greeks, especially at sea, performed some gallant exploits. But they could not cope with the power of the Turkish empire; and the rebellion was on the eve of being utterly crushed, by the forces of Ibrahim Pasha supported by the Ottoman fleet, when the intervention of England and France put an end to hostilities, and secured for the struggling Greeks their independence. In this case the intervention of England and France was not so much due to their regard for the principle of Nationality, which at that time was little thought of, nor to any importance which they attached to the establishment of a Greek kingdom, but mainly to their apprehension that the conflict, if not promptly ended, would be made subservient by Russia to an extension of her own power in south-eastern Europe.

The Czar Alexander, always of a mystical temperament, and in his last years religiously desirous for the maintenance of peace in Europe, showed no favour to the Greek insurgents against the rule of the Porte. At first, it is true, when the insurrection against the Sultan broke out among the Christian population of the Danubian Principalities, he was disposed to lend it his powerful aid. But at that very time he became cognisant of the widespread revolutionary spirit in his own country, and especially in the army, which embittered his last years, and which finally broke out into a military revolt upon the accession of his brother Nicholas to the throne; and in natural dread of fomenting the spirit of revolution at home, he abandoned his intention of supporting the Christian insurgents against the Ottoman rule, and left them to shift for themselves. His successor, Nicholas, was a man of a different temperament and policy. Alexander, in

his latter years especially, had been cosmopolitan in his views; he was only desirous of maintaining the peace of Europe; and, satisfied with the position in Europe which Russia had secured by the grand part which she had played in the wars against Napoleon, he coveted no extension of her power. But Nicholas was purely Russian in his sentiments and policy. He was ready to carry out the aggrandisement of his country, not recklessly, but on every suitable opportunity. His subjects warmly sympathised with the efforts of their co-religionists in Turkey to throw off the yoke of the Ottomans; and on his accession to the throne, a desire for war against the Mohammedans was prevalent alike in the army and among the people. Nicholas felt the same desire himself; and, moreover, he knew that such a war was the best means of diverting his subjects from the revolutionary feelings and projects which had so nearly proved fatal to himself on his accession to the throne. It seemed probable, therefore, that if the other Powers stood aloof, Russia single-handed would intervene in the affairs of Turkey, and make her intervention a powerful means of aggrandising herself at the expense of the Porte. To prevent this, the Duke of Wellington was despatched to St. Petersburg, nominally to congratulate Nicholas on his accession to the throne, but in reality for the purpose of inducing the Czar to forego any single-handed intervention, and to act in concert with England and France in settling the dispute between the Greeks and their Turkish masters. The prestige of England was then very great on the Continent; and the Duke of Wellington, whose eminent prudence and ability in council were recognised in every Court of Europe, was an ambassador to whose opinions the Russian Emperor was ready to pay respect. The Duke succeeded in his mission, and Russia agreed to act in concert with England and France in establishing the independence of Greece.

But the Czar was not balked in his desire for war against the Powers of the Crescent. While the Turkish fleet was being destroyed at Navarino, Russia was already at war with Persia; and, partly owing to the haughty spirit of the Ottomans themselves, war was soon proclaimed with Turkey also. The Persians were quickly humbled; and Paskiewitch, who had distinguished himself in the Persian war, was intrusted with the command of the Russian forces destined to operate against the Turks in Asia Minor. His army was immensely inferior in numbers, and still more in artillery, to the Turkish forces by which he was opposed. But his soldiers were thoroughly disciplined, while a large portion of the Ottoman troops were feudal levies—at best a militia, hardy and brave, but, as the event showed, no match for the trained battalions of Russia, commanded by a general of consummate ability. The campaign which followed is one of the most brilliant in the annals of war. In boldness, in rapidity of movement, and alike in strategy and in tactics, the operations of Paskiewitch rivalled the brilliant Italian campaign of Napoleon, and have not been surpassed even by the exploits of Wellington and Lake in India. A brief campaign of incessant fighting against immensely superior forces resulted in the capture of Kars and all the strong places in Armenia, the forcing of the fortified passes of the Saganluk Mountains, and finally the total rout of the Vizier's army, and the surrender of Erzeroum.

Simultaneously a much larger Russian army, under Diebitch, assailed the Turks on the Danube. Although Diebitch neither professed nor displayed the consummate generalship of Paskiewitch, he had a much more powerful army at his disposal, and by a fortunate audacity he attained still greater results. Masking the strong in-

trenched camp of Schumla, beyond which no Russian army had ever yet penetrated, he suddenly advanced through the eastern passes of the Balkan, and arrived, after encountering but little opposition, in front of Adrianople, which place (the second city in the empire) immediately surrendered. The position of Diebitch was one of great peril. His long and weak line of communications with the Danube was liable to be broken through and blocked up by the out-manœuvred Turkish forces which he had left in his rear; while the force under his immediate command at Adrianople was inadequate to maintain itself if hostilities had been prolonged. But, alarmed by his successes, and dreading an insurrection of the Christian population, the Porte yielded, and an armistice was concluded, which stopped hostilities alike in Europe and in Asia. Ostensibly the demands of Russia were of the most moderate kind. All that she asked for, and obtained, was a protectorate over the Christian population in the valley of the Danube. But, as our author shrewdly remarks, there is nothing more effectual than a foreign protectorate for gradually destroying the internal authority of a Government, and paving the way for the subversion of its independence.

This war between Russia and Turkey was the only war between European Powers which broke the long peace of nearly forty years which followed the battle of Waterloo. And it was waged against a Power (Turkey) which did not take part in, and was not affected by the great Settlement of 1815. It constituted the true opening of the Eastern Question, which ever since has been an open sore in the international system of Europe. Ever since, Turkey has been the "sick man" of Europe. The war of 1828-29 proved conclusively that Turkey could no longer contend against the strength of her ambitious neighbour Russia; and that if the Czar was not to reign at Constantinople, the other European Powers must come to the help of the Sultan. Turkey was disintegrating. Hardly was Greece reft from her dominions, than Mehemet Ali aspired in like manner to establish the independence of Egypt. After consolidating his power, and bringing his army into a high state of efficiency under his son Ibrahim, the Pasha of Egypt came to a rupture with the Porte: Syria was invaded and conquered by the Egyptian forces, and Ibrahim, following up his successes, marched northward and inflicted a final and decisive defeat upon the Turkish army at Konieh, in the heart of Asia Minor. So far as the Turks were concerned, Ibrahim could then have continued his march to Constantinople almost without resistance. But the European Powers saw it was necessary to interfere. France sided with the Pasha of Egypt. Russia, rarely hasty in her projects of aggrandisement, was ready and willing to send her troops to the support of the Sultan, as the most effectual means of rendering him her vassal. England was averse to see Egypt established as an independent State under the tutelage of France; and she was equally averse to see Constantinople garrisoned by the Russian battalions, and the Sultan made thenceforth a dependent on the Czar. At that time the mighty prestige with which England had emerged from the long war with Napoleon was not sensibly impaired; and, at the instigation of Lord Palmerston, an alliance was formed between Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England, to check the ambitious policy of France, while Russia agreed only to act in concert with the contracting Powers. The rapid action of the British fleet cut short a most formidable dilemma. The successful bombardment and capture of Acre at once interrupted the communications of the Egyptian army, preventing Ibrahim's army from receiving rein-

forcements or equipment from home; while the immediate transference of our fleet to Alexandria, and the threatened bombardment of that city, compelled Mehemet Ali to abandon his conquests and conclude peace. This energetic intervention of the British fleet settled the matter before France had time to intervene in force, and at the same time rendered unnecessary the advance of the Russian troops to Constantinople. Seldom, if ever, have such great results been obtained with so little putting-forth of strength: at the same time, our success was due rather to a fortunate audacity than to the means employed being really adequate for the occasion,—as the gallant Napier himself would have acknowledged after the failure of our fleet against fortresses in the Russian war of 1854-56. It was the prestige of England, rather than the power which she put forth, which turned the scales in our favour—an element of success which certainly is not on our side now. Still, though the Sultan triumphed through his allies, this war inflicted another blow upon Turkey. Egypt became only nominally dependent on the Porte,—the Pasha becoming a Viceroy, with the succession secured to his family. So the process of disintegration in Turkey goes on. One of the mightiest empires of the world is shrinking up to a nutshell rotten in the core; and ere another year or two have passed, the great Powers will be summoned to attend the funeral of the "sick man" who has so long troubled their peace.

Meanwhile Europe had been shaken by domestic convulsions, only inferior in magnitude to those which had followed the great outburst of revolution in France at the close of the previous century. And France, as before, was the great fountainhead from which these convulsions flowed. It was in Spain and Italy that the first revolutionary movements took place: but these were quickly suppressed—in the former case by the military intervention of France. But in less than ten years afterwards the flame of revolution blazed forth in France herself, directly or indirectly affecting the condition of almost every country in Europe.

For several years after the restoration of the Bourbons, the spirit of royalism was the dominating sentiment in France. The name of Napoleon was hated; the ultimate disasters which his rule had brought upon France obliterated in the minds of those who suffered from them the previous glories of the Empire. So strong was this Royalist feeling, that Louis XVIII.—a sovereign of remarkable prudence and judgment—had to moderate its predominance in the Legislature by the extreme measure of a *coup d'état*, by which of his own power he altered the law of elections. But the epoch of revolution in France was not destined soon to be closed. Alike socially and politically, the old landmarks had been utterly swept away by the first Revolution: no traditional reverence attached to the Throne itself. Society had not settled down upon its new basis: ambitious individuals and parties still panted for political changes which might raise them into power. The nation, too, was ill-satisfied with the free but quiet part which France had to play in the affairs of Europe. Hence the Opposition party in the Chambers gradually rose into the ascendant: and the priestly vassalage of Charles X., so unpopular with the middle classes, arrayed the Liberal party in bitter opposition to the Government. An administrative deadlock ensued, which the King attempted to terminate by a royal *coup d'état*, dissolving the Chambers, and suspending the liberty of the press and the right of public meeting. The result was a revolution in Paris, supported by a large portion of the middle classes, which dethroned Charles X. and placed Louis Philippe, the representative of the Orleans family, on the throne.

Although the *coup d'état* to which

he had recourse occasioned the downfall of Charles X., it did not create the revolutionary spirit which overturned his throne: it was only a consequence of it. And the revolution succeeded not so much in consequence of the arbitrary act of the King as of the weakness of the Executive. Hardly had Louis Philippe been placed on the throne, than he found it necessary to have recourse to still more despotic measures of repression. He succeeded in this course by means of the army, which was nearly doubled in strength soon after his accession; and his conduct was approved by the great majority of the nation. All history demonstrates that, during those epochs of domestic revolution to which every country is liable, the welfare of the community, as well as the safety of the Government, whether it be republican or monarchic, depends on the strength of the Executive. During the revolutionary epoch in England, Cromwell would have been overthrown, and the country thrown back into bloodshed and anarchy, but for the great strength which he imparted to the Executive, and the vigour with which he used it. He dissolved the refractory Parliament, supporting himself by means of his Ironsides, and conscious that the verdict of the country at large would be on his side. It is not enough in such times that a ruler be wise; it is necessary that he also be strong. If the Executive be weak, it may be overthrown by a sudden *émeute* in the capital, to which it may be the mass of the nation are entirely opposed. France, as a whole, cordially supported Louis Philippe when he resisted with adequate and organised force the movements of the revolutionary party which had overthrown his predecessor. The power of the Executive will not triumph in the end if it be not supported by the mass of the nation: but it is of vital importance in order that the country at large may have time to express itself on the point in dispute. This was especially true in the case of France, where, owing to the Revolution of 1789, all power had been centred in the capital, and where the mass of the nation had become accustomed to acquiesce in all the *faits accomplis* at Paris. Recently, however, this state of matters in France has been greatly changed. By means of railways the provinces have been raised into greater power: in a few hours the national guards of the provinces can arrive to play their part in the revolutions of the capital. Moreover, under the new Imperial system, the provinces have been quickened into political life, —the rural classes have at least as much power in the State as the urban classes have: and they certainly will not henceforth allow the fortunes of France to be dependent on a revolutionary movement in Paris.

The French Revolution of 1830 produced a great effect throughout Europe. Germany was thrown into commotion; but the memories of the first French Revolution and its consequences were still fresh in the Fatherland, and the bulk of the nation were more animated by a dread and mistrust of France than with the desire to follow her example. But in Poland the indelible hatred of Russia broke into revolt: it was not a revolution, but a war for national independence. Poland at that time had an autonomy of her own: she had an army of her own—and most gallantly did that army fight. The Polish war of independence, as narrated by Alison, is one of the most interesting and stirring episodes in modern history. But numbers prevailed in the end: "order reigned in Warsaw." And since such was the result at a time when Poland had an army of her own, it is easy to see that success is impossible for the Polish cause now, unless it be supported by the extraneous aid of Prussia and Austria—an event which, however apparently improbable, seems to us not unlikely to be one of the strange events which Europe has yet to witness.

The revolt of the Belgians, which occurred at the same time, and as a direct consequence of the revolution in France, gave rise to the first notable infraction of the Settlement of 1815. Previous to 1792, Belgium had formed part of the dominions of Austria, whose monarch was then recognised as the Emperor of Germany. When France was confined to her old limits, on the downfall of Napoleon, the question what was to be done with Belgium created little difficulty. The Emperor of Austria did not care to reclaim possession of a province so widely dissevered from the rest of his dominions; and Belgium was too weak a State to be made an independent Power. Accordingly, it was united to Holland—these two countries being formed into the kingdom of the Netherlands: in this way the strong fortresses of Belgium were preserved for their old purpose—namely, as a bulwark against the encroachments of France. When the Belgians rose in revolt, France naturally espoused their cause, in the hope either of annexing their country, or at least of weakening the power which then lay upon its frontiers. But if France had been unsupported, her Government dared not to have intervened in the quarrel. Prussia and Russia, as well as Austria, would have formed a coalition to oppose her intervention: and, even although the Polish war occasioned a diversion in her favour, France could not possibly have coped with such a coalition.

Fortunately for France, the effects of her revolution had made themselves felt in England also, and had a decisive influence in turning the scales in favour of the Reform Ministry of the Whigs. The revolutionary spirit was then strong in the British Isles; and when the revolt of the Belgians took place, the Ministry was placed in a dilemma. It was no satisfaction to Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, to see the Settlement of Vienna violated, and the barrier against the encroachments of France weakened by a dissolution of the kingdom of the Netherlands, and the establishment of a petty Catholic State, which in course of time would gravitate towards France; and doubtless other members of the Whig Cabinet shared the same feeling. But what was to be done? The Belgians were fighting—if fighting it could be called—for liberty; and a large portion of the supporters of the Ministry in the country were enthusiastically in favour of the revolutionary cause on the Continent. The Whig Ministry had been strongly urged to interfere in behalf of the Polish cause—a suggestion which was totally impracticable: but they would all the more have endangered their popularity with the masses if they had declined to intervene on behalf of the Belgians. Nowadays we should have treated it as a domestic quarrel with which neither we nor any other Power ought to interfere. We should have left Dutch and Belgian to fight it out—in which case the kingdom of the Netherlands would still have been in solid existence. But the Reform Ministry could not stand aloof. And as soon as this fact became apparent, the French Government saw its opportunity, and acted boldly in favour of the Belgian insurgents. A French army was ordered to cross the frontier and assist the Belgians; and, knowing the impolicy of letting France intervene alone, the British Government despatched a fleet to the Scheld, and at the same time strongly urged upon the Dutch the necessity of suspending hostilities. To this the Dutch King assented, and the French army was arrested in its march. But the negotiations proving fruitless, the Dutch army, 60,000 strong, resumed its operations; and the Belgians, whose aspirations for independence were but feebly indicated by the efforts which they made to obtain it, gave way before the royal troops in utter and hopeless rout. Then the French army advanced into Belgium; and the Dutch King, to avoid useless bloodshed, again stopped the march

of his victorious troops. Antwerp was besieged and captured by the French army: and Belgium was erected into an independent kingdom, under Prince Leopold, on the understood condition that the Prince should marry one of the daughters of the French King.

The sixteen years which followed the establishment of the kingdom of Belgium was a period of peace all over Europe, with the exception of the Carlist war in Spain, which had no effect upon the general politics of the Continent. But in 1848 the revolutionary spirit awoke in augmented vigour, and occasioned a widespread series of convulsions. In France, the younger branch of the Bourbons was dethroned, as the elder branch had been overthrown eighteen years before. A Republic was established, and Paris became the scene of the most terrible and bloody strife which ever bathed in blood the streets of any city. In Germany, a universal ferment prevailed. Berlin and Vienna fell into the possession of the insurgents; almost every Government in Germany was overthrown by the revolutionists; and a German Parliament was temporarily established in Frankfort. The Austrian Empire was torn in pieces by the conflict, and seemed doomed to destruction by the attacks alike of revolution and of nationality. A successful revolt in Milan was followed by a revolution throughout Italy. Rome fell into the hands of the popular party, and the Pope took refuge in Gaeta. The King of Sardinia joined in the war against the Austrians, who were driven out of Lombardy, and only maintained themselves in the redoubtable fortresses of the Quadrilateral. The Hungarians also rose in insurrection, demanding a separate government for themselves; and, after a gallant struggle, only succumbed when the solid battalions of the Czar were thrown into the scale against them. Austria, having previously thoroughly beaten the Italian forces, and dictated peace within a day's march of Turin, emerged from the terrible conflict in undiminished power; and all over Germany the revolution ultimately failed, and the position of the Fatherland remained unaltered.

The fall of Louis Philippe was due essentially to the same causes which had proved fatal to his predecessor. The revolutionary spirit in France had not yet worked itself out; and the King shrank from employing against it the whole force of the army, because he was averse to the shedding of blood in a conflict which seemed directed solely against himself. If this weakness mainly occasioned his fall, it was not less detrimental to his people. Unbridled by the success of the revolution, the lower classes aspired to dominate over the rest of the population; but after a brief reign of terror, during which the extreme party were several times within an ace of becoming supreme, the "Reds," after three days' bloody fighting in the streets of Paris, were at length overpowered by the combined forces of the army and the national guards. The middle classes had their revolution in 1830, the lower classes had theirs in 1848. In both cases the first movement came from the middle classes, and in both cases the lower classes sought to turn the movement to their account. The revolution of 1830 was so promptly accomplished —a new king was so promptly installed in the room of the fallen ruler—that the affair was over before the working-classes could muster in strength. They declared they had been cheated by the leaders of the movement; and it was not till Louis Philippe had been some months on the throne that the insurrections of the working-classes in Paris and Lyons commenced. In 1848, on the contrary, the working-classes from the outset played the most conspicuous part; and the middle classes then got a lesson which they are not likely to forget. They paid for the

overthrow of the Government by a social conflict of the worst kind: they came to see that a successful revolution, by temporarily destroying the Executive, and giving reins to the passions of the mob, compels them (the middle classes) to take the work of the Government on their own shoulders, and to combat, as they best may, against the violence and domination of the classes below them. France is evidently nearing the close of her revolutionary period; and not the least strange result of the revolution of 1848 was the restoration of the dynasty of Napoleon, in the person of a prince who is singularly fitted to close the gulf of revolution in France, as Augustus did in the history of Rome.

The accession of Louis Napoleon is the concluding event in Alison's great History of Europe. The first portion of that work terminates with the fall of the First Napoleon, the second terminates with the revival of the French Empire under Napoleon III. The first period embraces the history of Europe during the great French Revolution and the ever-warring Empire of Napoleon; in the second period we have the history of Europe under the grand Settlement established by the Treaties of Vienna. No equal number of years in the world's history has surpassed this period in the grandeur of its events, or equalled it in the importance of the lessons which it is fitted to teach. Alike in war, in politics, and in social science, the epoch which commenced with the French Revolution of 1789 has been unparalleled in the magnitude and variety of the facts which it has supplied for the study alike of rulers and of peoples. The study of these facts is the best training which any statesman or politician can choose for himself; and the more widely this History is read and pondered, the better will it be for the fortunes of this country, and for the social and political welfare of mankind at large.

A work so wide in its scope, so various in the subjects which it discusses, has never yet been written. Nor, indeed, was such a work possible in previous times. It embraces every region and country of the world. It not only describes with graphic power the modern history of every State and country of Europe, with such sketches of their previous history as are necessary or useful to the reader, but it embraces also the condition and progress of every other portion of the globe where the European race has settled, or to which its energies in war and commerce have extended. From the vast changes and military conflicts in Europe, we are ever and anon, in the natural sequence of the narrative, transported to the New World, to which the white race of Europe has given a new population: to India, where the sons of England have become lords-paramount of the land, and upreared the grandest empire of its kind which the world has beheld. We see the Russians bearing down upon the crumbling Mohammedan empires of Western Asia, and spreading eastwards through Siberia to the shores of the distant Pacific. We see the French establishing themselves on the African shores of the Mediterranean, as a military colony, which already yields a supply of excellent troops for their wars in Europe, and which they hope to extend eastwards along the African coast until they realise in part the aspiration of the First Napoleon, and convert the Mediterranean into a French lake. And, in a still wider range of enterprise, we see the British race settling as masters on the southern point of Africa, in the vast island-continent of Australia and the adjoining isles, and pushing forward from India to the regions still farther east, making settlements along the coasts of China, and breaking down the barrier of isolation behind which the splendid islands of Japan have so long been, not only secluded, but actually hidden from the sight of the rest of the world.

It was a gigantic task for any single man to undertake so vast a work as this. It was a bold and magnificent conception, which few men are capable of forming, and which no man of the present day could have executed but Alison himself. It were a less difficult task to write the history of any single empire or country, though extending over a dozen centuries, than to grapple with the immense and endlessly varied field of facts which is presented in a work like this, which is, in truth, a history not merely of all Europe, but of the modern world. There is hardly a single subject of human interest, of importance to mankind at large, which does not find a place in this work. And, considering this vast variety of themes, it is marvellous how correct are the judgments of the author. We have said that there is no other man living, still less any man of previous times, who could have written this history; and we have only to look around upon the literature of the age to see how comparatively narrow in subject are the best works which have been produced. We do not for a moment say this in disparagement of the other historical works of our time. Some of these works have excellences which are not to be found in equal degree in Alison's great work. Their authors, dealing with a narrower subject, have frequently attained greater brilliance of treatment and precision of expression, and have analysed in greater detail many important historical events. We speak only of the magnitude and difficulty of the work; and unquestionably, in this point of view, no work of the day can be compared with it. The amount of sheer vital power requisite for such a work is a rare possession; and it is still rarer to find such gigantic vitality combined with an equally gigantic intellect.

Although beauty of style is the most attractive of all qualities in an author, the highest, and by far the most difficult, excellence in literary art is the power of grasping the whole subject, grouping effectively the various parts, and arranging them as a symmetrical whole. Alison possesses this power in the highest degree; and his history is a study for any one who wishes to acquire the important art of writing a narrative which shall embrace every point of importance without wearying the reader by faulty arrangement or wearisome detail. Another great merit of Alison is the soundness of his judgment and the thorough impartiality of his narrative. Endlessly various as are the matters which challenge his verdict as an historian, it is surprising to see how substantially correct are the opinions which he expresses. Apart from the native quality of his mind, this soundness of judgment is doubtless mainly owing to the nature of his studies, and the wide range of facts and experiences which those studies have embraced. There is nothing like a study of general history for broadening the intellect, sobering the judgment, and teaching one to be impartial. In the course of historical reading we frequently see the same principles adopted, the same conduct pursued, by men or States with which we sympathise, as well as by others which we are disposed to condemn; so that, in seeking to approve the conduct of those whom we like, we learn to do justice to those whom we dislike. Moreover, distance, whether of time or place, is a great adjuvant to impartiality of judgment; and by studying the conduct of men in distant times or foreign countries, where we have no strong sympathies or antipathies to overcome, we learn to apply the same sobriety and impartiality of judgment to events which take place in the more exciting fields of home affairs. We are all, more or less, partisans, as regards the conduct of public men in our own country, and especially of our own time; but it is hardly possible to conceive of a man being a partisan who should study and write the history

of the world or of any large section of it.

The period between 1815 and 1852 was in the main as pacific in character as the twenty-six years previous had been full of grand and exciting military conflicts. But in this Continuation of his History the author displays the same high qualities as a military historian, which imparted so great an interest to the earlier section of his work. His narrative of the campaigns of Paskiewitch in Asia Minor, and Diebitch in Turkey, of the Polish war of 1830, and of the Hungarian war of 1848-49, is most masterly and perfect. So also is his narrative of the military events which marked the contemporaneous career of our Indian Empire, especially of the disastrous invasion of Affghanistan, and the exploits of Sale, Pollock, and Nott, by which our great disaster in the Coord Cabul Pass was retrieved; Napier's daring and successful campaign against the Ameers of Scinde, and the terrible wars with the Sikhs. In Alison's narrative the reader can follow with ease every movement of the contending forces in these campaigns; and as a specimen of his battle-scenes, we give his description of the battle of Ferozeshah, where Gough and Hardinge, with barely 16,000 men, attacked the Sikh army, 80,000 strong, in an intrenched camp, and after two days of terrible fighting captured it, only to find themselves in front of a second Sikh army of 30,000 men, marching up from Ferozepore. Had this latter army arrived a few hours earlier on the field, the exhausted British forces must have been totally overthrown, and the victorious Sikhs would have taken Delhi and swept down into Bengal.

"The troops advanced to the assault in the best order and with unshrinking spirit, and as soon as they came within range, they were received by a tremendous fire, which tore down whole ranks at once, and made vast chasms in others. They recoiled, in some instances, before the storm; for the Sikh artillery, of much heavier calibre than the British, and partially sheltered by the embrasures, fired with great precision of aim, so which the European gunners could make no adequate reply. Littler's division on the left first closed with the enemy; but such was the slaughter in it, that the 62d Regiment, which commenced the attack in the most gallant manner, was fairly forced back, after losing two-thirds of its number; and several sepoy regiments broke and fled the moment they entered the fire. The whole left wing, under Hardinge, after incredible efforts, and carrying part of the works, were driven out again by the heavy fire of the Sikhs, who steadily held the interior of the intrenchment. Gough on the right was more fortunate. Though the resistance there was also most obstinate, the European regiments forced their way in through the embrasures. Following up this advantage, Gough brought up the reserve under Sir Harry Smith, and an entrance having been made by the sappers for horse and artillery, several guns were brought in, and opened fire at point-blank range on the enemy; while the 3d Queen's Dragoons, by repeated gallant charges inside the breastworks, captured several batteries, and made the British masters of great part of the intrenched quadrangle. But the Sikhs still held the remainder, including the village of Ferozeshah, which was strongly occupied; and till darkness closed the scene, the gallant antagonists interchanged volleys of musketry and grape at each other without either gaining any sensible advantage, mutually aiming at the flash after the gloom had rendered the figures no longer visible.

"Night came, but with it no relief to the wounded, no food to the wearied, no respite to the combatants. Side by side with the dying and the dead, the living lay down. The bodies of the Sikhs were intermingled with those of the British. The darkness was illuminated only at intervals by the streak of a bomb traversing the sky, the occasional explosion of an ammunition-waggon, the burning of huts, or the volleys of musketry. The Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief both took post, surrounded by their wearied troops, on the bloody battle-field, within the intrenchment which they had so hardly won. With them was a gallant foreign prince, of a house illustrious in the annals of war, 'Prince Waldemar of Prussia, who had hastened to the banks of the Sutlej and brought

to the theatre of Eastern war the courage and the spirit of the great Frederick. Sleep, despite all the fatigue they had undergone, there was none in that gallant band; the frequent discharges of cannon and musketry, as well as the groans of the wounded and their cries for water, constantly caused eyelids to open which had begun to close. On one occasion, the fire of a Sikh eighteen-pounder, which had been brought to bear on the Governor-General's bivouac, was so annoying that he was obliged to order the two regiments nearest, the 80th Queen's and 1st Bengal Europeans, to rise up and attack the gun, which was immediately taken with the utmost gallantry.

"Despite all their resolution, there were many, during that terrible night, who began to entertain the most sinister presentiments. It was known that the last reserves had been engaged on the side of the British, while 30,000 Sikhs were yet to come up who had never fired a shot. Worst of all, it was whispered that the artillery had fired away nearly all their ammunition. The men, wearied by a long march, and then a battle, with little food, were yet unable to sleep from the rattle of the musketry and constant bursting of bombs; the horses were unable to strike into a trot. Some, in these disastrous circumstances, thought it would be best to cut their way through to Ferozepore, where they would at least find the shelter of an intrenched camp. On this opinion being expressed to Sir Hugh Gough, he said, 'The thing is impossible. My mind is made up. If we must perish, it is better that our bones should bleach honourably at Ferozeshah than rot at Ferozepore: but they shall do neither the one nor the other.' 'The Commander-in-Chief thinks,' said another officer to Sir H. Hardinge, 'that it will be fatal to renew the fight to-morrow.' 'Don't you believe a word of it,' replied Sir Henry; 'the Commander-in-Chief knows as well as anybody that it will not do for a British army to be foiled; and foiled this army shall not be. We must fight it out as soon as there is light enough to see the enemy.' Yet, though they were thus resolute in their determination, both generals knew well the perilous position in which they were placed: indeed, it was evident to all. Hardinge sent orders to burn all his private papers, which was accordingly done, and compelled Mr. Hardinge, his private secretary, a civilian, but with his father's spirit in his bosom, sorely against his will, to quit the field. 'It is my duty to tell you,' said Gough to Hardinge, 'that the army is in a critical position. What do you recommend to be done?' 'Sir Hugh,' replied Hardinge, 'I have known that for some hours: there is nothing to be done for it but to wait till daylight, attack the enemy vigorously, beat him, or die on the field.' 'I quite agree with you,' replied Gough, 'so let that be the order of the day; we understand each other.' They pressed hands and parted in silence.

"At length the sun rose on the 22d on this scene of carnage, and the long night came to an end. The wearied troops, most of whom had neither tasted food nor slept since the morning of the preceding day, were again arranged in line in the same order as before, with the heavy artillery in the centre, the infantry on each side of it, the horse-artillery and cavalry on the flanks. It was soon found, however, that the guns on the British side were entirely overmatched by those of the enemy. This unequal contest could not be suffered to continue: the artillery were wasting their few remaining charges without any result, while that of the enemy was abundantly supplied. 'We must try the bayonet once more,' said Lord Gough; and the order to charge was given. Wearied as they were, the troops ran forward with a cheer; but when they came within range of the grape, the fire was so heavy that a part of the line staggered and reeled under the weight of metal thrown upon them. Soon recovering, however, the men rushed forward with a still louder cheer, such as British troops alone can give, and in a few moments the redoubt which was attacked, with all its guns, was in their possession. Meanwhile Hardinge, who led the left, by a rapid charge drove the enemy out of the village of Ferozeshah; and immediately the whole troops brought up their right shoulders, and wheeling on their centre to the left in the interior of the new won quadrangle, pressed forward in a splendid line, driving everything before them, and took the whole artillery on the works. Conspicuous in front rode the two leaders, Gough and Hardinge, with the captured banners displayed, and were received by the whole line with a shout which caused the welkin to ring again.

"The battle was gained. The whole of the enemy's camp-equipage and military stores, with seventy-three guns and

seventeen standards, were taken; the intrenched camp, the theatre of so desperate a conflict, was in the hands of the British. But though the Sikh army which had fought these two battles was defeated, another of equal strength remained behind, with its artillery, cavalry, and whole resources untouched. It soon made its appearance on the field, and it was difficult to see how this fresh enemy was to be resisted. Nevertheless the attempt was made; but the wearied troopers could scarcely get their horses to move; and the artillery, obliged to husband their ammunition, were speedily crushed by the superior fire of the enemy. The infantry, however, when drawn up in line, showed so bold a front that the enemy declined the attack, and drew back. This was only done, however, to gain time; and shortly they reappeared with the whole Sikh reserves, 30,000 strong, the greater part of whom had not yet fired a shot. Then indeed the stout heart of the Commander-in-Chief for a moment sank within him; and despairing of the issue, yet determined not to yield, he rode slowly along the front, hoping that every shot which fell around him would prove his last. The cannonade on the Sikh side was soon extremely violent, and a change of the whole front to the right was rendered necessary, to prevent the captured village from again falling into the enemy's hands. On the British side not a shot was returned from the artillery, their ammunition being totally exhausted. At this critical moment, when there no longer seemed any hope, the cavalry and horse-artillery were seen to move off from the flanks, taking the road to Ferozepore. Great was the indignation in the British infantry when they saw themselves thus left in the presence of the enemy at such a moment wholly unsupported. It resulted from an order given by a staff-officer, who was afterwards found to have had no authority to give it. Nevertheless it proved the salvation of the army. The Sikhs, already disheartened by the loss of so many guns, and ignorant of the exhausted state of their antagonists, thought it was a movement to seize the fords in their rear, and cut off their retreat. Under this impression they first wavered, then began to retreat. The British saw their advantage, gave a loud cheer, and, by a sudden rush forward, seized the guns which had given them so much annoyance, which were instantly spiked. Upon this the whole Sikh army fled to the rear; and such was their consternation, that they never stopped till they had got the Sutlej between them and their enemies."

The great political and social changes which have taken place in our own country, we need hardly say, form the subject of some of the most able and important chapters in the present work; and if we mention them last, it is because we desire to give to them a fuller notice than it is possible to accord to the other portions. Our author's opinions on the legislative changes of the last thirty-six years are so valuable, and constitute so important a feature of the History, that they might well form the subject of a separate review. At present we can only present a few of them, and in a fragmentary form. His remarks on the Reform Bill of 1830 are especially worthy of attention at the present moment, when the public mind is again excited or distracted by a renewal of the contest about Parliamentary Reform.

First, as to the proximate cause of the organic change, the political revolution, accomplished in 1830. The Reform Bill, our author rightly observes, was a natural result of the widespread distress which had for several years prevailed in the country, and which Parliament had taken no steps to alleviate, although no small portion of that distress was directly owing to the successive legislative contractions of the currency in 1819, 1826, and 1829.

"The more the important years which preceded the passing of the Reform Bill are studied, the more clearly does it appear that it was the discontent of the producing classes, occasioned by the immense fall in the price of their produce, which induced the cry for a change. They had petitioned Parliament over and over again for relief, but in vain; the Legislature, intrenched in the close boroughs, the citadels of realised wealth, turned a deaf ear to their complaints. Instead of expanding the currency, so as to increase the remuneration of industry, they contracted it still farther with every successive catastrophe produced by that contraction itself. The consequence was, that the producing classes, both in town and country, irritated beyond endurance by the long-continued suffering, and the

disregard of their well-founded complaints, combined together to effect a total change in the constitution, and the excitement consequent on the French Revolution enabled them to carry their intentions into effect. No common man, William Cobbett, said that the moment he heard in America of the passing of the Bill compelling the resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England in 1819, he took shipping to return to this country, convinced that Parliamentary Reform could not much longer be delayed; and the result has proved that he was right in his anticipations."

While fully admitting from the outset that a measure of Parliamentary Reform was called for, and also indicating the course which might rightly have been taken, our author from the first discerned the grand faults of the Bill brought forward by Lord Grey. In the summer of 1831 he wrote as follows, in words which now have the force of an accomplished prediction:—

"The fundamental and irremediable defect of the proposed constitution is, that it vests an overwhelming majority in the populace of the island, to the exclusion of all the other great and weighty interests of the British Empire. By vesting the right of returning members to Parliament in forty-shilling and ultimately £10 freeholders in counties, and £10 house or shop holders in towns, the command of the Legislature will be placed in hands inaccessible, save by actual bribery, to the approach of the commercial, colonial, or shipping interests. If such a change does not soon produce a revolution, it will in the end infallibly lead to the dismemberment of the empire. This evil is inherent in all systems of *uniform representation*, and must to the end of time render it unfit for the representation of a great and varied empire. Being based mainly upon *one class in society*, it contains no provision for the interest of the other classes, and still less for the welfare of the remote but important parts of the empire. The Reform Bill should be styled, 'A bill for *disfranchising the colonial, commercial, and shipping interests*, and vesting the exclusive right of returning members of Parliament in the populace of Great Britain and Ireland.'

"What the measures are which they will force upon the Government may be judged of by those which have been commenced to conciliate their goodwill: confiscation of the Funds, under the name of taxes upon transfers, or a heavy property-tax,—of land, under the name of a duty on succession; the withdrawal of all protecting duties on the produce of the colonies; the sacrifice of every other interest to furnish cheap articles of necessity or convenience to the sovereign multitude in towns, will and *must be* the future policy of the Government. The landed interest will be sacrificed by a repeal of the Corn Laws, to procure their favour by the purchase of cheap bread; the Canadas will be lost from the throwing open the trade in timber; the West Indies will be ruined in the conflagration consequent on immediate emancipation of the negroes, or in the losses arising from a free trade in sugar."

The preceding extract was written previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, and displays the keen discernment and profound sagacity of the author in a very remarkable manner. Speaking of the nature of the measure as revealed in its actual working, he says:—

"Perhaps the evil consequence which has been most forcibly brought before the eyes of the public by the working of the Reform Bill, is the vast *increase of corruption* which it has induced in the borough electors. This has become so obvious that it has attracted universal observation; and if any proof of it were requisite, it would be found in the fact that fifty-two petitions against returns, on the ground of bribery, were presented in the Parliament election in 1852. Nothing approaching to this was ever heard of in the worst days of the old House of Commons; and the Legislature has been actively engaged since that time in devising various remedies for so great an evil—a sure proof that none of them have had any sensible effect. It is not difficult to see that the evil is irremediable under our present institutions; for it arises from a permanent cause of irresistible force—viz., that supreme power is vested in a class accessible to bribes. As long as this continues, bribes will be expected, given, and taken. The decisive proof of this is to be found in the

* See the Magazine for May and June 1831.

fact, that though petitions against borough returns have been so frequent since the Reform Bill passed, there have been none against those for counties. The reason of this is, not that the forty-shilling freeholder is inaccessible to bribes—probably he would often as willingly take them as the freeman or ten-pounder in towns—but that that class have *not the majority* in counties, and they are not bribed, because it is no man's interest to corrupt them.

"The Liberals do not attempt to deny the existence of this great and crying evil in the new borough constituencies, but they affirm that it would be removed by enlarging the constituencies so as to make bribery impossible, and introducing the ballot so as to render it useless. It may with confidence be predicted that the evil, so far from being diminished, would, as in the Roman republic, be decidedly and greatly increased by either or both of these changes. Experience has proved in America, that neither universal suffrage nor the ballot either prevent bribery, when it is for the interest of the candidate to give it, or conceal votes. It may lower the sum required to sway the electors, but that is all. Bribery will not be lessened because £5000 is divided among 10,000 electors instead of 1000; it will only be spread over a wider surface, and extend farther its demoralising influence. The transference of seats in the Legislature to a more needy class will still less obviate the evil; it will only induce the giving of bribes to those who have recourse to it, in order to open the career of fortune or avert impending insolvency. Even if the constituencies were made so large that no fortune could corrupt them, the evil would not be removed, it would only assume another and a still more dangerous form. The worst and most dangerous species of bribery is that which is practised by holding out prospects of legislative injustice and spoliation; and the nation will have little cause to congratulate itself if it escapes slipping sovereigns into electors' pockets, but induces the putting the sponge to the national debt into their hands, and untaxed spirits into their mouths."

Again, as to the representation of Labour:—

"Another great error committed in the construction of the new constitution was that, in the majority at least of the House of Commons, *labour* was wholly unrepresented. This cannot be disputed, when it is recollected that in the urban constituencies the franchise is fixed at payment of a £10, in the rural of a £50 rent, or a 40s. *freehold* in England, either of which is exclusive of the great body of labourers both in town and country. The retention of the freemen in a few great cities cannot be called a representation of labour; it is rather a representation of venality and corruption. Without doubt, a uniform representation, founded on a low suffrage, as household or £5 rent, is the worst of all foundations for government, because it is *a class government of labourers*—that is, of the most ignorant and irresponsible class in the community. But it is one thing to give the operators, whether in town or country, the entire command of the State; it is another and a very different thing, to exclude them entirely from its government, and expose them, without the means of legal resistance, to the rule of an assembly almost entirely elected by persons having an adverse interest. To beat down the remuneration of labour, both in the fields and the workshops, is the obvious interest of the employers, either in town or country, and the persons who deal in their produce, because it diminishes the cost of production or purchase; and it is soon discovered that this is most effectually done, because in the way least likely to attract attention, by a contraction of the currency, and the application of the principles of free trade to every branch of commerce. The frequency and alarming character of the strikes which have prevailed in every part of the empire since these principles were carried into practice, and the steady emigration of above 250,000 agricultural labourers for the eight years ending in 1854, even in times of great prosperity, from the British Islands, prove that the effects of this class legislation have been fully felt by the working classes, and that they have sought to escape from them, either by illegal combination against the laws, or by withdrawing entirely from the sphere of their influence."

And he sums up his views on Parliamentary Reform in the following sentences:—

"That a real representation in government is the essential need of civilised man, and can never be refused without imminent danger; that uniformity in the suffrage inevitably induces class government; that the ruinous nature of such government is in the

direct proportion of the number admitted into the class; and that *the only way to avoid these evils is* CLASS REPRESENTATION. The Roman system of giving every citizen a vote, but a vote only in his own century, and ruling the state by the votes *of the centuries, not the citizens*, was the nearest approach to perfection in popular government ever yet made by man. . . .

"A uniform representation is but another name for class government; and the governing class in a state so constituted will always be found in that which is immediately above the lowest line of the suffrage."

These views, scouted or disregarded when first promulgated by our author, are now gaining ground among the enlightened classes; and various schemes of reform, such as those advanced by Mr. Hare and others, have been put forward with a view to check the grand evil of the first Reform Bill. The false principle upon which that Bill proceeded is now the great error which demands rectification; and it is doubly to be regretted, inasmuch as it constitutes the only obstacle to that just representation of Labour which every Conservative is not only willing but most desirous to create. In 1830 the representation of Labour, of the working-classes, might easily have been secured with perfect safety, if the representation of classes and interests, instead of mere numbers, had been adopted as the right principle. But now the difficulty of representing Labour has been immensely increased. Already the supreme power in the election of members of Parliament rests with the urban class who pay only from £10 to £20 of house-rent. And if the system of representation adopted in 1830 is not departed from, and exchanged for a better—that is to say, if the working-classes are to be represented by means of a simple lowering of the suffrage—the result will be that the governing class will consist of men who pay from £7 to £15 of house-rent, instead of from £10 to £20, as at present. With all our desire to see Labour represented in Parliament, we confess that this will be a heavy price to pay for it.

Next to Parliamentary Reform, the greatest legislative change which has taken place in this country is the adoption of the system of Free Trade. On this subject Alison writes with the same power of philosophic reflection which distinguishes his views on Parliamentary Reform. We must refer to the History for the critical judgments which he expresses on the various free-trade measures in detail, but the following extract is a masterly statement of the causes which led to the overthrow of the long-established system of protection to native industry. Describing the condition of affairs previous to 1830, he says:

"The Corn Laws were only a branch, though doubtless a most important branch, of the general system of protection established through the country, and for *every* branch of industry. The West Indies were equally guarded. The heavy duties on foreign sugar, and the rapid growth of those then magnificent settlements, proved that they shared to the very full in the general protective policy which prevailed. Canada was as effectually secured by the duties which were so heavy a burden, on Baltic timber. The manufacturing interests shared to the very full in the benefits of the same system. There was not a branch of British industry which was not fenced in by heavy protective duties. The shipping interest was protected by the Navigation laws; and though the direct representation of labour was inconsiderable in the Legislature, yet experience had proved that its claims were not forgotten, for a noble fund of above six millions a year was voluntarily imposed on themselves by the landed interest for the relief of the poor, and had been maintained inviolate during a desperate contest of twenty years' duration, which had added six hundred millions to the national debt."

"The representative system may work very well in a country where the interests of the different classes of society are identical or nearly so, and no one has an interest to endeavour to enrich itself at the expense of its neighbours; but it necessarily is exposed to great hazard when these interests become separate, and each class looks to its own advan-

tage, without regard to the other ones, in the legislative measures which it advocates. A community is like a private family; all is in general harmony in childhood and early youth, when none have a wish but that of their parents; but wait till separate interests arise, till the daughters are to get marriage-portions, and the younger sons to be fitted out in the world at the expense of the elder, and the harmony is often found to cease. During the growth of the British empire, the interests of all classes were the same, for they were all engaged in or dependent on the *creation* of wealth, either agricultural or commercial. Thence the unanimity which so long prevailed in the country and the House of Commons, and the protracted continuance, with universal concurrence, of a protective policy by the Government. But this auspicious state of things was not destined for permanent endurance. . . .

"The long enjoyment of peace in the British Islands, and the unexampled successes and triumphs of the war, had gradually raised up a class in Great Britain whose interests were not identical with those of production, but adverse to it. The riches made during that long contest, when the merchants and manufacturers of England enjoyed the practical monopoly of the commerce of the world, had been so immense that the holders of realised wealth had come to overbalance these engaged in its creation. The interests of the *consumer* began to be spoken of—a topic never broached in former days, when the powers of consumption were mainly dependent upon those of production. The cessation of the property-tax and the long duration of peace augmented immensely the number and influence of those who, enjoying a fixed money income from the industry and accumulation of former days, found their fortunes and consideration in society augumented by every diminution that could be effected in the cost of the principal articles of consumption. Thence the introduction of the *cheapening system*, and of a ceaseless effort on the part of the persons enjoying a fixed income to beat down the remuneration of all those engaged in the work of production. The strife, as might have been anticipated when two such powerful interests were brought into collision, was violent and long-continued; and the contraction of the currency, which lowered prices 50 per cent, was of course the object of strenuous support from the partisans of the system of reduced prices. At length the producers were overthrown, and thence the decay of domestic agriculture, the vast increase of foreign importation of food, and the prodigious emigration of agricultural labourers from the British Islands in the middle of the nineteenth century."

Howsoever great, in many respects, have been the benefits resulting from the adoption of the system of Free Trade in this country (and they would have been much greater if the system had been more wisely carried out), it is beyond dispute that the results of the system have greatly increased the tide of emigration from this country, and done more than anything else to decrease the population of Ireland. And they have done so by effecting a social change which is not healthy in any country, and which is especially to be deplored in the interests of the lower or under-middle classes of our people. Free-trade in corn, however advantageous in the main, has done more than anything else to sever the people from the soil. It has rendered small farms impossible. It has totally destroyed the class of small cultivators, which are so valuable an element in every population. Small holdings nowadays won't pay. Cottar-cultivation has received its deathblow; and large farms, or the combination of several farms under one tenant, are now the order of the day.*

* Speaking of the operation of this system in Ireland, the 'Times' recently remarked:—"We cannot regard with any pleasure or pride the conversion of Ireland into one vast pasturage, but we cannot be blind to the tendency which is now that way. Such a tendency cannot be stayed if we wished it ever so much; but it is fatal to a system of small farms. *It is not a landlord's movement*, for sheep-walks will never make the rents which in times past have been raised from the fierce competition of a half-starved peasantry; but one of those great movements brought about by force of circumstances, and wholly beyond

Farming will not pay otherwise. Hence the gradual depopulation of our agricultural counties. Hence the emigration of rural labourers to foreign countries or into the towns. The present generation give no heed to these changes, but their social effects will not be long of showing themselves in a very serious form. In fact, the present widespread discontent in Ireland is a natural result of these changes. The Irish peasant clings with tenacity to the land; and now that it is impossible for him to do so, owing to small holdings having become unprofitable, he clamours for an entire change in the tenure of land. Since he can no longer afford to pay rent for his small holding, he demands to have the holding without paying rent at all. Lord Kimberley, in his recent startling speech in the House of Lords, told Parliament plainly that all their projected tenant-right bills would be fruitless to allay the discontent, for what the Irish population wanted was not legislation, but *the land*.

Among the other political topics discussed in the History are the Monetary laws, the Poor Laws, and the question of Strikes and Trades-Unions, all of which are of undiminished importance at the present day. Of the Monetary Laws, Alison has been from the first a most strenuous opponent; and the disasters which they have occasioned are at length arousing the community to demand their repeal. In regard to the Poor Laws, Strikes, and all matters relating to the labouring-classes, our author is eminently qualified to speak. For thirty years, as Sheriff of the most important county in Scotland, he has had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the feelings and wants of the working-classes; and the success of his administration in that onerous and most important office, shows how fully he combines the qualities of a practical administrator with those of an original thinker. The prudence and judgment, as well as the rarer faculty of prompt and energetic action in emergencies, which have marked his career as Sheriff of Lanarkshire, will long be remembered in the annals of that county, and ought not to be overlooked in any estimate of his character and abilities.

The reputation of Alison is a growing reputation. It steadily makes way; already, in the signs of the times, in the change which is taking place in the opinions of the enlightened classes, he may discern the approving verdict of posterity. Such an approval is sweet to all men, and most of all to the rare few who, like Alison, have so long upheld their opinions in the midst of an age which disbelieves and bitterly assails them. Any man of original mind who writes a history of contemporaneous events, especially if it embraces the political history of his own country, howsoever able and gifted he may be, is sure to be exposed to most virulent criticism. And no author has gone through so severe an ordeal of this kind as Alison. The explanation of this is obvious. If he be right in his opinions, then a large portion of our recent legislation has been wrong. He has been assailed by the Liberal press as "a Tory of the deepest dye." He is unquestionably a Tory of the best type; and Toryism need desire nothing better than to be judged of by the sentiments and opinions expressed in his great History. The rising generation will judge more correctly of our recent political history than can be expected of that which has taken part in the eager, exciting, and frequently turbulent, conflict of parties during the last thirty or forty years. And we feel confident that this rising generation will not only recognise the great genius and intellectual power of

the control of governments, of classes, or any bodies of men. We cannot even regulate it; we must only watch it, accommodate ourselves to it, and mitigate, in some small degree, its incidental ill consequences."—'Times,' 3d November, 1863.

Alison, which are hardly questioned even by his bitterest critics, but will ratify with their approval the political doctrines which he teaches as the soundest and best for the interests of this country, and for the general well-being of all classes of the community. He does not write in the interests of any class, or to humour the public of the present day, and he will reap the reward of an enduring fame.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE JEWISH CHURCH.

We are inclined to suspect that the Dean of Westminster, amiable and clever as he is, cannot be altogether at peace with himself. There are, or there seem to be, upon him two strong influences pulling in opposite directions, and producing a consciousness of unrest which, if it exist at all, must be the more distressing that he is bound by obvious obligations to conceal it. No man can be otherwise than uncomfortable who finds himself at once unable to believe what he wishes and is in some sort bound to believe, and unable absolutely to reject it. Probably Dr. Stanley would resent as a bitter wrong the charge that he is one of those who discredit the fact of a direct revelation from God to man, and hold in contempt the dogmas which depend upon it. Probably no measure of praise would be more promptly and scornfully repelled than that, after all, and in spite of many appearances to the contrary, he is a sound orthodox divine of the good old school of Horsley, Barrow, Cudworth, Hooker, and Jeremy Taylor. To be ranged with one of these two orders of thinkers would, we imagine, be as little to his taste as to be ranged with the other. Yet what he really is, what he really believes, what he wishes other people to believe that he either believes or disbelieves—these are questions with which we confess ourselves incapable of dealing, and to which we very much doubt whether he is himself in a condition categorically to reply. This alone is certain, that in all his published works we have been unable to discover a single sentence from which it would be candid to infer either that he accepts the Bible as the Word of God, admitting the reality of miracles, and looking forward, through the merits of the atonement, to the resurrection from the dead—or that he deliberately discredits these things. As to minor matters, such as the sanctity of the priestly office, the divine institution of a church, the trustworthiness of his own Church's ritual and Confession of Faith—upon all these heads he is as free of opinion and of speech as if he had never signed the Thirty-nine Articles, nor sworn "with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word." Now, all this is either as true as it seems to us to be, or it is untrue. If it be untrue, then we humbly beg Dean Stanley's pardon, entreating him, at the same time, when he writes again, to make his meaning a little more level to ordinary capacities than he has heretofore done. If it be true, then we can only say that we are as sorry for Dr. Stanley as we should be for any other high-minded man who, stopping short between two opinions, places himself before the world in a somewhat equivocal and therefore a very painful position.

We should scarcely look in any of Dean Stanley's earlier works for either the confirmation or refutation of this theory. Neither a biography of Dr. Arnold, nor a volume of Travels in the Holy Land, nor even a sketch, professedly and purely historical, of the doings of the early Eastern Church, would necessarily

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'Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church.' By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Vols. I. and II. London: John Murray.

constrain their author to discuss at any length questions of abstract doctrine; nor are such questions discussed. But in a series of lectures on the Jewish Church, delivered from a professorial chair in Oxford to young men preparing for holy orders, it was simply impossible for any one to turn entirely aside from a consideration of the views entertained by his own Church on almost every important point both of Jewish and Christian theology. Who could undertake to follow the fortunes of the chosen people, tracing them up to their source in Abraham, and down to the overthrow of their Church and nation, without finding himself face to face with the difficulties, if so they are to be accounted, of the intercourse between God and man long ago, by vision, by prophecy, by the superintendence of an immediate Providence, by a law professing to come direct from God, by the shadowing out of a great purpose which, year by year and day by day, becomes more plain as the fulness of time draws onwards? And what honest priest of the Church of England could avoid, on every fitting occasion, to give to his pupils such explanations of these difficulties as, under the Church's guidance, he had elaborated for himself? It is here, then, if anywhere, that we may expect to find a tolerably accurate elucidation of Dean Stanley's sentiments. Are they such as to convict us of slander, wilful or otherwise, in speaking as a sense of duty has constrained us to speak of one of the most lovable of living men, of one of the most charming of modern writers? We think not, and we regret it. Our readers shall, however, judge for themselves.

The Lectures have been carefully revised and rewritten. They are now offered to the community at large in three goodly volumes, of which two only have as yet come into our hands. We open, and find that, at the very threshold of the whole—in the first chapter or lecture, call it what you will—one of those bold assertions is hazarded which give an entirely novel character to what has heretofore been accepted as a fundamental truth in the religious history of the world. The call of Abram, as we need scarcely stop to explain, has been regarded by the Church in all ages as the first of a long train of incidents divinely directed towards the attainment of a great end. It was at once a protest against the farther spread of idolatry, which, though widely diffused, had not yet become universal, and an arrangement wisely and benevolently effected, with a view to retain, in comparative purity of faith, that stock through which the Redeemer was to come into the world. The Christian Church, while thus believing, believes also that the primitive religion of man was a pure monotheism; that, communicated directly by the Author of their being to the fathers of the human race, this faith continued to be held in its simplicity through some generations; that even after, by the operation of causes not hard to be understood, it had become more or less overlaid by emblematic forms of worship, monotheism still lay at the back of the superstitions which obscured it; the very guardians of the false religion adhering in their hearts to the true, though in process of time they learned to consider this latter too sublime to be offered in its simplicity to the vulgar. In support of this view of the case, Christian writers have been accustomed to refer not only to the Bible, but to the works of those profane authors who describe with accuracy the condition of the public mind, when in every civilised nation there existed both an exoteric and an esoteric religion. They hold, likewise, that the process by which the popular religion became deteriorated is as obviously and distinctly traceable as any incident in the career of the individual man. So long as the first pair or pairs survived, and they and their immediate descendants dwelt together, the simple faith and worship which

had been from the beginning remained untarnished. And even when offshoots went forth in search of wider settlements, the same pure faith, the same simple worship went with them. But matters could not so remain for ever, or even for any length of time. The demands made upon the physical energies of the colonists proved more urgent and continuous than upon the parent tribe. Forests grew dense in the course of years, and wild beasts multiplied. Every day and every hour in each day was occupied in the war with both; and time and opportunity to contemplate in a religious spirit the Author of their being failed them. Besides, it is the necessary effect of a life of constant physical exertion, that the expansiveness of the mental faculties becomes curtailed. The spiritual religion of their fathers became, by degrees, too sublime for the crowd; and chiefs and priests, for purposes not in themselves noxious, found it necessary to overlay it with error. To fix the attention of the rude hunter, emblems or representations of the unseen Divinity must be presented to his senses. The sun and the moon give him light for the chase and ripen his corn; the sun and the moon are worshipped first as emblems of the Deity, and by-and-by as deities themselves. Fire resembles the sun in many important respects—it communicates warmth and dispenses light. Fire soon becomes an emblem of the unclouded sun, and as such is worshipped. Probably the next step would be to pass from venerating the memory of deceased benefactors to the worship of those benefactors in the arts which they had practised. That the productive principle in nature came in due time to be symbolised is certain; but this process seems scarcely to have begun among the dwellers in the forest and the prairie. It was the work of an age intellectually more refined, morally more debased than that of either, and it led, by a process very obvious, to immorality of the grossest kind. Yet all this and much more—the worship of Baal and Ashtaroth, of Apis, of Dagon, of Vishnu, the apotheosis of Zeus, of Athene, of Astarte, of Neptune, of Pluto, the legends of Acheron, of Styx, of the Elysian Fields, of Cerberus—all these made up, even when they were most rampant, only the popular or exoteric religions of the heathen world. There was at the bottom of the whole a faith at once more simple and more pure, which, because of its simplicity, priest and monarch combined to keep back; which the philosopher, indeed, was permitted to study, partly as it was written, partly as tradition had preserved it, but which even he abstained from flinging down for the consideration of the unlettered, because he persuaded himself that its influence would be insufficient to restrain them in obedience to the laws. What was this religion? The reflex of the old revelation, corrupted indeed, in some of its details, yet so far true to the original, that while it spoke of souls as passing from body to body, it still dealt with them as partaking of the divine nature, though it could point to no higher recompense of virtue bravely maintained and vice resisted here, than the certain loss of conscious existence by absorption into the divine essence hereafter.

In direct opposition to this view of the case, Dean Stanley holds that "primeval idolatries" made up "the natural religion of the ancient world." Negatively, if not positively, he puts aside as inadmissible all idea of a primitive revelation. "We must transport ourselves back," he says, when considering the rise of the Jewish Church in the person of Abraham, "to that primeval time, of which so lively a picture has lately been furnished from the results of philological research; of which, in the European world, we see perhaps the last traces in Homer; but of which still later memorials are preserved in the New World, in the Peruvian worship, even down to the sixteenth century, where it was seen and elaborately described by

the first Spanish discoverers." How the remote ancestors of the human race were ever impelled at all to intermit the toil necessary for their subsistence, in order to excogitate a religious system for themselves, he does not indeed condescend to inform us; but he is satisfied that "the objects of nature, especially the heavenly bodies, were then invested with a glory and a freshness which has long since passed away from the earth. They seemed to be instinct with a divinity which exercised an almost irresistible fascination over their first beholders." We do not find this to be the case now, either in tribes so degraded as those which are becoming extinct in Australia, or among the African nations, whom Dr. Livingstone has recently visited. No trace of this "primitive religion" could be found among the red warriors of North America, who, when first troubled in their hunting-grounds by the pilgrim fathers, paid adoration only to the Great Spirit. But this is not all. "There was also another form of idolatry, though less universal in its influence. 'There were giants in the earth in those days'—giants, if not actually, yet by their colossal strength and awful majesty; the Pharaohs and Nimrods whose forms we can still trace on the ornaments of Egypt and Assyria in their gigantic proportions—the mighty hunters, the royal priests, the deified men." Begging Dr. Stanley's pardon, we can discover no evidence, in these Egyptian and Assyrian marvels, of anything so preposterous as the deification of "mighty hunters or royal priests." We discover only that their power was absolute and cruelly exercised. But of the attributes of Deity about them we find no trace, further than that they desired it to be believed that of the gods they were the special care. On the contrary, when Abram visited Egypt, he found a monarch there who recognised the supreme power of the Being whom the patriarch worshipped; and Joseph, at a later period, delivered to a descendant or successor of that prince a message from Jehovah, which was received with all humility. But this is nothing. The Dean of Westminster entertains his own opinions, which he declines to relinquish, or even to compare with the statements of authentic history. It was "from the control of those powers before which all meaner men bowed down, from the long ancestral prepossessions of country, kindred, and father's house, that the first worshippers of One who was above all alike had painfully to disentangle themselves." After this, why should not our learned author throw in his lot bravely with Mr. Buckle, or even with Dr. Darwin? Men without religion are but apes in the first stage of development. The second brings them to the worship of the heavenly bodies and of living tyrants. It is the third which carries them a great way in advance, and leads, we are at a loss to conceive how, to the adoption of monotheism, and the pure worship which attends it.

Having settled this point to his own satisfaction, the Dean goes on to deal, first, with Abraham's faith, and next with the great Being on which it exclusively rested. We have not much to object to in his definition of Abraham's faith. It was like the faith of all true believers; not a mere consent of the mind to an abstract proposition, but the ruling principle of a life, exercising its influence at all times, and under every combination of circumstances. Neither is it necessary to enter into controversy with the Dean respecting the purport of the term Elohim, as applied in the patriarchal age to the one supreme Author of all, the "Eloah," "The Strong One"—God. On the contrary, we accept his explanation of the extraordinary conjunction of a plural noun with a singular verb; but we accept it as pointing to an issue diametrically the reverse of that to which the Dean desires to confine it. Instead of proving "that monotheism rose on the ruins of a polytheistic faith," it

demonstrates as clearly as language can demonstrate anything, that the Elohim of the early polytheists were regarded by the wise among themselves as so many emblems or different names of the one Eloah; and that not till an age far later than that of Abraham, when among his descendants Elohim had given place to Jah, was the idea seriously entertained that Gods existed independent one of another, and might be hostile one to another.

In the three succeeding lectures, which describe the wanderings of the patriarchs, and take us up at last, with Jacob and his sons, into Egypt, the narrative of events is both clear and picturesque. It is a tale well and graphically told, with, however, a strong bias antagonistic to the teaching of the universal Church, wherever the opportunity of undervaluing that teaching seems to present itself. We do not say that it is always correct even in its details. For example, Abram, the chief of a clan, is represented as the first leader of those nomadic races of Asia into Egypt, who, under the name of shepherd kings, exercised so great an influence over its destinies in its primitive history—who, under the Arab conquerors, have now for thirteen centuries occupied it as their own. Such is the Dean's solution of a very curious problem. But may we not consider it as much more probable, looking to the degree of intimacy which sprang up between the patriarch and the Egyptian monarch, that the latter was one of that very race of shepherd-kings which a century or two later suffered expulsion, and which had certainly ceased to reign when Joseph ruled the land, for then "a shepherd had become an abomination to the Egyptians"? Besides, the nature of the gifts heaped upon Abram seems to show that "sheep and oxen," strangely omitted by Dr. Stanley from his list of presents, were held in at least as much esteem by the reigning prince as "male and female slaves, mules, asses, and camels." And is not the Dean's theory of polytheism as the primitive religion of the world, directly contradicted by what he himself says, adopting as his own the statement of Nicolaus: "He (Abraham) dwells, according to the account of a Pagan historian, many years in the sacred city of Ur, and there teaches the Egyptians astronomy and arithmetic. He reconciles the theological disputes of the priests." So also comes out, in the teeth of a statement of only a few pages back, the announcement that in the person of Melchizedek was found "the earliest instance of that ancient, sacred, though long-corrupted and long-abused name, not yet disentangled from the regal office, but still of sufficient distinctness to make itself felt—'priest of the Most High God.'" Could that be ancient, which, according to a previous assertion, began only with Abraham, "the first protester against polytheism"? and have we not the assertor contradicting himself when he speaks of Melchizedek's worship "as the last relic of a local, exhausted, though yet venerable religion, which was, in those patriarchal times, the expression of a wide all-embracing worship, which comprehended within its range the ancient chiefs of Canaan and the founders of the chosen race"?

That Dr. Stanley, entertaining his peculiar views, should speak of the sacrifice of Isaac as a mere imitation on Abraham's part of the horrid practices prevalent among the Canaanitish tribes, does not surprise us. We are, however, a good deal surprised that he should not see the contradiction in which the theory involves him; for if the promptings to sacrifice the lad did not come from the highest of all sources, it is very difficult, if not impossible, to conceive how, or by what means short of miraculous Abraham was restrained from carrying the dark purpose into effect. Why run into one absurdity only that he may make his way out of it by another? Has the Dean forgotten by whom the reference was made

to this very act long ages afterwards—"Your father Abraham desired to see my day; and he saw it and was glad"? And will it not content a dignitary of the Church of England to receive the interpretation of that scene which his own Church has sanctioned, that in the agony of the resolve, and in the preparation for the sacrifice, the patriarch was taught, not only what purpose his great descendant was to serve when He came, but how immense the price that should be paid for the redemption of the world?

The career of Jacob is, on the whole, well described. We object, indeed, to the insinuation, that the journey of "the supplanter into Mesopotamia was in any sense a retrograde movement in the history of the Church." It was, on the contrary, a step directed by the same overruling Providence which took care that, from age to age, the blood of Abraham should be kept pure, in the chosen line, from contamination by admixture with that of the tribes of Canaan. And in spite of the incident of the "idols," or "images," stolen by Rachel when Jacob fled "from the face of Laban," it goes far to prove that not even now had the worship of the one great Author of all become utterly obscured in Charran. For these "images" were palpably not objects of worship in themselves—they were mere emblems or tokens, such as continued to hold their place in Israel till after the times of the Judges, and served among the chosen people pretty much the same purpose which pictures and images of the saints serve among Roman Catholics at the present day. In other respects there is little which the most sensitive may not readily assent to while following, in Dr. Stanley's company, the career of Jacob. On the scene at Peniel he puts undoubtedly the only interpretation which it will bear. It was a mental struggle, involving a strain so severe, not on the moral only, but also on the physical being of the terrified man, that the muscles of his body bore the mark of it ever after. Such results of wild emotion are of not unfrequent occurrence in persons of enthusiastic natures, as is exemplified by the proceedings of the dancing dervishes of our own times. And Charles Wesley, in his well-known hymn beginning—

> "With thee all night I mean to stay,
> And wrestle till the dawn of day,"

shows that, to fervid imaginations, there is in prayer actual wrestling, straining, struggling, contending, even among Christians.

There seems, therefore, to be no reason for entering into controversy with Dr. Stanley on this point. But before we pass on to another stage in his narrative, it is necessary that we should notice, and call the attention of our readers to, certain statements made here respecting "the name and scene of the Book of Job;" for a more remarkable contradiction to what the same author elaborately affirms by-and-by, will scarcely be found in these volumes; and that is saying a good deal. At page 69 of vol. i., Job is manifestly treated as a real person—one of the Horites, whom the conquering Edomites drove from their seats. "The description of the wonders of Egypt—the war-horse, the hippopotamus, and the crocodile, well suits the dwellers in Idumæan Arabia." It will be seen by-and-by that, however happy this illustration, it exercises no lasting influence over the mind of the writer. We will let that pass, however, for the present.

In Lecture IV., entitled "Israel in Egypt," little is said which need fairly offend the religious mind, but a good deal to which, on the ground of historical accuracy, objections may be raised. For example, it is not the fact that any of the Pharaohs, so far as we know, claimed, as Dr. Stanley says that they did, divine honours. The position which they assumed towards their subjects was, in most respects, akin to that which the

Chinese of our own day concede to their Emperor, having a little of the attitude of the Pope of Rome mixed up with it. And the great men among them, such as Rameses II., trampled down all law and justice if these stood in the way of their designs. But the Pharaoh who received Joseph and set him over the land, was certainly not the unmitigated tyrant whom the Dean of Westminster describes. Before he could elevate the Hebrew to a place next to himself in authority, we learn from the Book of Genesis that he called his council together, and obtained their approval of the design. "And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a man as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?" Now, who were these servants? And why, if the king governed by his own arbitrary will, and, still more, assumed divine honours, and had them conceded to him by his people—why, in this latter case, should the king consult anybody, and speak of the man whom he proposed to elevate as one "in whom the Spirit of God is"? Will it not be wiser, then, to take Herodotus rather than the Dean of Westminster for our guide, and believe, with the father of history, that even in ancient Egypt there was a power which habitually restrained that of the monarch; though from time to time a prince of stronger will and larger grasp of mind than the rest overrode and kept it in subjection? The priestly caste was surely that power. For though Pharaoh might be "child of the sun," just as the Emperor of China is "brother of the moon," the Potipharaohs were "the servants of the sun,"—proper advisers to him who claimed to be descended from the God to whom they were appointed to minister.

Again, Dean Stanley, in adopting the notion that the Israelites copied largely from the Egyptians in their religious usages, falls into a mistake against which we had supposed that all modern inquirers were sufficiently guarded. The white linen dresses of the priests, the Urim and Thummim, the ark of the covenant, and the construction first of the tabernacle and latterly of the temple, were not Egyptian but Assyrian institutions. That the Israelites, degraded by long years of bondage, had fallen, previously to their deliverance, into Egyptian idolatry, no scholar disputes. But for this very reason, and in order to wean them from their vices, the great lawgiver took care to go back, in his formation of an ecclesiastical polity, to the source whence his countrymen sprang, and to give them priestly robes, priestly decorations, a place of sacrifice, and an emblem of Jehovah, such as had been familiar to their remote ancestors, while as yet their creed was either pure theism, or theism just beginning to be corrupted. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive that he who found it so hard a matter to restrain them from returning to the flesh-pots, and melons, and cucumbers, and onions, should have forged, so to speak, by the religious ceremonial which he established, a chain wherewith to bind their memories and affections to the land from which he had just led them forth. To do him justice, Dean Stanley appears to be not entirely inattentive to this consideration. He admits that in these respects, "the contrast was always greater than the resemblance," and that, "when we survey the vast array of ancient ideas represented to us in the Egyptian temples and sepulchres, the thought forced upon us is rather of the fewness than of the frequency of illustrations which they furnish to Jewish history." Why, then, did he dwell at such length upon the resemblances? Is he loath to admit what he still finds himself unable absolutely to deny?

The story of the exodus is told with almost too great an abundance

of poetical illustration. We rise from the perusal of it as from the perusal of a beautiful romance; without, however, let us take care to add, meeting with a single expression which ought to offend the most old-fashioned of believers. The bush is said to have burned without consuming itself; the plagues are enumerated without a word to indicate disbelief in their reality; the passover, the flight, the numbers of persons escaping, are all taken as the received version of the Book of Exodus gives them; and while the exact spot at which the people passed is left as others have left it, in doubt, the passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea is fairly stated. We cannot say so much of the Lecture entitled "The Wilderness." It is short, meagre, unsatisfactory; evidently showing that the subject gave little pleasure to him who had to deal with it, though it could not, with any show of propriety, be ignored. The case is different in Lecture VII., "Sinai and the Law." There the restraints which had heretofore hampered the lecturer begin to yield. Moses is stated to have been called to his "prophetic mission *in the vision of the bush.*" The mission itself dates from the first delivery of the law at Sinai, of the circumstances attending which Dean Stanley cannot altogether refuse to speak. He says of them, however, as little as he can, and proceeds at once to draw from them and from the law itself, his own inferences. He first admits that now, at least, the government of the tribes might be called a "theocracy," and then guards himself against being understood to imply that "the theocracy was a government of priests as opposed to kings." Was this necessary? Has any writer of eminence ever contended, or professed to believe, that the theocracy was a government of Priests? Surely not. Yet we shall see by-and-by that Dr. Stanley, by some curious process of reasoning, suffers the two ideas to blend together in his own mind, and protests against them. Meanwhile he carries his hostility to the character and office of the priesthood farther than in this early stage of his discussion appears to be at all necessary. He cannot deny that a hereditary priesthood was established "after the manner of Egypt" in the tribe of Levi, in the family of Aaron. "But it was a subsequent appendage to the fundamental precepts,—to the first declaration of religion; in its hereditary functions, in its sacred dress, in its minute regulations, rather a part of the mechanism of the religion than its animating spirit." Who doubts this, or for a moment conceives that "the Levitical caste ever corresponded to what we call the 'clergy'"? The Levitical caste, with all the rites and ordinances which it was given them to administer, were, as the Apostle states, "the schoolmaster to bring men to Christ." Their priesthood came to an end when the purpose for which it had been instituted was effected. But was it not succeeded by that "priesthood after the order of Melchisedec," which the great Founder of Christianity ordained when, from the body of His disciples, He separated first the twelve, and by-and-by the seventy, and gave to the former the same authority to bind and loose, to convert and ordain, which He had himself exercised while visible in the flesh? This, however, by the by. We shall find occasion, before we take our leave of the Dean of Westminister, to show more in detail both the spirit which actuates him in this and similar criticisms, and the end to which his criticisms point. For the present we content ourselves with saying that, through all the beauty of style and richness of illustration which lend their charm to everything which Dr. Stanley writes, there shines out in this particular lecture a marvellous tendency to misinterpret, if not to misrepresent, going, in some instances, so far as to confound the

relics of an old heathen superstition with Mohammedanism itself—the bitterest enemy to sacrificial rites. Not content to affirm of the sacrifices in the wilderness that "none of them are identical with those of Egypt and of Judea," he goes on to say, "It is remarkable that the institution (taken in its most general aspect), after having perished everywhere else among the worshippers of one God, still lingers among that portion of the Semitic nations which more than any other represent the condition of Israel at Sinai. Extinct almost entirely in the Jewish race, it is still an important part of the worship of the Bedouin Arabs."

If Dr. Stanley had read Mr. Palgrave's 'travels in Central Arabia' before he fell into this grand mistake, it is probable he would have changed his argument without at all changing his belief. Sacrifices, after the manner of the offerings in Israel are not common among Bedouins. They certainly do not interweave themselves, and never have interwoven themselves, with the Mohammedanism of these tribes. "In religion," says Mr. Palgrave, "the Djowf afforded all the anomalies customary in Arabia on that head. Like the most of their brethren, they had long since abandoned the very name of Mohammedanism for a local fetishism and a semi-Sabæan worship—for prayers to the sun and sacrifices to the dead." Now, sacrifices to the dead, even to the cutting off of the hair, were expressly forbidden to the Israelites; and the worship of the sun proved to them the fruitful source of national and individual suffering. Dr. Stanley must have forgotten all this when he committed himself to the statement just adverted to.

On the whole, then, we should describe the lecture on Sinai and the Law rather as an incomplete than an inaccurate statement of facts. The lecturer sees and points out clearly enough where the division lies between what was of perpetual and what of temporary obligation in the law; but he fails, whether designedly or by accident, to show the purpose which even the temporary injunctions of the law were designed to serve. It would almost appear as if his object had been to bring the Israelites as much as possible, through the law itself, into unison with other Semitic races. Now, if such laws as those which forbade the wearing of garments made of mixed woollen and linen; if the prohibition to sow their fields with various kinds of grain, to eat blood, to plough with an ox and an ass yoked together, and many other ordinances having a like tendency, were not designed to place between the chosen people and the nations round about an impassable barrier of antagonistic customs, what purpose could they be intended to serve? All this Dr. Stanley either forgets or ignores; and seems to us in doing so to go as far as a dignitary of the Church could well do to get rid of the supernatural in the conduct of Israel's march, and of any special Providence working for a special end in the consolidation of Israel's constitution and government.

With Lecture VIII., entitled "Kadesh and Pisgah," we have less fault to find. It is short, meagre in its details, and not always very accurate. The Dean is mistaken in his assertion that the affair of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram "left hardly any permanent trace on the history of the people." There was, perhaps, no incident in their career, from the first stage out of Egypt up to the passage of the Jordan, which left so permanent an impression on their history. It established, once and for ever, the exact place of the Levitical priesthood in the institutions of the country. It proved to demonstration that only men of the family of Aaron and of the tribe of Levi would be accepted by Jehovah as worthy under the old dispensation to mediate between Him and His people. *On the*

whole, however, the Dean deals fairly with most of the subjects discussed, especially with the circumstances attending the death of Moses, and the mystery attached to his sepulture. He is less fortunate in the handling of Balaam's character. If Balaam really was, as Dr. Stanley assumes him to have been, a "Gentile prophet" "in whose career is seen that recognition of divine inspiration outside the chosen people, which the narrowness of modern times has been so eager to deny," what becomes of his theory that idolatry was the primeval religion of mankind, against which Abraham, protesting, was glad to escape "from kindred and country and father's house"? If Balaam was what he is believed to be by Origen, Chrysostom, Basil, and Augustine, among the ancients, and by Bryant among the moderns—a mere pretender to sorcery—a worshipper of Baal—how shall we receive the glowing sentences which place him side by side with "the Gentile Job" among the "characters other than those belonging to the chosen people which are fraught with an instruction that transcends the limits of the Jewish Church, and not only in place but in time far outruns the teaching of any peculiar age or nation?" For ourselves we pronounce no judgment on a question about which there is much to be said on both sides. But the Dean in dealing with it has surely placed himself between the horns of a dilemma, from which we leave him to escape as best he can.

Of the four lectures which describe the conquest of the promised land, we can honestly speak in terms of unqualified approval. The tale is told graphically, judiciously, and, as far as at this distance of time from the events recorded it is possible to form an opinion, with a strict attention to truth in all its details. The Dean has no doubt some delicate points to handle, such as the miraculous passage of the Jordan, the capture of Jericho, the shower of stones which fell upon the fugitives from the battle of Beth-horon, and the prayer of Joshua; but it is an act of common justice to say that he deals with them modestly and judiciously. What matters it to the truth of sacred history whether we believe that an earthquake shook down the walls of Jericho, or that they fell without the intervention of any natural or secondary cause? The catastrophe was, both to besiegers and besieged, a miracle wrought in favour of the former; while a tempest of hail, such as the Psalmist refers to, would cut down the routed Canaanites quite as effectively as a shower of meteoric stones. In like manner, the Dean's defence of the apparent cruelty of the Israelites in their indiscriminate slaughter of the tribes whom they overran, as it is the only one which the circumstances will admit of, so it may well satisfy the most fastidious. Indeed his appreciation of the character and mission of Joshua, and the link of connection which he establishes between that stern warrior and one who, bearing the same name, came long years after to achieve a still more glorious conquest, are both of them excellent. After explaining that Joshua was "not a teacher, not a prophet," but "a simple, straightforward, undaunted soldier," Dean Stanley goes on to say—

"It is not often, either in sacred or common history, that we are justified in pausing on anything so outward, and, generally, so accidental, as a name. But if ever there be an exception, it is in the case of Joshua. In him it first appears with an appropriateness which the narrative describes as intentional. His original name, *Hoshea*, 'salvation,' is transformed into *Jehoshua* or *Joshua*, 'God's salvation;' and this, according to the modification which Hebrew names underwent in their passage through the Greek language, took, in the later ages of the Jewish Church, sometimes the form of Jason, but more frequently that which has now become indelibly impressed upon history as the greatest of all names, Jesus. Slight as may be

this connection between the first and the last to whom this name was given with any religious significance, it demands our consideration for the sake of two points which are often overlooked, and which may in this relation catch the attention of those who might else overlook them altogether. One is the prominence into which it brings the true meaning of the sacred name as a deliverance not from 'imputed,' or 'future,' or 'unknown' dangers, but from enemies as real and intelligible as the Canaanitish host. The first Joshua was to save his people from their actual foes. The second Joshua was to save His people from their actual sins."

This is excellently put, and, as far as it goes, most just. But can it be said to go far enough? We think not. The second Joshua came to save His people not only from their actual sins, but from a condition of things into which, through some special sin committed in an age long anterior to His appearance among them, they had fallen. "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." There is no getting over such declarations as these, repeated again and again in the gospels as well as in the epistles. We cannot separate, in the second Joshua, the character of a Saviour from that of an individual who, by some process or another, makes an atonement for those whom He saves. He either won back for man, by the sacrifice of Himself, the free gift of immortality, which the race had forfeited, or in no sense can we accept Him as our "Joshua." He is not "God's salvation" to us merely because He has shown us how to shake off the painful memory of actual sins committed, but because, in addition to this, He has purchased for us that to which by nature we have no claim—which, granted originally on conditions, was lost by the non-fulfilment of these conditions, and has now been restored for His sake, because He has done for us what we could not effect for ourselves.

To that section of Dean Stanley's work which brings before us the general condition of Israel during the age of the Judges, no serious objection can be raised. The view which he takes of the state of society as then existing, and his estimate of the characters of these temporary rulers, and of the purposes for which they were severally raised to power, are, upon the whole, as just as they are clearly stated. He treats an interval of some 400 years historically rather than theologically, and he is right in so doing. We are not, indeed, prepared to accept as indisputable every statement which he hazards even here. He may be right, or he may be wrong, in regard to the vow of Jephtha; and of the touching and beautiful story of Ruth he surely fails to bring out the great moral. But, on the whole, his narrative is pleasant reading; and the analogy which he institutes between Israel under her Judges and the Christian Church in the Middle Ages is as fair as it is instructive. We are a good deal more jarred by his sketch of the prophetic office and of its uses. Correct in almost all the arguments advanced, he yet errs in the inferences which are drawn from them. There was no antagonism—there could be none—between the priestly and the prophetic offices. To the priesthood was specially committed the control and guidance of the ceremonial worship in Israel. This worship included a perpetual recognition of the unity of the Godhead, that one great article of religious belief to maintain which inviolate, amid growing corruptions elsewhere, the Israelites were set apart as a chosen people. But the priests, though the appointed guardians of that great verity, had nothing whatever to do, as priests, with the moral and intellectual training of the people. That duty seems in early ages to have devolved on the heads of tribes, of houses, and of families. In later times, men trained in seminaries—the schools of the prophets—took it up; and

among them we find the names of several who united in their own persons the offices both of priest and prophet. On the other hand, prophets, however highly gifted, however closely brought into communication, so to speak, with Jehovah, never invaded the functions of the priesthood. And it is not the fact that they ever spoke contemptuously of the Mosaic ritual, except where it was known to be practised in hypocrisy, and as a cloak to the perpetration of moral wrong. Dr. Stanley not only loses sight of these truths, but he boldly impugns them. He even refers to Samuel, and David, and Hosea, and Amos, and Micah, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, as if these all alike despised the rites enjoined in the law, and were anxious to get rid of them. This is a great perversion of truth. The celebrated passages which the Dean quotes show, that from the age of Samuel downwards, that public moral training was begun in Israel which culminated in the teaching of Christ; but it serves in no degree to indicate that between the prophetic and the priestly offices the slightest antagonism prevailed. Every one of the seers who postponed "sacrifice to obedience," who required, in the name of the Lord, that men should "do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with their God," reproved their people, because "the sacrifice had ceased in Israel." Isaiah exclaims, "Thou hast been weary of me, O Israel; thou hast not brought me the small cattle of thy burnt offering, neither hast thou honoured me with thy sacrifices." The Psalmist, in like manner, exclaims, "Do good in Thy good pleasure unto Zion; build Thou the walls of Jerusalem. Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt-offerings and whole burnt-offerings; then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altars." We do not mean to deny —no one who has paid any attention to the subject can deny—that, in the latter years of the divided monarchy, prophets played a grander part in the religious discipline of both sections of the chosen people than priests. But the Aaronitish priesthood did not on that account cease to be the pivot round which the whole religious system of Israel moved, till, having fulfilled its purposes, it gave place to another, over which the restraining influences of nationality, and of tribal and family connection, exercise no control. Dr. Stanley may not quite relish this remembrance. He is at perfect liberty, also, to quarrel with the term *priest*, if he pleases. But, after all, he ought to remember that the Church of England does not regard her presbyters as sacrificial priests, though she retains for them the old title; and that the opinions on that head of his beloved master, Dr. Arnold, are entirely at variance with her teaching, as set forth in her Twenty-third Canon.

If Dr. Stanley has contrived, by such blots as these, to mar his otherwise brilliant sketch of the rise and early progress of the Jewish Church and commonwealth, his manner of dealing with his subject after the government passed from judges into the hands of kings is still more open to objection, and to objections of a graver kind. In the first place, he errs egregiously in assuming that the establishment of a hereditary chief magistracy, and the supercession of the order of elective judges affected in any way the constitution of the Israelitish commonwealth. The theocracy was as perfect when kings administered the general affairs of the nation as when these were cared for by Moses, by Joshua, and by Samuel. Neither David, nor Solomon, nor the most powerful of their successors, at all events on the throne of Judah, claimed the smallest right to abrogate the old law and to introduce a new. They had the power, and they exercised it, of organising their armies and appointing their several

courses to the Levitical priesthood; but they could no more innovate upon the ordinances which Moses had given to the people in the name of Jehovah, than they could substitute for the worship of Jehovah the worship of Baal and Ashtaroth. That some of them were guilty of this latter act of folly is well known, and the annals of the country show that they invariably suffered for it; but they suffered not because they abandoned an old and sacred religion, but because they had become traitors to the Sovereign whose vicegerents they were, and who from the beginning set up and dethroned one after another; prophets being the declarants of His will, and princes rising and falling according as they proved true or false to their allegiance. On the other hand, neither David, nor Solomon, nor Josiah, nor any other prosperous king in Israel ever spoke of himself as more than the representative or deputy of Jehovah. In this spirit the Psalmist sings—

"He chose David also His servant,
And took him from the sheepfolds:
From following the ewes great with young.
He brought him to feed Jacob His people,
And Israel His inheritance.
So he fed them according to the integrity of his heart;
And fed them with his hands."

So, also, in the great prayer of dedication, Solomon exclaims —"When *Thy people* Israel be stricken down before the enemy because of having sinned against Thee." Again: "If *Thy people* go out to battle against their enemy." And yet again: "Blessed be the Lord that hath given rest unto *His people* Israel, according to all that He promised." In like manner Josiah, after the discovery of the book of the law, "stood by a pillar, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep *His* commandments, and *His* testimonies, and *His* statutes, with all their heart and all their soul, and to perform the words of this covenant that were written in this book." It would be quite surprising that a scholar like Dean Stanley should have overlooked this great fact, were there not evidence to show that the error can scarcely be accounted accidental. Let us examine a little into the nature of this evidence, and satisfy ourselves respecting the soundness of the base on which it rests.

In the histories of Saul and David not a single incident occurs which can fairly and honestly be adduced to show that the authority of the visible king had in any, the most remote degree, interfered with, far less superseded, that of the invisible King of Israel. Samuel, no doubt, rebukes the people for desiring to have a king over them at all. He would have preferred a continuance of that aristocratic form of government over which he had himself for many years presided; but the terms in which he yields his own judgment to theirs shows, that not for one moment did the idea enter into his mind that he was about to abdicate, or even to weaken the authority of the theocracy. His remonstrance against the folly of the proceeding points only to its political consequences — to the fresh burthens which the people were binding upon their own backs. "This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: He will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and he will take your daughters to be his confectioners and his cooks; and he will take the tenth of your fields, and your vineyards, and your oliveyards, and give them to his officers and his servants." Yet, for all this, he concludes by saying; "The Lord will not forsake *His people* for His great name's sake, because it hath pleased the Lord *to make you His people*. Only fear the Lord and serve Him, for consider how great things He hath done for you. But if ye shall still do wickedly ye shall be consumed, both ye and your king." Thus ad-

dressing the assembled heads of the nation, he presents to them Saul, whom, in God's name, he had previously anointed to be the representative and vicegerent of Jehovah in Israel. Saul fails in his duty—whether, as Dean Stanley asserts, because he preferred ceremonial to moral religion, or, as older and not less able divines have shown, because he disobeyed a direct command from his Master, is a point not unimportant, yet, for our present purpose, scarcely worth dwelling upon. It is enough that he did fail, and that the same authority which had recently appointed, immediately set him aside. Indeed, so complete was the revolution, effected not by the people but by a higher power, that the regal dignity passed out of the family of the delinquent and devolved upon a member of another tribe, whom the same prophet who had anointed Saul anointed to be king over Israel.

Stubborn facts like these are hard to be got rid of, so Dean Stanley does his best to explain them away by speaking of Saul as "a chief, and nothing more;" and of David as "a king, and the founder of a dynasty." Now, we can discover no difference between the positions of the two men—except that the one, prosperous in war, established his throne and transmitted it to his descendants; while the other, struggling against difficulties, most of them of his own creation, died at last by his own hand, a fugitive from a lost battle. They equally assume regal state in virtue of prophetical unction. They equally arrange their civil administration, and organise their armies according to the means at their disposal. They equally offer sacrifice—a ceremonial from which no Israelite was prohibited, though special sacrifices, having special objects in view, could be offered only by the priest. But David no more trenches upon the sovereignty of Jehovah than Saul did. He neither abrogates one of the old laws of Moses, nor adds a new law to that code. He blesses the people in God's name, doubtless; so did Moses before him, so did Samuel, so did Joshua. As the representative of Jehovah he had a right to do so, just as he had a right to establish the priests into their orders of service, to settle the psalmody for public worship, and to uphold a domestic magistracy, as well as to appoint governors to the outlying provinces of the great empire which he had acquired. But how is it that he speaks always of himself? and in what light is he desirous that others should regard him? Dean Stanley refers to 2d Sam. xi. with a view to show that "though not himself a priest, he yet assumed all the functions usually ascribed to the priestly office. He wore, as we have seen, the priestly dress, offered the sacrifices, gave the priestly benediction." Of the wearing of the priestly dress by David, either before or after he became king, we can nowhere discover a trace. And if we could, it is by no means clear to us that the Dean's argument would be strengthened by the discovery. Show, indeed, that David was in the habit of arraying himself in the robes of the high priest, that he wore the mitre and the breastplate, or performed any one of the functions which, by the Levitical law, were restricted to Aaron and his successor—in this case we shall admit the aptitude of Dean Stanley's reference to the chapter which he quotes. But is there a word written there which can justify the theory propounded? Quite otherwise. All that we find is, that in bringing up the ark from the house of Obed-Edom, the king "threw himself with unusual enthusiasm into the wild dance which formed part of the solemnity," and that when "his heavy royal robe was thrown aside, the light linen ephod appeared to the bystanders hardly more than the slight dress of the Eastern dancers." We think it probable that his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury wears a shirt and a pair of drawers under his

archiepiscopal robes; and it may be fairly assumed that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is equally provided with what is called body linen. But we doubt whether, if his Royal Highness, in the enthusiasm of a polka, were to strip to his shirt and drawers, the admiring *habitués* of the ball-room would understand that in so doing "he wore the archiepiscopal dress." The sacrifices and the blessing we freely concede to the Dean. The former, except under conditions provided for in the law, was not exclusively the priest's office. The right of bestowing the other could not be denied to the representative any more than to the prophet of the Most High. But observe how this same offerer of sacrifice and pronouncer of benedictions replies to his contumacious wife when she sneers at an act which Dean Stanley represents as sacerdotal. "And David said unto Michal, It was before the Lord, which chose me before thy father, and before all his house, to appoint me ruler over *this people of the Lord, over Israel:* therefore will I play before the Lord."

If the case of David be lamely handled, we cannot say that we discover much more of vigour in the reasoning by which Dean Stanley labours to establish Solomon's claim to the rank of an absolute monarch. Solomon, like David, sacrificed, and blessed the people in God's name. Whether with his own hands he slew the beasts, and poured the incense upon the altar of incense, may be doubted. The passage in the First Book of Kings, on which Dean Stanley relies, is scarcely explicit enough to justify the assumption which he draws from it; and the same incident as it is referred to in the Second Book of Chronicles, gives to the transaction quite a different character. We know that so late as the reign of Herod Agrippa, the Roman emperor supplied the sacrifices which were offered for him in the temple at Jerusalem; but nobody supposes that the Roman Emperor travelled once a year to Jerusalem for the purpose of personally slaying the victims. Dean Stanley shall, however, speak for himself:—

"As the day of bringing in the ark to Jerusalem had been the greatest day of the life of David, so the dedication of the temple was the culminating point of the reign of Solomon. In the whole transaction nothing is more remarkable than the pre-eminence of the king himself over every one. No khaliff, no pontiff, could have presided more supremely over the occasion than did Solomon. Zadok never appears. The priests are mentioned only as bearers of the ark. Even the prophet Nathan is mentioned only by heathen historians. The king alone prays, sacrifices, blesses, consecrates. And as if to keep up the memory of the day, thrice a-year throughout his reign, on the three great festivals, he solemnly entered not only the temple courts with sacrifices, but penetrated into the Holy Place itself, where, in later years, none but the priests were allowed to enter, and offered incense on the altar of incense. It was in accordance with the same principle that he adopted once for all the duties of the priestly order as originated by David, which continued to the end of the Jewish nation. It is characteristic of the pure and religious spirit of the Jewish Church, that the organised hierarchal system, though acting from this time, took its rise, not from any sacerdotal arrangement, but from that union of king and priest in the person of Solomon which had been already foreshadowed in David, and which, in a moral and spiritual sense, was to be revealed in the future Messiah."

It is not easy to reason with a writer who thus fortuitously or by design mingles together incidents which stand quite apart from one another. Solomon never claimed to unite in his own person the characters of king and priest; neither did David nor any of his successors. Solomon, as representing the majesty of Jehovah, did as Moses, himself no priest, had done before him. He adapted the hierarchy to the circumstances of the nation, but he never assumed the priestly office. Solomon could no more lay his hand upon the head of the scapegoat and send it into the

wilderness, than the meanest of his subjects. Solomon could not enter once a-year into the Holy of Holies to make atonement for his own sins and the sins of the people. He was less powerful by far than Moses; for not one law which Moses had given could he alter, abrogate, or disobey with impunity. The hierarchy might not take its rise, either in his reign or before it, "from any sacerdotal system," because the great lawgiver who arranged it was no priest, but God's agent, expressing God's will, of which the establishment of a hierarcy was one of the conditions; but once established, it no more rested with the king of Israel to interfere with it, than it rests with the wearer of the British crown to create bishops independently of episcopal consecration. In his zeal to establish the principle that bishops, priests, and deacons are but the creations of the State, mere officers of the Government, Dr. Stanley falls into the egregious blunder of assuming that in Solomon and his successors on the throne of Judah, the kingly and priestly offices were united. This assumption in the latter case is clearly and demonstrably an erroneous one. And were it even a just one, it would not help him to the inference which he seeks to draw from it in the face of a fact so palpable as that, long before Christianity became anywhere the religion of the State, the constitution of the Christian Church was framed and completed on the same model which prevails all over the world, wherever, as in England, a regularly constituted episcopate has survived the shock of the Reformation.

But we have not yet done with Dean Stanley, and his remarkable zeal for blending the kingly and the priestly offices together. Not content to contradict Scripture, the Dean boldly contradicts himself. After arguing, at page 220, through a whole paragraph, to prove that because he sacrificed and burned incense, Solomon united in his own person the offices of priest and king, Dean Stanley very coolly knocks the entire theory on the head by means of a short note appended to page 412 of the same volume;—

"It is not clear whether the priests killed the victims with their own hands. In Lev. i. 5, 11; iii. 2, 8, 13; iv. 2, 24, 29, they are to be killed, not by the priests, but by the offerer. This, perhaps, was a remnant of the original priesthood of the whole nation."

After this we may fairly leave our accomplished author to settle his differences between the Bible and himself on the subject of the priesthood as he best can, while we proceed to notice one or two other points wherein, as it appears to us, he is neither more logical nor more accurate.

Having sufficiently discussed Solomon as a king and a priest, the Dean goes on to consider him as a philosopher. There is little to object to in the estimate which he forms of that species of wisdom which, to other than Orientals, appears to consist more in a happy play upon words than a profound conception of things. But we entirely dissent from his assumption that Solomon was tolerant in the beginning of his reign of other religions than that of Jehovah, or that, as the representative of Jehovah upon earth, it was competent for him to exercise tolerance of the kind. In this Dr. Stanley errs as far from the truth of history as he does in a statement which he elsewhere hazards respecting the condition of the Canaanites whom Joshua permitted to remain in the land. No tolerance—no public tolerance, at least—was or could be extended to the degrading superstitions of these people. They might be ignored by the magistrates, and connived at or even imitated by the baser and more ignorant of the Israelites; but they were denounced by the great lawgiver long before the Israelites made their first entry into the

land; and the denunciation was repeated by judges and prophets from age to age, till the national tendency to polytheism died out amid the humiliation of the Babylonish captivity. "Thou shalt not bow down to their gods, nor serve them, nor do after their works; but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and quite break down their images." To speak of *toleration* in the face of an injunction such as this would be childish, were it not mischievous. It is scarcely more mischievous, however, so far as the Dean's critical reputation is concerned, than the extraordinary self-contradiction into which he falls when treating of the Book of Job and its authorship. Here are two of his judgments—one enunciated at page 69 of vol. i., the other at page 244 of vol. ii.;—

"When, where, and by whom this wonderful book was written, we need not here pause to ask. Yet, as we take leave of Esau and his race, we can hardly forbear to notice the numerous traces which connect the scene of the story with the land of Edom, with the mysterious rocks of Petra. Uz, Eliphaz, Teman, are all names more or less connected with the Idumæan chiefs. The description of the aboriginal tribes, expelled from their seats, and living in the cliffs and caves of the rocks, well suits the flight of the Hivites before the conquering Edomites. The description of the wonders of Egypt—the war-horse, the hippopotamus, and the crocodile—well suits the dweller in Idumæan Arabia."—Vol. i. p. 69.

"From the Jewish philosophy of Solomon, as embodied in the Proverbs; flowed a stream of writings and ideas which ceased only with the destruction of the nation. Of these perhaps the most remarkable is the Book of Job. Whether it was written years or centuries afterwards—whether we regard its author as an Idumæan or an Israelite—its derivation from the age of Solomon is equally evident. Nothing but the wide contact of that age with the Gentile world could, humanly speaking, have admitted either a subject or a scene so remote from Jewish thought and customs as that of Job. . . . The whole Book is one grand 'proverb' or 'parable.'"—Vol. ii. p. 244.

We shall leave Dr. Stanley to reconcile these contradictions if he can, while we take the liberty of stating why, in our opinion, this Book of Job, under whatever class of literature it be comprised, could not have been compiled so late as the reign of Solomon—that it must be of older date than even the government of Moses.

All competent critics are agreed that, by whomsoever written, the Book of Job held a deservedly high place in the moral literature of the chosen people. The reference made by the prophet Ezekiel to the hero of the story in connection with Noah and Daniel, sufficiently proves this point, which St. James further elucidates by the notice which he takes of Job's patience, and of Job himself as God's servant. But to assume that works of this kind had no hold upon the Israelites before the time of Solomon, is to beg the whole question at issue. We can judge of the comparative antiquity of treatises going back so far into antiquity as those which make up the Scriptures of the Old Testament, only by a careful examination of their style, and of the language in which the thoughts of each are expressed. Now, it is proved by Ewald, Renan, Schlottman, and Kosegarten—all of them authorities whom Dean Stanley can hardly refuse to accept—not only that the language of this work approaches nearer to the Arabic than that of any other Hebrew production extant (a fact which St. Jerome himself had long ago noted), but that the Aramaic words and grammatical forms which are discoverable in it differ radically from similar words and grammatical forms wherewith the later Hebrew writings abound. They are, on the other hand, without a single exception, such as characterise the antique and highly poetic style. They occur in parts of the Pentateuch, in the Song of Deborah, and in the earliest psalms, all of which are now admitted by the ablest even of Rationalistic critics to be among the earliest and purest

productions of Hebrew literature. So far, therefore, as any argument can be drawn from idiomatic peculiarities, it may be accepted as a settled point that the Book of Job must have been written at least as early as the Pentateuch, and probably as early as those portions of the Pentateuch which describe the condition of human society in the patriarchal ages.

Again, the style is grand, mystic, archaic—carrying us back to a time when writing, though known, was little used, and language, though fresh and forcible, was neither clear nor fluent. No doubt it bears, in this respect, a close resemblance to the style of the Book of Proverbs, from which Dr. Stanley would persuade us that it was derived. But the resemblance is easily accounted for when we remember that the Book of Proverbs was not an original composition of Solomon, but that he collected his materials from all quarters—not among his own people alone, but throughout the Eastern world. The great bulk of the Proverbs were therefore of an antiquity so great as to defy research into their origin, and the few which Solomon added naturally took from his pen the archaic form of the models which lay before him. Indeed not a few of them, especially the sublime description of Wisdom, appear to have been borrowed from the Book of Job itself. We need not, however, pursue further an inquiry which the reader will find prosecuted to a very successful issue in the article "Job" in Dr. Smith's very valuable 'Dictionary of the Bible.' We cannot pretend to fix the exact date of this remarkable book, nor would we entirely set aside the notion that it may have been a mere sacred drama, founded, as all such were in old times, upon some great leading facts. But the moral teaching, not less than the style in which it is conveyed, points to an origin far more remote than the Dean of Westminster is willing to assign to it. The idolatry condemned is not the cruel and obscene paganism which the Israelites were commissioned to extirpate from the Holy Land, but the old worship of the heavenly bodies, the first step aside from that pure theism, to prevent the total extinction of which Abraham was separated from his kindred and his father's house. In like manner the references to Egypt carry us back to a time prior to the immigration of Jacob—certainly long antecedent to the lapse of that great and polished empire into grovelling superstition. Whether Job was the son of Abraham by Keturah, as Calmet asserts, is not so self-evident. But there can be very little doubt of his personal existence at some period of remote antiquity, and none whatever that the book which bears his name is at least as old as, probably older than, the most ancient of the treatises which go to make up the Scriptures of the Old Testament.

Our criticisms on Dr. Stanley's volumes have run so completely into the channel of involuntary censure, that we experience something like reluctance in going farther; yet we must not pass over his parallel between Mohammed and Abraham without protesting against the equivocal taste which could institute so extraordinary a comparison. Something of the same feeling comes over us likewise when, after following with intense interest and admiration his account of Elijah's mission and of its results, we find this same Elijah reduced to the level of an Eastern seer, of whom it is believed among Orientals that he "has the power of withholding or giving rain." Nor are we relieved when, a few pages farther on, we find the separation of Elijah from his successor in the prophetic office thus dealt with:—

"The ascension or assumption of Elijah stands out alone in Jewish history as the highest representation of the end of a great and good career; of death as seen under its noblest aspect; as the completion and crown of the life which had preceded it; as the mysterious

shrouding of the departed within the invisible world. By a sudden stroke of storm or whirlwind, or, as we almost may literally say, by chariots and horses of fire, the servants of God pass away. We know not where they rest; we may search high and low, in the height of the highest peak of our speculations, or in the depths of the darkest shadow of the Valley of Death; legend upon legend may gather round them as upon Elijah; but the sacred record itself is silent."

The silence of the sacred record in regard to this matter is not, as it appears to us, quite so profound as the Dean represents it to be: "And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." Now we are not disposed, any more than the Dean, to accept this statement literally; far less to believe that the scene is accurately described by painters, or even in the discourses of some popular preachers. But to bring down the whole transaction to the level of common things—to assume that the prophet, caught up by a whirlwind, was merely carried away, and never seen more;—this appears to us to be a line of argument, which, when pushed to its legitimate issues, is not unlikely to land us where we have no desire whatever to find ourselves. If there was no direct assumption of Elijah, there may have been no rolling away of the stone from the cave in the garden near Calvary, nor any resurrection of the dead, nor any intercourse thereafter between the dead risen and the living. The whole may point only to the revival in full force of that sublime teaching which was supposed to be crushed out by the public execution of the teacher. But as the handing over of the latter incident to the department of legend would materially shake our faith in the doctrines of Christianity, so, if we are to think only of Elijah as of an unfortunate man lost in a storm, the appropriateness of his after-meeting with Moses and Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration may very well be questioned. Far be it from us to insinuate that Dr. Stanley absolutely disbelieves that which seems to be miraculous, in the event of which he is speaking; but his faith in miracles is on no occasion strong enough to carry him into a frank acceptance of their reality. He is loath absolutely to reject, yet he shrinks from absolutely admitting them.

From Elijah and his career we turn with infinite satisfaction to Dr. Stanley's brilliant and effective account of the character and conduct of that great prophet's successor. The story of Elisha is well and powerfully told, and told, too, in a reverential spirit. The influence exercised by the prophet over the opinions, and even the policy, of other nations than his own, is well brought out. They are more or less disciplined by it to recognise the authority of the God of Israel, and to pay attention to the moral code which true religion sets up. Yet even when dealing with this part of his subject, Dean Stanley contrives, from time to time, to jar and offend his readers. The story of Jonah is, we admit, somewhat hard of digestion, and the Dean has certainly not done much to render it less hard. That, however, may be forgiven. But we cannot so easily forgive the tone of unfaithfulness to the Church of which he is a dignitary which runs through the whole of Lecture XXXIV., and mars what would otherwise be commendable in it. Is the Dean justified in representing the later prophets as standing in an attitude rather of hostility than indifference towards the Church of the Temple? And, above all, is it fair to include in the same category with common men a character so exceptional in every point of view as that of Elijah? Elijah, like John the Baptist, was a dweller in the desert. He held communion, properly so called, with no human being. He was ever alone with God, except when doing

God's behests. The sole object for which he lived was to war against idolatry and vice. Such, at least, is the account of him which has reached us; but which may, after all, be so far incomplete that it fails to notice incidents so common in the lives of all true worshippers of Jehovah as an annual pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and the periodical offering of gifts in the temple. Indeed, if we carry Dr. Stanley's argument to its legitimate issues, we shall arrive at the conclusion that not one among all the prophets, not even Isaiah himself, though dwelling in Jerusalem, ever participated in the worship of the temple. But who can believe this, observing, as he cannot fail to do, that the burthen of the prophet's rebuke is not against the temple worship as such, but against the hypocrisy of the temple worshippers; who, never intermitting their new moons and oblations, had yet, in the "weightier matters of the law, forsaken the Lord, and provoked the Holy One of Israel to anger?"

Had Dean Stanley been content to draw attention to the fact that it was the special business of the later prophets to spiritualise the old law, and thus prepare their countrymen for its fulfilment in a better dispensation, he would have done only what has been done before by men at least his equals in learning and eloquence. He would have carried with him likewise the hearty assent of every thoughtful Christian who is instructed enough to understand that ceremonial worship, under whatever dispensation practised, and by whatever authority enjoined, is only a means to an end—a necessary means so long as society continues to be what it is, because without it the world, which "is too much with us," would soon obliterate all spirituality from our very natures. Has it never occurred to him that the shockingly irreligious condition of the settlers in the backwoods of America, and of those families of emigrants from among ourselves who set up their homes in the remote interior of Australia, is entirely owing to the absence of a visible Church from among them, with its days and hours set apart for public worship, and its ministers ordained to conduct such worship according to established forms? Such a course would not, however, have suited Dean Stanley's purpose. Trained in the school of Arnold, and going perhaps beyond his master, the Dean puts from him all belief in an authority—apart from that of the State, and superior to it—for the organisation and conduct of men's spiritual affairs. A Christian priesthood, in the sense which we attach to the term, he cannot recognise at all; indeed, he labours to prove that even among the Jews, where such an institution was recognised, it neither came from divine authority nor exercised any influence over the faith or morals of the people. The prophets alone did this; and they were everywhere and in all ages in an attitude of hostility to the priests. Indeed, the sacrificial ordinances of the Levitical law were, so to speak, entirely an after-thought. They constituted no part of the original dispensation which came through Moses. Well, what then? The same authority which dispensed the original dispensation dispensed the supplemental one, and assigned reasons for doing so which became more and more conclusive in proportion as the Israelites took their place among the settled nations of the earth. In like manner we must deny again, as we have denied already, that there was any hostile feeling among the prophets to the priestly office, as such. The prophets made use of stronger language when the hypocrisy of priests came under their lash than when rebuking the people. But is the Dean justified in inferring that it was the act of sacrifice which the prophets denounced; far more that "the contempt, the irony, the disgust expressed at the very thought of the slaughtered victims has a strength which must be of universal significance, and

which could hardly be exceeded by the disdainful language of Western philosophy or modern Puritanism"? "The contempt, the irony, the disgust" were directed, not against acts just in themselves, because interwoven with the whole spirit of the old dispensation, but against the impious notion that ritualism, whatever shape it may assume, can stand in the place of a pure faith and pure morals, or make amends for their absence. And the taste which can compare them with "the disdainful language of Western philosophy," when discussing, we presume, points of Christian doctrine, is, to say the least of it, neither very good in itself, nor, all things considered, quite such as might have been looked for in a divine and a scholar.

But the most curious blunder of the whole is that into which the Dean falls when describing the effect upon the public mind in Judea of Hezekiah's onslaught on the idolatries into which the nation had fallen:—

"It was reserved for Hezekiah," so writes the Dean of Westminster, "to make the first onslaught upon them. He was, so to speak, the first reformer—the first of the Jewish Church to protest against institutions which had outlived their usefulness, and which the nation had outgrown. The uprooting of those delightful shades, the levelling of those consecrated altars, the destruction of that mysterious figure which Moses had made in the wilderness, must have been a severe shock to the religious feelings of the nation. There was a widespread belief, which penetrated even to the adjacent countries, that the worship of Jehovah himself had been abandoned, and that His support could no more be expected. The sacred serpent, the symbol of the divine presence, had been treated contemptuously as a mere serpent—a mere piece of brass, and nothing more. The altars, where patriarchs and kings had worshipped without rebuke, had been overthrown, and the devotion of the nation restrained to a single spot. Was it possible that the faith of the people could survive, when its most cherished relics were so rudely handled, when so little was left to sustain it for the future! So has the popular conservative instinct of every age been terrified at every reformation, and maintained with the alarmists of the time of Hezekiah, that, as one destructive step leads to another, we must have all or nothing."

Such is Dr. Stanley's account of this great transaction—of the motives in which it originated, and the effects produced by it. Now, let us see what is said of these things in the Bible, that we may judge how far the Dean draws from his own story legitimate inferences. In the Second Book of Kings, chap. xvi., we read: "Twenty years old was Ahaz when he began to reign, and he reigned sixteen years in Jerusalem, and did not that which was right in the sight of the Lord God, like David his father. But he walked in the ways of the kings of Israel, yea, he made his sons to pass through the fire, according to the abominations of the heathen, whom the Lord God cast out from before the children of Israel. And he sacrificed and burnt incense in the high places, and on the hills, and under every green tree." Is Dr. Stanley of opinion that the monarch who walked in the ways of the kings of Israel, and made his son pass through the fire, offered these sacrifices in the high places, and on the hills, and under every green tree, to Jehovah? If so, then we can understand the value of his reference to the conservative instinct, and the shock which the sudden removal of all these haunts of pure worship must have given to the religious feeling of the nation, and of its neighbours. But suppose another case. Suppose these altars to have been used for offering sacrifices to the gods of the Canaanites, and that the ceremonials observed in the high places and under the green trees were cruel and obscene; and suppose that the brazen serpent itself had become an object of the same impure worship to a people against whom the doors of the temple seem to have been closed, and for whom no Levitical sacrifices were

offered; is it to be believed that Hezekiah's bold proceeding would offend any except those who had given themselves over to idolatry? Can the Dean himself imagine that persons zealous for the worship of Jehovah would have asked the question whether pure religion could survive, "when so little was left to sustain it for the future"? We think that this is not to be believed any more than the Dean's foolish sneer at what he calls "the popular conservative instinct of every age, which is terrified at every reformation." The conservative instinct is not terrified at reformation, but at its opposite. It holds, in religion, to the pure teaching of the Church, as this has come down to us from the age of the apostles; in politics, to the rightful balance of the constitution, and to the maintenance, in all its integrity, of the union between Church and State. But it abhors all attempts, whether made openly or under cover of sentimentalism, to shake the faith of mankind in the doctrines of the New Testament, just as it will resist, as long as resistance is possible, the absorption by one class in society, or by one branch of the legislature, of the whole powers of the government. It may be worth Dean Stanley's while, should another edition of his work be called for, to reconsider the statements he has hazarded in reference to this matter; for as they now stand, they are either without any meaning at all, or they mean what we should be sorry to lay to his charge, or to the charge of any other man holding the office of a presbyter, or the rank of a dignitary, of the Church of England.

We have now, as it appears to us, said as much as is necessary to justify the opinion which we ventured to express at the opening of this article, that Dr. Stanley, gifted and personally popular as he is, cannot be quite satisfied with himself. It must be distressing to a dignitary of the Church of England to feel that the dogmas to which he has publicly declared his assent disturb him; and that to teach as these require or seem to require that the Word of God should be taught, is to him a moral impossibility. In prophecy for example, Dr. Stanley's faith, if it have any existence, is meagre and unsettled. His views on the subject of miracles are either very loose or very illogically expressed; and he laughs to scorn the whole theory of types and figures. Now, we are not prepared to deny that, in popular systems of theology, there is, for the most part, an unnecessary multiplication of miracles; or that prophecy is a good deal forced, and types and figures strained. But it is one thing to discriminate wisely between what is real and what is unreal; it is quite another to explain everything away till we find ourselves in the end face to face with imposture. Take, as a specimen of what we mean, the Dean's method of dealing with Hezekiah's sickness, and with the circumstances which attended his recovery. The narrative, as given in the Second Book of Kings, corresponds in every part with the account of the transaction which we find in the 38th chapter of Isaiah. In the latter treatise these words occur: "Behold, I will bring again the shadow of the degrees, which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz, ten degrees backward. So the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down." The Book of Kings goes more into detail: "And Hezekiah said unto Isaiah, What shall be the sign that the Lord will heal me, and that I shall go up into the house of the Lord the third day? And Isaiah said, This sign shalt thou have of the Lord, that the Lord will do the thing that He hath spoken: shall the shadow go forward ten degrees, or go back ten degrees? And Hezekiah answered, It is a light thing for the shadow to go down ten degrees: nay, but let the shadow re-

turn backward ten degrees. And Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord: and He brought the shadow ten degrees backward by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz."

Compare these statements with the story as it is told by Dean Stanley; and observe the frank, honest, straightforward tone which pervades the first—the hesitating, wavering, uncertain spirit which breathes through the last:—

"He [the prophet Isaiah] applied the usual Eastern remedy of a cluster of figs on the tumour which threatened the king's life. Instant relief ensued; the king's spirit revived. He asked, like his father Ahaz, for a sign to confirm the hope that he might once again pass up the steps on his royal procession to the temple. The sign was given. Unlike many of the wonders of the Jewish history, which are told by writers long after the event, this is related, as it would seem by an eyewitness—at least by a contemporary; but, like the sign granted to his father, it is for us wrapt in obscurity. What were 'the steps of Ahaz?'—how the movement of the shadow upon them could be said to confirm the rising hopes of the king, we have no means of ascertaining. Of all the possible natural causes by which such a phenomenon might have been produced, the only one which can be supposed even minutely to illustrate it, is the fact that a partial eclipse of the sun took place at Jerusalem, as far as can be known, in the year of Hezekiah's illness.

There is something in such fencing as this which we find very difficult to reconcile with a belief in the sincerity of the writer who has recourse to it. It seems to be the course of one who disbelieves, yet is afraid or unwilling to avow his disbelief, and does his best to escape from a dilemma amid a cloud of nonsense of his own raising. Why quote the Septuagint version for 2d Kings xx., and not for Isaiah xxxviii., where the word "steps" cannot possibly be substituted for the word "dial"? Why conjure up an *eclipse* to help him out of his difficulty, when he is forced to confess, *in a note*, that, assuming the eclipse, "the change in the shadow would be almost imperceptible except to a scientific observer"? But so it is in many other cases. Wherever a miracle encumbers him, wherever the external constitution of the Church attracts his attention, he stumbles at it; and finding that both are asserted to be realities in Holy Scripture, he prefers invalidating the evidence which Scripture supplies, to the abandonment of his own view of things. And this is liberalism in religious matters—the magnanimous assertion of free thought—the new gospel, to which men of all creeds and all denominations must give in their adhesion, if they desire not to be left behind in the progress of intellect!

Dr. Stanley will not, we are afraid, believe us when we assure him, that it has given us greater pain to write these censures than he will probably receive when he reads them; yet such is the fact. With genius and talent of no common order; with education and scholarship entitling him to great respect; with a generous heart, a kindly disposition, a most persuasive manner both of speaking and of writing,—it is beyond measure distressing to find him, on points no less important than a right conception of man's duty as man, a guide to public opinion little to be relied upon. Dr. Colenso's rude and rough criticisms have already found their proper level; the more noxious of the 'Essays and Reviews' are lapsed long ago into the obscurity from which an over-zealous and unwise antagonism first raised them for a season; but the Dean of Westminster will be read, write what he will, wherever the English language extends; and infinitely more damage will accrue from his manner of treating sacred subjects, should he continue thus to treat them, than if he were openly to assail them. We can only blame the author for this, and grieve over the man, even while we love and hold him personally in respect.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

ON THE GREAT GERMAN DUEL.

"BROTHER, brother, we could hang each other," was the fraternal speech of Peecham to Lockit, and is pretty much the spirit of that amicable correspondence now carried on between Prussia and Italy.

There is nothing so false to friendship as an alliance. Our own last experiences in that shape were in the Crimea, and I am not sure if they have not revived a great many of the prejudices which time and a kindlier spirit were gradually obliterating between France and ourselves. When one carries a load with another man it is not always easy to believe that he takes his fair share of the burden. If he shows signs of weariness or exhaustion, we inveigh against him as a good-for-nothing; and if he step along jauntily and briskly, while we feel done up and tired, we are convinced at once that he has found some way to skulk his share of the work, and is simply cheating us.

Why did you make peace? cries Italy.

Why didn't *you* make War? rejoins Prussia; and in these two queries is contained a long diplomatic correspondence. Now the simple truth is, that in the late war in Germany, Prussia fought Austria in the presence of France, pretty much as the young gentlemen at Bonn or Heidelberg fight their university duels; for though it be a matter of necessity that these quarrels should be decided by the sword, yet are they not of that nature that demands the life of one or other of the combatants: on the contrary, with the first blood spilt the fight is at an end, and the party whose nose is sliced off hastens to shake hands with the other who has just lost his ear; and in order that no more fatal consequences should ensue, these duels are fought with leather coverings to protect the throat and the chest, and to defend all eminently vital parts. The seconds look to these details, and it is also their province to interfere when such a wound has been inflicted as they deem a sufficient vindication of the quarrel.

When Italy formed her alliance with Prussia, and agreed to attack Austria, her plan of campaign was this: a large force was to assemble on the Mincio and threaten the fortresses in front, and the passes of the Tyrol to the north; while Cialdini, with a powerful corps, was to cross the Po, and move on Venetia behind the Quadrilateral, and, not attacking Venice, was to march by Udine, round the head of the Adriatic, on Trieste. In conjunction with this, Garibaldi, landing in Dalmatia with twenty or thirty thousand volunteers, was to raise an insurrection in these provinces, and carry war and revolution into Hungary.

Louis Napoleon, who acted as second—or, as the Burschen code has it "impartial man"—accepted the first and forbade the last. I have no objection, said he, to the regular army standing in front of Mantua, or even going in between Mantua and Verona, because it will never get out again; but I strongly oppose Garibaldi's going to Dalamatia. If he do, he will have an overwhelming success, revive his old prestige, and reanimate that democratic fervour which, once excited, heaven knows where it will stop. In plain words, here was a spot where a fatal thrust might have been inflicted, and therefore, in such case, it should be protected. Garibaldi was so outrageous at his favourite plan being overruled, that it was with the greatest difficulty

he could be induced to accept a command at all. It is highly probable that nothing short of the peculiar position in which the affair of Aspromonte had placed him, would have made him swerve from this resolve.

Garibaldi was therefore turned on the Tyrol—that is, he was set to attack a series of mountain fortresses in which his losses must be enormous, and his gains, when he should make them, of next to no account, since he could not contribute to the success of the main army, from which he was totally separated; and every one, or at least every one with a white shirt to his back, knew that no portion of the Tyrol would be ultimately ceded by Austria. Whatever the fortune of the war, Garibaldi thus rendered innocuous, the next thing to be done was to perform the same service with regard to La Marmora. This was less difficult: he had neither the strong convictions, the ardour, nor the enthusiasm of the other, and he was completely at the disposition of the Tuileries. When he offered, therefore, to knock what Fanti called "his stupid head against the Quadrilateral," the plan was hailed with delight by the French Emperor.

To get a man who would risk something was wanted, but to find a man who would venture on what could not possibly succeed, was beyond all hope. La Marmora beaten, and the Italian army defeated, and possibly discouraged, was the first part of the "programme." French intervention would form the second. Louis Napoleon calculated that the first great reverse of the Italian army would cause a universal panic throughout the Peninsula. Full of hope, and bursting with enthusiasm as the Italians were on the outbreak of the war, it was not unreasonable to suppose that a great defeat would throw the nation into serious convulsion, and that a universal cry would be raised for the French.

Now, La Marmora's defeat at Custozza was, though heavy and severe enough, by no means such as should have rendered him unable to take the field again. His losses in killed and wounded were under three thousand, the prisoners taken by the Austrians were six thousand some hundreds, and there were not many guns captured. What was there, therefore, in this reverse to arrest the whole action of the war, and render an army of eighty thousand men powerless? The word of France! The Italians had been beaten because they were sent to do an impossibility; the next stage was that they should be discouraged by their misfortune. The first step of the "programme" was a perfect success; not so the second. Severe as the shock was felt by the nation at this reverse, great as the downfall was to their hope and terrible the revulsion, not one voice in all Italy cried to France for aid. The Press spoke out manfully against the incompetence of the generals, and praised, as they had right to do, the valour and conduct of the troops; but none so much as hinted that French assistance was needed. So far was national trustfulness carried, that, though impatient at the delay which ensued, and eager to know why the operations of the campaign were not renewed, not a journal uttered a word of disparagement, or censured the inactivity which was so incomprehensible.

The Emperor waited throughout that long eight days of inaction, expecting every hour to hear from his envoy at Florence that Italy had yielded, that the nation had lost confidence in the army, and implored the intervention of France. How long would the drowning swimmer repress his cry for help was the whole calculation.

It is possible that if the Italians in venturing on this war had no other object than to acquire Venetia, all would have happened as the Emperor had planned.

Their defeat before the fortresses would have shown them that they needed a far more powerful force than their own to push through that terrible defile, and that Venice could not be won by their own army. They had, however, another and a far higher goal than an increase of territory; they burned to show Europe that Italians could take the field alone and meet the enemy without the aid of an ally; they wanted to prove that Italy could fight, and this ambition moved hundreds who felt scarcely any interest in the question of annexation. To wipe out the stain of the first reverse was then the desire of the whole army; and the panic on which the Emperor had so confidently reckoned was not to be discovered.

Austria, however, saw the whole game; indeed her spy system as to all that was passing in Italy was perfect. She saw how France was waiting for that pretext for intervening which a great overthrow would occasion, and the Archduke forbore to push his successes at Custozza to the extent he might by following up the beaten army across the Mincio,—a forbearance which to those who were not acquainted with the political emergency bore all the appearance of incapacity and weakness.

The victory of Custozza was scarcely announced at Vienna when the Duc de Grammont, the French Ambassador at the Austrian Court, was informed that Austria, having now vindicated the honour of her arms, was prepared to cede Venetia to the French Emperor. By this stroke all pretext for a French intervention was anticipated, and Louis Napoleon's intended move was at once arrested.

Whether France accepted or refused the cession, it gave her no plea for moving down into Italy. When the Irishman in New York, seeing a row in the street, asked a stranger "if it was a 'free fight'?" he delicately meant to convey, that if it was not a private or a family quarrel he would like to "cut in." Now Louis Napoleon would not seem to feel such scrupulous courtesy; he thinks, probably, because the Empire is Peace, that where there is fighting he ought to be at least consulted. Thus checkmated in the south, he turned his views northwards. It is said amongst those who discuss these matters with more knowledge than usually falls to us of the outer world, that when M. Bismark was at Biarritz, he explained his plan to the Emperor, not only as to how the quarrel with Austria was to be fomented into a war, but what he anticipated as the consequences of the campaign. Prussia, I am well aware, said he, can neither put into the field such an army as Austria, nor provide the reserves that a reverse will call for. We shall be beaten—not ignominiously, I hope and believe, but overpowered and repulsed. By this time, you, the French, will be ready to come in; and as to the terms—here it is said he significantly passed his finger along the line of the Rhine, which lay on a map on the table—we shall not dispute them.

By this adroit stratagem he provided for French abstention. Louis Napoleon had been promised his bribe: he was only asked to wait for the opportune moment to receive it.

The terms of such a compact, so compounded of trick and deception, must have had no common charm for him; and it was clever of Bismark to bait the trap for the crafty old rat with the savoury morsel whose very odour was irresistible.

It was easy enough to show that the Prussian people and the Prussian Chamber would not listen in cold blood to the cession of Rhenish Germany to France, but that the question would present a very different aspect when the Austrian vedettes were at Potsdam.

To any one who has watched the career of the French Emperor, it

tion. The declaration of the Minister at War to the House encouraged his hearers by the assurance, that within a year our infantry should be armed with breech-loaders. It was evident from this that it was not the Prussians we had outgrown.

Our iron fleet, borrowed originally from the suggestion of Louis Napoleon, showed that in naval matters we were not outgrowing France; while the admission of our First Lord, that he did not know where to find ships to replace those returning from foreign stations, must have equally demonstrated that, in what pertained to a fleet, we could not have outgrown any country with a seaboard at all, except Monaco, perhaps.

But, happily, there are other things than those which pertain to a fleet or an army. There are great questions of internal policy. There are matters of law, education, the treatment of the poor, the care of the sick, the police of cities, the regulations which provide for the health of a people. It is in these, perhaps, we have outgrown the Continent. It is in our legislation that we excel. I wonder are we so sure of all this. I wonder will our Chancery Court so shame the Code Napoleon that it may not be mentioned before it. I wonder if we have attained to that amount of clearness and simplicity in our laws, and that degree of despatch and cheapness in their execution, that all foreigners should regard us with envy and with astonishment.

Perhaps it is in the education of our people we have outgrown the Continent. I am afraid that the percentage of those who can read and write with us would compare very disadvantageously with the same class in Prussia. The newspapers have of late given us such startling revelations about the system of our unions, that it cannot assuredly be in our treatment of the poor we can claim an especial superiority; nor will the disclosures of the last six months permit me to indulge the belief that it is in our commercial credit, and the stability of our great banks, we have outgrown Europe.

It is possible, however, that it may not be in any specialty that we have surpassed our neighbours, so much as in that general civilisation which an enlightened liberty confers, that widespread intelligence which is diffused through a people elevated by the teachings of an able Press, and trained to all the habits of a responsible freedom. The scenes at Hyde Park are too recent to admit of this flattering explanation; nor can I shut my eyes to the fact that drunkenness is the national vice, and that the addiction to drink is not the habit of only the very lowest of our people.

Where, then, this outgrowal of the Continent? It may be said that agriculture has attained an excellence unknown abroad—that a more cultivated and scientific system is pursued, not only in our tillage, but on our stock farms; that a greater industry characterises all our people is also true; but I am certain it was not with reference to these the distinguished speaker spoke his memorable words. What he meant, I take to be, that with that enlightenment which should accompany great national prosperity, we have grown so far wiser than our neighbours that we would not rashly rush into war to enlarge our boundaries, or add to our material power; that we have elevated ourselves to believe that there are more legitimate subjects of national pride than a wide frontier and a vast population; that while Continental countries fret and fume with their rivalries, and fly to wars to decide them, we, great, calm, and self-possessed, cultivate the arts of peace, and present to their excited gaze the spectacle of a great nation, rich, happy, and contented, envious of none, an example to all; powerful enough to desire no in-

crease of strength, independent of all aid, seeking no alliances, and placed by Providence in a position to utter great truths to mankind, and preach to all and every, from the Baltic to the Bay of Naples.

It is, nevertheless, astonishing how very little foreigners generally appear to be impressed with these signs of our "outgrowal." To all outward semblance, in their appreciation, the England of the past was something far greater than the England of the present. Why and how is it that Great Britain is no longer heard with interest and with deference in those councils which determine the fate of Europe? Is it because she has soared into a sphere so much above the small questions of the Continent, become, as the phrase is, an Asiatic power, an Australian power, that she is indisposed to waste time or energy upon the petty differences of smaller empires? or is it that England has become so shrunken and contracted that she no longer touches the nations to which she was once contiguous? Is it that while Continental States have been growing in military strength and capacity, which are the great signs of power, we are satisfied to remain, in the words of the 'Times' before me, "with a navy without ships, and an army without men"?

There is nothing has done such fatal mischief to our nation as the insistance with which it has been told how rich it is. A First Lord may tell us he has no reliefs for the ships returning from foreign stations; our overworked army may be half exhausted by the patrol of the entire globe; we may have "death by starvation" as one of the headings in our newspapers; and yet when the words "our resources" are hurled at us, we sit down happy and reconciled, and with our head on our money-bags sleep as calmly as if the door were doubly barred and bolted, and there was not a robber in the neighbourhood.

I can tell you where, however, we have "outgrown the Continent"—in an overweening estimate of ourselves and of our power. We know what England once accomplished with one-half of her present population, and less than a tithe of her present wealth; and we imagine it is a simple sum in arithmetic what she could do now with her present "resources." In this prodigious credulity we have certainly outgrown the Continent. A boastful delusion about our being individually stronger and braver than every one else, has formed the backing, as shipbuilders would call it, to this outward cuirass of our immense wealth, and we imagine ourselves shot-proof. Austria was under a similar delusion a few weeks back. Her resources, in a military point of view, were immeasurably greater than ours, and yet she collapsed like an exhausted air-bag. She was not given time to utilise her means, and the small State whose resources were all ready and available, came down upon and crushed her.

It is to that small State which we have outgrown, as we have outgrown all others around it, the ablest of our public journals now points as matter for our imitation. It is to the Prussia which we have left behind us we must turn back for lessons in the creation and organisation of a great army. Do not fancy that it is merely the needle-gun they have to give you. It is their whole system of enlistment and enrolment you have to learn; the mode in which a service is formed — the mechanism by which men become soldiers, and yet remain citizens — their transport, their supply system, their field-hospitals, and their ambulances, are all lessons for you; and for all your having "outgrown" them, you will be astonished how much there will be that is new to you.

In social matters I do not see, I confess, any great signs of this

same outgrowing. Our railroad accommodation is far inferior to the Russian; and our best hotels have yet something to learn from those of Switzerland.

If, however, it were all indisputably true—if our civilisation were in reality far in advance of the rest of Europe—until the fact became an admitted and accepted one, we should not benefit by it. The Continent must see that we have outgrown it, to make our claims available. It is not enough that we think or say it. Others must recognise it too. Now, so far as I have seen, this is not the present temper of the Press abroad. We are not overwhelmed by the praises of France, or smothered by the compliments of Germany, nor are the Italians given to any exaggerated estimate of our greatness. Resources are only a means to an end, and are not even that when not utilised. We may be rich enough for greatness, and yet not be great: rich enough to have power, and yet not be powerful. The fibre of our national strength might possibly sustain a long-continued strain, but the question is, would it resist a sudden and unexpected jerk? and if not, all the resources for reparation would come a little too late, and we might come to find out that it neither ministered to our force as a people, nor our greatness as a nation, that we had "outgrown the Continent."

THE "HEDGE" TO LOSE.

If any man who chanced to stand beside the rouge-et-noir table at Ems or Homburg were suddenly to be told that he must wager all he owned in the world on the next game, and stake his entire fortune on the issue of black or red winning, he would naturally object, alleging, probably, that he was no gambler; that the game had no attraction for him; that he wished well to both parties in the contest, and would be charmed if it were possible that each could win. In a word, he would simply entreat to be suffered to go his way, and seek amusement elsewhere at a less costly sacrifice.

If still, however, the insistance should be continued, and at last he were actually forced to play, I do think that when fortune declared against him, and it was found that he was ruined, such a man well deserves some sympathy and some pity.

This was precisely the case of the King of Hanover at the outbreak of the late war. Pressed on one side to back Prussia, solicited on the other to bet on Austria, he repeatedly declared that he took no interest in the game; that gambling of any sort never afforded him pleasure; and that he would take it as a great favour if he might be permitted merely to look on. Prussia said, "No; you've no business here if you won't stake your money like the rest of us; down with your coin like a gentleman, and don't drive us to use force with you." Austria was better mannered—showed more deference to his scruples, and in all respects displayed a more courteous bearing; but while exhibiting a marked respect for the conscientious repugnance which Hanover manifested towards play of any kind, slyly whispered, "If it will get you out of the difficulty, I may tell you in confidence I'm sure to win, so that you may back *me* with perfect safety."

Still Hanover hesitated, as well she might; the occasion was too momentous for rashness, since for her it was her whole existence was at stake. If it were inevitable, however, and she must back one stable or the other, the only thing to be done was to ascertain how the knowing ones were betting, and so she set some shrewd fellows to

work to find out what a wily old turfite, who lives at the Tuileries, thought of the match; but all in vain. The accounts that came of him were most vague or contradictory. Some said he had laid heavily on Prussia; some that he stood entirely to win on Austria; some averred that he booked to see them run a dead heat, and hoped to come out fresh with his horse "Crapaud," who was in splendid condition, and carry off the cup; but the only thing positively certain about him was, that he carried his book in his breast-pocket, and even his own trainer had never got a peep at it; his invariable answer to his friends, when asking for information, being, "They have both of them excellent horses, and in rare condition; they are sure to be well ridden, and it will be a very pretty race."

This was cool comfort for Hanover, who wanted to know where to put her money, and she next turned to an old relation of the family, a certain Mr. Bull, who was once a good deal on the turf, and used, as people then thought, to be a right good judge of a horse. Bull, however, said he had given up the turf altogether. It was a pursuit that had cost him no end of money: and though he liked it and enjoyed it when he was a young fellow, full of life and vigour, now he had grown lazy, short in the wind, and fallen into flesh too; so that, altogether, he said, "I don't think I'll ever risk sixpence on a race again." It must be owned that he made all these admissions with a certain reluctance and a degree of shame that showed he did not think the more highly of himself while he said it. Hanover went his way, backed Austria, and lost every shilling he had in the world.

It is not easy to imagine a harder case than this; for, besides being obliged, as we have seen, to play, Hanover was in the unhappy position of those people who have their money in what at rouge-et-noir is called the *après*—that is, even if they win they only recover their own original stake. No matter what success might attend the side she backed, Hanover could win nothing. She stood to lose everything, or come out of the contest as she went into it.

Now, I appeal to any one in the ring, and ask if this is not a most unfortunate book? Can any one fancy to himself a more pitiable situation?

Before this war broke out, Hanover was in the same position as the other smaller kingdoms of Germany. There were, doubtless, things in her administration that might have been better; there were liberties that might have been more freely extended, and privileges maintained which might wisely have been abandoned; but, on the whole, it was an easy rule to live under. The conscription was not extensive, taxation was light, there was a reasonable freedom for the press, and if a man were not a regular grumbler or a politician of the Manchester school, he might have lived happily enough under that sceptre.

These smaller states, at which our fashion is now to sneer and mock, possessed one great advantage, in the fact that they were eminently unambitious; and, just as in social life we see the man of moderate fortune never aspiring to public life, nor putting himself forward to represent his county or even his borough, these little kingdoms passed lives of great obscurity, forming pleasant retreats for people humble-minded as themselves — little refuge-harbours for little craft, not to be despised in days when even three-deckers are seen to founder.

It is in the endless diversity of condition that men are reconciled to their lot in life. It is in the fact that, no matter what may befall you, you are never reduced to an uncompanionable existence. The man of three thousand a-year may be brought down to three

hundred, and he will find numbers of persons who have no more, and who live on such fortunes uncomplainingly and contentedly. These smaller states represented in the world of monarchies these men of moderate incomes. They lived within their means, and learned never to long for or ask after the more costly habits of their richer neighbours.

The Scotch have an admirable proverb, "It takes a' sort o' folk to mak' a warld," and every hour I live I feel the force of it more strikingly. We need all conditions of men, and all the sympathies that their different conditions engender. We want every phase of humanity to get us out of the selfishness of believing that we are ourselves the type and the ideal, and that it is we who impart the salt and savour to all the rest of creation. If I know myself, I am no Radical; and yet it is scarcely without a shudder I can imagine what Europe might have become by this time, if the Great Revolution of France had not swept down to carry away class privileges and social prerogatives, and purify the world by the wholesome air of a new-born freedom.

Let any one picture to his mind what a crash it would have been if that rotten old edifice had gained another storey or two before the crowbar had come to its foundations!

If I forgive neither the guillotine of the Place de Grève nor the noyades of the Loire, I can be grateful for the grand lesson these terrible reformers taught Europe.

Then for the first time for centuries did one half the world begin to know how the other half lived!

And now I am sorry, sincerely sorry, that a whole class, as it were, is to be extinguished; for the law that says there are to be no more small states, almost decrees there are to be no more small people.

It may be a very ignoble consideration in me to declare that I like the low stool because my legs are short, but I can't help it. I was fond of these small states because they suited small fortunes. "Poverty," says the great satirist, "has no evil so heavy as that it makes men ridiculous;" but this ridicule never attached save in the presence of rich men. My wherry cut a very good figure amidst the small craft that figured in my village regatta, but I'd not care to go out in her to a naval review at Spithead!

When Hanover is absorbed, and Hesse, and Brunswick, and Nassau, and half-a-dozen more of these small states, where is a man to live who is fond of smoke and sauer-kraut, and has only small means to pay for them?

If you imagine that the little town, which was once a Capital, will bear any resemblance to its former self when it is annexed to a larger state and reduced to provincialism, you are sadly mistaken. Of all the miserable spectacles of a has been, I know nothing to compare with one of these little cities in their desertion. The palace in ruins—one end, perhaps, inhabited by the Prefect, the other wing a barrack for the gendarmerie; the theatre closed, if not converted into a hayloft; the shops mostly shut up; the streets grass-grown; a poverty-stricken look everywhere, even to the little Café in the "Place," where four old fellows, in threadbare black, are playing a game with cards the colour of their coats, and indignantly regarded by a squalid waiter, who knows they will not spend a groschen. But, to return to the purely political consideration; it was a shameful tyranny to compel these countries to take share in a war and choose a side, when they avowed their desire to remain neutral. Leaving to one side altogether that they had no interest in the struggle, there were innumerable objections to take the field on the mere ground of expense. Not one of these states was in a condition to equip and victual an army.

The five or six thousand infantry, and the three squadrons of dragoons, by which they cut such a sorry figure, half ruined them! Like all small people, they were reluctant that the tenuity of their means should be exposed to public gaze, and made matter of scornful comment; nor was the pain of the sentiment alleviated by feeling how heavily even this humble display cost them. As in the old song,

"Sir Gawen had no horse to ride,
Nor steed could he beg or borrow;
Yet he bowed his head when the Earl cried,
We shall hunt the stag to-morrow."

Very poor fun this same "chasse" was to Hanover. Indeed, as the legend has it, "A waeful hunting they did go," and the poor King is never to take horse again!

It is not easy—perhaps it is not necessary—to like M. Bismark; certainly, from all I can learn, he has managed to do harsh things very harshly. A little sternness might possibly not have been out of place in dealing with the Elector of Hesse—not that the old fellow would have much cared for it, so long as he could carry away his fifty wives and his well-filled coffers—but the case of Hanover was very different. There was a King who had gained the respect of his people, and there was a Queen who had won their love and affection, and whose sorrows have moved the compassion of every kind heart in Europe.

Oh, M. Bismark, *faut être Prussien* to do these things! There must be a spike in the man's heart as well as his helmet who is capable of them!

I cannot say what amount of consolation the King of Hanover may have derived from the English papers which have discussed his fall. One of the most influential of them has gone the length of assuring him that an English nobleman is so much finer a thing than a foreign King, that he owes a deep debt of gratitude to M. Bismark who has elevated him to this rank.

It discusses, not without plausibility, the various anxieties of small sovereignty, and compares the worries and annoyances of a little kingdom, more or less subject to the pressure of its stronger neighbours, with the ease and liberty and personal enjoyment of a well-to-do country gentleman, and winds up the whole with the assurance that come what will his Majesty may feel happy to know that he is in the enjoyment of all the sympathy and the respect of the writer, reminding one not a little of the consolation offered in the French play, by the man when his friend's wife has run away from him,—"Remember," says he, impressively—"remember, *mon ami, vous aurez toujours mon estime!*"

IS BORITIS CONTAGIOUS?

I do not look upon myself as a fortunate man. I have had too many proofs in life that the fickle goddess has not taken me into her especial favor, nor exempted me from the disappointments which are the common lot of humanity. I am bound equally to own that I am not peculiarly unlucky; for though I have had my fair share of reverses and accidents—had severe falls from horses, and a few upsets in boats—I have, up to this, neither been smashed nor drowned, so that, on the whole, some slight balance in the way of luck may really be in my favour.

I have always had capital health, and a reasonable proportion of good spirits. My lot has frequently thrown me into pleasant places. But there is one grudge I bear against destiny—there is one grievance against which I have revolted for

years and years, and I feel that I shall have to struggle against it to the latter end. It is a misery that has done more to sour me with life, and render me peevish and irritable, than loss of fortune or even of health. It is a sorrow that haunts me through the world, and makes what ought to be the brightest hours of my life the dreariest and the darkest.

By some unhappy combination in my nature I have a fatal power of attracting to me all that is dull and stupid and tiresome in humanity. Let me go where I will, and if there be a hopeless bore in the room, he attaches himself to me like a barnacle to a rock. Sugar does not collect flies with the same certainty that I gather around me whatever is drowsy, and heavy, and uninteresting. Absent men, who forget their own names, like me; the dreary dogs who tell stories and break down in the middle of them — the fellows who retail 'Punch' and forget the point of the jokes—are fond of me. Sleepy old creatures, who converse in a sort of narcotic snore, salute me like a brother, and deaf men delight in me. The consequence, I need not say, is awful. Whatever is brilliant, sprightly, or intelligent, fancies it ought to shun me—that it is choice surrounds me with the dreary ones—and that I am, in fact, to be judged by my company; a sentence which would inevitably condemn me to perpetual banishment.

If there be in a room a man hopelessly dull and obtuse, commonplace in all his thoughts, and a little hard of hearing, the host is sure to say, "O'Dowd, here is a friend I have long desired to make you known to. There are few men better suited to each other. Come into this quiet corner and have a chat together."

I often wonder, Am I the only victim of this kind in Europe, or is the malady known to other men? I consulted a very grand Paris doctor—he is now in the imperial household—to learn if the fault was in my temperament—if it was a physical defect, an organic mischief, or if it were some fatal flaw in my manner—some unhappy peculiarity in my bearing or address. He took great pains with my case, gave it much consideration, and at last came to the conclusion—he broke it with much delicacy and regard for my feelings—that it was what he called "latent affinity:" that, in fact, it was some curious instinct in stupid people impelled them to recognise in me the head of their guild, the grand dominating chief of the clan, and that their submission and homage were acts perfectly involuntary, and that they could no more control them in my presence than they could bear immersion without drowning.

This was very dreadful news, for it declared there was no hope for me. My malady was as much organic as though it had been an ossification of the arteries. While my doctor told me this he tried to cheer me. "It was an affection," he said, "that did not shorten life, though it occasionally inclined men to the use of ardent spirits, for the sense of relief that stimulant supplied against depression."

Perhaps, after all, one ought not to repine if he can be found companionable by any set of people: perhaps, in reality, it is something to win the suffrages of even the forty-shilling freeholders of society, and better to be the hon. member for Bœotia than not returned at all. I am not sure that I might not have reconciled myself to my fate by some such reasoning as this, if another and far weightier consideration had not weighed with me. It was this: I had a terrible misgiving, growing by degrees into something not very far from a strong conviction, that dulness is contagious, and that one catches prosiness as he might the plague, just from living in an infected district.

I never remember in all my life experiencing such a shock as

when this thought first shot through me. It was in a greater degree what I once felt on seeing the leperos in Mexico, and fancying myself for a moment the victim of their terrible malady. "Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed, "is it catching? and if so, why are these people suffered to go at large?—why are there no quarantine regulations against a pestilence worse than all the yellow fever that ever swept Jamaica?—why don't we isolate these creatures—lock them up in cells, and fumigate them? If their terrible disease be incurable—and in certain cases I fear it is—why do we not take measures to secure the healthy against contagion?" I am not naturally cruel, but I am sorely afraid that the mode in which we stamped out the cattle-plague presents to my mind a sovereign remedy which a mawkish humanity might revolt at. We saw what a rumpus people made about their cows being slaughtered a few weeks ago, and we might not impossibly witness a similar burst of unreflecting compassion about their relatives, for it is no use telling them, "This beast that we destroy is of no value. In no way can it contribute to human aliment. It is a mere consumer of the earth's fruit, with the terrible power of propagating its own poison." People will go on saying, "I don't think it's fatal. I have seen him that way these thirty years; he was just as dreary when he was a boy—he used to tell that tiresome story when we were at Trinity. I assure you, except for the mere march of time, he's just what I remember him long ago."

Just as the French doctor told me. It does not shorten life, it only embitters it. It will not upset the cup of existence, but it muddies the liquor within and makes it undrinkable.

In olden days, when we were inhuman enough to garrison the West Indies with white regiments, there was a popular practice at the mess which most painfully exhibits the deadly nature of the climate. As the bottle circulated after dinner, men, before filling their glasses, were wont to hold their clenched hands to the light to see if perspiration were or were not arrested. If the former, it was the signal to rise from table and go to bed, the symptom being the first indication of yellow fever. Happy fellows, after all, that they had even this much of warning; for if attended to in time, it was usually sufficient to meet the coming evil.

Now, the pestilence I complain of works so secretly and insidiously, that it actually permeates your system before you detect any change in your circulation or influence on your digestion. A general drowsiness is the first symptom, increasing to an intense desire to turn your face to the wall; frequent sighing and depression follow—dashed by brief paroxysms, in which you would like to strangle somebody; these are, however, soon succeeded by complete prostration, and then you may be said to have it.

Doctors lay great stress on the distinctive features which mark the mental aberrations in disease, so that we find kleptomania or delirium tremens, mild and frantic madness, where the membranes of the brain are affected. I do not presume to know what are the structures engaged in boritis, or by what organic changes it is caused. If in "the heart or in the head"—I suspect it has a connection with both; but the character of the mental affection is chiefly what physicians call "wandering." Men affected with boritis cannot go straight to their object: they meander, and serpentine, and lose themselves. They read the 'Times,' and retail it with a dishonest adulteration of their own dulness. They tell a story, and confuse the characters and omit the point. They dramatise the most vulgar incident of their stupid lives, and think they are lively when they

throw their dreariness into dialogue.

Now it is not necessary to tell the world that I am a very humble man, living a quiet, almost obscure life, satisfied to be ignored, and not complaining that I am unsought or unlooked after; but I do complain, and I have a right to complain, that men in the very height of this terrible disease, blue with boritis, will come in upon me, shake my hand, breathe upon me, sit down beside me, talk to me their interminable tiresomeness, and expose me in every way to the contagion of a malady I dread far more than ever I dreaded ague or typhus.

Why, I ask, why am I to be made the victim of an affection for which my family have to fly me? Why am I to be tainted with a complaint which estranges me from the members of my own household, and leads them to innumerable devices to isolate me, even to the extent of inducing me to take a little broth in my own room, and not come down to dinner till I feel better? Feel better indeed! I shall never feel better. And yet there are obstinate people, people so incapable of the simplest process of induction, that will tell you it is not taking. Why, can't they perceive that, at the very moment of the assertion, they are in boritis, high boritis—boritis maligna?

All diseases have their ethnological characters; and I am sorry and ashamed to own that the worst cases of boritis I have ever met were Irish. Boritis Hibernicalis is the most virulent form of the complaint; the blunders are more marked, the reiterations more copious, the meanderings more frequent, not to say that there is in the semi-lachrymose whine of the Irish patient a more certain incentive to self-murder than I have ever found even in Americans.

In German villages there is a law which compels the people who have natural smallpox in their families to attach to the house-door a warning placard to announce it. Why will not a wise legislature oblige people in boritis to carry a tabard with the letter B upon it? Susceptible individuals like myself would be often apprised in time, and save themselves by a cab, or even by swimming.

People made loud meetings about cattle-plague, but for my own part I'd rather eat doubtful beef than have a bore over venison.

BATHING AND BATHERS.

I am somewhat amused to see by the English papers the mode of persuasion employed to induce my countrymen to wear some species of dress in bathing. They are not once appealed to, as methinks they might, on grounds of simple decency and decorum. They are not told how revolting to all notions of propriety is the habit of appearing in public without clothes. They are not recalled to ideas of civilisation by being warned that their ways are a scandal and a shame; but they are flatteringly informed that by the addition of a little drapery, scarcely more than what a Sandwich Islander puts on for a holiday, they will be permitted to bathe with ladies, to ask them to duck with them, or invite them for the "next" swim. They are insidiously informed that such are the popular practices at Ostend and Dieppe, and curtly asked, Why should they not prevail at Brighton? Now, I am free to own, I do not think that this was the line of argument that ought to have been employed. I think the practice of wearing a dress while bathing might have commended itself on its own fair grounds, and the claims of decency might have been heard without pressing into the suit such inducements as I have mentioned.

For bathing naked there is nothing to be said: for indiscriminate bathing of men and women there is not much, at least not much in its favour. In all new and unaccustomed conditions of life, in all situations in which people dispense with the conventional habits which discipline existence, people invariably rush into freedom and familiarities which they would never have thought of in the more well-ordered and better regulated hours of life. The familiar instance of the habits and manners of those who are given to dine at *tables d'hôte* may suffice to illustrate what I mean. The politeness of such places is perfect equality; the courtesy is a complete communism. You hand the salt to the lady beside you, and you smile at her with the attention. You help her to fish, and, fascinated by her attractions, give her all the fin. What need of introduction after such proof of devotion? By the time the "*rôti*" is served you feel as if you were old friends. But this is not all. There is about the whole intercourse a sense of irresponsibility that enhances the freedom. You are not bound by the recognisances of society. She is a strange sail. She may be the vessel of a royal navy; she may be a slaver—I mean an enslaver. Neither of you show your colours—that is neither of you need show your colours. How long you may cruise together, or where part company, seems the merest accident. And all these uncertainties lend a certain charm to the acquaintance that makes up the romance of people who have no other romance, and forms the poetry of men on the Stock Exchange, or who deal in oakum or elephants' teeth. If such, then, be the ways and habits of the dinner-table, what, I leave you to imagine, must be those of the seaside, where people meet for the first time in circumstances of such mingled absurdity and freedom, that, all the usual restraints of society withdrawn, they have to make up a code of behaviour to suit salt water, and to be relinquished as soon as the persons have resumed their clothes. That is to say, that between the lady in wet drapery and the gentleman dressed *à la Gaboon*, a score of pretty little familiarities are practicable that would not be tolerated for a moment when the respective parties have got back to clothes. So that, however shocking at first to your feelings, you will at last reconcile yourself to the fact that the nymph with whom you have disported like a river-god half the morning, or the siren over whose first swimming lessons you have presided, lending a hand in the most literal sense to her first flounderings, will cut you dead when she has recovered her crinoline and resumed her pork-pie. It is in vain you ask yourself, how is this? how has that young hoyden with whom you romped in the rough sea not more than an hour back, stiffened into a glacier of propriety on shore? Is there some subtle chemistry in sea-water? Can it be that these phosphates and sulphates exert some extraordinary magnetic influence over the nervous system? or are we really such creatures of clothes, as Mr. Carlyle says, and is all our civilisation a matter of some yards of a textile fabric, without which we are Fijis or Fans, or anything else as primitive? Are we, in one word, so artificial that all our thoughts and words and looks are regulated by our dress? and are we only natural when we have next to none on us? If this were the case, what inestimable benefit would the recognition of the fact confer on humanity! How much more swimmingly—I am not punning—a courtship would go on where the parties had divested themselves of their reserves along with their garment, and came forth in all the candour of a bathing dress! What an effect would it have in Court, if by any mischance

broken pledges should lead to a legal redress, to hear—"She told me so in the water;" "He swore it in the sea;" "It was half ebb when he asked me 'to float with him for ever.'"

All the solemnity the Romans once gave to a pledge uttered over the ashes of their ancestors would now be imparted to promises uttered in a tideway. For once in our lives we should come to understand the meaning of "a naked truth."

Nothing—I have it on the words of respectable mothers of many daughters—is so difficult in our day as to ascertain the real intentions of young men; whether they are merely what is cruelly called "amusing themselves," or are really serious—in fact, that there is no known test by which attentions can be tried; and till the actual moment comes when the question is asked, it is perfectly impossible to say whether the fish has been merely nibbling at the bait, or has the hook tight through his jaw.

Now, how easy would it be to establish a distinct code through the means of sea-flirtations! Let three ducks, for instance, represent a proposal. I throw this suggestion out carelessly, for probably Mr. Buckland can tell us how fish impart their first buddings of affection, and we might reasonably ambition to derive our amatory images from other sources in the creation than the birds of the air. Why should we compare young married couples to turtle-doves, rather than say they were as happy as gudgeons?

I have suffered myself to drift along this stream of digression, and have now only remembered whence I started. I set out by saying that Englishmen were promised, that if they would put on some clothes they might bathe with ladies as they do in France; and it is unquestionably a great bribe to John Bull to be told he may do something that is done in France. He has felt, even in that short Sunday trip to Boulogne, how the Frenchman has laughed at his strict propriety, his rigid ideas about scores of things at home, and he would like to show that, if he liked it, he could be as indifferent to decency as any one.

The state of the case, however, is this. There is a certain licence in life abroad which foreigners never care to pass, but which, if introduced into English habits, will speedily degenerate into something worse than mere licence. We are in fact a most thoroughgoing people. In our amusements we always lean to a dash of cruelty to heighten the zest; we like a stone in our snowball; and if once we begin to tamper with the rules that regulate our proprieties, heaven knows were we shall end. What is safe enough at Dieppe or Ostend, will not be good practice at Scarborough or Brighton. A masquerade with us is never a very satisfactory performance; and if we go masquerading in the water, I have my suspicion it will not be a whit safer than on shore.

"OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS."

There is a well-known story, old enough to be a Joe Miller, where an Irishman—it is always an Irishman is the hero of such adventures—being asked what he had to say in his defence against a charge of having stolen a quadrant, replied, "Your worship, it's a very ugly business, and the less said about it the better." I am very curious to know if it was through a process of reasoning of this sort that General La Marmora arrived at his late determination to exclude all newspaper correspondents from the lines of the army, and thus to deny the public of Europe the possibility of acquiring any just or accurate accounts of the war.

If so, I say the General was

right; that is, if the campaign was what the Irishman said of his own mischance, there was prescience in the flat refusal to admit the presence of a chronicler.

If, however, we only consider for a moment the inestimable services the 'Times'' correspondent with the Austrian army has conferred upon the Imperial forces, we shall be driven to demur from General La Marmora's resolution, and declare that in this rash decision he did his country a more fatal injury than when, to use General Fanti's words, he "ran his stupid head against the Quadrilateral."

Let us imagine for a moment what estimate any of us would have formed of the Austrian army if he had only learned by the bald statements of the telegraph the series of disasters through which they retreated, from the first encounter with the Prussians to the lines of Florisdorf, and if we had not read of their noble devotion, their daring bravery, their discipline unbroken by defeat, and their splendid courage, even after they saw that fortune had pronounced against them. If Königgrätz had been without a historian on the Austrian side, which of us would ever have heard of the glorious stand that army made, and how gallantly it fought to retrieve the miscalculations of deficient generalship? Who, too, would ever have heard, or hearing would have known, the difficulties of Benedek's flank march from Olmutz to the Danube, an achievement in military eyes the very greatest of the whole war? Europe ought to feel gratitude to those men who carry with them through all the fatigues and positive perils of a campaign, such powers of acute observation, such mastery of details, such depth of reflection, such ability to collect facts, and such marvellous powers of description, so that war passes before our eyes like a vast panorama unrolling itself, and we see the march and the bivouac, the massive combinations for the mighty struggle, and the terrible shock itself, in all its glorious tumult and its terrible splendour.

When we think that these men, trusted as they must be trusted, to obtain the intelligence they send us—cognisant as they cannot but be not merely of much that was intended and yet never carried out—aware of the difficulties which opposed themselves here, and the perils that arose there—and not of these alone, but fully aware of plans formed for future action, projects slowly maturing and ripening,—when, I say, we see these men thus informed, and see, too, that in all the haste and excitement of a time so charged with various emotions, never by a chance, not even once, has a word dropped from them in their correspondence to prejudice the cause of those with whom they sojurned—not a syllable by which their intentions could be guessed or their plans divined; when we see them, in one word, behaving as loyally, as faithfully, and as prudently, as though they had been the actual officials of the Government on whose deeds and acts they had come to pronounce, one is obliged to own that the reading public of Europe is splendidly served, and that it is a noble feature of our great journalism that can present us with such a class of writers.

It is unhappily useless now to speculate on what gain it had been to the Italian army if their conduct in the field could have been reported by such chroniclers as recounted the hard-fought fights of Skalitz and Sadowa.

It would unquestionably not have disserved the cause of Italy to have told the world how these new soldiers bore themselves against the *élite* of Austria. So long as the fighting qualities of a nation are beyond question or doubt, the blunderings of a La Marmora or the shortcomings of a Persano can be borne, impatiently if you like, but

still with credit and self-esteem. The men who crossed the Mincio to die under the walls of Mantua and Verona deserved some better historian than a clerk in the War Office. The day of Custozza, with all its disasters, would have been relieved by the narrative that should have told that it was through no want of courage or devotion that shattered first division fell back across the stream which they had passed at daybreak with music at the head of every column.

Up to this, all we know of that disastrous day is to be gathered from the English papers; and how much more might we have obtained, and how much more accurately too, if La Marmora had not "run his head" against the Press as well as against Peschiera.

The battle in which three thousand men fell on one side alone, ought surely to teach something besides the fact that the General who was beaten was incompetent; and yet this is the sole lesson the day of Custozza has conferred upon us. If there be but little to learn from the way in which these men were led, let us at least hear how they were armed, how weighted, when they went into action; in what state of efficiency was the artillery; how did the cavalry behave—how were they mounted. We have heard vaguely enough, too, how ill-combined were the movements in support of the first division. Might we not also learn from what cause or through whose fault this want of concert occurred?

If General La Marmora, by ignoring, could suppress or extinguish the journalism of Europe, there might be some sense in his proceeding. At least, so far as he was himself concerned, as the Irishman said, "the less said the better;" but happily this is not the opinion that prevails generally in the world, and the mischances of a nation are too pregnant with their lessons of wisdom to be shrouded in the sort of discreet secrecy with which we are often content to cover the shortcomings of an individual.

Let us hope that Italy has now before her a long career of peace and prosperity; but if from any adverse turn of events she must again draw the sword, let us also hope that her soldiers may be led by men who do not dread publicity, nor have any reason to dread it.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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NINA BALATKA: THE STORY OF A MAIDEN OF PRAGUE.—PART V.

CHAPTER X.

Some days passed on after the visit to the jeweller's shop,—perhaps ten or twelve,—before Nina heard from or saw her lover again; and during that time she had no tidings from her relatives in the Windberg-gasse. Life went on very quietly in the old house, and not the less quietly because the proceeds of the necklace saved Nina from any further immediate necessity of searching for money. The cold weather had come, or rather weather that was cold in the morning and cold in the evening, and old Balatka kept his bed altogether. His state was such that no one could say why he should not get up and dress himself, and he himself continued to speak of some future time when he would do so; but there he was, lying in his bed, and Nina told herself that in all probability she would never see him about the house again. For herself, she was becoming painfully anxious that some day should be fixed for her marriage. She knew that she was, herself, ignorant in such matters; and she knew also that there was no woman near her from whom she could seek counsel. Were she to go to some matron of the neighbourhood, her neighbour would only rebuke her, because she loved a Jew. She had boldly told her relatives of her love, and by doing so had shut herself out from all assistance from them. From even her father she could get no sympathy; though with him her engagement had become so far a thing sanctioned, that he had ceased to speak of it in words of reproach. But when was it to be? She had more than once made up her mind that she would ask her lover, but her courage had never as yet mounted high enough in his presence to allow her to do so. When he was with her, their conversation always took such a turn that before she left him she was happy enough if she could only draw from him an assurance that he was not forgetting to love her. Of any final time for her marriage he never said a word. In the mean time she and her father might starve! They could not live on the price of a necklace for ever.

thought of this there came a low knock at the door. Nina, without rising, desired the stranger to come in. Then the door was gently opened, and Rebecca Loth the Jewess stood before her. Nina had seen Rebecca, but had never spoken to her. Each girl had heard much of the other from their younger friend Ruth Jacobi. Ruth was very intimate with them both, and Nina had been willing enough to be told of Rebecca, as had Rebecca also to be told of Nina. "Grandfather wants Anton to marry Rebecca," Ruth had said more than once; and thus Nina knew well that Rebecca was her rival. "I think he loves her better than his own eyes," Ruth had said to Rebecca, speaking of her uncle and Nina. But Rebecca had heard from a thousand sources of information that he who was to have been her lover had forgotten his own people and his own religion, and had given himself to a Christian girl. Each, therefore, now knew that she looked upon an enemy and a rival; but each was anxious to be very courteous to her enemy.

Nina rose from her chair directly she saw her visitor, and came forward to meet her. "I suppose you hardly know who I am, Fräulein," said Rebecca.

"Oh, yes," said Nina, with her pleasantest smile; "you are Rebecca Loth."

"Yes, I am Rebecca Loth, the Jewess."

"I like the Jews," said Nina.

Rebecca was not dressed now as she had been dressed on that gala occasion when we saw her in the Jews' quarter. Then she had been as smart as white muslin and bright ribbons and velvet could make her. Now she was clad almost entirely in black, and over her shoulders she wore a dark shawl, drawn closely round her neck. But she had on her head, now as then, that peculiar Hungarian hat which looks almost like a coronet in front, and gives an aspect to the girl who wears it half

She was sitting one morning very forlorn in the big parlour, looking out upon the birds who were pecking among the dust in the courtyard below, when her eye just caught the drapery of the dress of some woman who had entered the arched gateway. Nina, from her place by the window, could see out through the arch, and no one therefore could come through their gate while she was at her seat without passing under her eye; but on this occasion the birds had distracted her attention, and she had not caught a sight of the woman's face or figure. Could it be her aunt come to torture her again—her and her father? She knew that Souchey was down-stairs, hanging somewhere in idleness about the door, and therefore she did not leave her place. If it were indeed her aunt, her aunt might come up there to seek her. Or it might possibly be Lotta Luxa, who, next to her aunt, was of all women the most disagreeable to Nina. Lotta, indeed, was not so hard to bear as aunt Sophie, because Lotta could be answered sharply, and could be told to go, if matters proceeded to extremities. In such a case Lotta no doubt would not go; but still the power of desiring her to do so was much. Then Nina remembered that Lotta never wore her petticoats so full as was the morsel of drapery which she had seen. And as she

defiant and half attractive; and there were there of course the long, glossy, black curls, and the dark blue eyes, and the turn of the face, which was so completely Jewish in its hard, bold, almost repellant beauty. Nina had said that she liked the Jews, but when the words were spoken she remembered that they might be open to misconstruction, and she blushed. The same idea occurred to Rebecca, but she scorned to take advantage of even a successful rival on such a point as that. She would not twit Nina by any hint that this assumed liking for the Jews was simply a special predilection for one Jew in particular. "We are not ungrateful to you for coming among us and knowing us," said Rebecca. Then there was a slight pause, for Nina hardly knew what to say to her visitor. But Rebecca continued to speak. "We hear that in other countries the prejudice against us is dying away, and that Christians stay with Jews in their houses, and Jews with Christians, eating with them and drinking with them. I fear it will never be so in Prague."

"And why not in Prague? I hope it may. Why should we not do in Prague as they do elsewhere?"

"Ah, the feeling is too firmly settled here. We have our own quarter, and live altogether apart. A Christian here will hardly walk with a Jew, unless it be from counter to counter, or from bank to bank. As for their living together—or even eating in the same room—do you ever see it?"

Nina of course understood the meaning of this. That which the girl said to her was intended to prove to her how impossible it was that she should marry a Jew, and live in Prague with a Jew as his wife; but she, who had stood her ground before aunt Sophie, who had never flinched for a moment before all the threats which could be showered upon her from the Christian side, was not going to quail before the opposition of a Jewess, and that Jewess a rival!

"I do not know why we should not live to see it," said Nina.

"It must take long first—very long," said Rebecca. "Even now, Fräulein, I fear you will think that I am very intrusive in coming to you. I know that a Jewess has no right to push her acquaintance upon a Christian girl." The Jewess spoke very humbly of herself and of her people; but in every word she uttered there was a slight touch of irony which was not lost upon Nina. Nina could not but bethink herself that she was poor—so poor that everything around her, on her, and about her, told of poverty; while Rebecca was very rich, and showed her wealth even in the sombre garments which she had chosen for her morning visit. No idea of Nina's poverty had crossed Rebecca's mind, but Nina herself could not but remember it when she felt the sarcasm implied in her visitor's self-humiliation.

"I am glad that you have come to me—very glad indeed, if you have come in friendship." Then she blushed as she continued; "to me, situated as I am, the friendship of a Jewish maiden would be a treasure indeed."

"You intend to speak of ——"

"I speak of my engagement with Anton Trendellsohn. I do so with you because I know that you have heard of it. You tell me that Jews and Christians cannot come together in Prague, but I mean to marry a Jew. A Jew is my lover. If you will say that you will be my friend, I will love you indeed. Ruth Jacobi is my friend; but then Ruth is so young."

"Yes, Ruth is very young. She is a child. She knows nothing."

"A child's friendship is better than none."

"Ruth is very young. She cannot understand. I too love Ruth Jacobi. I have known her since she was born. I knew and loved her mother. You do not remember

Ruth Trendellsohn. No; your acquaintance with them is only of the other day."

"Ruth's mother has been dead seven years," said Nina.

"And what are seven years? I have known them for four-and-twenty."

"Nay, that cannot be."

"But I have. That is my age, and I was born, so to say, in their arms. Ruth Trendellsohn was ten years older than I—only ten."

"And Anton?"

"Anton was a year older than his sister; but you know Anton's age. Has he never told you his age?"

"I never asked him; but I know it. There are things one knows as a matter of course. I remember his birthday always."

"It has been a short always."

"No, not so short. Two years is not a short time to know a friend."

"But he has not been betrothed to you for two years?"

"No; not betrothed to me."

"Nor has he loved you so long; nor you him?"

"For him, I can only speak of the time when he first told me so."

"And that was but the other day—but the other day as I count the time." To this Nina made no answer. She could not claim to have known her lover from so early a date as Rebecca Loth had done, who had been, as she said, born in the arms of his family. But what of that? Men do not always love best those women whom they have known the longest. Anton Trendellsohn had known her long enough to find that he loved her best. Why then should this Jewish girl come to her and throw in her teeth the shortness of her intimacy with the man who was to be her husband? If she, Nina, had also been a Jewess, Rebecca Loth would not then have spoken in such a way. As she thought of this she turned her face away from the stranger, and looked out among the sparrows who were still pecking among the dust in the court. She had told Rebecca at the beginning of their interview that she would be delighted to find a friend in a Jewess, but now she felt sorry that the girl had come to her. For Anton's sake she would bear with much from one whom he had known so long. But for that thought she would have answered her visitor with short courtesy. As it was, she sat silent and looked out upon the birds.

"I have come to you now," said Rebecca Loth, "to say a few words to you about Anton Trendellsohn. I hope you will not refuse to listen."

"That will depend on what you say."

"Do you think it will be for his good to marry a Christian?"

"I shall leave him to judge of that," replied Nina, sharply.

"It cannot be that you do not think of it. I am sure you would not willingly do an injury to the man you love."

"I would die for him if that would serve him."

"You can serve him without dying. If he takes you for his wife, all his people will turn against him. His own father will become his enemy."

"How can that be? His father knows of it, and yet he is not my enemy."

"It is as I tell you. His father will disinherit him. Every Jew in Prague will turn his back upon him. He knows it now. Anton knows it himself, but he cannot be the first to say the word that shall put an end to your engagement."

"Jews have married Christians in Prague before now," said Nina, pleading her own cause with all the strength she had.

"But not such a one as Anton Trendellsohn. An unconsidered man may do that which is not permitted to those who are more in note."

"There is no law against it now."

"That is true. There is no law. But there are habits stronger than law. In your own case, do you not know that all the friends you have in the world will turn their backs upon you? And so it would be with him. You two would be alone—neither as Jews nor as Christians—with none to aid you, with no friend to love you."

"For myself I care nothing," said Nina. "They may say, if they like, that I am no Christian."

"But how will it be with him? Can you ever be happy if you have been the cause of ruin to your husband?"

Nina was again silent for a while, sitting with her face turned altogether away from the Jewess. Then she rose suddenly from her chair, and, facing round almost fiercely upon the other girl, asked a question, which came from the fulness of her heart, "And you—you yourself, what is it that you intend to do? Do you wish to marry him?"

"I do," said Rebecca, bearing Nina's gaze without dropping her own eyes for a moment. "I do. I do wish to be the wife of Anton Trendellsohn."

"Then you never shall have your wish—never. He loves me, and me only. Ask him, and he will tell you so."

"I have asked him, and he has told me so." There was something so serious, so sad, and so determined in the manner of the young Jewess, that it almost cowed Nina—almost drove her to yield before her visitor. "If he has told you so," she said——; then she stopped, not wishing to triumph over her rival.

"He has told me so; but I knew it without his telling. We all know it. I have not come here to deceive you, or to create false suspicions. He does love you. He cares nothing for me, and he does love you. But is he therefore to be ruined? Which had he better lose? All that he has in the world, or the girl that has taken his fancy?"

"I would sooner lose the world twice over than lose him."

"Yes; but you are only a woman. Think of his position. There is not a Jew in all Prague respected among us as he is respected. He knows more, can do more, has more of wit and cleverness, than any of us. We look to him to win for the Jews in Prague something of the freedom which Jews have elsewhere,—in Paris and in London. If he takes a Christian for his wife, all this will be destroyed!"

"But all will be well if he were to marry you!"

Now it was Rebecca's turn to pause; but it was not for long. "I love him dearly," she said; "with a love as warm as yours."

"And therefore I am to be untrue to him," said Nina, again seating herself.

"And were I to become his wife," continued Rebecca, not regarding the interruption, "it would be well with him in a worldly point of view. All our people would be glad, because there has been friendship between the families from of old. His father would be pleased, and he would become rich; and I also am not without some wealth of my own."

"While I am poor," said Nina; "so poor that,—look here, I can only mend my rags. There, look at my shoes. I have not another pair to my feet. But if he likes me, poor and ragged, better than he likes you, rich——" She got so far, raising her voice as she spoke; but she could get no farther, for her sobs stopped her voice.

But while she was struggling to speak, the other girl rose and knelt at Nina's feet, putting her long tapering fingers upon Nina's threadbare arms, so that her forehead was almost close to Nina's lips. "He does," said Rebecca. "It is true—quite true. He loves you, poor as you are, ten times—a hundred times—better than he loves

me, who am not poor. You have won it altogether by yourself, with nothing of outside art to back you. You have your triumph. Will not that be enough for a life's contentment?"

"No; — no, no," said Nina. "No, it will not be enough." But her voice now was not altogether sorrowful. There was in it something of a wild joy which had come to her heart from the generous admission which the Jewess made. She did triumph as she remembered that she had conquered with no other weapons than those which nature had given her.

"It is more of contentment than I shall ever have," said Rebecca. "Listen to me. If you will say to me that you will release him from his promise, I will swear to you, by the God whom we both worship, that I will never become his wife — that he shall never touch me or speak to me in love.' She had risen before she made this proposal, and now stood before Nina with one hand raised, with her blue eyes fixed upon Nina's face, and a solemnity in her manner which for a while startled Nina into silence. "You will believe my word, I am sure," said Rebecca.

"Yes, I would believe you," said Nina.

"Shall it be a bargain between us? Say so, and whatever is mine shall be mine and yours too. Though a Jew may not make a Christian his wife, a Jewish girl may love a Christian maiden;—and then, Nina, we shall both know that we have done our very best for him whom we both love better than all the world beside."

Nina was again silent, considering the proposition that had been made to her. There was one thing that she did not see; one point of view in which the matter had not been presented to her. The cause for her sacrifice had been made plain to her, but why was the sacrifice of the other also to become necessary? By not yielding she might be able to keep her lover to herself; but if she were to be induced to abandon him — for his sake, so that he might not be ruined by his love for her—why, in that case, should he not take the other girl for his wife? In such a case Nina told herself that there would be no world left for her. There would be nothing left for her beyond the accomplishment of Lotta Luxa's prophecy. But yet, though she thought of this, though in her misery she half resolved that she would give up Anton, and not exact from Rebecca the oath which the Jewess had tendered, still, in spite of that feeling, the dread of a rival's success helped to make her feel that she could never bring herself to yield.

"Shall it be as I say?" said Rebecca; "and shall we, dear, be friends while we live?"

"No," said Nina, suddenly.

"You cannot bring yourself to do so much for the man you love!"

"No, I cannot. Could you throw yourself from the bridge into the Moldau, and drown yourself?"

"Yes," said Rebecca, "I could. If it would serve him, I think that I could do so."

"What! in the dark, when it's so cold? The people would see you in the day-time."

"But I would live, that I might hear of his doings, and see his success."

"Ah! I could not live without feeling that he loved me."

"But what will you think of his love when it has ruined him? Will it be pleasant then? Were I to do that, then—then I should bethink myself of the cold river and the dark night, and the eyes of the passers-by whom I should be afraid to meet in the day-time. I ask you to be as I am. Who is there that pities me? Think again, Nina. I know you would wish that he should be prosperous."

Nina did think again, and thought long. And she wept, and the Jewess comforted her, and many words

were said between them beyond those which have been here set down; but, in the end, Nina could not bring herself to say that she would give him up. For his sake had she not given up her uncle and her aunt, and St. John and St. Nicholas—and the very Virgin herself, whose picture she had now removed from the wall beside her bed to a dark drawer? How could she give up that which was everything she had in the world—the very life of her bosom? "I will ask him—him himself," she said at last, hoarsely. "I will ask him, and do as he bids me. I cannot do anything unless it is as he bids me."

"In this matter you must act on your own judgment, Nina."

"No, I will not. I have no judgment. He must judge for me in everything. If he says it is better that we should part, then—then—then I will let him go."

After this Rebecca left the room and the house. Before she went, she kissed the Christian girl; but Nina did not remember that she had been kissed. Her mind was so full, not of thought, but of the suggestion that had been made to her, that it could now take no impression from anything else. She had been recommended to do a thing as her duty—as a paramount duty towards him who was everything to her—the doing of which it would be impossible that she should survive. So she told herself when she was once more alone, and had again seated herself in the chair by the window. She did not for a moment accuse Rebecca of dealing unfairly with her. It never occurred to her as possible that the Jewess had come to her with false views of her own fabrication. Had she so believed, her suspicions would have done great injustice to her rival; but no such idea presented itself to Nina's mind. All that Rebecca had said to her had come to her as though it were gospel. She did believe that Trendellsohn, as a Jew, would injure himself greatly by marrying a Christian. She did believe that the Jews of Prague would treat him somewhat as the Christians would treat herself. For herself such treatment would be nothing, if she were but once married; but she could understand that to him it would be ruinous. And Nina believed also that Rebecca had been entirely disinterested in her mission—that she came thither, not to gain a lover for herself, but to save from injury the man she loved, without reference to her own passion. Nina knew that Rebecca was strong and good, and acknowledged also that she herself was weak and selfish. She thought that she ought to have been persuaded to make the sacrifice, and once or twice she almost resolved that she would follow Rebecca to the Jews' quarter and tell her that it should be made. But she could not do it. Were she to do so, what would be left to her? With him she could bear anything, everything. To starve would hardly be bitter to her, so that his arm could be round her waist and that her head could be on his shoulder. And, moreover, was she not his to do with as he pleased? After all her promises to him, how could she take upon herself to dispose of herself otherwise than as he might direct?

But then some thought of the missing document came back upon her, and she remembered in her grief that he suspected her—that even now he had some frightful doubt as to her truth to him—her faith, which was, alas, alas! more firm and bright towards him than towards that heavenly Friend whose aid would certainly suffice to bring her through all her troubles, if only she could bring herself to trust as she asked it. But she could trust only in him, and he doubted her! Would it not be better to do as Rebecca said, and make the most of such contentment as might come to her from her triumph over herself? That would be better—ten times better than to be abandoned

by him—to be deserted by her Jew lover, because the Jew would not trust her, a Christian! On either side there could be nothing for her but death; but there is a choice even of deaths. If she did the thing herself, she thought that there might be something sweet even in the sadness of her last hour—something of the flavour of sacrifice. But should it be done by him, in that way there lay nothing but the madness of desolation! It was her last resolve, as she still sat at the window counting the sparrows in the yard, that she would tell him everything, and leave it to him to decide. If he would say that it was better for them to part, then he might go; and Rebecca Loth might become his wife, if he so wished it.

CHAPTER XI.

On one of these days old Trendellsohn went to the office of Karil Zamenoy, in the Ross Markt, with the full determination of learning in truth what there might be to be learned as to that deed which would be so necessary to him, or to those who would come after him, when Josef Balatka might die. He accused himself of having been foolishly soft-hearted in his transactions with this Christian, and reminded himself from time to time that no Jew in Prague would have been so treated by any Christian. And what was the return made to him? Among them they had now secreted that of which he should have enforced the rendering before he had parted with his own money; and this they did because they knew that he would be unwilling to take harsh legal proceedings against a bed-ridden old man! In this frame of mind he went to the Ross Markt, and there he was assured over and over again by Ziska Zamenoy—for Karil Zamenoy was not to be seen—that Nina Balatka had the deed in her own keeping. The name of Nina Balatka was becoming very grievous to the old man. Even he, when the matter had first been broached to him, had not recognised all the evils which would come from a marriage between his son and a Christian maiden; but of late his neighbours had been around him, and he had looked into the thing, and his eyes had been opened, and he had declared to himself that he would not take a Christian girl into his house as his daughter-in-law. He could not prevent the marriage. The law would be on his son's side. The law of the Christian kingdom in which he lived allowed such marriages, and Anton, if he executed the contract which would make the marriage valid, would in truth be the girl's husband. But—and Trendellsohn, as he remembered the power which was still in his hands, almost regretted that he held it—if this thing were done, his son must go out from his house, and be his son no longer.

The old man was very proud of his son. Rebecca had said truly that no Jew in Prague was so respected among Jews as Anton Trendellsohn. She might have added, also, that none was more highly esteemed among Christians. To lose such a son would be a loss indeed. "I will share everything with him, and he shall go away out of Bohemia," Trendellsohn had said to himself. "He has earned it, and he shall have it. He has worked for me—for us both—without asking me, his father, to bind myself with any bond. He shall have the wealth which is his own, but he shall not have it here. Ah! if he would but take that other one as his bride, he should have everything, and his father's blessing—and then he would be the first instead of the last among his people." Such was the purpose of Stephen

Trendellsohn towards his son; but this, his real purpose, did not hinder him from threatening worse things. To prevent the marriage was his great object; and if threats would prevent it, why should he not use them?

But now he had conceived the idea that Nina was deceiving his son—that Nina was in truth holding back the deed with some view which he could hardly fathom. Ziska Zamenoy had declared, with all the emphasis in his power, that the document was to the best of his belief in Nina's hands; and, though Zizka's emphasis would not have gone far in convincing the Jew, had the Jew's mind been turned in the other direction, now it had its effect. "And who gave it her?" Trendellsohn had asked. "Ah, there you must excuse me," Ziska had answered; "though, indeed, I could not tell you if I would. But we have nothing to do with the matter. We have no claim upon the houses. It is between you and the Balatkas." Then the Jew had left the Zamenoys' office, and had gone home, fully believing that the deed was in Nina's hands.

"Yes, it is so,—she is deceiving you," he said to his son that evening.

"No, father. I think not."

"Very well. You will find when it is too late that my words are true. Have you ever known a Christian who thought it wrong to rob a Jew?"

"I do not believe that Nina would rob me."

"Ah! that is the confidence of what you call love. She is honest, you think, because she has a pretty face."

"She is honest, I think, because she loves me."

"Bah! Does love make men honest, or women either? Do we not see every day how these Christians rob each other in their money dealings when they are marrying? What was the girl's name?—old Thibolski's daughter—how they robbed her when they married her, and how her people tried their best to rob the lad she married. Did we not see it all?"

"It was not the girl who did it—not the girl herself."

"Why should a woman be honester than a man? I tell you, Anton, that this girl has the deed."

"Ziska Zamenoy has told you so?"

"Yes, he has told me. But I am not a man to be deceived because such a one as Ziska wishes to deceive me. You, at least, know me better than that. That which I tell you, Ziska himself believes."

"But Ziska may believe wrongly."

"Why should he do so? Whose interest can it be to make this thing seem so, if it be not so? If the girl have the deed, you can get it more readily from her than from the Zamenoys. Believe me, Anton, the deed is with the girl."

"If it be so, I shall never believe again in the truth of a human being," said the son.

"Believe in the truth of your own people," said the father. "Why should you seek to be wiser than them all?"

The father did not convince the son, but the words which he had spoken helped to create a doubt which already had almost an existence of its own. Anton Trendellsohn was prone to suspicions, and now was beginning to suspect Nina, although he strove hard to keep his mind free from such taint. His better nature told him that it was impossible that she should deceive him. He had read the very inside of her heart, and knew that her only delight was in his love. He understood perfectly the weakness and faith and beauty of her feminine nature, and her trusting, leaning softness was to his harder spirit as water to a thirsting man in the desert. When she clung to him, promising to obey him in everything, the touch of her hands, and the sound of her voice, and the

beseeching glance of her loving eyes, were food and drink to him. He knew that her presence refreshed him and cooled him—made him young as he was growing old, and filled his mind with sweet thoughts which hardly came to him but when she was with him. He had told himself over and over again that it must be good for him to have such a one for his wife, whether she were Jew or Christian. He knew himself to be a better man when she was with him than at other moments of his life. And then he loved her. He was thinking of her hourly, though his impatience to see her was not as hers to be with him. He loved her. But yet—yet—what if she should be deceiving him? To be able to deceive others but never to be deceived himself, was to him, unconsciously, the glory which he desired. To be deceived was to be disgraced. What was all his wit and acknowledged cunning if a girl—a Christian girl—could outwit him? For himself, he could see clearly enough into things to be aware that, as a rule, he could do better by truth than he could by falsehood. He was not prone to deceive others. But in such matters he desired ever to have the power with him—to keep, as it were, the upper hand. He would fain read the hearts of others entirely, and know their wishes, and understand their schemes, whereas his own heart and his own desires and his own schemes should only be legible in part. What if, after all, he were unable to read the simple tablets of this girl's mind—tablets which he had regarded as being altogether in his own keeping?

He went forth for a while, walking slowly through the streets, as he thought of this, wandering without an object, but turning over in his mind his father's words. He knew that his father was anxious to prevent his marriage. He knew that every Jew around him—for now the Jews around him had all heard of it—was keenly anxious to prevent so great a disgrace. He knew all that his father had threatened, and he was well aware how complete was his father's power. But he could stand against all that, if only Nina were true to him. He would go away from Prague. What did it matter? Prague was not all the world. There were cities better, nobler, richer than Prague, in which his brethren, the Jews, would not turn their backs upon him because he had married a Christian. It might be that he would have to begin the world again; but for that, too, he would be prepared. Nina had shown that she could bear poverty. Nina's torn boots and threadbare dress, and the utter absence of any request ever made with regard to her own comfort, had not been lost upon him. He knew how noble she was in bearing—how doubly noble she was in never asking. If only there was nothing of deceit at the back to mar it all!

He passed over the bridge, hardly knowing whither he was going, and turned directly down towards Balatka's house. As he did so he observed that certain repairs were needed in an adjoining building which belonged to his father, and determined that a mason should be sent there on the next day. Then he turned in under the archway, not passing through it into the court, and there he stood looking up at the window, in which Nina's small solitary lamp was twinkling. He knew that she was sitting by the light, and that she was working. He knew that she would be raised almost to a seventh heaven of delight if he would only call her to the door and speak to her a dozen words before he returned to his home. But he had no thought of doing it. Was it possible that she should have this document in her keeping?—that was the thought that filled his mind. He had bribed Lotta Luxa, and Lotta had sworn by her Christian gods that the deed

was in Nina's hands. If the thing was false, why should they all conspire to tell the same falsehood? And yet he knew that they were false in their natures. Their manner, the words of each of them, betrayed something of falsehood to his well-tuned ear, to his acute eye, to his sharp senses. But with Nina —from Nina herself—everything that came from her spoke of truth. A sweet savour of honesty hung about her breath, and was a blessing to him when he was near enough to her to feel it. And yet he told himself that he was bound to doubt. He stood for some half-hour in the archway, leaning against the stone work at the side, and looking up at the window where Nina was sitting. What was he to do? How should he carry himself in this special period of his life? Great ideas about the destiny of his people were mingled in his mind with suspicions as to Nina of which he should have been, and probably was, ashamed. He would certainly take her away from Prague. He had already perceived that his marriage with a Christian would be regarded in that stronghold of prejudice in which he lived with so much animosity as to impede, and perhaps destroy, the utility of his career. He would go away, taking Nina with him. And he would be careful that she should never know, by a word or a look, that he had in any way suffered for her sake. And he swore to himself that he would be soft to her, and gentle, loving her with a love more demonstrative than he had hitherto exhibited. He knew that he had been stern, exacting, and sometimes harsh. All that should be mended. He had learned her character, and perceived how absolutely she fed upon his love; and he would take care that the food should always be there, palpably there, for her sustenance. But—but he must try her yet once more before all this could be done for her. She must pass yet once again through the fire; and if then she should come forth as gold, she should be to him the one pure ingot which the earth contained. With how great a love would he not repay her in future days for all that she would have suffered for his sake!

But she must be made to go through the fire again. He would tax her with the possession of the missing deed, and call upon her to cleanse herself from the accusation which was made against her. Once again he would be harsh with her —harsh in appearance only—in order that his subsequent tenderness might be so much more tender! She had already borne much, and she must be made to endure once again. Did not he mean to endure much for her sake? Was he not prepared to recommence the troubles and toil of his life all from the beginning, in order that she might be that life's companion? Surely he had the right to put her through the fire, and prove her as never gold was proved before.

At last the little light was quenched, and Anton Trendellsohn felt that he was alone. The unseen companion of his thoughts was no longer with him, and it was useless for him to remain there standing in the archway. He blew her a kiss from his lips, and blessed her in his heart, and protested to himself that he knew she would come out of the fire pure altogether and proved to be without dross. And then he went his way. In the mean time Nina, chill and wretched, crept to her cold bed, all unconscious of the happiness that had been so near her. "If he thinks I can be false to him, it will be better to die," she said to herself, as she drew the scanty clothing over her shivering shoulders.

As she did so her lover walked home, and having come to a resolution which was intended to be definite as to his love, he allowed his thoughts to run away with him to other subjects. After all, it would be no evil to him to leave Prague. At Prague how little was there of

progress either in thought or in things material! At Prague a Jew could earn money, and become rich —might own half the city; and yet at Prague he could only live as an outcast. As regarded the laws of the land, he, as a Jew, might fix his residence anywhere in Prague or around Prague; he might have gardens, and lands, and all the results of money; he might put his wife into a carriage twice as splendid as that which constituted the great social triumph of Madame Zamenoy;—but so strong against such a mode of life were the traditional prejudices of both Jews and Christians, that any such fashion of living would be absolutely impossible to him. It would not be good for him that he should remain at Prague. Knowing his father as he did, he could not believe that the old man would be so unjust as to let him go altogether empty-handed. He had toiled, and had been successful; and something of the corn which he had garnered would surely be rendered to him. With this—or, if need be, without it—he and his Christian wife would go forth and see if the world was not wide enough to find them a spot on which they might live without the contempt of those around them.

Though Nina had quenched her lamp and had gone to bed, it was not late when Trendellsohn reached his home, and he knew that he should find his father waiting for him. But his father was not alone. Rebecca Loth was sitting with the old man, and they had just supped together when Anton entered the room. Ruth Jacobi was also there, waiting till her friend should go, before she also went to her bed.

"How are you, Anton?" said Rebecca, giving her hand to the man she loved. "It is strange to see you in these days."

"The strangeness, Rebecca, comes from no fault of my own. Few men, I fancy, are more constant to their homes than I am."

"You sleep here and eat here, I daresay."

"My business lies mostly out about the town."

"Have you been about business now, uncle Anton?" said Ruth.

"Do not ask forward questions, Ruth," said the uncle. "Rebecca, I fear, teaches you to forget that you are still a child."

"Do not scold her," said the old man. "She is a good girl."

"It is Anton that forgets that nature is making Ruth a young woman," said Rebecca.

"I do not want to be a young woman a bit before uncle Anton likes it," said Ruth. "I don't mind waiting ever so long for him. When he is married he will not care what I am."

"If that be so, you may be a woman very soon," said Rebecca.

"That is more than you know," said Anton, turning very sharply on her. "What do you know of my marriage, or when it shall be?"

"Are you scolding her too?" said the elder Trendellsohn.

"Nay, father; let him do so," said Rebecca. "He has known me long enough to scold me if he thinks that I deserve it. You are gentle to me and spoil me, and it is only well that one among my old friends should be sincere enough to be ungentle."

"I beg your pardon, Rebecca, if I have been uncourteous."

"There can be no pardon where there is no offence."

"If you are ashamed to hear of your marriage," said the father, "you should be ashamed to think of it."

Then there was silence for a few seconds before any one spoke. The girls did not dare to speak after words so serious from the father to the son. It was known to both of them that Anton could hardly bring himself to bear a rebuke even from his father, and they felt that such a rebuke as this, given in their presence, would be altogether unendurable. Every one

in the room understood the exact position in which each stood to the other. That Rebecca would willingly have become Anton's wife, that she had refused various offers of marriage in order that ultimately it might be so, was known to Stephen Trendellsohn, and to Anton himself, and to Ruth Jacobi. There had not been the pretence of any secret among them in the matter. But the subject was one which could hardly be discussed by them openly. "Father," said Anton, after a while, during which the black thunder-cloud which had for an instant settled on his brow had managed to dispel itself without bursting into a visible storm—"father, I am neither ashamed to think of my intended marriage nor to speak of it. There is no question of shame. But it is unpleasant to make such a subject matter of general conversation when it is a source of trouble instead of joy among us. I wish I could have made you happy by my marriage."

"You will make me very wretched."

"Then let us not talk about it. It cannot be altered. You would not have me false to my plighted word?"

Again there was silence for some minutes, and then Rebecca spoke,—the words coming from her in the lowest possible accents.

"It can be altered without breach of your plighted word. Ask the young woman what she herself thinks. You will find that she knows that you are both wrong."

"Of course she knows it," said the father.

"I will ask her nothing of the kind," said the son.

"It would be of no use," said Ruth.

After this Rebecca rose to take her leave, saying something of the falseness of her brother Samuel, who had promised to come for her and to take her home. "But he is with Miriam Harter," said Rebecca, "and, of course, will forget me."

"I will go home with you," said Anton.

"Indeed you shall not. Do you think I cannot walk alone through our own streets in the dark without being afraid?"

"I am well aware that you are afraid of nothing; but nevertheless, if you will allow me, I will accompany you." There was no sufficient cause for her to refuse his company, and the two left the house together.

As they descended the stairs, Rebecca determined that she would have the first word in what might now be said between them. She had suggested that this marriage with the Christian girl might be abandoned without the disgrace upon Anton of having broken his troth, and she had thereby laid herself open to a suspicion of having worked for her own ends,—of having done so with unmaidenly eagerness to gratify her own love. Something on the subject must be said—would be said by him if not by her—and therefore she would explain herself at once. She spoke as soon as she found herself by his side in the street. "I regretted what I said up-stairs, Anton, as soon as the words were out of my mouth."

"I do not know that you said anything to regret."

"I told you that if in truth you thought this marriage to be wrong——"

"Which I do not."

"Pardon me, my friend, for a moment. If you had so thought, I said that there was a mode of escape without falsehood or disgrace. In saying so I must have seemed to urge you to break away from Nina Balatka."

"You are all urging me to do that."

"Coming from the others such advice cannot even seem to have an improper motive." Here she paused, feeling the difficulty of her task,—aware that she could not conclude it without an admission

which no woman willingly makes. But she shook away the impediment, bracing herself to the work, and went on steadily with her speech. "Coming from me such motive may be imputed—nay, it must be imputed."

"No motive is imputed that is not believed by me to be good, and healthy and friendly."

"Our friends," continued Rebecca, "have wished that you and I should be husband and wife. That is now impossible."

"It is impossible—because Nina will be my wife."

"It is impossible, whether Nina should become your wife or should not become your wife. I do not say this from any girlish pride. Before I knew that you loved a Christian woman, I would willingly have been——as our friends wished. You see I can trust you enough for candour. When I was young they told me to love you, and I obeyed them. They told me that I was to be your wife, and I taught myself to be happy in believing them. I now know that they were wrong, and I will endeavour to teach myself another happiness."

"Rebecca, if I have been in fault——"

"You have never been in fault. You are by nature too stern to fall into such faults. It has been my misfortune—perhaps rather I should say my difficulty—that till of late you have given me no sign by which I could foresee my lot. I was still young, and I still believed what they told me,—even though you did not come to me as lovers come. Now I know it all; and as any such thoughts—or wishes, if you will—as those I used to have can never return to me, I may perhaps be felt by you to be free to use what liberty of counsel old friendship may give me. I know you will not misunderstand me—and that is all. Do not come further with me."

He called to her, but she was gone, escaping from him with quick running feet through the dark night; and he returned to his father's house, thinking of the girl that had left him.

CHAPTER XII.

Again some days passed by without any meeting between Nina and her lover, and things were going very badly with the Balatkas in the old house. The money that had come from the jeweller was not indeed all expended, but Nina looked upon it as her last resource, till marriage should come to relieve her; and the time of her marriage seemed to be as far from her as ever. So the kreutzers were husbanded as only a woman can husband them, and new attempts were made to reduce the little expenses of the little household.

"Souchey, you had better go. You had indeed," said Nina. "We cannot feed you." Now Souchey had himself spoken of leaving them some days since, urged to do so by his Christian indignation at the abominable betrothal of his mistress. "You said the other day that you would do so, and it will be better."

"But I shall not."

"Then you will be starved."

"I am starved already, and it cannot be worse. I dined yesterday on what they threw out to the dogs in the meat market."

"And where will you dine to-day?"

"Ah, I shall dine better to-day. I shall get a meal in the Windbergasse."

"What, at my aunt's house?"

"Yes; at your aunt's house. They live well there, even in the kitchen. Lotta will have for me some hot soup, a mess of cabbage, and a sausage. I wish I could bring it away from your aunt's

house to the old man and yourself."

"I would sooner fall in the gutter than eat my aunt's meat."

"That is all very fine for you, but I am not going to marry a Jewess. Why should I quarrel with your aunt, or with Lotta Luxa? If you would give up the Jew, Nina, your aunt's house would be open to you; yes,—and Ziska's house."

"I will not give up the Jew," said Nina with flashing eyes.

"I suppose not. But what will you do when he gives you up? What if Ziska then should not be so forward?"

"Of all those who are my enemies, and whom I hate because they are so cruel, I hate Ziska the worst. Go and tell him so, since you are becoming one of them. In doing so much you cannot at any rate do me harm."

Then she took herself off, forgetting in her angry spirit the prudential motives which had induced her to begin the conversation with Souchey. But Souchey, though he was going to Madame Zamenoy's house to get his dinner, and was looking forward with much eagerness to the mess of hot cabbage and the cold sausage, had by no means become "one of them" in the Windberg-gasse. He had had more than one interview of late with Lotta Luxa, and had perceived that something was going on, of which he much desired to be at the bottom. Lotta had some scheme, which she was half willing and half unwilling to reveal to him, by which she hoped to prevent the threatened marriage between Nina and the Jew. Now Souchey was well enough inclined to take a part in such a scheme,—provided it did not in any way make him a party with the Zamenoys in things general, against the Balatkas. It was his duty as a Christian—though he himself was rather slack in the performance of his own religious duties—to put a stop to this horrible marriage if he could do so; but it behoved him to be true to his master and mistress, and especially true to them in opposition to the Zamenoys. He had in some sort been carrying on a losing battle against the Zamenoys all his life, and had some of the feelings of a martyr,—telling himself that he had lost a rich wife by doing so. He would go on this occasion and eat his dinner and be very confidential with Lotta; but he would be very discreet, would learn more than he told, and above all would not betray his master or mistress.

Soon after he was gone, Anton Trendellsohn came over to the Kleinseite, and, ringing at the bell of the house, received admission from Nina herself. "What! you, Anton?" she said, almost jumping into his arms, and then restraining herself. "Will you come up? It is so long since I have seen you."

"Yes—it is long. I hope the time is soon coming when there shall be no more of such separation."

"Is it? Is it indeed?"

"I trust it is."

"I suppose as a maiden I ought to be coy, and say that I would prefer to wait; but, dearest love, sorrow and trouble have banished all that. You will not love me less because I tell you that I count the minutes till I may be your wife."

"No; I do not love you less on that account. I would have you be true and faithful in all things."

Though the words themselves were assuring, there was something in the tone of his voice which repressed her. "To you I am true and faithful in all things; as faithful as if you were already my husband. What were you saying of a time that is soon coming?"

He did not answer her question, but turned the subject away into another channel. "I have brought something for you," he said,—"something which I hope you will be glad to have."

"Is it a present?" she asked. As yet he had never given her anything that she could call a gift, and it was to her almost a matter of pride that she had taken nothing from her Jew lover, and that she would take nothing till it should be her right to take everything.

"Hardly a present; but you shall look at it as you will. You remember Rapinsky, do you not?" Now Rapinsky was the jeweller in the Grosser Ring, and Nina, though she well remembered the man and the shop, did not at the moment remember the name. "You will not have forgotten this at any rate," said Trendellsohn, bringing the necklace from out of his pocket.

"How did you get it?" said Nina, not putting out her hand to take it, but looking at it as it lay upon the table.

"I thought you would be glad to have it back again."

"I should be glad if——"

"If what? Will it be less welcome because it comes through my hands?"

"The man lent me money upon it, and you must have paid the money."

"What if I have? I like your pride, Nina; but be not too proud. Of course I have paid the money. I know Rapinsky, who deals with us often. I went to him after you spoke to me, and got it back again. There is your mother's necklace."

"I am sorry for this Anton."

"Why sorry?"

"We are so poor that I shall be driven to take it elsewhere again. I cannot keep such a thing in the house while father wants. But better he should want than——"

"Than what, Nina?"

"There would be something like cheating in borrowing money on the same thing twice."

"Then put it by, and I will be your lender."

"No: I will not borrow from you. You are the only one in the world that I could never repay. I cannot borrow from you. Keep this thing, and if I am ever your wife, then you shall give it me."

"If you are ever my wife?"

"Is there no room for such an if? I hope there is not, Anton. I wish it were as certain as the sun's rising. But people around us are so cruel! It seems, sometimes, as though the world were against us. And then you, yourself——"

"What of me myself, Nina?"

"I do not think you trust me altogether; and unless you trust me, I know you will not make me your wife."

"That is certain; and yet I do not doubt that you will be my wife."

"But do you trust me? Do you believe in your heart of hearts that I know nothing of that paper for which you are searching?" She paused for a reply, but he did not at once make any. "Tell me," she went on saying, with energy, "are you sure that I am true to you in that matter, as in all others? Though I were starving—and it is nearly so with me already,—and though I loved you beyond even all heaven—as I do, I do, I would not become your wife if you doubted me in any tittle. Say that you doubt me, and then it shall be all over." Still he did not speak. "Rebecca Loth will be a fitter wife for you than I can be," said Nina.

"If you are not my wife, I shall never have a wife," said Trendellsohn.

In her ecstacy of delight, as she heard these words, she took up his hand and kissed it; but she dropped it again, as she remembered that she had not yet received the assurance that she needed. "But you do believe me about this horrid paper?"

It was necessary that she should be made to go again through the fire. In deliberate reflection he had made himself aware that such necessity still existed. It might be that she had some inner reserve as to duty towards her father. There was, possibly, some reason which

he could not fathom why she should still keep something back from him in this matter. He did not, in truth, think that it was so, but there was the chance. There was the chance, and he could not bear to be deceived. He felt assured that Ziska Zamenoy and Lotta Luxa believed that this deed was in Nina's keeping. Indeed, he was assured that all the household of the Zamenoys so believed. "If there be a God above us, it is there," Lotta had said, crossing herself. He did not think it was there; he thought that Lotta was wrong, and that all the Zamenoys were wrong, by some mistake which he could not fathom; but still there was the chance, and Nina must be made to bear this additional calamity.

"Do you think it impossible," said he, "that you should have it among your own things?"

"What! without knowing that I have it?" she asked.

"It may have come to you with other papers," he said, "and you may not quite have understood its nature."

"There, in that desk, is every paper that I have in the world. You can look if you suspect me. But I shall not easily forgive you for looking." Then she threw down the key of her desk upon the table. He took it up and fingered it, but did not move towards the desk. "The greatest treasure there," she said, "are scraps of your own, which I have been a fool to value, as they have come from a man who does not trust me."

He knew that it would be useless for him to open the desk. If she were secreting anything from him, she was not hiding it there. "Might it not possibly be among your clothes?" he asked.

"I have no clothes," she answered, and then strode off across the wide room, towards the door of her father's apartment. But, after she had grasped the handle of the door, she turned again upon her lover. "It may, however, be well that you should search my chamber and my bed. If you will come with me, I will show you the door. You will find it to be a sorry place for one who was your affianced bride."

"Who *is* my affianced bride," said Trendellsohn.

"No, sir!—who *was*, but is so no longer. You will have to ask my pardon,—at my feet, before I will let you speak to me again as my lover. Go and search. Look for your deed,—and then you shall see that I will tear out my own heart rather than submit to the ill-usage of distrust from one who owes me so much faith as you do."

"Nina," he said.

"Well, sir."

"I do trust you."

"Yes—with a half trust,—with one eye closed, while the other is watching me. You think you have so conquered me that I will be good to you, and yet cannot keep yourself from listening to those who whisper that I am bad to you. Sir, I fear they have been right when they told me that a Jew's nature would surely shock me at last."

The dark frowning cloud, which she had so often observed with fear, came upon his brow; but she did not fear him now. "And do you too taunt me with my religion?" he said.

"No, not so—not with your religion, Anton; but with your nature."

"And how can I help my nature?"

"I suppose you cannot help it, and I am wrong to taunt you. I should not have taunted you. I should only have said that I will not endure the suspicion either of a Christian or of a Jew."

He came up to her now, and put out his arm, as though he were about to embrace her. "No," she said; "not again, till you have asked my pardon for distrusting me, and have given me your solemn word that you distrust me no longer."

He paused a moment in doubt, then put his hat on his head and

"Is it a present?" she asked. As yet he had never given her anything that she could call a gift, and it was to her almost a matter of pride that she had taken nothing from her Jew lover, and that she would take nothing till it should be her right to take everything.

"Hardly a present; but you shall look at it as you will. You remember Rapinsky, do you not?" Now Rapinsky was the jeweller in the Grosser Ring, and Nina, though she well remembered the man and the shop, did not at the moment remember the name. "You will not have forgotten this at any rate," said Trendellsohn, bringing the necklace from out of his pocket.

"How did you get it?" said Nina, not putting out her hand to take it, but looking at it as it la[y] upon the table.

"I thought you would be glad [to] have it back again."

"I should be glad if——"

"If what? Will it be le[ss] ... come because it comes thro[ugh] ... hands?"

"The man lent me m[o] ... it, and you must have ... money."

"What if I have? ... pride, Nina; but be n... Of course I have paid ... know Rapinsky, wh... often. I went t... spoke to me, and ... There is your mo...

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might only gain acceptance.
But Nina, as she rose from her
chair and walked backwards and

prepared to leave her. She had behaved very well, but still he would not be weak enough to yield to her in everything at once. As to opening her desk, or going up stairs into her room, that he felt to be quite impossible. Even his nature did not admit of that. But neither did his nature allow him to ask her pardon and to own that he had been wrong. She had said that he must implore her forgiveness at her feet. One word, however, one look, would have sufficed. But that word and that look were, at the present moment, out of his power. "Good-bye, Nina," he said. "It is best that I should leave you now."

"By far the best; and you will take the necklace with you, if you please."

"No; I will leave that. I cannot keep a trinket that was your mother's."

"Take it, then, to the jeweller's, and get back your money. It shall not be left here. I will have nothing from your hands." He was so far cowed by her manner that he took up the necklace and left the house, and Nina was once more alone.

What they had told her of her lover was after all true. That was the first idea that occurred to her as she sat in her chair, stunned by the sorrow that had come upon her. They had dinned into her ears their accusations, not against the man himself, but against the tribe to which he belonged, telling her that a Jew was, of his very nature, suspicious, greedy, and false. She had perceived early in her acquaintance with Anton Trendellsohn that he was clever, ambitious, gifted with the power of thinking as none others whom she knew could think; and that he had words at his command, and was brave, and was endowed with a certain nobility of disposition which prompted him to wish for great results rather than for small advantages. All this had conquered her, and had made her resolve to think that a Jew could be as good as a Christian. But now, when the trial of the man had in truth come, she found that those around her had been right in what they had said. How base must be the nature which could prompt a man to suspect a girl who had been true to him as Nina had been true to her lover!

She would never see him again —never! He had left the room without even answering the question which she had asked him. He would not even say that he trusted her. It was manifest that he did not trust her, and that he believed at this moment that she was endeavoring to rob him in this matter of the deed. He had asked her if she had it in her desk or among her clothes, and her very soul revolted from the suspicion so implied. She would never speak to him again. It was all over. No; she would never willingly speak to him again.

But what would she do? For a few minutes she fell back, as is so natural with mortals in trouble, upon that religion which she had been so willing to outrage by marrying the Jew. She went to a little drawer and took out a string of beads which had lain there unused since she had been made to believe that the Virgin and the saints would not permit her marriage with Anton Trendellsohn. She took out the beads,—but she did not use them. She passed the berries through her fingers to check the number of prayers said, for she found herself unable to say any prayer at all. If he would come back to her, and ask her pardon—ask it in truth at her feet—she would still forgive him, regardless of the Virgin and the saints. And if he did not come back, what was the fate that Lotta Luxa had predicted for her, and to which she had acknowledged to herself that she would be driven to submit? In either case how could she again come to terms with St. John and St. Nicholas? And how was she to

live? Should she lose her lover, as she now told herself would certainly be her fate, what possibility of life was left to her? From day to day, and from week to week, she had put off to a future hour any definite consideration of what she and her father should do in their poverty, believing that it might be postponed till her marriage would make all things easy. Her future mode of living had often been discussed between her and her lover, and she had been candid enough in explaining to him that she could not leave her father desolate. He had always replied that his wife's father should want for nothing, and she had been delighted to think that she could with joy accept that from her husband which nothing would induce her to accept from her lover. This thought had sufficed to comfort her, as the evil of absolute destitution was close upon her. Surely the day of her marriage would come soon.

But now it seemed to her to be certain that the day of her marriage would never come. All those expectations must be banished, and she must look elsewhere,—if elsewhere there might be any relief. She knew well that if she would separate herself from the Jew, the pocket of her aunt would be opened to relieve the distress of her father —would be opened so far as to save the old man from perishing of want. Aunt Sophie, if duly invoked, would not see her sister's husband die of starvation. Nay, aunt Sophie would doubtless so far stretch her Christian charity as to see that her niece was in some way fed, if that niece would be duly obedient. Further still, aunt Sophie would accept her niece as the very daughter of her house, as the rising mistress of her own establishment, if that niece would only consent to love her son. Ziska was there as a husband in Anton's place if Ziska might only gain acceptance.

But Nina, as she rose from her chair and walked backwards and forwards through her chamber, telling herself all these things, clenched her fist, and stamped her foot, as she swore to herself that she would dare all that the saints could do to her, that she would face all the terrors of the black dark river, before she would succumb to her cousin Ziska. As she worked herself into wrath, thinking now of the man she loved, and then of the man she did not love, she thought that she could willingly perish,—if it were not that her father lay there so old and so helpless. Gradually, as she magnified to herself the terrible distresses of her heart, the agony of her yearning love for a man who, though he loved her, was so unworthy of her perfect faith, she began to think that it would be well to be carried down by the quick, eternal, almighty stream, beyond the reach of the sorrow which encompassed her. When her father should leave her she would be all alone—alone in the world, without a friend to regard her, or one living human being on whom she, a girl, might rely for protection, shelter, or even for a morsel of bread. Would St. Nicholas cover her from the contumely of the world, or would St. John of the Bridges feed her? Did she in her heart of hearts believe that even the Virgin would assist her in such a strait? No; she had no such belief. It might be that such real belief had never been hers. She hardly knew. But she did know that now, in the hour of her deep trouble, she could not say her prayers and tell her beads, and trust valiantly that the goodness of Heaven would suffice to her in her need.

In the mean time Souchey had gone off to the Windberg-gasse, and had gladdened himself with the soup, with the hot mess of cabbage, and the sausage, supplied by Madame Zamenoy's hospitality. The joys of such a moment are unknown to any but those who, like Souchey, have been driven by circumstances to sit

at tables very ill supplied. On the previous day he had fed upon offal thrown away from a butcher's stall, and habit had made such feeding not unfamiliar to him. As he walked from the Kleinseite through the Old Town to Madame Zamenoy's bright-looking house in the New Town, he had comforted himself greatly with thoughts of the coming feast. The representation which his imagination made to him of the banquet, sufficed to produce happiness, and he went along hardly envying any man. His propensities at the moment were the propensities of a beast. And yet he was submitting himself to the terrible poverty which made so small a matter now a matter of joy to him, because there was a something of nobility within him which made him true to the master who had been true to him, when they had both been young together. Even now he resolved, as he sharpened his teeth, that through all the soup and all the sausage he would be true to the Balatkas. He would be true even to Nina Balatka,—though he recognized it as a paramount duty to do all in his power to save her from the Jew.

He was seated at the table in the kitchen almost as soon as he had entered the house in the Windberg-gasse, and found his plate full before him. Lotta had felt that there was no need of the delicacy of compliment in feeding a man who was so undoubtedly hungry, and she had therefore bade him at once fall to. "A hearty meal is a thing you are not used to," she had said, "and it will do your old bones a deal of good." The address was not complimentary, especially as coming from a lady in regard to whom he entertained tender feelings; but Souchey forgave the something of coarse familiarity which the words displayed, and, seating himself on the stool before the victuals gave play to the feelings of the moment. "There's no one to measure what's left of the sausage," said Lotta, instigating him to new feats.

"Ain't there now?" said Souchey, responding to the sound of the trumpet. "I always thought she had the devil's own eye in looking after what was used in the kitchen."

"The devil himself winks sometimes," said Lotta, cutting another half-inch off from the unconsumed fragment, and picking the skin from the meat with her own fair fingers. Hitherto Souchey had been regardless of any such niceness in his eating, the skin having gone with the rest; but now he thought that the absence of the outside covering, and the touch of Lotta's fingers, were grateful to his appetite.

"Souchey," said Lotta, when he had altogether done and had turned his stool round to the kitchen fire, "where do you think Nina would go if she were to marry—a Jew?" There was an abrupt solemnity in the manner of the question which at first baffled the man, whose breath was heavy with the comfortable repletion which had been bestowed upon him.

"Where would she go to?" he said, repeating Lotta's words.

"Yes, Souchey, where would she go to? Where would be her eternal home? What would become of her soul? Do you know that not a priest in Prague would give her absolution, though she were on her dying bed? Oh, holy Mary, it's a terrible thing to think of! It's bad enough for the old man and her to be there day after day without a morsel to eat; and I suppose if it were not for Anton Trendellsohn it would be bad enough with them——"

"Not a gulden, then, has Nina ever taken from the Jew—nor the value of a gulden, as far as I can judge between them."

"What matters that, Souchey? Is she not engaged to him as his wife? Can any thing in the world be so dreadful? Don't you know she'll be—damned for ever and

ever?" Lotta, as she uttered the terrible words, brought her face close to Souchey's, looking into his eyes with a fierce glare. Souchey shook his head sorrowfully, owning thereby that his knowledge in the matter of religion did not go to the point indicated by Lotta Luxa. "And wouldn't anything, then, be a good deed that would prevent that?"

"It's the priests that should do it among them."

"But the priests are not the men they used to be, Souchey. And it is not exactly their fault neither. There are so many folks about in these days who care nothing who goes to glory and who does not, and they are too many for the priests."

"If the priests can't fight their own battle, I can't fight it for them," said Souchey.

"But for the old family, Souchey, that you have known so long! Look here; you and I between us can prevent it."

"And how is it to be done?"

"Ah! that's the question. If I felt that I was talking to a real Christian that had a care for the poor girl's soul, I would tell you in a moment."

"So I am; only her soul isn't my business."

"Then I cannot tell you this. I can't do it unless you acknowledge that her welfare as a Christian is the business of us all. Fancy, Souchey, your mistress married to a filthy Jew!"

"For the matter of that, he isn't so filthy neither."

"An abominable Jew! But, Souchey, she will never fall out with him. We must contrive that he shall quarrel with her. If she had a thing about her that he did not want her to have, could'nt you contrive that he should know it?"

"What sort of thing? Do you mean another lover, like?"

"No, you gander. If there was anything of that sort I could manage it myself. But if she had a thing locked up,—away from him, couldn't you manage to show it to him? He's very generous in rewarding, you know."

"I don't want to have anything to do with it," said Souchey, getting up from his stool, and preparing to take his departure. Though he had been so keen after the sausage, he was above taking a bribe in such a matter as this.

"Stop, Souchey, stop. I didn't think that I should ever have to ask anything of you in vain."

Then she put her face very close to his, so that her lips touched his ear, and she laid her hand heavily upon his arm, and she was very confidential. Souchey listened to the whisper till his face grew longer and longer. "'Tis for her soul," said Lotta—"for her poor soul's sake. When you can save her by raising your hand, would you let her be damned for ever?"

But she could exact no promise from Souchey except that he would keep faith with her, and that he would consider deeply the proposal made to him. Then there was a tender farewell between them, and Souchey returned to the Kleinseite.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

THE LOST CABLE.

THE most striking characteristic of Englishmen—the feature which most of all distinguishes them from all other peoples—is certainly the steady persistence with which, in spite of defeat, discomfiture, and discouragement, they will continue to pursue anything which they have once satisfied themselves to be a worthy object of ambition. Perseverance is the national trait, and the spirit of "no surrender," even to Fortune, gives the peculiar temper and tone to the national mind.

The very best traits of the Englishman are those which are developed under difficulties. It is then that he displays his patience, his endurance—the steady inquiry he makes into the causes of former failure—the quiet persistence by which he seeks to overcome obstacles that cannot be carried by assault—the trustful reliance which never trenches on over-confidence, but supplies a fixed and steady faith—the untiring industry united to a certain genial good-humour that seems to say, "It is a tough job, but all the more creditable if we shall do it at last." He believes in hard work; and it is not a bad creed for a nation.

Never was this Anglo-Saxon virtue more conspicuous than in the history of the Transatlantic Cable. There was, at the beginning, an amount of difficulty that might have deterred any efforts; and, in the first attempts, there were failures which, to ordinary eyes, seemed so inherent in the undertaking, proceeding from causes so certain to recur, and in their very nature so essentially hard to obviate, that mere observers did not hesitate to pronounce the undertaking an impossibility, and to class the speculation amongst those wild and visionary schemes by which sanguine people are misled and betrayed.

For months long we were informed, not only how the cable never could be laid, but how, if laid, it must be useless. The naval people charged themselves with proving the first, the electricians engaged to demonstrate the last of these propositions. In fact, what between hard reasoning and a new phraseology, the most of us gave in, and came to the conclusion that, except a Polar expedition, there could not be a more hopeless exploit than an attempt to lay a cable to America.

What a triumph, then, to think that it is done, and well done! That the selfsame men, never daunted by former failures, never doubting of their own powers to achieve success, should have accomplished the great task, is a very legitimate subject for national rejoicing. It speaks well for England, and it comes in a very opportune moment, too, when our unwillingness to embroil ourselves in Continental quarrels has led foreigners to sneer at our declining influence, and ascribe our backwardness to the commencing decay of national vigour and greatness.

We really did need, sorely need, all the benefit this new display of British energy could yield us. The frank disclosures our newspapers are so fond of making about our defenceless condition, our small army, and our no fleet, are readily caught up by foreign writers, and the theme rarely suffers diminution in their hands. Here, however, is a great achievement, and one, too, which can neither be denied, nor discredited, nor disparaged; and we may proudly ask, Is there a nation of the Continent could have done as much? I am actually afraid to

dwell on this theme, lest I become vainglorious. I already hear myself humming "Rule Britannia," so that on every account I'll trip my anchor and sheer off.

There is no reason, however, why I should not endeavour to improve the occasion and apply my text, for this same fishing-up the lost cable is a subject full of teaching, and offers a multitude of analogies to a theme which interests us all.

"It's not possible the man is going to preach for us?" I hear a soft voice say; and I reply, "Yes, madam, I am about to preach—for the matter of that I am always preaching, although I am just as far from a fat living as on the day I began."

I repeat, then, that this fishing-up the lost cable may be very profitably considered. It is but a few months ago that the great Reform cable gave way—smashed as they were paying it out, and went down—down to the very bottom. I do not like to speak harshly of the house of Russell, Gladstone & Co., who had contracted for the work. They were sadly limited as to time, and had to work up all sorts of old materials, sold to them by a certain Bright of Birmingham, who has, or says he has, been on all the Atlantic cables that ever have or ever will be laid. Many ascribe the failure of the cable entirely to this Bright, who could not be kept out of the shop, and was eternally interfering with the workpeople, so that some of the most respectable "hands" actually struck work and refused to do a hand's turn if Bright were to give orders.

But, besides being a bad cable, there was no end to the blundering in paying it out—some crying care and caution, and others screaming out "pay away;" and although a skilful fellow, one Foster, who tested the wire several times, whispered them that it never transmitted the signals, and only gave dead earth, Captain Gladstone said, "Never you mind that; let us only get it across. If it doesn't work we'll soon find out scores of fellows to lay the blame on. Once we splice the shore and it's very little I'll trouble myself about the perfect condition of the insulation."

All this while a number of respectable men, some of whom had actually worked on former cables, came and told Gladstone that it was rotten—that Bright's wire was rubbish that he wanted to get a high price for—and, in fact, he wasn't the sort of man that a respectable house ought to admit into its confidence; but Gladstone wouldn't be warned. Not that in reality, he thought any great things of Bright, who wasn't much of a workman, but a fellow who was always about the yard telling the hands scores of things "they had a right to" and which he would certainly get for them if they stood by him. Gladstone, I say had no high opinion of him; but being a stiff sort of man, that resented anything in the shape of advice or counsel, he sternly said, "I'll lay that cable and no other; and what's more, if any accident befalls it, I tell you to look out; for as sure as my name's Bill, I'll make the lads believe there was foul play in it, and you'll see then what will happen."

This was an ugly threat—all the more that every sensible man knew well the cable was not worth sixpence. Indeed it was just a miracle that it held together while they were paying it out, and twice or thrice fellows sang out, "Stand by there; the cable is going to break." "I'll tell you what you ought to do, Mr. Gladstone," said Captain Dizzy, a gentlemen that knew right well what laying a cable was; "don't you go on losing your time with that rotten humbug; cut it off and let it go to Old Nick if it likes; but go home and set to work at a real cable. It's true we belong to another house in the trade, but that's no reason in life why we wouldn't give you the best

advice in our power, and so we will. There's only one condition, however, and that we shall insist on. Not one of our people will enter the yard if that fellow Bright isn't kept out. He's nothing but a mischief-maker—setting the men against the masters, and telling lies of the employers, till it's a mere chance how any business can be carried on at all."

What does Gladstone say to this, think you? He says, "As for Bright, I don't trust him a bit more than yourself. I know well enough he doesn't care for me and if he comes here, I am full sure it's to spite some one else; but the cable was made by me—it was I planned it, and I'll lay it too. When I've got it once across, and sent one message by it—only one, mind—it may smash or give dead earth the day after, for I well know people will say the man that laid one cable can lay another; and I'd just as soon be laying cables all my life as anything else. It's hard work, you'll say; but I like hard work, and all the better when it gives me an excuse for hard language; and I do like slanging the fellows that never laid a cable, and telling them that nobody would trust them with such a job; and that's why," says he, "I'll lay this here cable, and I'll not put another strand of wire on it—no, not another coat of gutta percha; nor I'll not let you nor any man interfere with the way I'll pay it out. I'll run it fast or I'll run it slow, just as I please; and the man that as much as touches it will have to deal with me."

Now, it wasn't only that the words were haughty, but the way he spoke them was worse; for he has got such a habit of bullying the people in the yard, it's as much as he can do to say a civil word to any one.

This was how matters stood, when one night, as they were paying away the rope as usual—it was a deep spot, one of those clefts, as they call them, where no end of coil was wanting—crack goes the cable, and Bright sang out, "By the living jingo, there it's gone!" and so it was, with a squash, and disappeared in an instant.

"Didn't I tell you how it would be?" said Dizzy in a whisper.

"You be blowed!" said Gladstone, and pulled his sou'wester over his eyes and went below. Now the real captain all this time was an old man they called Captain John—Bill was only the mate—and he came on deck, a very rare thing for him at any time of late, for he wasn't very strong, and didn't much like dirty weather.

"Where's the cable?" says he.

"Gone over the side, sir," says one of the men.

"Where's the mate?"

"Gone below, sir."

"Send him here."

"He says he won't come, sir: he's shut himself in his own cabin, and won't come out for no man."

"Where are we? what's the latitude?" says Captain John. And would you believe there wasn't a man of the crew could say within a hundred miles or so where the ship was lying? "I'm an old searfaring man," says John. "I've passed my life on the salt water, but the like of this I never saw before." And you see, what made him most angry of all was, he knew that the mate was trying to get a "certificate," and persuade the owners to make him captain. "Make any land you can," says Captain John; "when I reach a port I'll pay off the crew, and he'll be a cunning fellow that catches me going afloat again, leastways with Bill for my first mate."

Eight days after they dropped anchor off Osborne, and the crew was paid off, and they went ashore quarrelling amongst themselves; and I tell you that it was well for Bright that he wasn't out that evening, or as sure as I'm here, they'd have served him ill, for many of the men were not likely to find a ship again. They were but indifferent seamen, and, except Bill, there wasn't a man aboard could take an observation.

And now the owners have got a new crew and a new captain—the same that told Bill his cable would never hold—and we are all very curious to know what they'll do. There are many—and no fools some of them—who say we don't want a cable at all, that the post does everything fully as fast as we need it, and that the only reason people can give for having a cable is, that the Yankees have cables; but why not have gin-slings and spittoons and whittling-sticks, if that's all?

Others say, Let's have a cable, but a good cable, a cable that will hold, that won't want splicing every year or so, and that will work when it's laid. But to make a good serviceable cable requires time; it can't be patched up in a hurry, nor vamped up out of shoddy. We've had enough of Brummagem cables, I take it. Then the course ought to be surveyed; we haven't anything really to guide us—how many miles of cable we want, nor what strain it ought to be able to bear in the deep places.

And then there are others that say, Don't go bothering your heads about a regular good cable that will last for centuries. If it was the finest piece of work ever was turned out of a shop, there's fellows in the manufacturing districts—just for the good of trade, they'd call it—would cry out for a new one. They'd say there were messages enough for half-a-dozen cables, and who's to say no to that? It's just one of those things any man can assert without proof, but nobody would like to deny on the same no-foundation.

And, last of all, there are people who say, The best thing to do would be to fish up the old cable. They put a buoy over the spot, and it would be easily found. Get a few of Captain John's best seamen—there were three or four smart fellows among them—and drag for the old rope; and if it could be strengthened and made serviceable, it's no small gain to know that there's fully half the distance done already. The difficulty of the plan is, that none of the late crew will engage. They saved a little on the last cruise, and they'd like to stay ashore and spend it; and Bill, the mate, has told them all to wait patiently, for he's sure to be sent to sea again as skipper, and will take every man of them. And though they didn't agree very well when they sailed together, misfortune has made them better messmates — all the more, perhaps, that Bill promises them a double allowance of grog when they join him, and I don't know what bounty the day they anchor at "Heart's Content."

What they're doing at the yard in Whitehall I can't say. I'm told they're hard at work. There's many working overtime, but what at no one knows, as there's a notice up that none are admitted inside the works except the persons employed. And if you chance to meet any of the inspectors or foremen outside, the most you'll get out of him is some commonplace remark about a cable being a fine thing, or a hard job to lay a good one, or something just as wise; so that, in short, I don't believe there are five men in England who could tell you what will happen in '67, or who will lie at anchor in Heart's Content Bay this day twelvemonth.

Of course Bright goes about abusing the people who won't employ him. There's nothing too bad for him to say of them. They are "dirty conspirators;" they are "rogues" and they are "ignorant." People, of course, believe as much of this as they like. The great fact that nobody can disbelieve remains—that Bright is out of work, and very like to remain so.

He tells all who will listen to him that if these men lay a cable it will be of rotten materials; that there will not be an honest strand in it; that no matter how well it may look, and how fairly it may be finished, it will be only a sham.

But, worse than all this, he says, "When they have laid the cable, they'll just keep it for the transmission of their own messages, and you and I, and thousands of others, the 'flesh and blood' of the country — its 'real strength,' its 'vigour,' and what not — will have as much use of it as we have of the state apartments at Windsor, or any other baubles of that absurdity called monarchy, which we ought to have done away with years ago." Now, there never yet was a plausible fellow with an unscrupulous tongue, who couldn't get up thousands to listen to and applaud him. It is a part of human nature itself to like the abuse of one's neighbours. It's spicy, and it is self-assuring. A good slashing review of the book you could not have written consoles you for many a deficiency; and when the thermometer is 120° in the shade, it is a fine thing to think that the sun has "spots" on it.

If his followers, then, do not believe all Bright says, it amuses them to pretend they do, and it excuses them for losing their time at monster meetings, and talking to each other as if they had a grievance in common, which is one of the greatest pleasures the Anglo Saxon race is capable of enjoying.

"Let them lay a cable, then," says he, "and if I can't cut it, I'll calumniate it; and if I catch a man sending a message by it, I'll raise a hue and cry after him that will make his life miserable."

And this is how the matter now stands, and this is the prospect at present before us.

BRIBERS AND BRIBERY.

Our election committees, and the bribery revelations they disclose, are not pleasant contributions to contemporary history. The profligate contempt for all honour, the recognized understanding that a vote was as saleable a commodity as a blanket, the proclaimed admission of the candidate that he was prepared to buy, and the unscrupulous avowal of the elector that he was ready to sell, a seat in Parliament, only needed the mingled hypocrisy and jaunty self-sufficiency of the testimony adduced to make up a most revolting picture of English life and manners — insomuch indeed, that I am persuaded if any one desired to give such a representation of our country as might most disparage our truth, our honour, and our rectitude, he need not go beyond Yarmouth or Totness for the counts of his indictment.

Nor have we the poor consolation of thinking that corruption was only found amongst the poor and needy—that it was the vice of those who, neither elevated by education nor lifted by fortune above the very humblest condition, were therefore more fatally exposed to its contamination. Far from this. It was the well-to-do tradesman, the respectable shopkeeper, the vestryman, the poor-law guardian, the chief authority in his town or neighbourhood, was the culprit. Nay, worse again, we saw the man whose whole office and duty in life was to preach morality and godliness, himself in the dock—a spectacle so revolting that the question arose, not merely how were we to preserve the constitution, but how were we to purify the Church?

It is quite clear that the conscience of England is not of that temper that will wince under the censure of public opinion. It is not an admission one would like to make, but there is no help for it. There is a levity felt in certain transgressions that steels men against the opinion of the world, and the bravado declaration that "every man has his price," is heard with a half-approval of the honest

boldness of the speaker, instead of being scouted and reprobated as the shameless assertion of an unblushing rascality. And very bad is it when rascality will not blush, when vice takes the triumphant tone in life, and says, I am the rule and the way; talk as you will, do as you will, it will be found in the end that men recognise in *me* the elements of all their success, and it is only the disappointed man or the hypocrite who will dare to deny it.

Now, I do not believe that Englishmen are by nature more corrupt than other people. I am sure, however, that they often overestimate, and very rarely, if ever, undervalue the great benefits of the constitution they live under. They know they enjoy a large amount of political and personal liberty. They are well aware that, without a House of Commons, composed not merely of able but honest men, these blessings could not be secured to them, nor could they be certain that the public revenue would be honestly disbursed and fairly accounted for. In a word, they feel it to be essentially their interest that Parliament should consist, not alone of the first minds of the nation, but of the best men in all that regards integrity and character.

How is it, then, that a ten-pound note is stronger than these convictions? Is it because the poor freeholder says, "These are all considerations above me and my powers of judgment The questions the candidate discussed on the hustings were totally beyond my judgment. I can't tell whether it would be better to extend the franchise, to abolish the Irish Church, to reform the laws of bankruptcy, or exclude Russia from the Black Sea; but I know a score of ways in which I could advantageously and pleasantly employ ten sovereigns; and though I like cheap beer, and that honourable gentleman told me I shall have it by a repeal of the malt duty, yet somehow my bird-in-the hand notions incline me to say, I'd prefer the ten-pound note of his opponent, who says that beer will not be cheapened by the repeal, and that the only gainers will be the brewers.

It never occurs to him all this while that he has no right to make this choice, that he has no option at all in the matter, that his vote is a trust to be exercised, and not a commodity to be sold. Nor is it from the candidate that he is to be taught better. That "honourable gentleman," who, in all the ordinary dealings of life, will be a man of scrupulous integrity—who would not condescend to a shabby thing, nor involve himself in aught which might savour of trick or deception—whose rule of life was truthfulness—will, on the canvass or at the hustings, drop all these, and come out as lavish of promises and as generous of five-pound notes as the most corrupt agent on his "committee."

It was therefore the schoolmaster himself who mistaught the lesson. The corruption came from above. Now, how is this? how comes it to pass that this gentleman, who would no more bribe a jockey to sell a race than he would commit a street robbery, is ready and willing to bribe a freeholder to sell his vote? Is the issue so much more important at Ascot than in the House of Commons? Or is it that the integrity of a jock is a matter dearer to the national feeling than the honour of an elector? or is it simply that the one would stamp a man with infamy and exclude him from intercourse with gentlemen, and that the other had no worse personal consequences than a possible petition and some unpleasant remarks from the press?

The truth is, we have arrived at a very complex morality in England which would puzzle a stranger fully as much as our system of social distinctions. There are rogueries which may be done, and others which are inadmissable; and we have such an implicit reliance on

what we call public opinion, that we leave to Judge Lynch what ought to be ruled by the Legislature.

If I am convinced of anything, it is, that public opinion never repressed anything that people cared to persist in. Public opinion put down duelling, because people did not care to fight; rifled pistols had far more to do with the suppression than public opinion. Public opinion is a blatant humbug that shouts loud enough when the enemy is routed, but is meek-voiced and quiet-tongued when he advances boldly and defiant.

Why does not public opinion suppress bribery at elections? Is it that the practice is less corrupting than the duel? Is it that it is a small, poor, ignoble vice, seen in low places and known only to the few? Where was your public opinion when it snowed bank-notes at Yarmouth, and rained sovereigns at Reigate? Quiet enough, I promise you. The flesh-and-blood freeholder, as Mr. Gladstone loves to call him, had no vocation for twelve paces, but a decided liking for the coin of the realm. Scores of these men were on Temperance Committees, and would not drink a glass of beer to save your life. I think I recognised their fine Roman hand lately in a petition to the Postmaster-General against having a Sunday-letter delivery—a sacrifice the less honourable to their feelings that the bribery rarely came by post. Public opinion knew better than to meddle with bribery. Like Dogberry, it knew that if the knave "would not stand" you must "let him go."

Public opinion, however, if it would vindicate itself, and assert the proud position to which it pretends, has now a fair opportunity. Let it treat the briber—for it is better to begin with him—as it treats the man who would buy or sell a race—who would, in fact, employ his money in corrupting some one whose falsehood to his trust might serve the purposes of his corrupter. Let public opinion brand this man as a blackleg, exclude him from all clubs and societies of gentlemen, and treat him precisely as it would do the cheat at play. Let it be ruled that he who deals dishonestly in a matter of political interest is just as infamous as the man who plays foully at cards.

Legislation may deal with the offence in its own fashion—attach fine or imprisonment to its penalty; but for its suppression we want more than a statute: we want that general verdict by which a man is sent into Coventry, the best possible punishment for one whose corruption is contagious.

I do not affect to say it is in the sanction gentlemen lend to bribery that the man who takes a bribe justifies himself to his own conscience and becomes satisfied that the practice is at least venial. I do not say this because your purchasable voter is a fellow without "conscience" at all; he needs no balm to his wound; he has never felt himself touched. So long as there is some one willing to pay him ten pounds for his vote, he is ready to sell it; and if a possible twinge told him that he was doing a shabby thing, the thought that he was no worse than his neighbours quickly reassured and rallied him. But if I do not assert that it is the candidate brings corruption into the borough, I am ready to declare that the example given by a man of station and high ambition to every form and shape of fraudulent interference with the exercise of the franchise, does and must corrupt those who witness it.

What deference, what respect, what faith will these men yield to a Parliament constituted as they know it has been by violence, fraud, and corruption? Is it likely that the high-sounding moralities of debate will be accepted by such people except as solemn mockeries? And is it a good or safe policy that this should be the case? Is it the

time to permit these things when agitators are telling the working classes that they are fully the equals of the more favored orders in intelligence, and when they see that there is not much inequality in what regards integrity?

It has been said that though we go a very clumsy way about it, we do in the end obtain an admirable body of men for Parliament. I have no doubt of it. I am fully persuaded no other representative institution in the world can compete with a British House of Commons; but how much more powerful for all good, how much more influential in every way, would these men be if no taint of any corruption applied to their election! Do not the rotten practices of a canvass tarnish the whole career of any man who descends to them? and is it not an easy process of induction to infer that the man who corrupts may be corrupted, and that he who buys a vote in the market-place may sell a vote in the House? I say again, it is neither safe nor politic that men should enter upon the greatest trusts with that upon them that should disparage their character for honour.

"I bought you, and I'll sell you," was the indignant but not very honourable reply of an Irish member to the remonstrances of his disappointed constituents; and I am afraid that, though not exactly avowed in words, it is with a feeling of such contempt certain representatives must regard the opinions of their supporters.

If we were not, as we are, the most illogical people in Europe, we should now be occupying ourselves with the thought how best to set our house in order, rather than increase the confusion by enlarging the household. It is in reality a far more imminent question how to deal with the present electors than how to increase their number.

Widening the area of a constituency is probably extending the radius of bribery. The candidate will have to get change for his shilling —that will be the great difference. Having said what I hope will vindicate me from any charge of sympathy with bribers and bribery, let me add one word more with reference to what first led me to the topic. It was an article in an Italian journal, 'La Nazione,' reprobating the whole iniquity of our electoral system, and exhibiting us to Europe as a people actually rotten with corruption, the writer concluding with a burst of enthusiastic praise of the contrast presented by Italy, and the unsullied integrity of both electors and elected in that land of spotless honesty.

I am quite ready to admit that there is no bribery, or very little, at an ordinary Italian election; but if it be meant that this is because corruption in any shape is repugnant to the national feeling, I beg to enter a humble protest. First of all, a seat in the Italian Chamber confers little beyond a modest daily sum for subsistence during the session, and a free pass on the railways. It neither gives the political influence or the social station that a Member of Parliament in England enjoys. Needy adventurers, lawyers, journalists, some priests, and a few professional agitators, make up the great bulk of the Chamber. There is very little of the territorial element, nor are there many of the richer merchants or bankers.

If there be no bribery, then, it is simply because there is little worth paying for, and nobody at all to pay it. When the Irish priest rebuked his parishioner for drunkenness, and told him that "whenever he entered an alehouse to drink, his guardian angel stood weeping at the door,"—"And if he had sixpence he'd be in himself," was Pat's reply.

An able French writer — M. Prevost Paradol—in treating this same subject, and stigmatising with just severity all that is reprehensible in our system, yet makes the fair distinction between personal

bribery and corruption carried on by the resources of the State. It would have been well if the Italian journalist had known of or appreciated this difference; and probably, with the memory of a recent scandal in the Italian Parliament, where a Minister of Finance was accused of gross corruption and malversation, he might have felt some scruples about inveighing against a practice which certainly, as an agent of demoralisation, is as nothing to what he might observe in his own country. The French writer remarks that the candidate who might have paid ten thousand pounds for his seat, might, and very probably would, give a perfectly independent vote in the House, while the man who secured his election by the promise of a concession of a canal, a contract, or a railroad, would certainly not be independent of the Executive. This is what the Italian cannot see, and yet he lives in a land where such lessons are taught.

Ask any English contractor who has taken large public or Governmental works in Italy, what are his experiences of honesty in even high places. Has he or has he not found bribery to be the rule and practice of official life? Does not corruption so permeate the public service that you could no more eradicate it and continue the business of the State than you could eliminate the red particles out of your blood and yet maintain your circulation?

In a country where you cannot buy a fowl without a scheme, or hire a cab without an intrigue, and where to take a house requires a conspiracy, it is something too cool by half to find moralists shaking their fingers of scorn towards England, and pointing to us as a warning and a shame, hypocritically thanking Heaven that they are not like those men of bribery and corruption.

Bribery goes through Italian official life pretty much as garlic goes through their cookery, and even when you cannot taste, you are certain to smell it.

"DIGNITY BALLS" IN "OUR VILLAGE."

A great deal of compassionate or semi-compassionate irony has been bestowed on what, in the West Indies, are called "Dignity Balls"—those black assemblies where negroes and negresses figure in absurdly extravagant costume, and, in full general's uniforms or cast-off court dresses, imagine themselves to be the very pink of high society.

Even the satirists, however, who have ridiculed these poor people, have confessed that there ran through the entire representation a sort of serio-comic dignity that seemed to imply that the actors felt they were only actors, and that in this mimicry, or what they thought to be mimicry, of fine manners, there was an under-current of irony at those whose pretensions they were imitating; so that at times it was positively hard to say if it was an apish attempt to appear modish and refined, or a very pungent satire on all fashion.

There is a great deal of the artist in the negro. It is not merely that he has considerable imitative power, but in the headlong energy with which he identifies himself with a part there is the real dramatic spirit. His nature lies nearer the surface than in more polished races, and passions, especially the tragic passions, impress themselves with a vigour and distinctness on his face that is actually appalling.

He has besides a great comic vein, and his grandly ceremonious manner, and his bow, are perfectly unapproachable for mock dignity.

The dignity balls, I am told—I have never seen one—are wonderful displays of these gifts, and the

great master of deportment himself might envy the suave condescension and graceful urbanity of Sambo when receiving his guests. All this while, be it remembered, he is the imitator of an ideal, not the mimicker of something he has actually witnessed. Sambo has never seen the lord in waiting in that fine coat or gorgeous waistcoat. The whole bearing and behaviour derive their suggestiveness from the dress. The costume has to supply the character. The black satin breeches must insinuate the deferential bend or the graceful slide of the once owner. And the man must have the soul of an actor in him who can "create a part" out of the mere "properties."

I have been led to attach a very high estimate on Sambo's histrionic powers by seeing how inferior the white man is in the same range of characters. Sambo is an admirable "Lord Duke;" he throws pride, suavity, conscious dignity, and graceful courtesy into the part. His "General" is excellent: he is peremptory and decisive, the spirit of discipline is in his step, and the wave of his hand seems as conclusive as the sentence of a court martial. His "Admiral" is scarcely so good; but your admiral is not easy acting: there is a quarterdeck politeness, with a dash of the cat-o'-nine-tails through it, not to be caught up except by a long and attentive observation, and I can scarcely blame Sambo for not hitting it.

His "Massa Rich man," however, is his triumph; and for a self-indulgence, running over in every imaginable form of excess, a purse-pride strained to bursting, and a sensual delight in all the pleasures wealth can procure him, Sambo might make Guildhall weep with envy.

Now, I want to know why is it that in our dignity balls on the Continent—and we have dignity balls—the white man is so inferior as an artist to the negro? Why does Sambo caricature the *beau monde* so cleverly, and the home-bred snob make such a mess of the part? Why, in one word, does the black man try to raise himself to an imaginary state and dignity, while the white performer's sole effort is to bring his Marquess down to the meridian of the Minories, and make my Lord Duke a vulgar Cockney?

Dignity balls prevail very largely on the Continent, but mostly in cities of second order, probably because fine manners reach these localities at second hand, and when a little tarnished by the first wearers, but still in a condition quite good enough to do service again, and to cut a smart figure, too, in less cognate company. "Our village" is famous for its dignity balls; for as in the city of Liège it is said that all the great elements of manufacture are found in close juxtaposition—iron-ore and coal, charcoal and water—so with us, every material that goes to the formation of the dignity ball exists in our vicinity. We are aspiring, and we are imitative; we do love great society, *grand monde* habits and ways and doings; we have an instinctive appreciation of all that is severe—I speak of manners, not morals. Exclusive and haughty, we pride ourselves on our several ranks and conditions—I trust not unreasonably, not unmeasuredly—and we feel that we have caught the exact tint of that perfect society which is at once the distinguishing colour of human civilisation as regards intercourse, and the cause of an undying envy to all who live without its pale.

"Our village" has lately become a town. A French General charged with a letter from the Emperor to the Pope once passed the night here, and in commemoration of the happy incident our Government gave us municipal rank, and created us "Ville." Not that I think we in reality gained much advantage beyond a general rise in the price of provisions, and a consequent increase in house-rent. But we make no complaint—greatness

is always worth paying for, and we are great.

This promotion, too, greatly favoured our dignity balls, for it enriched us with foreign representatives, so that France, Prussia, Spain, Turkey, and Madagascar may be said now to assist at our tea-parties, and contribute their several splendours to our receptions. Nor are these small elements to social success. Titles to dignity balls are what bouquet is to Burgundy. The liquor is not the stronger, more full-bodied, or more fruity; but it is endowed with a charm at once delicate and delicious, suggestive of early culture and care, and bearing on its perfumed breath an aroma of high birth and breeding.

Still I must say that what gives the dignity ball its highest flavour is the Englishman with a foreign title. Now, I know nothing in the whole framework of society to compare with this great creature, who, while, as it were, protesting against the narrow invidiousness which in his own country had not raised him to the peerage, still patriotically delights to adorn the land of his birth with his own greatness. The earl or the viscount is usually satisfied with the deference and courtesy men extend to his condition, and never feels called upon to exact what is willingly and freely tendered. Not so your Count Cassidy, your Baron Briggs, or Chevalier Popkins; he has to insist upon his rank—he sees or suspects he sees a covert design to disparage his nobility, and he is eternally on his guard to defend it. Where rank confers, as in England, certain definite privileges, the mere assumption of these guarantees the title of him who enjoys them; but abroad, where rank is merely title, where the coronet of the duke has no political significance, and may, besides, be found allied to very humble fortune, the owner accepts the degree of deference society accords to his name and belongings; and a Rohan, a De Merode, or a Montmorency has very little to complain of in the way the world treats him. Now, Count Cassidy forgets all this; he thinks he has got a foreign equivalent to an English earldom, and he wants to be regarded as an earl, and his wife to be deemed on a par with an English countess. He ignores the fact that his rank is a mere name, which, if not dead to all sense of ridicule, he will leave at Calais whenever he revisits England. If the old soldier in green who carries one's letters in London, and goes on errands from clubs and hotels, was to fancy from his title that he ranked with the "commissioners" for the payment of the national debt, "commissioners" of customs, or suchlike other commissioners, he would not be a whit more absurd than these people. If the ridicule of these men only attached to themselves, I should never think of complaining of them; on the contrary, I would feel no small gratitude to them for giving us another subject for laughing at in a world that daily grows duller and more serious. What I cannot so easily endure, however, is, that they throw a degree of absurdity on their country, and give foreigners another reason for a sneer and an impertinence upon the nation of shopkeepers.

The insane value that vulgar English people attach to title, this ludicrous estimate of what it is to be count or baron, amuses a foreigner to the same degree and in the same way as an English tar is amused by the delight of a South Sea Islander with a brass button or a bead. He knows how little intrinsic worth the bauble possesses, and laughs at the simplicity of the poor savage that deems it a gem: and certainly the naked native of the Gaboon proudly strutting before his fellows with a copper saucepan on his head is not a bad representative of one of our English counts with a mock coronet.

After all, it is scarcely fair to be angry with them. Long live the

Sultan Mahmoud! said the raven; for without him we should have no ruined villages. Long live the Count Cassidys! then say I; for without them there would be no dignity balls, no droll travesties of high life, no fancy parodies on *grand monde* existence, and some of the best acting of the age would be utterly lost to us.

It was said of the famous Cooke that, on the day after his performance of Richard, he was perfectly insufferable to his friends; the airs of royalty still clung to him, imparting an overbearing insolence to his manner, and a degree of haughty condescension to his address that made him perfectly insufferable. This came of playing king. It was in the assumption of something not natural to him, something that he had to conceive, and then convey, rendering the man for the time unreal, he became thus absurd. A real king is no more insolent and overbearing than a real captain in the navy is always rolling a quid in his mouth and hitching his small clothes. So is it that your English count travesties nobility: he wants to be better than the "real article."

If the Radicals only knew it, they'd make great capital out of these people. There's nothing would so much disparage the pretensions and injure the prestige of real rank as this lamentable travesty of nobility. One finds it next to impossible to enjoy Ristori in Medea after seeing Paul Bedford in the same part. It is no use trying to separate the impressions—Paul will permeate through all, and persecute you in the most thrilling moments of the great artiste's passion. Half-a-dozen Count Cassidys—and they are not hard to be had; I could myself contract for a large consignment—would do more to damage the peerage and pull down the House of Lords than all the bleatings of Birmingham led on by John Bright himself. I have heard—I cannot vouch for the fact, but I have heard—the Jews have an intense liking for ham, and that a follower of Moses would give a Jew's eye for a sausage. It is the old story of the forbidden fruit. And what a torture must the travelling American feel at seeing all these great titles the Continent abounds in so near to and yet so far from him, so easy to grasp, so impossible to hold. To be a Republican at home and a count abroad—a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day—would give life such alternations of delight! To figure as a noble through Europe, and only drop the coronet as people do their Tauchnitz editions at the custom-house, might yet be very enjoyable. When we see the avidity with which they cling to the small distinctive titles their stern institutions so stingily mete out to them, we can imagine how they would revel in marquessates and get drunk with dukedoms. They are strong Anglo-Saxons in all this, and as thorough snobs as the old country itself could produce.

But let me say good bye to all in kindliness. Long live dignity balls! Long live those who give them all their *éclat*, all their splendour! Floreat Count Cassidy! May Baron Briggs flourish like a green bay-tree! We grow duller and wiser, more social-scienceable and grey-sandstonable every day. Let us, at least, have something to lighten the graver hours of life. Leave us our English counts, our bagmen barons. There will be always simple-natured men like myself who will like them as well as the real thing. Though now and then, in spiteful mood, I may wish they were not so crushing in their *hauteur*, so grandly imperious in their bearing, yet, even then, they are redeemed by little touches, small traits of humanity that render us grateful to them, as we feel to Billy Bottom when he considerately peeped from under the shaggy skin, and told us he was no lion at all.

Good-bye, then, one and all. You have often rallied me out of low spirits, and, when I was younger, given me many a hearty laugh. Even now I relish you, though with a faint touch of something less mirthful; and I feel, as I see you enter a room in all the solemn dignity of your mock state, as though I were listening to the triumphal march in 'Nabucco' on a musical snuff-box!

PROFITABLE VICE.

I have just read in a German newspaper a very grave and carefully written paper in support of maintaining those gambling establishments at Homburg, Ems, and Wiesbaden, which it is said to be the intention of the Prussian Government to suppress altogether. The writer very adroitly avoids all the ethical bearings of the question, and addresses himself simply to what attaches to expediency. He does not attempt to uphold what cannot be upheld; he has nothing to say for play, and he is wise enough not to compromise himself. His line of argument is, however, strictly Benthamite. It is an expansion of the "greatest happiness" principle. What he says is this. The vast majority of those who frequent Badörter are not gamblers. They are people who come to relax after severe task—wearied statesmen, overworked lawyers, tired men of business. With these come others fond of pleasure and glad to seek it in a spot where it is made the business of life—a large idle class of every imaginable nationality, amused at the strange panorama of queer people, queer costumes, and queer manners. Then come others, a large number, of moderate fortunes, who find in these places a vast quantity of gratuitous enjoyments to which their narrow means deny them all access elsewhere. Handsome rooms splendidly illuminated, admirable music, gardens, fountains, promenades maintained in the most perfect order, and a variety of amusements provided at public cost. The people who come for play are a very small minority. The great mass of the strangers do not even enter the *salle de jeu*, or even mix with those who frequent it. Gamblers, be it remarked, are not eager to make converts to their peculiar vice. With the superstition that attaches to these people, they never divest themselves of the thought that the new convert might carry off all the luck, just as in their code they believe that the unwilling player is sure to win. A gambler, besides, is the ideal of all selfishness; there is no man so utterly and completely indifferent to his fellows; he is too little interested in them to care to influence them in any way. The absorption of his favourite pursuit is such, besides, that he is very rarely, I might say never, gifted with those qualities which in making men attractive make them dangerous. For him, there are no questions of politics or science or literature; he cares nothing for the arts, as little for the drama. "Man delights him not, nor woman either." Armies may march and dynasties crumble, but there is more interest to him in the last turned card of the croupier than in all the fate of Europe.

In this respect, therefore, the gambler is less dangerous to society than if, like the drunkard, for instance, he cared to draw others to his vice. Of course all this reasoning only applies to him who plays at a public table, since the private gambler has a very different line, and lives upon the victims he entices.

The German journalist enters most minutely into the consideration of this part of the question, and having satisfied himself that

gaming does not corrupt by example, and that, as there always will be certain men who will play, it is for the interest of society that these people should be taxed to maintain and support those pleasant spots, Ems, Baden, and the like, where the non-playing portion of humanity may enjoy itself at little cost, virtue being thus for once rewarded at the expense of vice. With that fatalistic turn which tinges all German reasoning, he argues that the question merely concerns those who come for pleasure, not play; that gamblers are born gamblers, and will be gamblers to the end; and that if we can turn such unprofitable people to good account, it is a wise economy, not very unlike that we pursue when we employ convict labour in our public works.

The gambler, most unquestionably, pays the band, lights the salon, sweeps and waters the promenade, cultivates the flowers, and makes the fountains play; and which of us, asks the writer, would not be well pleased to see the vice of drunkenness subjected to a similar taxation, and every tippler obliged while paying for his dram, to add another penny for a fund to be devoted to furnish amusement for his more temperate fellow-men? We tax luxuries, and vice is the chief of luxuries.

It is quite true that no man following an honest craft or calling would submit to such a percentage from his income as the gambler is obliged to pay. The cost of maintaining all the public establishments at Baden-Baden has been stated at forty-thousand pounds sterling per annum. That is to say, that thousands are regaled and entertained with balls, fêtes, music, theatres, hunting-parties, and innumerable other devices of pleasure, that a few hundred very good-for-nothing people may be despoiled to their last shilling, and sent out to live on their relatives or die in the streets.

The German thinks this very pretty economy, and calmly asks, if instead of suppressing Wiesbaden and Homburg, we could not carry out the great truths they teach to an extended practice. Why not make all vice available to the support of virtue? There are other wicked practices as well as gambling. There are certain people who imagine that all our criminals capable of bearing arms ought to be made to serve as soldiers, and crime be made, in this way, "the cheap defence of nations." It certainly does throw new attraction around good behaviour to know that it is as profitable as it is commendable; and when once we have attained, as the German writer appears to have done, to that happy frame of mind in which no detraction from enjoyment is felt by the thought that our pleasure is obtained at the price of another man's perdition, we may begin to imagine that the world has at last made real progress, and that we have learned to utilise our bad people, as a farmer does a blighted crop, by making manure of them.

Instead, therefore, of shedding tears over human iniquity, and making our shortcomings the story of pulpit eloquence, we shall become far more lenient to our erring brethren, seeing that it is they who pay the taxes. How lightly we should come to regard a Russian war, an Indian famine, or the endowment of an Irish cardinal, when we only reflected that a few more drunkards, another hell in St. James's Street, would meet it all! How proudly some future Gladstone would close his budget speech by declaring that we had suffered two successive years of bad harvest, carried on a costly war, and extended our military defences to a degree of perfection unequalled in the history of Great Britain, yet he "was able to inform the House that these expenses had all been satisfactorily provided for by the more general spread of intoxication, and

a most gratifying increase of general profligacy!"

It is to this, or to something very like it, our enlightened journalist now points. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," is the text on which he enlarges, till he arrives at the pleasant fact in which he declares, "Blessed is the nation that can turn even its iniquities to good account! Happy are the people who can sow tares and reap wheat!

When this millennial period shall have arrived, people will not be so prone to utter their congratulations over a small calendar or a white assizes, well knowing how it is crime keeps down taxation, and that a new vice is a penny off the income-tax.

I hope M. Bismark will see the force of this reasoning. Prussia has long been distinguished for its admirable financial policy. The taxation has been light—the public debt inconsiderable. To what extent might not this happy state of things be carried, if the suggestions here thrown out were only adopted, and what a boon would Prussians feel in the newly annexed states, when they saw what mines of wealth were contained in their profligacy, and what a sorry contrast the most successful industry presented beside a good wholesale business in human iniquity!

The virtuous people, moreover, could bring such balm to their consciences by the weight of the burdens they could lay on the wicked; and thus they might exalt the horn of their praise while filling the horn of their plenty.

The height of manufacturing skill is attained when every residuary product is turned to profit; and it is to this we shall have now arrived when we make the dregs of our population a source of national wealth. We might feel some degree of humiliation in thinking that it was from Germany came this first lesson in political economy—from a people we are in the habit of regarding as far behind us in all that concerns government and statecraft—had we not the consolation of remembering that we have already shown the world the fertilising resources of wickedness, and we can point to a formidable array of figures in our revenue as the result of propagating opium-eating amongst the Chinese.

Let not Hesse, or Nassau, or Baden, then, imagine that they have given us a lesson in utilising our dross. Even the unenlightened Government of the Pope knows how to make demoralisation an ingredient of revenue, and to fill its coffers by the gains of a public lottery.

What a glorious time it will be on earth when all the good people shall live lives of ease and enjoyment, not obliged either to toil or to spin, while the whole labour of life will be carried on by the wicked—a grand system of convict labour carried out in the gin-palace, the gambling-house, and such like haunts of crime, where the felons themselves shall not even suspect they are prisoners, nor even know that it is they who support the state!

If the German journalist has not carried out his theory to the full extent of this conclusion, it was possibly for want of space: the language is an unwieldy sort of creature, and requires room for its gambols. And it is a pleasure to me to show what his reasonings lead to, and to warn the world what a costly thing life will become, and how heavy the pressure of taxation, if the day should arrive that the wicked man should turn from his wickedness.

While the Temperance movement lasted in Ireland, grave statesmen trembled for the maintenance of the Union; and there is positively no saying how ungovernable a people might become if they would only be virtuous.

HISTORIC PORTRAITS.

We would ask the reader's company while we walk through a Gallery crowded with the illustrious dead. At the entrance-door we are met by Geoffrey Chaucer and John Wycliffe. The portly figure of Henry VIII. swaggers in the court beyond, and round the corner we come upon good Sir Thomas More, seated in the midst of his family, deep in books and serious thought. Such a sight induces meditative mood, and we cannot but observe, among the moving crowd who come to hold converse with statesmen, poets, and philosophers of a bygone age, a fitting sobriety of manner. There is a cloister stillness in the air, the foot falls softly on the floor, and the voice is low. A lady looks into the face of Jane Grey or of Mary Queen of Scots, and draws a sigh; a statesman approaches the figure of Wolsey or of Bacon, and is taught the instability of power and the fallibility of the human intellect. It is surprising how the lapse of a few centuries clears the mental vision—how the mists which blinded the eyes of contemporaries, in the lapse of years are dispelled—how passion and personal interests subside, so that there remain but justice and and truth in the balance of historic judgment. And again, the contact with men, even through their portraits, who have shaken the world and then fallen under the ruins, seldom fails to awaken sympathy. Few, we believe, will remain wholly callous in the presence of a Vandyke portrait of Charles I.; few are the persons who will not be moved to pity while looking at the sorrow-stricken head of Lady Arabella Stuart. Surely it is salutary thus to reanimate, and in imagination live amid, past times, surrounded by the men who made those times great or disastrous. It is well indeed that we should have occasion for the revision of historic verdicts in open court, the culprit at the bar, and his compeers in the box. On the walls of that remarkable exhibition of national portraits recently held at Kensington might be seen "the martyr-king" as he appeared on trial, the man who took his master prisoner, the judge who passed sentence; there, also, we were in the presence of Cromwell, the Protector, surrounded by the men of the Commonwealth; and then followed the Merry Monarch and the gay women who succeeded to Puritan usurpation. Verily the artist has painted all these diverse characters in their true colours: Charles I. refined yet weak; Cromwell resolute but coarse; Charles II. handsome and dissolute. And so these several portraits tell of their sitters a tale, even as the body at the last day shall rise in condemnation. Truly the face for ever remains as a witness for or against a man; upon the features are indelibly graven the good or evil deeds of a whole life. It has been said, not without show of reason, that every action agitating, as it were the waves of circumstance, abides always present in the world, and cannot, at least in its effects, be obliterated. And surely upon the human countenance even more finely and visibly are written thoughts and deeds, so that a carefully-painted portrait serves as a biography of the individual man, and a whole gallery becomes a history or diagram of humanity at large. A portrait exhibition thus curiously scanned has many a strange and unwelcome truth to confess. On the other hand, when we look on faces patient in suffering, or resolute for the good fight, or radiant under the smile of a kind Providence, he who holds faith in humanity may thank

God and take courage. Many such portraits the history of our country has handed down to us, among which, in the Kensington Gallery, some visitors surely will recall the saint-like head of Jeremy Taylor, and the beaming countenance of good old Izaak Walton.

After the first impressions induced by a visit to a well-stored gallery of portraits may have somewhat evaporated, the question naturally suggests itself, What can be learnt from an assembly which numbers

> "Whate'er was beauteous, and whate'er was great"?

Granger, in his 'Biographical History of England,' justly says, of a collection even of engraved portraits, that it "will delight the eye, recreate the mind, impress the imagination, fix the memory, and thereby yield no small assistance to the judgment." Such a muster roll is not to be scanned out of mere curiosity and desire for entertainment. The portraits of a thousand men who have left their mark on the page of history "serve as a visible representation of past events, and becomes a kind of speaking chronicle." "We see the celebrated contemporaries of every age almost at one view, and by casting the eye upon those that sat at the helm of state, and the instruments of great events, the mind is insensibly led to the history of that period." By the study of such a collection, either in the original paintings, through ancient engravings, or the modern reproductions made by photography,* acquaintance is gained with the manners and dresses of the times—with the history of art, armorial bearings, and emblematical mottoes—with the fortunes of the noblest families in the realm—with the acts and characters of heroes, patriots, divines, lawyers, poets, artists; so that it has been truly said that a well-stored portrait gallery answering "the expectations of the curious in their various tastes and inquiries, may become a rich and plenteous banquet, a full-spread table of choice and useful communications, not only most delightful to the eye, but most instructive to the mind."

We will not detain the reader long with the history of portrait-painting; yet as without that art no gallery of portraits could exist, gratitude alone prompts some passing tribute. When the Earl of Derby suggested a National Portrait Exhibition, of which the public have seen this year at Kensington the first instalment, we were persuaded that the historic value of the collection would be great, but we feared that the art-interest might be small. We could not but think of the paucity and poverty of our native painters: and we remembered that many of the most distinguished practitioners of the portrait art—such as Velasquez, Titian, and Tintoret—had never touched the English shores. But no sooner was the Gallery at South Kensington open than it became apparent that we had underrated the art-treasures of the country. The number of pictures which flocked in upon the managers so far exceeded anterior calculation, that it was found necessary to stop the series the first year with the close of James II.'s reign. But not only did the numbers prove great, but the quality of not a few works was high. The art-merit of the collection may at once be indicated by the fact that there were sixty-one portraits by Vandyke, thirteen by Sir Antonio More, and no fewer than sixty-three reputed works of Holbein,—three chief masters of the art not to be seen in equal strength in any one gallery of Europe.

* Of the 1030 portraits at Kensington, 1000 have been photographed; thus the Exhibition is put on permanent and faithful record. The public can purchase the collection either as a whole or in part at a fair price—the cost of production.

We do not propose to burden the reader with the weight of archæological lore, but yet it seems scarcely right that those national portraits should be dispersed without note being taken of some few critical points brought prominently into view. Early English history, like the history of Rome and of some other nations, has been robbed of its romance. The stories of Alfred as a minstrel in the Danish camp, and Canute on the sea-shore reproving his courtiers, are almost too pretty to be true. And so, many an old portrait, furbished up and nicely engraved in popular pictorial histories, may prove far too good to be authentic. In the annals of England there are in fact pre-portrait centuries,—long periods of time and successive reigns of sovereigns when the heads and bodily aspects of even the chief actors on the historic stage must remain conjectural. Kingly and heroic types became conventional and traditional. A stiff figure, somewhat stately, bearing a crown on the head and a sceptre in the hand, or an effigy stretched on a tomb, clad in armour, the legs crossed, had severally to do service for a whole tribe of monarchs and crusaders. It is really remarkable how little positive data in these early periods is within reach of the historic painter. Sir Benjamin West, depicted 'Alfred and the Pilgrim;' Smirke, 'Canute reproving his flatterers;' Northcote, 'Hubert and Prince Arthur;' Boyd, 'Queen Philippa interceding for the Burgesses of Calais;' Hildebrandt, 'The Murder of Edward V. and the Duke of York in the Tower.' Yet it is not too much to say that these compositions, whatever may be their art-merits, had not the advantage of a single trustworthy portrait! With the general costumes of these times we are doubtless acquainted, but of the individual heads we remain almost wholly ignorant. Archaic arts, indeed, make monarchs and warriors known, not so much through individual features as by generic attributes. We have been shown, it is true, upon a temple in Egypt, a profile to which tradition attaches the name of Cleopatra. But still, speaking generally, it may be said that no reliable portraits can be found either among the mural paintings of Egypt or the bas-reliefs of Assyria. The same judgment, too, must be passed on the figures in that repertory of English history, the Tapestry of Bayeux. The busts of illustrious men and of Roman Emperors now in the Capitol museum, some of which, however, are scarcely above suspicion, rank among the earliest and most trustworthy historic portraits which have fallen within our own observation. Sculpture in the history of art preceded painting—and carved stone, from the nature of things, is more likely to endure than the substance of panel pictures; hence the earliest and truest portraits in our country have been derived directly or indirectly from figures sculptured on tombs. The reader will at once recall monuments in Westminister Abbey, among which Mr. Burges has pronounced authentic the portrait effigies of Queen Philippa, Edward III., Richard II., Anne of Bohemia, Margaret Countess of Richmond and Henry VII. Still the noteworthy fact remains, that while we have in the British Museum that most marvellous bust-portrait of Julius Cæsar, we are left after the Roman invasion, for a period of about a thousand years, with scarcely a dozen reliable portraits of the men whose characters and deeds are indelibly graven on the page of English history. The cause may be found simply in the fact that England was a barbarous land, lying far from the great centres of art and civilisation. These reflections, which have gone beyond the limits we intended, were both suggested and substantiated by the Gallery at Kensington. The man-

agers did right not to accept a "dramatic full-length of Alfred the Great." The general opinion, however, seems to be that they were too credulous and indulgent—as for instance, when they hung that melodramatic portrait of William Wallace, painted at least some two or three centuries after the Scottish warrior had been executed in Smithfield. It may imply lukewarm patriotism to regard as spurious portraits of Edward III., Richard II., Henry IV., V., and VI., and Richard III. Such works have, indeed, to rely rather on credulous faith than on evidence which can satisfy the reason. Yet no one can object to receive these heads for whatever they may be worth, and they are indeed, on many grounds, better than nothing at all. In this pre-portrait period, however, there are at least two paintings which the world has been willing to identify with names honoured in religion and poetry. The head of Geoffrey Chaucer is said to come down to us with the advantage of three centuries of pedigree; and the portrait of John Wycliffe, widely diffused by engravings, is a head to which Protestants seem content to pin their faith. With some such few and pleasing exceptions, however, we look in vain for a portrait gallery illustrative of English history till the student comes down to the reign of Henry VIII., when Holbein was a pensioner at the English Court.

Into the Holbein controversy we have not space to enter. Mr. Wornum's forthcoming volume on the life and works of the great painter will set at rest the questions in debate. Suffice it to say that the discovery of the will of Holbein, made some time since, took away ten years from the painter's life; he is now supposed to have died not later than 1543; his royal patron, Henry VIII., survived him four years; and thus all portraits of the reign of Edward VI., and of the last years of Henry, must have been painted by some other hand. Holbein died of the plague in London at the age of forty-five. Titian, the contemporary of Holbein, also fell a victim to the plague some thirty years later in Venice, but not till he had reached the goodly age of ninety-nine years. Holbein's talents seem to have been of a higher order than his morals, yet he started in life well. Erasmus, his friend, gave him a letter of introduction to good Sir Thomas More; and on his journey to England Holbein bore, in testimony of his powers, an admirable portrait of the great scholar, which though now still in existence, was unfortunately not exhibited at Kensington. Sir Thomas Moore gave to his guest a kind reception; and that he appreciated the painter's talents is evident from a letter to his learned friend, which contains these words: "Your painter, my dear Erasmus, is an admirable artist." After a three years' sojourn at Chelsea in More's household, Holbein revisits his own land, and in return for the portrait he had brought to England, presents to Erasmus the pen-sketch, now in the Basle Gallery, of the family of Sir Thomas. This sketch differs in some not very material points from the picture at Kensington which has left so deep an impression. The public learned with regret, however, that that picture, in common with about fifty other reputed portraits by Holbein, had little claim to originality; yet, as a good copy of a veritable painting now unfortunately lost, it served as a touching memorial of a household dear to every English heart. The Utopia of which Sir Thomas wrote may have been epitomised in that house at Chelsea, where learned Erasmus visited and bluff Harry dined—a household which Holbein, while a guest, perpetuated by one of the most delightful portrait-pictures the world contains. The faithful pencil of Holbein which consecrated the virtues of More,

with even-handed justice chronicled the vices of the King. Holbein, though a pensioner in the palace, did not attempt to whitewash a figure which was growing daily more corpulent and repulsive under gross indulgence. It is to be feared that when the painter became the favourite of Henry, he fell from the good courses which early friends had fostered. Honesty cost More his office and his head, and integrity made Erasmus a stranger to the Court of England. Holbein was not encumbered by scruples or conscience. He painted, with indifference to moral questions, the wives and other Court followers of fat Caligula; his necessities obliged him to draw his pay before the work was finished; and at last he died, encumbered with debts, and under the stigma of leaving behind him illegitimate children. The moral is sad which Holbein and his sitters suggest, and it becomes a relief to turn from the history of the time to the merit of the portraits as works of art. Led merely by internal evidence, we should have said the painter of such pictures must have been a paragon of truth and justice. The portraits, as we have said, of Henry, speak with no flattery—they palliate nothing; like the busts of Nero, they chronicle successive stages of moral degradation. The celebrated drawings at Windsor also are trustworthy to a line: Holbein, unlike Vandyke, did not sacrifice literal truth to pictorial display. He was encumbered with but little imagination; his vocation seems to have been simply to record facts as he found them. Thus, in the drawing of an eye, the modelling of a brow, the curving of a lip or nostril, no pencil is more true precise, or firm. His style, too, is synchronous with the times. An old portrait, like an old book, may be better when a little severe and quaint. A picture painted three centuries ago is certainly none the worse for traits which now strike as eccentricities.

It is true for a nation, no less than for an individual, that honours grow with age; and it is manifest that only when a people has a history stretching into the past can long galleries be filled with ancestral portraits. New countries like America may open industrial exhibitions, but not museums of national portraits. Democracies have covered considerable areas of land, but they have never been known to stretch far across time. Men of the people are rapid in growth, but they seldom take deep root. Public agitators generally manage to make their own faces and persons pretty well known, but it is not often that much can be learnt of the portraits of their forefathers. In an old country like England—in a nation long governed by King, Lords, and Commons—in a political constitution which has slowly developed with the power and intelligence of the people, under liberty guarded by law, under rights secure through order, with experience for foundation and wisdom as a corner-stone—national records, charters, pedigrees, muniments of title, family pictures, not to speak of castles, manor-houses, churches, and palaces, descend as heirlooms through successive generations, and serve as bulwarks for defence, buttresses for support, as well as pinnacles for decoration. Political writers are loud in their eulogies of the British Constitution, the three estates whereof, in King, Lords, and Commons, portrait galleries extol and magnify. The lives of great men tell us we can make our own lives true and noble: the faces of those who have fought a good fight cheer all who come after to do or to suffer manfully. A long line of ancestry will not smile on him who brings the pedigree to dishonour. And that which incites the individual inspires and upholds the nation; so true it is that historic memories fire a people with valour and patriotism. At Kensington we have

had a gallery filled with a thousand portraits of illustrious characters, extending over the annals of our country for a period of five hundred years. And this is but the commencement. Next year, and probably the year after also, the portraits in the possession of the aristocracy, of the country gentry, and the great public and municipal corporations of the kingdom, will bring down the biographical and political history of the country to our own times. The number of works, and even the area covered, are alone considerable. But when memory attaches to each head its story, to each family its chronological deeds, to each man of genius the works which enrich a people's intellectual stores, then the thought should be present to each visitor that he too is an Englishman, and that the honour which the great men of the past have guarded so jealously and effectually, is in some measure committed to his keeping. The wisdom of his ancestors in bodily presence warns every man not to lay violent hands on the structure which it needed so many centuries to rear. It becomes the living to be fellow-workers with the dead. The gallery, as we have said, bears witness to the political efficacy of the machinery which works through the three estates of King, Lords, and Commons. Nations which have disturbed or never enjoyed this vital equilibrium, are, at all events, unable to show, as we do, unbroken historic portrait galleries which stretch over a period of six hundred years!

The aristocracy of England takes in a portrait gallery the prominent place it has held in the realm. A lord, indeed, was among the comparatively few individuals who in former days sat for his portrait. The face of a duke, or even of a baron, was deemed worthy of being seen and remembered; it lived, like the good that a man does, after him. And we may be glad that so many honourable heads survive to the present moment. Yet some pillars in the state have fallen. The man who shakes an edifice may himself come to grief. The noble who plots against his sovereign and conspires against the liberties of his country, cannot expect to hand down his name or personal presence through a long line of descendants. His portrait will appear as a shadow on the wall, and then depart. A historic gallery may in some sense be said to chronicle and illustrate the mode of the divine government among men and nations. "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." In the history of families and nations, that which endures the longest is what is truest and best. There have been houses blackened by dark deeds: yet, for the most part, good works and heroic acts have adorned men in high station; and so it is that aristocracies have in them the nature of permanence. Of this the Gallery at Kensington afforded not a few illustrious examples. The noble family of Howard, for instance, is seen by no less than nineteen representatives, dating back to the Plantagenets in the fifteenth century. These portraits speak both of arts and arms. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, a poet and soldier, is said to have been painted by Hans Holbein. This fine picture has the colour and deep harmony usually ascribed to the masters of Italy. At all events, Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, Lord High Admiral, and a commander at Flodden, seems to have been painted some three or four times by Holbein, of whom he was the patron. The fourth Duke is handed down by Zucchero, an indifferent Italian artist, who ob-

tained work in the court of Elizabeth. Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, was more fortunate in falling into the hands of Rubens and Vandyke, as seen in remarkable pictures, which bring this great patron of learning and the arts in glowing colours before our eyes. How much then may be contained and implied in the portraiture of a single house—the history of the arts, and the rise and fall of families and empires! It may be that the head which the painter has made to sit firmly on the shoulders, within a year rolled on the block of execution. Put not your trust in princes. Yet posterity, like a higher tribunal, generally decides fairly, and not unfrequently makes restitution. Time, in the end, reduces all things to true proportions, and the distance of a few hundred miles or years gives to distracting circumstances and discoloured lights just relative perspective. "When I see," writes Addison, "kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates on the tombs of some that died yesterday, some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Thus, as we have said, the great families of the country were present at Kensington in the persons of their distinguished ancestors. The Gallery was specially rich in works contributed by her Majesty the Queen, by Earl Derby, the Duke of Devonshire, and in other portraits long known in mansions, such as Althorp, Burleigh, Hatfield, Donnington, Kimbolton, Hichinbrooke, the Grove, Knole, Penshurst, Badminton, and Longleet. Her Majesty furnished no fewer than eighty-one portraits; and next came the Earl of Derby, who sent twenty-six. It was to the noble Lord indeed, as the public are aware, that the Exhibition owed its origin. "I have long thought," wrote Earl Derby, in a letter addressed to the Lord President of the Council on Education, "that a National Portrait Exhibition, chronologically arranged, might not only possess great historical interests by bringing together portraits of all the most eminent contemporaries of their respective eras, but might also serve to illustrate the progress and condition, at various periods, of British Art. My idea, therefore, would be to admit either portraits of eminent men, though by inferior or unkown artists, or portraits by eminent artists, though of obscure or unknown individuals. I have," continues the noble Lord, "of course, no means of knowing or estimating the number of such portraits which may exist in the country; but I am persuaded that, exclusive of the large collections in many great houses, there are very many scattered about by ones and twos and threes in private families, the owners of which, though they could not be persuaded to part with them, would willingly spare them for a few months for a public object. I should have much pleasure in placing temporarily at the disposal of the Committee of Council, any portrait from my collection at Knowsley which they might think suitable for their purpose." Knowsley, as we have said, in the importance of its contributions came next to Windsor and Buckingham Palace. The Prime Minister of England is the fourteenth Earl that has borne the title of Derby; on the side of Stanley, the family is of noble Saxon descent, and in the allied lineage of Aldithley runs Norman blood. The Gallery at Kensington contained the portraits of nine earls, extending from the time of the Plantagenets to the reign of Charles II. The portrait of Thomas Stanley, first

Earl of Derby, who died in the year 1504, is engraved in Lodge's series. Then came the portrait of good Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, who founded Christ's College and St. John's, and the Lady Margaret Professorship of Divinity. She was mother of Henry VII., and became the wife of the first Earl of Derby. The second Earl held posts of honour under Henry VII. and Henry VIII. The third Earl, whose portrait has been attributed to Holbein, was famed for his charity; indeed, Camden says that at his death the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep. The fifth Earl was a scholar and poet. Spenser designated him under the name "Amyntas," and his Countess as "Amaryllis." In honour of this Countess of Derby Milton also wrote "Arcades." The sixth Earl travelled far and wide over land and sea. The seventh and great Earl, had, unlike his predecessors, the advantage of descending to posterity by the hands of a master painter. The portrait of gallant James Stanley, painted by Vandyke, was conspicuous at Kensington for its admirable drawing, colour, and composition. The great Earl raised 60,000 men, and fought many actions in the service of Charles I. At length his private resources were exhausted, and he fell into the hands of the Parliament. The scaffold on which he was executed is said to have been made of timber from his own house. It were impossible to illustrate more forcibly the lustre which has been reflected on English history through the Gallery at Kensington than by the enumeration of these successive representatives of the House of Derby. The advantages which the noble Earl predicted from the Exhibition, the portraits from Knowsley have in no small degree help to secure.

Royalty has in all nations and times received abundant honour of the portrait-painter. Kings have a weakness for being seen and flattered; and patriotism being fed through the eye, people find it good and pleasant to gaze on a crowned head. There are, however, two princesses of royal blood, who fail, in the portraits which have come down to us, to awaken the interest their personal misfortunes deserve. Of the thirteen pictures exhibited of Mary Queen of Scots, perhaps not one is satisfactory. Some are painted by flatterers, others apparently by maligners. These several portraits confute one another, and scarcely, when taken together, establish the beauty for which Mary Queen of Scots obtains such large credit. The good looks of some evidently owe much to the ideal of the painter. Yet, notwithstanding a startling diversity of features, there may be traced some remote type in common. The eyes are usually full and fine, yet with a certain sinister cast. They seldom, indeed, look straight, yet are they large, tearful eyes, with a well of sorrow ready to burst forth; and the whole face carries about it somewhat of the Cenci's grief which Guido caught after a night of weeping. The second series of portraits, four in number, which come as a disappointment, are of Lady Jane Grey. That from the Bodleian Library, however, bears some internal evidences of truth. It is the face of a good, thoughtful, and pleasure-denying person. Portrait-painters, like the rest of mankind, had little relish for the losing side. Mary Stuart and Lady Jane certainly received less favour than their unsisterly persecutors, Queen Elizabeth and "Bloody Mary." About this time came to the court of England, on the invitation of Philip of Spain, Sir Antonio More, an adept among portrait-painters, who struck the happy mean between early austerity and late affectation and allurement. More's sitters, indeed, were released from the restraint habitual to Holbein, and saved from the tawdry show which disfigured the subsequent school of

Lely. Queen Mary, as painted in miniature, by More, makes a work of great art-beauty. The drawing is precise and the handling firm. Mary's face is as well known as her character; of neither need much be said in praise; of the two the face is the better. Her features are of a plainness which is downright and outspoken. They tell not so much of inveterate badness as of confirmed bigotry. The horizon which her eye swept was narrow, and her mouth less often relented with sympathy than closed with resolution. In a private sphere such a person might have been merely peevish and perverse; in a public position she became a persecutor. Royal heads of the sixteenth century are, in fact, so accurately transcribed and transmitted, that he who will take the trouble to look can scarcely fail to interpret impartially. A mere tyro in portraiture could hardly miss the pronounced profile of Elizabeth, than whose head not even that of the Duke of Wellington was more inviting to the painter. We are most of us all but too well acquainted with the caresome countenance of the aged Queen, as depicted, for example, by Delaroche. To come upon the same face in youth, in days of simplicity, free from trouble and unburdened by statecraft, was quite refreshing. That portrait, ascribed falsely to Holbein, from St. James's Palace, of Elizabeth as a princess of the age of sixteen, was one of the most interesting pictures in the whole Exhibition, not excepting another youthful portrait, that of Edward VI., also falsely set down to Holbein. These two first-class pictures are now, by recent investigations, and especially by the discovery of Holbein's will, left without a painter. No small honour awaits their unknown author. The texture of these works is transparent and thin, free from impasto loading, and the execution has the delicacy, detail, and tentative care which characterise the best pictures of the period.

The Stuarts obtain more honour, or at least success, in a portrait gallery than commonly awaited them in life. Finely-moulded features, a figure of command, and a bearing gentle yet stately, though qualities not necessarily of much account in the conduct of a nation's affairs, are favourable to the making of pictures. Between the death of Elizabeth, indeed, and the interregnum called the Commonwealth, were painted some noble portraits. Cornelius Jansen and Gerard Honthorst, the latter known in Italy as Gherardo dalle Notti, came from Holland to paint in the court of James I., as Holbein and Sir Antonio More had worked in the courts of Henry and Mary. James I. did not throw aside the pedant even on canvass—he loved to be painted in the full trappings of royalty, and was possibly studious to maintain that close semblance "in most respects" to Solomon, which Lord Bacon politely hinted at in the dedication of the "Novum Organum." The Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James, called from her beauty "The Queen of Hearts," sustains in a magnificent picture by Honthorst, the fame of her house for good looks. In this reign, too, was painted another grand picture, George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, and his family, in no way inferior to the best contemporary works still found in the Hague and Amsterdam.

These and other fine portraits of the period contributed by her Majesty, were fortunately neither destroyed nor scattered in the approaching troubles. It is a suggestive fact, not without parallel in history, that the reigning dynasty, while it glided unconsciously to a downfall, was adding to itself lustre through the arts. Charles I., when he ascended the throne, invited to his court Vandyke, the most popular portrait-painter that ever visited England or any other country.

The same ill-fated monarch also got together a grand gallery of pictures, which not unnaturally took to flight on the approach of democracy. Vandyke, however, did not leave till he had transmitted his royal patron to posterity. The two men, king and servant, seem in some sort to have been made for each other. Any historic character may be fortunate in finding a fitting biographer —happy even if he shall have a friend to write his epitaph neatly, and with a touch of pathos. And few kings have received in such small ways greater benefit than poor Charles from Vandyke. Charles I. was perhaps scarcely made of material which would have satisfied the chisel of Phidias or Michael Angelo. The pencil of Raphael had perhaps been better employed, and the pallet of Titian or of Rubens was loaded with colour out of place on a cheek sicklied over with the pale cast of thought. Vandyke hit the very thing required. Witness those matchless portraits of Charles at Hampton Court and Buckingham Palace, and other galleries even of the Continent. Who can look at these pictures and wonder that the fate of the "martyr-king" had touched so many hearts at home and in distant lands! Vandyke was not suited for the rude times now at hand; and so, with the overthrow of the dynasty, he left England, and an interregnum ensued in the arts as in politics.

With the revolution in the government, the very faces which look out from a historic portrait gallery suffer violent change. The old types are dethroned: Cavaliers make way for Roundheads, and in place of the stately, refined, and attenuated features of Charles and the house of Stuart, the rude, vigorous head of Cromwell obtains command. The delicate hands, elongated in the palms, pointed in the fingers, and drooping with sentimental lassitude, which Vandyke in the previous reign loved to paint, have not now the needful sinew to grasp the sceptre or wield the sword. The governing classes are no longer of refined clay, or clothed in choice or even clean linen. An age of iron gains dominion. A plebeian nose asserts authority—a pragmatic mouth impertinently meddles with state affairs. Yet did these lines of stern action bring into supremacy men of strong character and of necessity capacious brain. Indeed there is, as by anticipation, somewhat of the American type of statesmanship in these men of the Commonwealth, as if a republic naturally produces and thrives upon a square massive skull, and features firmly set and deeply channelled by lines. Perhaps, however, painting did scant justice to the men of these times; for the art of portrait-painting, with possibly some exception in the department of miniatures, was in decadence under the Commonwealth. The falling away is indicated by the comparative number of portraits exhibited at Kensington in successive reigns. For example, the number of portrait-pictures belonging to the reign of Elizabeth was 187, of James I. 136, of Charles I. 234, of Charles II. 184, while of the Commonwealth only 52; and of this pittance of 52 pictures, a large proportion did not rise in art-merit above mediocrity. The oil-portraits of Milton were far inferior to the miniatures of the same noble head exhibited at Kensington a year before. The same must be said of the portraits of Cromwell, notwithstanding the forcible head in crayons by Cooper. But the Protector's family generally was in great force—no fewer than ten members of the house were present to speak for themselves: the wife, a quiet-looking woman; the father, though a brewer, not without refinement, added to oily sanctity; and the mother, with a mixture of the grosser elements which obtained aggravation in her remarkable son.

Charles II. and James II. fell upon evil times even in portrait-

painting. The beauties of the court of Charles, including Nell Gwyn and the Duchess of Richmond, of voluptuous bosom and flaming attire, as painted by Sir Peter Lely, have become notorious. The arts, which always respond to the moral and intellectual condition of a people, had, it is well known, fallen into sad corruption. Signs are not wanting that Lely was capable of a better and purer style—as witness the portraits of Drs. Dolben, Allestry, and Fell, manly in character and abstemious of colour. Also, it must be admitted, that such pictures as that of Lady Byron have power of attraction and no ordinary resource in art. Charles II., in order to save himself trouble, sat at the same time to the two rival painters, Kneller and Lely: Kneller made his fortune by finishing first. His style was sketchy, even slovenly, and no refinements stood in the way of expedition. Judge Jeffreys fell into Kneller's hands, and received the rough treatment he deserved. This was the age for big wigs, without which support, the weak irresolute head of James II. could scarcely have held its place upon canvass. But the arrival of the Prince of Orange before long brought the King and painters to a standstill. It so happened that at the very moment Kneller had the King before him, James heard of the landing of his successor in Tor Bay; "but," said the King, "I have promised Mr. Pepys my picture, and I will finish the sitting." And so, not inaptly, closes the first gallery of historic portraits. The art which had sunk to its lowest depths is destined to find revival when the pictures of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney shall be exhibited.

We think it was Jeremy Bentham who laid down for aristocracies the triple basis of birth, wealth, and talent. Genius, it has been sometimes said, creates to itself what is called nature's aristocracy. And certainly, of all forms of nobility, none gives such natural and simple manifestation as power of intellect and creative imagination. A man thus endowed carries on his front the sign of command; his very head proclaims that he was made for a ruler; and the witness which his face and person were to his contemporaries, his portrait remains for after generations. A gallery filled with such portraits might indeed be said to enshrine nature's veritable aristocracy. And of such men there were in fact not a few in the historic corridors at Kensington. Yet genius proverbially is beset with infirmities, and it often happens that the frailties of a man creep into and become unduly conspicuous in his face and frame. We find sometimes—as, for example, with Æsop and Pope—an absolute breakdown in humanity. In truth, the perfect form, representative of the species in its full power, is an ideal rather than a reality, and cannot be looked for even in a gallery expressly set apart to characters of a high stamp. The ideal man should unite such impossibilities as the will of Jove, the muscle of Hercules, and the intellect of Apollo; the resolution should be firm, the arm strong to hurl the spear, the eye keen, the reason comprehensive and aspiring. The ancients in their god-men were fond of striving for this unattained perfection. Thus the Apollo Belvidere has an arm strong to bend the bow, and an eye and forehead made for far vision and wide command. History, save in its early pages, devoted to legends and myths, adduces but few examples of manhood balanced after this sort in mental and physical power. Goethe is said to have been a singular instance of such unwonted union; and within our own experience we can speak of Professor Wilson as a man of lion head and true heart: when a youth he wrestled, and in mature years filled the professor's chair. As our own pages have shown, Christopher North's

writings abounded in animal spirits, wit, and wisdom—literary qualities which, in the fine portrait painted by the late Sir John Watson Gordon, find unmistakable signs. Returning to the historic portrait collection, we must admit that there were but few heads which confessed to the universality of genius. Even Shakespeare's face, on which played thought and passion in the infinite variety of the drama, never strikes us as quite satisfactory. It is true we only know of it through third-rate portraits, the work of mere journeymen. Yet, after making due allowance, it must be admitted that the lower regions in Shakespeare's face lack refinement. A like infirmity, too, lurks in the portraits of Beaumont, Fletcher, and rare Ben Johnson. In short, a portrait gallery forces upon us the truth, which, though proclaimed by highest authority, we are unwilling to learn, that man in his high estate is vanity, and that pride of intellect is a snare. As, then, it seems useless to seek for the head and the figure which a phrenologist and physiologist might pronounce the absolute type of the species, we look around for some more partial developments which may not be amiss in their several degrees. Of men who have been great in special departments, who have possessed a one-sided power, both written history and the painted mirror of portraiture afford not a few examples. There are "men of the robe," "men of the sword," "men of the pen," who bear on their persons such signs of greatness or marks of singularity, that did they but walk across the street they could scarcely be forgotten. Who that had once seen Lord Burghley on his mule, or Lord Bacon in robes with staff in hand and high black hat on head, as painted by Van Somer, but would remember for ever and a day the Lord High Treasurer of Elizabeth, and the Lord Keeper of James? The shrewd face, too, of Thomas Hobbs of 'The Leviathan,' has a character strong in idiosyncrasy as the author's works. Look, likewise, at heads, striking in contrast, of Samuel Pepys, Izaak Walton, Butler of 'Hudibras,' Dryden, Richard Baxter, Jeremy Taylor, and John Evelyn—look, and you will read their several books written in the features. There are other faces and persons which speak of refined sensitive natures—the elongated nose, sharply-modelled nostril, delicately-curved lip, and tapering hands show as types of poetic mind. Such portraits are those of the poet who indited the 'Faery Queen,' and of the "soldier, poet, and statesman" known for his sonnets and 'Arcadia.' Other heads, again, may approach the ideal standard we have been long accustomed, in mingled faith and incredulity, to worship in the busts of Plato and Schiller. Such high types are so few and far between that even when seen they are scarcely believed. The suspicion comes that the artist may have added the precise grace which nature had denied. Not very distant from an ideal humanity are certain miniatures of Milton: the oil pictures at Kensington were of a lower order. Andrew Marvell, too, the friend of Milton, shows a gentle and refined type, scarcely, perhaps, compatible with his power in satire and controversy. As a fine sample of humanity in its higher moral and intellectual forms, we must not forget to adduce the head of the Hon. Robert Boyle, founder of the Royal Society, and honoured as a Christian philosopher.

It remains for us simply to throw out the remark that portrait galleries do not afford conclusive evidence of the hereditary transmission of genius. Poetry and philosophy seldom descend from father to son through successive generations. Genius, indeed, is like the wind that bloweth—it is hard to say whence it cometh or whither it goeth. Physiologists, we believe,

would corroborate the testimony recorded by portrait-painters. Talents, in fact, are often attached to delicate physical tissues, genius is without needful stamina for transmission, and so may find itself in the third or fourth generation either in a madhouse or on the borders of extinction.

We will conclude by such general reflections as a gallery of historic portraits seems calculated to suggest. The physiognomist and the being once called a phrenologist, if he be still extant, may each study his favourite science on a grand national scale. The heads of great men, by height or breadth of brow, the seat of intellect, by the elevation of the coronal regions where moral and imaginative faculties have been supposed to reside, or by the broad area of the base where will and passion may find a stronghold, doubtless invite to scrutiny and provoke to argument. In an assembly of a thousand heads, each graven with character, it is hard if some home truths shall not be spoken. Certain facts, indeed, will be patent at a glance. There will be heads which plead their own cause effectually; other portraits, again, which no eloquence can acquit. Heads, too, will have to be divided into distinct genera. There will be the statesman's, the soldier's, and the courtier's head; the lawyer's, the scholar's, and the poet's head; each differing from the other, yet good and efficient after its several kind. And what is true of the whole head or face is true of the constituent features. There are noses which belong to historic periods, which are the heritage of special families, and descend from generation to generation in the sacred fixity of heirlooms. It is curious to see what difficulty a painter found in the early stages of his art to do justice to these historic noses! Indeed, the painter who could turn a nostril with graceful sweep, and make the further wing float off in befitting linear and aerial perspective, was, in the fifteenth century, decidedly in advance of his age. In the same way it were curious, if space were permitted to us, to trace the pictorial pedigree of each of the other features. The eye is a little world in itself, and to rule it discreetly seems scarcely to have been more easy than to bridle the tongue. If we take the eye in its inward depths and transparencies, in its lights, shadows, droopings, and upgazings, not to speak of its surroundings of lashes, lids, temples, and brows, we shall hardly wonder that so few painters could worthily endow it with form, beauty, and expression. Painting, indeed, generally lags in the rear of poetry; and it was not until two centuries after Shakespeare had written of the poet's eye in its fine frenzy, that Reynolds gave embodiment to the Tragic Muse. Coming to historic mouths, a separate dissertation might be written upon them alone —mouths which, like poor Yorick's skull, suggest the gibes, the gambols, the songs, and "flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar." The hand, too, in which the curious read lines of fortune, deserves more than a closing paragraph. Hands, especially before the making of knives and forks, were primarily designed for use. Vandyke was the first painter, at least in our country, who conceived the idea of rendering them essentially ornamental. The hands of Holbein were often but rudimentary paws; and religious painters, being persons of one idea, turned the upper extremities to monotonous account as mere symbols of devotion. It was not, indeed, till the arts were enfranchised, that hands, in a pictorial sense, were fairly set at liberty to do what they listed, and especially, by a language peculiarly their own, to address the spectator, and echo and enforce the sentiments uttered by the eyes and mouth. In portrait-painting, then, thus perfected,

there was no longer a schism among the members of the body; all, happily, consented to speak the same language, and to suffer and rejoice together.

To the historian, the historical painter, and the antiquary, national portraits are manifestly of incalculable service. Even as relics, they not only tickle the fancy but instruct the reason. The parchment which proves a poet's title to his house, the will by which he bequeaths his worldly goods, if he have any, to his next of kin, and the old portrait which hangs over the fire, gain, after the lapse of centuries, the import of historic documents. Such muniments and heirlooms are more than pegs on which to hang roving affection and speculation; as nails, they clinch an argument. The robe through which Brutus stabbed might settle a question of costume; the wig that Bacon wore might tell tales as to cerebral developments. A portrait gallery, too, puts the painter in possession of the very man: we look upon historic persons as they lived, we are able to surround leading characters with the accessories and backgrounds true to the period. The realism to which literature and art have been so long prone thus lays hold of substantial and reliable material. Even imagination kindles, and so, in the mind's eye, great historic events move across the stage in the pomp of state and the circumstance of actual life.

The gallery of historic portraits which terminated with the reign of James II., is designed to have its chronological sequel in the approaching year. And the noble Earl now at the head of her Majesty's Government has power to give to the project of which he was the originator its complete fulfilment. That Lord Derby is content with the manner in which the Exhibition was managed may be inferred from the words he spoke at the dinner of the Royal Academy. "I will venture," said he, "to assert that, looking at the collection as a whole—looking at the length of the period of history over which it ranges—looking to the variety of sources from which it has been taken—looking at the vast multitude of the men and women represented on the walls—there never has been, in this country or any other, a contemporaneous exhibition of portraits so calculated to excite the interest of the artist and the student of history."

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER LXX.—THE TELEGRAM.

When Lucy reached the drawing-room she found her father and Sir Brook deep in conversation in one of the window recesses, and actually unaware of her entrance till she stood beside them.

"No," cried Lendrick, eagerly; "I can't follow these men in their knaveries. I don't see the drift of them, and I lose the clue to the whole machinery."

"The drift is easy enough to understand," said Fossbroke. "A man wants to escape from his embarassments, and has little scruple as to the means."

"But the certainty of being found out——"

"There is no greater fallacy than that. Do you imagine that one-tenth of the cheats that men practise on the world are ever brought to light? Or do you fancy that all the rogues are in jail, and all the people who are abroad and free are honest men? Far from it. Many an inspector that comes to taste the prison soup and question the governor, ought to have more than an experimental course of the dietary: and many a juryman sits on the case of a creature far better and purer than himself. But here comes one will give our thoughts a pleasanter channel to run in. How well you look, Lucy! I am glad to see the sunny skies of Sardinia haven't blanched your cheeks."

"Such a scheme as Sir Brook has discovered!—such an ignoble plot against my poor dear father!" said Lendrick. "Tell her—tell her the whole of it."

In a very few words Sir Brook recounted the story of Sewell's interview with Balfour, and the incident of the stolen draft of the judge's writing bartered for money.

"It would have killed my father. The shock would have killed him," said Lendrick. "And it was this man—this Sewell—who possessed his entire confidence of late—actually wielded complete influence over him. The whole time I sat with my father, he did nothing but quote him,—Sewell said so—Sewell told me—or Sewell suspected such a thing; and always with some little added comment on his keen, sharp intellect, his clear views of life, and his consummate knowledge of men. It was by the picture Sewell drew of Lady Trafford that my father was led to derive his impression of her letter. Sewell taught him to detect a covert impertinence and a sneer where none was intended. I read the letter myself, and it was only objectionable on the score of its vanity. She thought herself a very great personage writing to another great personage."

"Just so," said Fossbroke. "It was right royal throughout. It might have begun, '*Madame ma sœur.*' And as I know something of the writer, I thought it a marvel of delicacy and discretion."

"My father, unfortunately, deemed it a piece of intolerable pretension and offensive condescension, and he burned to be well enough to reply to it."

"Which is exactly what we must not permit. If they once get to a regular interchange of letters, there is nothing they will not say to each other. No, no; my plan is the best of all. Lionel made a most favorable impression the only time Sir William saw him. Beattie shall bring him up here again as soon as the Chief can

be about: the rest will follow naturally. Lucy agrees with me, I see."

How Sir Brook knew this is not so easy to say, as Lucy had turned her head away persistently all the time he was speaking, and still continued in that attitude.

"It cannot be to-night, however, and possibly not to-morrow night," said Fossbrooke, musing; and though Lucy turned quickly and eagerly towards him to explain his words, he was silent for some minutes, when at length he said, "Lionel started this morning by daybreak, and for England. It must have been a sudden thought. He left me a few lines in pencil, which went thus—'I take the early mail to Holyhead, but mean to be back to-morrow, or at farthest the day after. No time for more.'"

"If the space were not brief that he assigns for his absence, I'd say he had certainly gone to see his father," said Lendrick.

"It's not at all unlikely that his mother may have arranged to meet him in Wales," said Sir Brook. "She is a fussy, meddlesome woman, who likes to be, or to think herself, the prime mover in everything. I remember when Hugh Trafford—a young fellow at that time—was offered a Junior Lordship of the Treasury, it was she who called on the Premier, Lord Dornington, to explain why he could not accept office. Nothing but great abilities or great vices enable a man to rise above the crushing qualities of such a wife. Trafford had neither, and the world has always voted him a nonentity."

"There, Lucy," said Lendrick, laughing—"there at least is one danger you must avoid in married life.

"Lucy needs no teachings of mine," said Sir Brook. "Her own instincts are worth all my experiences twice told. But who is this coming up to the door?"

"Oh, that is Mr. Haire, a dear friend of grandpapa's." And Lucy ran to meet him, returning soon after to the room leaning on his arm.

Lendrick and Haire were very old friends, and esteemed each other sincerely; and though on the one occasion on which Sir Brook and Haire had met, Fossbrooke had been the object of the Chief's violence and passion, his dignity and good temper had raised him highly in Haire's estimation, and made him glad to meet him again.

"You are half surprised to see me under this roof, sir," said Sir Brook, referring to their former meeting; "but there are feelings with me stronger than resentments."

"And when my poor father knows how much he is indebted to your generous kindness," broke in Lendrick, "he will be the first to ask your forgiveness.

"That he will. Of all the men I ever met, he is the readiest to redress a wrong he has done," cried Haire, warmly. "If the world only knew him as I know him! But his whole life long he has been trying to make himself appear stern and cold-hearted and pitiless, with all the while, a nature overflowing with kindness."

"The man who has attached to himself such a friendship as yours," said Fossbrooke, warmly, "cannot but have good qualities."

My friendship?" said Haire, blushing deeply; "what a poor tribute to such a man as he is! Do you know, sir," and here he lowered his voice till it became a confidential whisper—"do you know, sir, that since the great days of the country—since the time of Burke, we have had nothing to compare with the Chief Baron. Plunkett used to wish he had his law, and Bushe envied his scholarship, and Lysaght often declared that a collection of Lendrick's epigrams and witty sayings would be the pleasantest reading of the day. And such is our public press, that it is for the quality in which he was least eminent they are readiest to praise

him. You wouldn't believe it, sir. They call him a 'master of sarcastic eloquence.' Why, sir, there was a tenderness in him that would not have let him descend to sarcasm. He could rebuke, censure, condemn, if you will; but his large heart had not room for a sneer."

"You well deserve all the love he bears you," said Lendrick, grasping his hand and pressing it affectionately.

"How could I deserve it? Such a man's friendship is above all the merits of one like me. Why, sir, it is honour and distinction before the world. I would not barter his regard for me to have a seat beside him on the Bench. By the way," added he, cautiously, "let him not see the papers this morning. They are at it again about his retirement. They say that Lord Wilmington had actually arranged the conditions, and that the Chief had consented to everything; and now they are beaten. You have heard, I suppose, the Ministry are out?"

"No; were they Whigs?" asked Lendrick, innocently.

Haire and Fossbrooke laughed heartily at the poor Doctor's indifference to party, and tried to explain to him something of the struggle between rival factions, but his mind was full of home events, and had no place for more. "Tell Haire," said he at last — "tell Haire the story of the letter of resignation; none so fit as he to break the tale to my father."

Fossbrooke took from his pocket a piece of paper, and handed it to Haire, saying, "Do you know that handwriting?"

"To be sure I do! It is the Chief's."

"Does it seem a very formal document?"

Haire scanned the back of it, and then scrutinised it all over for a few seconds. "Nothing of the kind. It's the sort of thing I have seen him write scores of times. He is always throwing off these sketches. I have seen him write the preamble to a fancied Act of Parliament — a peroration to an imaginary speech; and as to farewells to the Bar, I think I have a dozen of them —and one, and not the worst, is in doggrel."

Though, wherever Haire's experiences were his guides, he could manage to comprehend a question fairly enough, yet where these failed him, or wherever the events introduced into the scene characters at all new or strange, he became puzzled at once, and actually lost himself while endeavouring to trace out motives for actions, not one of which had ever occurred to him to perform.

Through this inability on his part, Sir Brook was not very successful in conveying to him the details of the stolen document; nor could Haire be brought to see that the Government officials were the dupes of Sewell's artifice as much as, or even more than, the Chief himself.

"I think you must tell the story yourself, Sir Brook; I feel I shall make a sad mess of it if you leave it to me," said he at last; "and I know, if I began to blunder, he'd overwhelm me with questions how this was so, and why that had not been otherwise, till my mind would get into a hopeless confusion, and he'd send me off in utter despair."

"I have no objection whatever if Sir William will receive me. Indeed, Lord Wilmington charged me to make the communication in person, if permitted to do so."

"I'll say that," said Haire, in a joyful tone, for already he saw a difficulty overcome. "I'll say it was at his Excellency's desire you came," and he hurried away to fulfil his mission. He came almost immediately in radiant delight. "He is most eager to see you, Sir Brook; and, just as I said, impatient to make you every *amende*, and ask your forgiveness. He looks more like himself than I have seen him for many a day."

While Sir Brook accompanied Haire to the Judge's room, Lendrick took his daughter's arm within his own, saying, "Now for a stroll through the wood, Lucy. It has been one of my day-dreams this whole year past."

Leaving the father and daughter to commune together undisturbed, let us turn for a moment to Mrs. Sewell, who, with feverish anxiety, continued to watch from her window for the arrival of a telegraph messenger. It was already two o'clock. The mail-packet for Ireland would have reached Holyhead by ten, and there was therefore ample time to have heard what had occurred afterwards.

From the servant who had carried Sewell's letter to Trafford, she had learned that Trafford had set out almost immediately after receiving it; the man heard the order given to the coachman to drive to Richmond Barracks. From this she gathered he had gone to obtain the assistance of a friend. Her first fear was that Trafford, whose courage was beyond question, would have refused the meeting, standing on the ground that no just cause of quarrel existed. This he would certainly have done had he consulted Fossbrooke, who would, besides, have seen the part her own desire for vengeance played in the whole affair. It was with this view that she made Sewell insert the request that Fossbrooke might not know of the intended meeting. Her mind, therefore, was at rest on two points. Trafford had not refused the challenge, nor had he spoken of it to Fossbrooke.

But what had taken place since? that was the question. Had they met, and with what result? If she did not dare to frame a wish how the event might come off, she held fast by the thought that, happen what might, Trafford never could marry Lucy Lendrick after such a meeting. The mere exchange of shots would place a whole hemisphere between the two families, while the very nature of the accusation would be enough to arouse the jealousy and insult the pride of such a girl as Lucy. Come therefore what might, the marriage is at an end.

If Sewell were to fall! She shuddered to think what the world would say of her! One judgment there would be no gainsaying. Her husband certainly believed her false, and with his life he paid for the conviction. But would she be better off if Trafford were the victim? That would depend on how Sewell behaved. She would be entirely at his mercy—whether he determined to separate from her or not. *His* mercy seemed a sorry hope to cling to. Hopeless as this alternative looked, she never relented, even for an instant, as to what she had done; and the thought that Lucy should not be Trafford's wife repaid her for all and everything.

While she thus waited in all the feverish torture of suspense, her mind travelled over innumerable contingencies of the case, in every one of which her own position was one of shame and sorrow; and she knew not whether she would deem it worse to be regarded as the repentant wife, taken back by a forgiving pitying husband, or the woman thrown off and deserted! "I suppose I must accept either of those lots, and my only consolation will be my vengeance."

"How absurd," broke she out, "are they who imagine that one only wants to be avenged on those who hate us! It is the wrongs done by people who are indifferent to us, and who, in search of their own objects, bestow no thought upon us,—these are the ills that cannot be forgiven. I never hated a human being—and there have been some who have earned my hate—as I hate this girl; and just as I feel the injustice of the sentiment, so does it eat deeper and deeper into my heart."

"A despatch, ma'am," said her

maid," as 'she laid a paper on the table and withdrew. Mrs Sewell clutched it eagerly, but her hand trembled so she could not break the envelope. To think that her whole fate lay there, within that fold of paper, so overcome her that she actually sickened with fear as she looked on it.

"Whatever is done, is done," muttered she, as she broke open the cover. There were but two lines; they ran thus—

HOLYHEAD, 12 *o'clock.*

"Have thought better of it. It would be absurd to meet him. I start for town at once, and shall be at Boulogne to-morrow

"DUDLEY."

She sat pondering over these words till the paper became blurred and blotted by her tears, as they rolled heavily along her cheeks, and dropped with a distinct sound. She was not conscious that she wept. It was not grief that moved her; it was the blankness of despair—the sense of hopelessness that comes over the heart when life no longer offers a plan or a project, but presents a wearisome road to be travelled, uncheered and dreary.

Till she had read these lines it never occurred to her that such a line of action was possible. But now that she saw them there before her, her whole astonishment was that she had not anticipated this conduct on his part. "I might have guessed it; I might have been sure of it," muttered she. "The interval was too long; there were twelve mortal hours for reflection. Cowards think acutely—at least they say that in their calculations they embrace more casualties than brave men. And so he has 'thought better of it.'—a strange phrase. 'Absurd to meet him!' but not absurd to run away. How oddly men reason when they are terrified! And so my great scheme has failed, all for want of a little courage, which I could have supplied, if called on; and now comes my hour of defeat, if not worse—my hour of exposure. I am not brave enough to confront it. I must leave this; but where to go is the question. I suppose Boulogne, since it is there I shall join my husband," and she laughed hysterically as she said it.

CHAPTER LXXI.—A FAMILY PARTY.

While the interview between Sir Brook and the Chief Baron lasted—and it was a long time—the anxiety of those below stairs was great to know how matters were proceeding. Had the two old men, who differed so strongly in many respects, found out that there was that in each which could command the respect and esteem of the other, and had they gained that common ground where it was certain there were many things they would agree upon?

"I should say," cried Beattie, "they have become excellent friends before this. The Chief reads men quickly, and Fossbrooke's nature is written in a fine bold hand, easy to read and impossible to mistake."

"There, there," burst in Haire—"they are laughing, and laughing heartily too. It does me good to hear the Chief's laugh."

Lendrick looked gratefully at the old man whose devotion was so unvarying. "Here comes Chaytor—what has he to say?"

"My lord will dine below stairs, to-day, gentlemen," said the butler; "he hopes you have no engagements which will prevent your meeting him at dinner."

"If we had we'd soon throw them over," burst out Haire. "This is the pleasantest news I have heard this half-year."

"Fossbrooke has done it. I knew he would," said Beattie; "he's just the man to suit your father, Tom.

While the Chief can talk of events, Fossbrooke knows people, and they are sure to make capital company for each other."

"There's another laugh? Oh, if one only could hear him now," said Haire; "he must be in prime heart this morning. I wonder if Sir Brook will remember the good things he is saying."

"I'm not quite so sure about this notion of dining below stairs," said Beattie, cautiously; "he may be over-taxing his strength."

"Let him alone, Beattie; leave him to himself," said Haire. "No man ever knew how to make his will his ally as he does. He told me so himself."

"And in those words?" said Beattie, slyly.

"Yes, in those very words."

"Why, Haire, you are almost as useful to him as Bozzy was to Johnson."

Haire only caught the last name, and thinking it referred to a judge on the Irish bench, cried out, "Don't compare him with Johnson, sir; you might as well liken him to me."

"I must go and find Lucy," said Lendrick. "I think she ought to go and show Mrs. Sewell how anxious we all are to prove our respect and regard for her in this unhappy moment; the poor thing will need it."

"She has gone away already. She has removed to Lady Lendrick's house in Merrion Square; and I think very wisely," said Beattie.

"There's some burgundy below —Chambertin, I think it is—and Chaytor won't know where to find it," said Haire. "I'll go down to the cellar myself—the Chief will be charmed to see it on the table."

"So shall I," chimed in Beattie. "It is ten years or more since I saw a bottle of it, and I half feared it had been finished."

"You are wrong," broke in Haire "It will be nineteen years on the 10th of June next. I'll tell you the occasion. It was when your father, Tom, had given up the Solicitor-Generalship, and none of us knew who was going to be made Chief Baron. Plunkett was dining here that day, and when he tasted the burgundy he said, 'This deserves a toast, gentlemen,' said he. 'I cannot ask you to drink to the health of the Solicitor-General, for I believe there is no Solicitor-General; nor can I ask you to pledge the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, for I believe there is no Chief Baron; but I can give you a toast about which there can be no mistake nor misgiving—I give you the ornament of the Irish Bar.' I think I hear the cheers yet. The servants caught them up too in the hall, and the house rang with a hip-hurrah till it trembled."

"Well done, Bozzy," said Beattie. "I'm glad that my want of memory should have recalled so glorious a recollection."

At last Fossbrooke's heavy tread was heard descending the stairs, and they all rushed to the door to meet him.

"It is all right," cried he. "The Chief Baron has taken the whole event in an admirable spirit, and like a truly generous man he dwells on every proof of regard and esteem that has been shown him, and forgets the wrongs that others would have done him."

"The shock, then, did not harm him?" asked Lendrick, eagerly.

"Far from it; he said he felt revived and renovated. Yes, Beattie, he told me I had done him more good than all your phials. His phrase was, '*Your* bitters, sir, leave no bad flavour behind them.' I am proud to think I made a favourable impression upon him: for he permitted me, not only to state my own views, but to correct some of his. He agrees, now, to everything. He even went so far as to say that he will employ his first half-hour of strength in writing to Lady Trafford; and he charges you, Beattie, to invite Lionel Trafford to come and pass some days here."

"*Viva!*" cried Haire; "this is grand news."

"He asks, also, if Tom could not come over for the wedding, which he trusts may not be long deferred,—as he said with a laugh, 'At *my* time of life, Sir Brook, it is best to leave as little as possible to *Nisi Prius*.'"

"You must tell me all these again, Sir Brook, or I shall inevitably forget them," whispered Haire in his ear.

"And shall I tell you, Lendrick, what I liked best in all I saw of him?" said Sir Brook, as he slipped his arm within the other's and drew him towards a window. "It was the way he said to me, as I rose to leave the room, 'One word more, Sir Brook. We are all very happy, and in consequence very selfish. Let us not forget that there is one sad heart here—that there is one up-stairs there who can take no part in all this joy. What shall we—what can we do for her?' I knew whom he meant at once—poor Mrs. Sewell; and I was glad to tell him that I had already thought of her. 'She will join her husband,' said I, 'and I will take care that they have wherewithal to live on.'"

"'I must share in whatever you do for her, Sir Brook,' said your father; 'she has many attractive qualities—she has some lovable ones. Who is to say what such a nature might not have been, if spared the contamination of such a husband?'

"I'm afraid I shocked, if I did not actually hurt him, by the way I grasped his hands in my gratitude for this speech. I know I said, 'God bless you for those words!' and I hurried out of the room."

"Ah, *you* know him, sir!—*you* read him aright? And how few there are who do it!" cried Haire, warmly.

The old Judge was too weak to appear in the drawing-room, but when the company entered the dining-room they found him seated at the table, and, though pale and wasted, with a bright eye and a clear, fresh look.

"I declare," said he, as they took their places, "this repays one for illness. No, Lucy—opposite me, my dear. Yes, Tom, of course: that is your place—your old place," and he smiled benignly as he said it. "Is there not a place too many, Lucy?"

"Yes, grandpapa. It was for Mrs. Sewell, but she sent me a line to say she had promised Lady Lendrick to dine with her."

The old Chief's eyes met Fossbrooke's, and in the glances they exchanged there was much meaning.

"I cannot eat, Sir Brook, till we have had a glass of wine together. Beattie may look as reproachfully as he likes, but it shall be a bumper. This old room has great traditions," he went on. "Curran, and Avonmore, and Parsons, and others scarce their inferiors, held their tournaments here."

"I have my doubts if they had a happier party round the board than we have to-night," said Haire.

"We only want Tom," said Dr. Lendrick. "If we had poor Tom with us, it would be perfect."

"I think I know of another, too," whispered Beattie in Lucy's ear. "Don't you?"

"What soft nonsense is Beattie saying, Lucy? it has made you blush," said the Chief. "It was all my fault, child, to have placed you in such bad company. I ought to have had you at my side here; but I wanted to look at you."

Leaving them thus, in happy pleasantry and enjoyment, let us turn for a moment to a very different scene—to a drawing-room in Merrion Square, where, at that same hour, Lady Lendrick and Mrs. Sewell sat in close conference.

Mrs. Sewell had related the whole story of the intended duel, and its finale, and was now explaining to her mother-in-law how impossible it would be for her to continue any

longer to live under the Chief Baron's roof, if even—which she deemed unlikely—he would still desire it.

"He'll not turn you out, dear—of that I am quite certain. I suspect I am the only one in the world he would treat in that fashion."

"I must not incur the risk."

"Dear me, have you not been running risks all your life, Lucy? Besides, what else have you open to you?"

"Join my husband, I suppose, whenever he sends for me—whenever he says he has a home to receive me."

"Dudley, I'm certain, will do his best," said Lady Lendrick, stiffly. "It is not very easy for a poor man to make these arrangements in a moment. But, with all his faults—and even his mother must own that he has many faults—yet I have never known him to bear malice."

"Certainly, madam, you are justified in your panegyric by his conduct on the present occasion; he has indeed displayed a most forgiving nature."

"You mean by not fighting Trafford, I suppose; but come now, Lucy, we are here alone, and can talk freely to each other; why should he fight him?"

"I will not follow you, Lady Lendrick, into that inquiry, nor give you any pretext for saying to me what your candour is evidently eager for. I will only repeat that the one thing I ever knew Colonel Sewell pardon was the outrage that no gentleman ever endures."

"He fought once before, and was greatly condemned for it."

"I suppose you know why, madam. I take it you have no need I should tell you the Agra story, with all its shameful details?"

"I don't want to hear it; and if I did I would certainly hesitate to listen to it from one so deeply and painfully implicated as yourself."

"Lady Lendrick, I will have no insinuations," said she, haughtily. "When I came here it never occurred to me I was to be insulted."

"Sit down again, Lucy, and don't be angry with me," said Lady Lendrick, pressing her back into her chair. "Your position is a very painful one—let us not make it worse by irritation: and to avoid all possibility of this, we will not look back at all, but only regard the future."

"That may be more easy for *you* to do than for *me*."

"Easy or not easy, Lucy, we have no alternative; we cannot change the past."

"No, no, no! I know that—I know that," cried she bitterly, as her clasped hands dropped upon her knee.

"For that reason then, Lucy, forget it, ignore it. I have no need to tell you, my dear, that my own life has not been a very happy one, and if I venture to give advice, it is not without having had my share of sorrows. You say you cannot go back to the Priory?"

"No; that is imposible."

"Unpleasant it would certainly be, and all the more so with these marriage festivities. The wedding, I suppose will take place there?"

"I don't know; I have not heard;" and she tried to say this with an easy indifference.

"Trafford is disinherited, is he not? passed over in the entail, or something or other?"

"I don't know," she muttered out; but this time her confusion was not to be concealed.

"And will this old man they talk of—this Sir Brook somebody—make such a settlement on them as they can live on?"

"I know nothing about it at all."

"I wonder, Lucy dear, it never occurred to you to fascinate Dives yourself. What nice crumbs these would have been for Algy and Cary."

"You forget, madam, what a jealous husband I have!" and her eyes now darted a glance of almost wild malignity.

"Poor Dudley, how many faults we shall find in you if we come to discuss you!"

"Let us not discuss Colonel Sewell, madam; it will be better for all of us. A thought has just occurred; it was a thing I was quite forgetting. May I send one of your servants with a note, for which he will wait the answer?"

"Certainly. You will find paper and pens there."

The note was barely a few lines, and addressed to George Kincaid, Esq., Ely Place. "You are to wait for the answer, Richard," said she, as she gave it to the servant.

"Do you expect he will let you have some money, Lucy?" asked Lady Lendrick, as she heard the name.

"No; it was about something else I wrote. I'm quite sure he would not have given me money if I had asked for it."

"I wish *I* could, my dear Lucy; but I am miserably poor. Sir William, who was once the very soul of punctuality, has grown of late most neglectful. My last quarter is over due two months. I must own all this has taken place since Dudley went to live at the Priory. I hear the expenses were something fabulous."

"There was a great deal of waste; a great deal of mock splendour and real discomfort."

"Is it true the wine bill was fifteen hundred pounds for the last year?"

"I think I heard it was something to that amount."

"And four hundred for cigars?"

"No; that included pipes, and amber mouth-pieces, and meerschaums for presents—it rained presents!"

"And did Sir William make no remark or remonstrance about this?"

"I believe not. I rather think I heard that he liked it. They persuaded him that all these indiscretions, like his new wigs, and his rouge, and his embroidered waistcoats, made him quite juvenile, and that nothing made a man so youthful as living beyond his income."

"It is easy enough to see how I was left in arrear; and *you*, dear, were you forgotten all this while and left without a shilling?"

"Oh, no; I could make as many debts as I pleased; and I pleased to make them too, as they will discover one of these days. I never asked the price of anything, and therefore I enjoyed unlimited credit. If you remark, shopkeepers never dun the people who simply say, 'Send that home.' How quickly you did your message, Richard! Have you brought an answer? Give it to me at once."

She broke open the note with eager impatience, but it fell from her fingers as she read it, and she lay back almost fainting in her chair.

"Are you ill, dear—are you faint?" asked Lady Lendrick.

"No; I'm quite well again. I was only provoked—put out;" and she stooped and took up the letter. "I wrote to Mr. Kincaid to give me certain papers which were in his hands, and which I know Colonel Sewell would wish to have in his own keeping, and he writes me this—

'DEAR MADAM,—I am sorry that it is not in my power to comply with the request of your note, inasmuch as the letters referred to were this morning handed over to Sir Brook Fosbrooke on his producing an order from Colonel Sewell to that intent.—I am, Madam, your most obedient servant,

'GEORGE KINCAID.'"

"They were letters then?"

"Yes, Lady Lendrick, they were letters," said she dryly, as she arose and walked to the window to hide an agitation she could no longer subdue. After a few minutes she turned round and said, "You will let me stay here to-night?"

"Certainly, dear; of course I will."

"But the children must be sent for—I can't suffer them to remain there. Will you send for them?"

"Yes; I'll tell Rose to take the carriage and bring them over here."

"This is very kind of you—I am most grateful. We shall not be a burden beyond to-morrow."

"What do you mean to do?"

"To join my husband, as I told you a while ago. Sir Brook Fossbrooke made that the condition of his assisting us."

"What does he call assisting you?"

"Supporting us—feeding, housing, clothing us; we shall have nothing but what he will give us."

"That is very generous indeed."

"Yes, it is generous—more generous than you dream of; for we did not always treat him very well:—but *that* also is a bygone, and I'll not return to it."

"Come down and have some dinner—it has been on the table this half-hour—it will be nigh cold by this."

"Yes, I'm quite ready. I'd like to eat, too, if I could. What a great resource it is to men in their dark hours that they can drink and smoke! I think I could do both to-day if I thought they would help me to a little insensibility."

CHAPTER LXXII.—PROJECTS.

Trafford arrived from England on the evening after, and hastened off to Howth, where he found Sir Brook deeply engaged over the maps and plans of his new estate—for already the preliminaries had so far advanced that he could count upon it as his own.

"Look here, Trafford," he cried, "and see what a noble extension we shall give to the old grounds of the Nest. The whole of this wood—eleven hundred and seventy acres—comes in, and this mountain down to that stream there is ours, as well as all these meadow-lands between the mountain and the Shannon—one of the most picturesque estates it will be in the kingdom. If I were to have my own way, I'd rebuild the house. With such foliage—fine old timber much of it—there's nothing would look better than one of those Venetian villas, those half-castellated buildings one sees at the foot of the mountains of Conigliano—and they are grand, spacious places to live in, with wide stairs, and great corridors, and terraces everywhere. I see, however, Lendrick's heart clings to his old cottage, and we must let him have his way."

"What is this here?" asked Trafford, drawing out from the mass of papers the plan of a very pretty but very diminutive cottage.

"That's to be mine. This window you see here will project over the river, and that little terrace will be carried on arches all along the river bank. I have designed everything, even to the furniture. You shall see a model cottage, Trafford—not one of those gingerbread things to be shown to strangers by ticket on Tuesdays or Saturdays, with a care-taker to be tipped, and a book to be scribbled full of vulgar praises of the proprietor, or doggrel ecstasies over some day of picnicking. But come and report yourself—where have you been, and what have you done since I saw you?"

"I have a long budget for you. First of all read that," and he handed Sir Brook Sewell's letter.

"What! do you mean to say that you met him?"

"No; I rejoice to say I have escaped that mischance; but you shall hear everything, and in as few words as I can tell it. I have already told you of Mrs. Sewell's visit

here, and I have not a word to add to that recital. I simply would say, that I pledge my honour to the strict truth of everything I have told you. You may imagine, then, with what surprise I was awoke from my sleep to read that note. My first impression was to write him a full and explicit denial of what he laid to my charge; but as I read the letter over a third and even a fourth time, I thought I saw that he had written it on some sort of compulsion—that, in fact, he had been instigated to the step, which was one he but partly concurred in. I do not like to say more on this head."

"You need not. Go on."

"I then deemed that the best thing to do was to let him have his shot, after which my explanation would come more forcibly; and as I had determined not to fire at him, he would be forced to see that he could not persist in his quarrel."

"There you mistook your man, sir," cried Sir Brook, fiercely.

"I don't think so; but you shall hear. We must have crossed over in the same packet, but we never met. Stanhope, who went with me, thought he saw him on the landing-slip at Holyhead, but was not quite sure. At all events, we reached the inn at the Head, and had just sat down to luncheon, when the waiter brought in this note, asking which of us was Major Trafford. Here it is:—'Pray accept my excuses for having given you a rough sea passage; but, on second thoughts, I have satisfied myself that there is no valid reason why I should try to blow your brains out, "et pour si peu de chose." As I can say without any vanity that I am a better pistol-shot than you, I have the less hesitation in taking a step which, as a man of honour and courage, you will certainly not misconstrue. With this assurance, and the not less strong conviction that my conduct will be safely treated in any representation you make of this affair, I am your humble and faithful servant, DUDLEY SEWELL.'

"I don't think I was ever so grateful to any man in the world as I felt to him on reading his note, since, let the event take what turn it might, it rendered my position with the Lendricks a most perilous one. I made Stanhope drink his health, which I own he did with a very bad grace, telling me at the same time what good luck it was for me that *he* had been my friend on the occasion, for that any man but himself would have thought me a regular poltroon. I was too happy to care for his sarcasms, such a load had been removed from my heart, and such terrible forebodings too.

"I started almost immediately for Holt, and got there by midnight. All were in bed, and my arrival was only known when I came down to breakfast. My welcome was all I could wish for. My father was looking well, and in great spirits. The new Ministry have offered him his choice of a Lordship of the Admiralty, or something else—I forget what; and just because he has a fine independent fortune, and loves his ease, he is more than inclined to take office, one of his chief reasons being 'how useful he could be to me.' I must own to you frankly that the prospect of all these new honours to the family rather frightened than flattered me, for I thought I saw in them the seeds of more strenuous opposition to my marriage; but I was greatly relieved when my mother — who you may remember had been all my difficulty hitherto —privately assured me that she had brought my father round to her opinion, and that he was quite satisfied—I am afraid her word was reconciled, but no matter—reconciled to the match. I could see that you must have been frightening her terribly by some menaced exposure of the family pretensions, for she said over and over again, 'Why is Sir Brook so angry with me? can't

you manage to put him in better temper with us? I have scarcely had courage to open his letters of late. I never got such lectures in my life.' And what a horrid memory you seem to have. She says she'd be afraid to see you. At all events you have done me good service. They agree to everything; and we are to go on a visit to Holt—such at least I believe to be the object of the letter which my mother has written to Lucy."

"All this is excellent news, and we'll announce it to-night at the Priory. As for the Sewell episode, we must not speak of it. The old Judge has at last found out the character of the man to whose confidence he committed himself, but his pride will prevent his ever mentioning his name."

"Is there any rumour afloat as to the Chief's advancement to the Peerage?"

"None—so far as I have heard."

"I'll tell you why I ask. There is an old maiden aunt of mine, a sister of my father, who told me, in strictest confidence, that my father had brought back from town the news that Baron Lendrick was to be created a Peer; that it was somewhat of a party move to enable the present people to prosecute the charge against the late Government of injustice towards the Judge, as well as of a very shameful intrigue to obtain his retirement. Now, if the story were true, or if my mother believed it to be true, it would perfectly account for her satisfaction with the marriage, and for my father's 'resignation!'"

"I had hoped her consent was given on better grounds, but it may be as you say. Since I have turned miner, Trafford," added he, laughing, "I am always well content if I discover a grain of silver in a bushel of dross, and let us take the world in the same patient way."

"When do you intend to go to the Priory?"

"I thought of going this evening. I meant to devote the morning to these maps and drawings, so that I might master all the details before I should show them to my friends at night."

"Couldn't that be deferred? I mean, is there anything against your going over at once? I'll own to you I am very uneasy lest some incorrect version of this affair with Sewell should get abroad. Even without any malevolence there is plenty of mischief done by mere blundering, and I would rather anticipate than follow such disclosures."

"I perceive," said Sir Brook, musingly, as with longing eyes he looked over the colored plans and charts which strewed the table, and had for him all the charm of a romance.

"Then," resumed Trafford, "Lucy should have my mother's letter. It might be that she ought to reply to it at once."

"Yes, I perceive," mused Sir Brook, again.

"I'm sure, besides, it would be very politic in you to keep up the good relations you have so cleverly established with the Chief; he holds so much to every show of attention, and is so flattered by every mark of polite consideration for him."

"And for all these good reasons," said Sir Brook, slowly, "you would say, we should set out at once. Arriving there, let us say for luncheon, and being begged to stay, and dine—which we certainly should—we might remain till, possibly, midnight."

Perhaps it was the pleasure of such a prospect sent the blood to Trafford's face, for he blushed very deeply as he said, "I don't think, sir, I have much fault to find with your arrangement."

"And yet the real reason for the plan remains unstated," said Fossbrooke, looking him steadfastly in the face, "so true is what the Spanish proverb says, 'Love has more perfidies than war.' Why not

frankly say you are impatient to see your sweetheart, sir? I would to heaven the case were my own, and I'd not be afraid nor ashamed to avow it; but I yield to the plea, and let us be off there at once."

CHAPTER LXXIII.—THE END OF ALL.

The following paragraph appeared in the Irish, and was speedily copied into some of the English papers: "An intrigue, which involves the character of more than one individual of rank, and whose object was to compel the Chief Baron of her Majesty's Exchequer in Ireland to resign his seat on the Bench, has at length been discovered, and, it is said, will soon be made matter of Parliamentary explanation. We hope, for the reputation of our public men, that the details which have reached us of the transaction may not be substantiated; but the matter is one which demands, and must have, the fullest and most searching inquiry."

"So, sir," said the old Chief to Haire, who had read this passage to him aloud as they sat at breakfast, "they would make political capital of my case, and, without any thought for me or for my feelings, convert the conduct displayed towards me into a means of attacking a fallen party. What says Sir Brook Fossbrooke to this? or how would he act were he in my place?"

"Just as you mean to act now," said Fossbrooke, promptly.

"And how may that be, sir?"

"By refusing all assistance to such party warfare; at least, my Lord Chief Baron, it is thus that I read your character."

"You do me justice, sir; and it is my misfortune that I have not earlier had the inestimable benefit of your friendship. I trust," added he, haughtily, "I have too much pride to be made the mere tool of a party squabble; and, fortunately, I have the means to show this. Here, sir, is a letter I have just received from the Prime Minister. Read it—read it aloud, Haire, and my son will like to hear its contents also."

"DOWNING STREET, *Tuesday eve'ng.*

"MY DEAR LORD CHIEF BARON.—It is with much pleasure I have to communicate to you, that my colleagues unanimously agree with me in the propriety of submitting your name to the Queen for the Peerage. Your long and distinguished services, and your great abilities, will confer honour on any station; and your high character will give additional lustre to those qualities which have marked you out for her Majesty's choice. I am both proud and delighted, my lord, that it has fallen to my lot to be the bearer of these tidings to you; and with every assurance of my great respect and esteem, I am, most sincerely yours,

"ELLERTON."

"At last," cried Haire—"at last! But I always knew that it would come."

"And what answer have you returned? cried Lendrick, eagerly.

"Such an answer as will gladden your heart, Tom. I have declined the proffered distinction."

"Declined it! Great God! and why?" cried Haire.

"Because I have passed that period in which I could accommodate myself to a new station, and show the world that I was not inferior to my acquired dignity. This for my first reason; and for my second, I have a son whose humility would only be afflicted if such greatness were forced upon him. Ay, Tom, I have thought of all it would cost you, my poor fellow, and I have spared you."

"I thank you with my whole heart," cried Lendrick, and he

pressed the old man's hand to his lips.

"And what says Lucy?" said the Judge. "Are you shocked at this epidemic of humility amongst us, child? Or does your woman's heart rebel against all our craven fears about a higher station?"

"I am content, sir; and I don't think Tom, the miner, will fret that he wears a leather cap instead of a coronet."

"I have no patience with any of you," muttered Haire. "The world will never believe you have refused such a splendid offer. The correspondence will not get abroad."

"I trust it will not, sir," said the Chief. "What I have done I have done with regard to myself and my own circumstances, neither meaning to be an example nor a warning. The world has no more concern with the matter than with what we shall have for dinner to-day."

"And yet," said Sir Brook, with a dry ripple at the angle of his mouth, "I think it is a case where one might forgive the indiscreet friend"—here he glanced at Haire—"who incautiously gave the details to a newspaper."

"Indiscreet or not, I'll do it," said Haire, resolutely.

"What, sir," cried the Chief, with mock sternness of eye and manner,—"what sir, if I even forbade you?"

"Ay, even so. If you told me you'd shut your door against me, and never see me here again, I'd do it."

"Look at that man Sir Brook," said the Judge, with well-feigned indignation; "he was my schoolfellow, my chum in college, my colleague at the Bar, and my friend everywhere, and see how he turns on me in my hour of adversity."

"If there be adversity it is of your own making," said Haire. "It is that you won't accept the prize when you have won it."

"I see it all now," cried the Chief, laughing, "and stupid enough of me not to see it before. Haire has been a bully all his life; he is the very terror of the Hall; he has bullied sergeants and silk gowns, judges and masters in equity, and his heart is set upon bullying a peer of the realm. Now, if I will not become a Lord, he loses this chance; he stands to win or lose on *me*. Out with it, Haire; make a clean confession, and own, have I not hit the blot?"

"Well," said Haire, with a sigh, "I have been called sly, sarcastic, witty, and what not; but I never thought to hear that I was a bully, or could be a terror to any one."

The comic earnestness of this speech threw them all into a roar of laughing, in which even Haire himself joined at last.

"Where is Lucy?" cried the old Judge. "I want *her* to testify how this man has tyrannised over me."

"Lucy has gone into the garden to read a letter Trafford brought her." Sir Brook did not add that Trafford had gone with her to assist in the interpretation.

"I have told Lord Ellerton," said the Chief, referring once more to the Minister's letter, "that I will not lend myself in any way to the attack on the late Government. The intrigue which they planned towards me could not have ever succeeded if they had not found a traitor in the garrison; but of him I will speak no more. The old Greek adage was, 'Call no man happy till he dies.' I would say, he is nearer happiness when he has refused some object that has been the goal of all his life, than he is ever like to be under other circumstances."

Tom looked at his father with wistful eyes, as though he owed him gratitude for the speech.

"When it is the second horse claims the cup, Haire," cried the old Judge, with a burst of his instinctive vanity, "it is because the first is disqualified by previous victories. And now let us talk of

those whose happiness can be promoted without the intrigues of a Cabinet or a debate in the House. Sir Brook tells me that Lady Trafford has made her submission. She is at last willing to see that in an alliance with us there is no need to call condescension to her aid."

"Trafford's account is most satisfactory," said Fossbrooke, "and I trust the letter of which he was the bearer from his mother will amply corroborate all he says."

"I like the young man," said the Judge, with that sort of authoritative tone that seems to say, The cause is decided—the verdict is given.

"There's always good stuff in a fellow when he is not afraid of poverty," said Fossbrooke. "There are scores of men will rough it for a sporting tour on the Prairies or a three months' lion-shooting on the Gaboon; but let me see the fellow bred to affluence, and accustomed to luxury, who will relinquish both and address himself to the hard work of life rather than give up the affection of a girl he loves. That's the man for me."

"I have great trust in him," said Lendrick, thoughtfully.

"All the Bench has pronounced but one," cried the Chief. "What says our brother Haire?"

"I'm no great judge of men. I'm no great judge of anything," muttered Haire; "but I don't think one need be a sphinx to read that he is a right good fellow, and worthy of the dearest girl in Christendom."

"Well summed up, sir; and now call in the prisoner."

Fossbrooke slipped from the room, but was speedily back again. "His sentence has been already pronounced outside, my lord, and he only begs for a speedy execution."

"It is always more merciful," said the Chief, with mock solemnity; "but could we not have Tom over here? I want to have you all around me."

"I'll telegraph to him to come," said Fossbrooke. "I was thinking of it all the morning."

About three weeks after this, Chief Baron Lendrick opened the Commission at Limerick, and received from the grand jury of the county a most complimentary address on his reappearance upon the Bench, to which he made a suitable and dignified reply. Even the newspapers which had so often censured the tenacity with which he held to office, and inveighed against the spectacle of an old and feeble man in the discharge of laborious and severe duties, were now obliged to own that his speech was vigorous and eloquent; and though allusion had been faintly made in the address to the high honour to which the Crown had desired to advance him and the splendid reward which was placed within his reach, yet, with a marked delicacy, had he forborne from any reference to this passage other than his thankfulness at being so far restored to health that he could come back again to those functions, the discharge of which formed the pride and the happiness of his life.

"Never," said the journal which was once his most bitter opponent, "has the Chief Baron exhibited his unquestionable powers of thought and expression more favourably than on this occasion. There were no artifices of rhetoric, no tricks of phrase, none of those conceits by which so often he used to mar the wisdom of his very finest displays; he was natural for once, and they who listened to him might well have regretted that it was not in this mood he had always spoken. *Si sic omnia*—and the press had never registered his defects nor railed at his vanities.

"The celebrated Sir Brook Fossbrooke, so notorious in the palmy days of the Regency, sat on the bench beside his lordship, and received a very flattering share of the cheers which greeted the party as they drove away to Killaloe, to be present at the wedding of Miss

Lendrick, which takes place to-morrow."

Much-valued reader, has it ever occurred to you, towards the close of a long, possibly not very interesting, discourse, to experience a sort of irreverent impatience when the preacher, appearing to take what rowing men call "second wind," starts off afresh, and seems to threaten you with fully the equal of what he has already given? At such a moment it is far from unlikely that all the best teachings of that sermon are not producing upon you their full effect of edification, and that even as you sat, you meditated ignoble thoughts of stealing away.

I am far from desiring to expose either you or myself to this painful position. I want to part good friends with you; and if there may have been anything in my discourse worth carrying away, I would not willingly associate it with weariness at the last. And yet I am very loath to say good-bye. Authors are, *par excellence*, button-holders, and they cannot relinquish their grasp on the victim whose lapel they have caught. Now I would like to tell you of that wedding at the Swan's Nest. You'd read it if in the 'Morning Post,' but I'm afraid you'd skip it from *me*. I'd like to recount the events of that breakfast, the present Sir Brook made the bride, and the charming little speech with which the Chief proposed her health. I'd like to describe to you the uproar and joyous confusion when Tom, whose costume bore little trace of a wedding garment, fought his way through the servants into the breakfast-room.

And I'd like to grow moral and descriptive, and a bit pathetic perhaps, over the parting between Lucy and her father; and, last of all, I'd like to add a few words about him who gives his name to this story, and tell how he set off once more on his wanderings, no one well knowing whither bent, but how, on reaching Boulogne, he saw from the steamer's deck, as he landed, the portly figure of Lady Lendrick walking beside her beautiful daughter-in-law, Sewell bringing up the rear, with a little child holding his hand on either side—a sweet picture, combining, to Boulogne appreciation, the united charm of fashion, beauty, and domestic felicity; and finally, how, stealing by back streets to the hotel where these people stopped, he deposited to their address a somewhat weighty packet, which made them all very happy, or at least very merry, that evening as they opened it, and induced Sewell to order a bottle of Cliquot, if not, as he said, "to drink the old buck's health," at least to wish him many returns of the same good dispositions of that morning.

If, however, you are disposed to accept the will for the deed, I need say no more. They who have deserved some share of happiness in this tale are likely to have it. They who have little merited will have to meet a world which, neither over cruel nor over generous, has a rough justice that generally gives people their deserts.

SCRAPS OF VERSE FROM A TOURIST'S JOURNAL. *

VII.

You sail on Lucerne's lake,
On either side huge hills appear,
Come down, and cross, and make
To all advance a barrier.
Sail on! sail on! only sail on!
The hills recede, the barrier is gone.

VIII.

I pluck the flower, one moment to behold
Its treasury of purple and of gold;
The blossom, and a nest of buds around,
Ruthless I pluck, and fling them on the ground.
Plucked because fair, then flung to death away!
I might have stooped, and looked, and had a blameless joy.
Nature's great prodigality, you say,
E'en for man's wantonness provides.
It may be so, but still with me abides
A sense of shame that I should so destroy.

IX.

You have walked far, what found you on your way?
"Found all I sought." Oh, happy mortal! say
What sought you then? "I, under all the trees
That flower or fruit, sought nothing but the breeze."

X.

The stream to the tree—I shine, you shade,
And so the beauty of the world is made.

XI.

Again, and yet again! 'Twixt night and night
The same day reappears. The morning light
Soon fades into the vacant yesterday.
We *have* no morrows; and the untravelled way
Is but the old still older: let us spare
The rest; as well pause here as anywhere.

While speaking thus, I pause—look back—stand still—
And gaze insatiate on yon purple hill,
Yet what I see, I've seen, nor can again
See brighter; do I therefore gaze in vain?
Not for the new, but for the old I live,
And ask of fortune only *not* to give.

XII.

How pleasant in a foreign land to greet
Some dear familiar face! and if the face

* Concluded from the May number.

Be beautiful withal, gracious and kind—
Yes! yes! 'tis well I saw the Matterhorn
And Monte Rosa from the Görner Grat
Before this vision came 'twixt me and them.
I could not see them now.
With a new pride
I walk beside her slowly pacing mule.
Time was if in my solitary stroll
I met a man on whose arm lightly hung
Some fairy, smiling creature, I passed by
With muttered note of self-congratulation.
Not mine at least *that* weariness—to find
The gay discourse, the prattle, and the jest,
That suits a face which, being beautiful,
Wants to be lit with smiles: *he* might be happy;
I'd rather walk in gyves. And now I meet
The stalwart free pedestrian, and I pass,
Proud of my slender charge and fettered step,
Proud at her stirrup to be bound. How pleased
To help dismount and mount! how glad she needs
That trivial aid! and I, who only know
Of the wild flowers that the wild children know,
Run here and there, pluck this and that, in hopes
To find what botanists call rarities.
She looks, and greets perchance an English friend,
But smiles and thanks.
I, who was wont to throw
Myself alone upon a mountain-side,
And thought it misery if a human voice
Broke on the stillness of the snowy Alps—
Half of whose magic is the silent sky,
The undisturbed deep azure of their home—
Now look the way she looks, and wait to hear
Her low "how beautiful!" and feel the scene
By sympathy with her, ay, find it speak
To my own heart in one sweet human voice.

XIII.

I did not love! I only wished to love,
I pined for passion—did not pine for her.
And passion takes no root now in my soul
That only thinks, and feels along its thought,
And, like this climbing spider I now watch,
Gives forth, and then withdraws into itself,
The film it treads through the air upon.
I *played* at loving. I enthralled myself.
And yet—if man can know himself—I know
I should have played my part out to the end;
Have over-played it perhaps, and been a slave,
A craven slave, to simulated joy.
The hypocrite is of all worshippers
Most servile; I, solicitous to hide,
E'en from myself, a hated hollowness,
Should have been trembling lest a look, or word
Unguarded, might betray what sort of thing

My voluntary love was :—half a lie,
Half sacred duty to enact the lie.
To choose to love—to say, I will be kind,
Faithful and tender—this is not to love.
She with her woman's instinct saw it all,
And answered thus :
"I, rambling through this valley of Zermatt,
Came once upon a field radiant with flowers—
Was it not strange?—I stood amongst the flowers,
Yet stretching forth to gather them, my hand
Felt where the glacier lay upon its rock.
Here bloomed the frail and momentary flower,
And one step off, behind the summer grass,
There lay the eternal glacier! I fell back.
Spring flowers that blossom where the eager hand,
Warm to receive them, strikes upon the ice.
Always the glacier neighbour to your rose.
Such contrast to imaginative souls
May have its fascination ; me it scared.
It is the snow we call eternal here,
And not the flower. Soon I regained my path."

. . . . . .

I take my proper burden up again,
I am alone once more. To roam the world
Without an interest in it—sad enough!—
But to desert one's self—be false within—
To strive to feel what others think you feel,
Or hide your thought till honest thought dies out—
This sure were worse. I am alone again.
And, heaven be thanked! where mountains stand around,
Uniting earth and sky in one great home
For all the homeless.

CELESTIAL RULE AND REBELLION.

I.

THE fundamental principles of the Chinese State have never yet been fully discussed, and present in themselves, as also in their practical development, a subject of considerable interest. The events of late years, especially the great Taiping Rebellion, and the ever-increasing intercourse between Chinese and foreigners, have given practical importance to this subject. Without paying some attention to these principles, the history of China during the last thirty years, must be tolerably unintelligible to Europeans; and I propose to enter upon this inquiry as a preliminary to some sketches of the last years of the Rebellion of the Great Peace, and of its virtual extinction by what the Chinese officially termed "The Ever-Victorious Army of Kiang-soo," that operated against it in 1863-64, under the command of Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Gordon, C.B., of the Royal Engineers.

II.

It would appear very absurd to attempt to explain a modern English political movement by a reference to Jack Cade or the Wars of the Roses, and a French revolution would not receive much elucidation from a history of the Carlovingian kings; but the early past of China has, for many centuries, been so closely linked to its present, that the half-fabulous Emperors, Yaou, Shun, and the Great Yu, who lived about four thousand years ago, are more really rulers of that country to-day than are its living Manchu sovereigns. Confucius, "the Master," "the Throneless King," "the Instructor of ten thousand generations," who possessed the most powerful mind that has appeared in the Far East for thirty centuries, and who is regarded by the Chinese with religious veneration, repeatedly disclaimed being more than a transmitter of moral, social, and political truth.* "I am not one," he said, "who was born in the possession of knowledge; I am only fond of antiquity, and earnest in seeking wisdom there. I do not make, but transmit, believing in and loving the ancients." One emperor of great note, Che Hoang-te, a sort of Chinese Napoleon, and builder of the Great Wall, made a most vigorous attempt to cut out this reverence for antiquity. He sought to destroy all records written previous to his reign; and, in order to accomplish this end, put nearly five hundred men of letters to death; but his efforts eventually proved futile. To this day the Chinese State is based upon an inseparable union of political, social, moral, and religious ideas, which existed in a period anterior to the birth of Abraham.

The history of the human race presents no similar phenomenon to this of China, preserving its national unity and its virtual independence for four thousand years, without any serious change in its ruling ideas, in its social civilisation, or in its theory of government. Very many of its dynasties

* See his 'Analects,' Book vii. throughout, in Legge's edition and translation of the Chinese Classics. Hong Kong, 1865.

have been violently overthrown, and its external forms of government have varied from age to age; but the principles of its social and political organisation have remained unchanged, despite the most violent attacks upon them both from within and from without. Mongul and Manchu Tartars have effected nominal conquests of the Middle Kingdom, only to adopt its ideas, manners, and institutions, to be absorbed into the mass of "the Black-haired People," or, when remaining distinct, to sink into despised feebleness. Elsewhere over Asia and Europe, great empires—Assyrian, Egyptian, Persian, Grecian, Roman, Arabian, and Teutonic—have risen in splendour, holding sway over vast portions of the earth, only to perish in their glory, and sometimes leave nothing but their name behind; while China has steadily pursued its quiet way, enlarging its boundaries and consolidating its unity from above twenty centuries before the Christian era to this year of grace. Nations innumerable have risen and disappeared since the Chinese first presented themselves with most of the marked national characteristics which they possess at the present day. How many pantheons of deities have been overthrown since Pwan-ku was represented chiselling out earth and heaven! How many languages have found no tongues to utter them since the Chinese monosyllables now used in the British Colony of Hong-Kong were first heard ringing on the banks of the Yellow River! How many characters have men invented to represent their speech since the Chinese produced their system of writing! The more the antiquity and continuousness of this isolated civilisation of the Middle Kingdom is considered, the more interesting does it appear, and the more forcibly does it suggest the idea, that in thus preserving a people from the earliest times, and providing for their independent development, Providence has had in view some great purpose which, as yet, we can only dimly see.

"By a long road," says a Celestial proverb, "we know a horse's strength; so length of days shows a man's heart." Judged in that way, Chinese nationality has an overpowering claim to respect, and its most intelligent students have thought much and deeply over the causes of its extraordinary longevity. Sir George Staunton (Preface to his translation of the Penal Code) and the earlier Jesuit missionaries attributed the long duration and stability of the Chinese Empire to the influence of the doctrine of filial piety and parental authority, as inculcated by its sages, and universally accepted by the people. Mr. Meadows, in his 'Desultory Notes,' asserts that "the long duration of the Chinese is solely and altogether owing to the operation of a principle which the policy of every successive dynasty has practically maintained in a greater or lesser degree, viz., that good government consists in the advancement of men of talents and merits only to the rank and power conferred by official posts;"—a principle which makes able demagogues rare, by opening a satisfactory path to every man of real talent. Mr. R. H. Patterson, in his able essay on the 'National Life of China,'* which well deserves separate publication, lays stress on the geographical isolation of the empire, bounded as it is on the north by vast herbless and wind-swept deserts, on the west by lofty mountain-chains, and on the south and east by a tempestuous sea. To these causes, which must all be admitted as effective, there may be added, on the same level, the peculiar nature of the Chinese written language, which has served as a very powerful bond of union. The

* 'Essays in History and Art.'

characters of that script represent not sounds, but things and ideas, in the widest sense of the term, and consequently it has stood in great part superior to, and unaffected by, the fluctuations of sound and dialect. Thus, the speech and thought of the Chinese have been kept within certain rigid limits, all the local streams of divergence being turned back, as it were, into the fountain from whence they issued. Over the spoken language, with its frequent changes and corruptions, the written language has stood supreme; so that while a native of Shantung may be unable to understand the spoken words of a Cantonese, they use identical characters in expressing the same meaning. If the Latin races had a single character, like the Chinese for *jen*, to denote Man, then whether pronounced Homo in Latin, Uômo in Italian, Hombre in Spanish, Homem in Portuguese, or Homme in French, the written word would be the same everywhere among them, and its being so would have a tendency to check diversity of pronunciation, especially among the educated classes. Out of the written language thus universal among these races, there would arise a certain common standard for expressions, both in speech and writing, which would involve or evolve a certain unity, otherwise unattainable, of thought and feeling, that would have an immense influence in sustaining a common nationality.

But it seems to me there has been a deeper influence at work in preserving Chinese nationality than the doctrine of filial piety, the principle of choosing able men for official posts, or the character of the language, and one which underlies all these secondary causes. Dr. Williams correctly states that the 'Shoo King,' or Historical Classic, "contains the seeds of all things that are valuable in the estimation of the Chinese," and that, "it is at once the foundation of their political system, their history, and their religious rights—the basis of their tactics, music, and astronomy." On examining that fragmentary but most ancient work in the light thrown upon it by the reported conversations of Confucius, and by the general practice of the Chinese in all the relations of life, there appear indications of a great and most pregnant generalisation or first principle, beyond which the mind of the Celestials has never ventured to pass, and from which arise their whole system of ideas, their social and their political organisation. It is difficult briefly to express this first principle, though it makes itself constantly felt; but I may roughly describe it as the assertion of a Divine Harmony in the universe, which affects all existing objects, and to which the souls of men are naturally attuned. Especially in the 'Shoo King,' but through all the classics, and in every Chinaman's principles of action, harmony is the fundamental and ruling idea. Of the Emperor Yaou, we are told in the 'Historical Classic,'* that "having become harmonious, he equalised and illumined the people of his domain." The Emperor Shun was chosen for high office, because he had been able "to harmonise" his father, his mother, and his brother, all stupid, bad relatives. The Great Yu was made Prime Minister, because he had "already equalised the land and water." When the empire is in disorder, it is said that "the people are not harmonious." When Yu advises Shun how to act, he says, "Let the elements of water, fire, metal, wood, and earth, with grain, be well regulated; adjust the domestic virtues; increase useful commodities, promote human existence, and cause harmony to prevail. Let these nine affairs be well adjusted; and,

* Medhurst's edition and translation. Shanghae, 1846.

being adjusted, let them be set to music." "The announcement of T'hang" was, "Heaven has commissioned me, a single individual, to harmonise and pacify all you states and families." Of the monarch T'hae-kea we read that "Heaven noticed his virtues, and made use of him to sustain the great decree, and soothe and tranquillise the myriad states." The intelligent prince is described as one who "harmonises with his inferiors;" but we are expressly told that "he is only a substitute (or medium): it is Heaven that works." So also in the 'Chung Yung,' or Doctrine of the Mean, a profound work attributed to the grandson of Chung-ne or Confucius, it is said of the great sage that "above, he harmonised with the times of heaven, and below, he was conformed to the water and the land." Even in the physico-theological ideas of the 'Yih King,' or Book of Changes, perhaps the most venerated of all the classics, the Yin and the Yang, the male and female elements of creation, are considered as made in harmony, as worked on by harmonious powers, as acting harmoniously, and as moving man in the same manner when no disturbing causes interfere.

This idea of harmony underlies all the thought and institutions of the Chinese. Dimly it may be, yet most potentially they have

> "A sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

With this Divine spirit or arrangement the Sages are in perfect accord; the Worthies seek, with ever-increasing success, to understand its dictates; and only the Worthless stand in punished opposition to it. This is the Tien, or "Heaven," of Confucius, the Shang-te, or deity, of the older writings. Being understood only by the Sage, it is his sacred, peculiar, and inalienable privilege to be the interpreter between Heaven and earth, Heaven and mankind. Perfectly in accord with the Divine idea, and illumined by its light, he alone knows infallibly how its harmony may manifest itself in all the affairs of human life—in the relations of prince and subject, of father and son, of husband and wife, of brother and brother, of friend and friend. Consequently he, and he alone, has a right to govern mankind. As the representative of Heaven, or the Supreme Emperor, he is by divine right Emperor of the Great Flowery Land, of the Black-haired People, and not of these alone, but of all the nations of earth who sincerely desire to follow the ways of Heaven. And as he is Heaven to his people, so, when the divine harmony prevails, his viceroys are Heaven to their provinces, and each father in his wide domains is Heaven to his own family. As the 'Doctrine of the Mean' has it, "All-embracing and vast, he is like Heaven. Deep and active as a fountain, he is like the abyss. He is seen, and the people all reverence him; he speaks, and the people all believe him; he acts, and the people all are pleased with him. Therefore his fame overspreads the Middle Kingdom, and extends to all barbarous tribes. Wherever ships and carriages work; wherever the strength of man penetrates; wherever the heavens overshadow, and the earth sustains; wherever the sun and moon shine; wherever frost and dews fall—all who have blood and breath unfeignedly honour and love him. He is the equal of Heaven."

Rémusat, W. H. Medhurst, and other scholars by no means inclined to exaggerate in such matters, conclude that a portion of the His-

torical Classic was written 4000 years ago; and, curiously enough, this view is supported by an incidental reference in the commencement of the work itself to the culminating of certain stars on the evenings of the solstices and equinoxes. It is passing strange to find thus, that in almost the earliest dawn of time there were laid the foundations of an ideal state, so similar in its principles, though not in all its details, to that which Plato shadowed out in his 'Republic,' to that which Fichte deduced in his 'Geschlossene Handelstaat,' and to that which, less scientifically, Mr. Carlyle has made the burden of his message to his age and country. The wonder increases when we observe that the early Chinese sages have actually succeeded in establishing their State so that, however it may have fallen short in practice, yet has it always aspired towards, and theoretically been guided by, the ideas on which it was founded. And lastly—most astounding fact of all—we find that the State thus originated, instead of dissolving like a dream, exists after the lapse, and despite the vicissitudes, of forty centuries; has extended its boundaries over the most fertile region of Asia, and holds powerful sway over an energetic and myriad-numbered race, which, far beyond its own boundaries—in India, in Tartary, in Malaya, in Australia, in California, and even in the Atlantic-washed West India Islands—is competing not unsuccessfully with the labour of other nations, without losing its own ancient ideas and characteristics.

In the 'Doctrine of the Mean' it is laid down: "While there are no stirrings of pleasure, anger, sorrow, or joy, the mind may be said to be in a state of equilibrium. When those feelings have been stirred, and they act in their due degree, there ensues what may be called the state of harmony. This equilibrium is the great root, and this harmony is the universal path. Let the states of equilibrium and harmony exist in perfection, and a happy order will prevail throughout heaven and earth, and all things will be nourished and flourish." Now, not being sages, it cannot be expected that we should enter into the essential nature of this harmony, which bears a relation to equilibrium somewhat like that of the being-in-action of the Buddhists to their being-in-rest, and which reminds one of Plato's intelligible ideas, and of that passage in the 'Timæus' where he says: *Θεὸς οὖ τῳ δὴ τότε πεφυκότα τοῦτα πρῶτον διεσχηματισατο εἴδεσι τε καὶ ἀριθμοις*—"Thus, in their first origin, God certainly formed these things after ideas and numbers;" but it is open to us to note the particular forms in which this idea of harmony is envisaged, and has been embodied in institutions. The doctrines held by the Chinese in regard to parental authority, and the choosing of only able men as rulers, are only subdivisions of the great idea of harmonious unity which possesses their minds. Their notion is, that in all relationships, in all combined action, however opposing the forces are, there should be a symmetrical oneness. They regard all existence in its normal condition, from the lowest to the highest, as moving sphere within sphere. Among no other people have organisation and centralisation been carried out to such an extent; but it must be specially noticed that their idea is that of an organic unity, of an organisation where the lower naturally and willingly submits to and unites with the higher, not of an external and apparent unity produced chiefly by force. Hence they are really a very democratic people. In order to understand both the strength and the weakness of Chinese civilisation, it is essential to bear in mind that their idea of harmony manifests itself as regards mankind, as well as in reference to

everything else, in the sub-idea of a vital organic unity, to which men incline naturally, most usually, and for the most part. This is the means by which the Celestials have solved, in so far as they have done so, the problem of reconciling individual freedom with general interests, and local with imperial government. It is an utter mistake to suppose that, either in theory or practice, the Emperor, or any of his subordinates, have much liberty of enforcing their decrees. Confucius and all the sages of China are at one with Plato when he said, *Κακὸς μὲν ἑκὼν οὐδεὶς*—"No one does evil willingly"—though they entirely shirked the question as to how evil exists at all; and, consequently, they held that, usually at least, good government would in itself secure willing obedience from the people. I have already noticed what the 'Historical Classic' says about a prince being able to harmonise with his inferiors. In the 'Great Learning' a perfect ruler is thus described: "Profound was King Wan. With how bright and unceasing a feeling of reverence did he regard his resting-places! As a sovereign, he rested in benevolence. As a minister, he rested in reverence. As a son, he rested in filial piety. As a father, he rested in kindness. In communication with his subjects, he rested in good faith." So in the third part of "The Great Oath," in the 'Historical Classic,' a proverb more ancient than the book itself is quoted: "He who soothes me is my prince; he who oppresses me is my foe, the abandoned of heaven and men!" In the same work, in "The Announcement to K'hang," the crime of a father failing "to soothe (or harmonise) his son," is coupled with that of a son who does not "respectfully subject himself to his father;" and that of an elder brother becoming unfriendly to a younger, with a younger being unmindful of heaven's clearly-displayed relationships." A familiar proverb in China runs: "The Emperor offending the laws is the same crime as the people doing so;" and it would be easy to quote innumerable passages from the classics, and from the decrees of the Government itself, illustrating the great Chinese doctrine, that the harmony of all relationships is to be found in an adaptation of the higher existence to the lower, as well as in submission of the lower to the higher.

As the mystic doctrine of Harmony—fit only for Sages to discuss—becomes more definite in that of vital unity, which the Worthies may perhaps appreciate, so the latter ought to be understood and obtemperated even by the Worthless, as it manifests itself in the five relationships—of ruler to ruled, of father to son, of husband to wife, of brother to brother, and of friend to friend. On the one side the ruler must act with benevolence and in good faith; while on the other, the people must exercise reliance and submission; and it is held, so great is the confidence of the Chinese in the goodness of human nature, that if either act fitly, the other will act fitly also. When Ke K'ang asked Confucius about inflicting capital punishment, the Master replied (Analects, xii. 19): "In carrying on your government, why should you use putting to death at all? Let your desires be for what is good, and the people will be good." In book ii. 2, 3, he expressly deprecates the notion of upholding government by force, saying, "If the people be led by laws, and uniformity sought to be given them by punishments, they will try to avoid the punishment, but will have no sense of shame. If they be led by virtue, and it is sought to harmonise them by the rules of propriety, they will have a sense of shame, and moreover will become good." In the 'Great Learning,' the commentator (ch. x.) thus answers what is meant by making the empire peaceful and hap-

py through government: "When the sovereign behaves to his aged as the aged should be behaved to, the people become filial; when the sovereign behaves to his elders as elders should be behaved to, the people learn brotherly submission; when the sovereign treats compassionately the young and helpless, the people do the same. Thus the ruler has a principle with which, as with a measuring square, he may regulate his conduct. . . . . The ruler will first take pains about his own virtue. Possessing virtue will give him the people. Possessing the people will give him the territory. Possessing the territory will give him its wealth. Possessing the wealth, he will have resources for expenditure. Virtue is the root; wealth is the result. If he make the root his secondary object, and the result his primary, he will only wrangle with his people, and teach them rapine." So likewise in family relationships, moral influence is regarded as the appropriate ruling power. Of the great Emperor Shun, we read in the 'Shoo King,' that he was first elevated from the position of a husbandman because "he went forth into the fields, and daily cried and wept to the soothing heavens on account of his father and mother: he bore the blame, and drew upon himself the reproach; while he was respectful in business, and waited on his sire Kow-Sow, penetrated with veneration and awe, until Kow also sincerely conformed to virtue." And it is recommended that this almost Christian principle should be acted upon with regard to the rebellious people of Meaou. Similar admiration is given by the Chinese to a father for harmonising his children by moral suasion, though children regardless of filial piety might perhaps be regarded as more blameworthy than fathers neglecting their parental duties. In the celebrated "Sacred Edict" of the Emperor Kang-he, the second maxim is, "Respect kindred, *in order* to display the excellence of harmony." It is a mistake to suppose, as many European writers have done, that the idea of paternal authority is that on which the Chinese State has been based. The conceptions of a certain complete harmony for all relationships, and of a graduation of authority from Heaven downwards, have determined their views, in regard both to fatherhood and to the government, to such an extent that their peculiar institutions might have sprung up had the black-haired race, by some mysterious means, been brought into existence without the aid of parents at all.

There is some difficulty in determining how far, according to the Chinese system, the employment of force is lawful and expedient in preserving the due medium of relationships. Heaven is never spoken of as vindictive, seldom even as moved to anger, but it is considered capable of terrible punitive judgment; and this prerogative, somewhat inconsistently with passages I have quoted, is spoken of as shared by its representatives, the heavenly-appointed rulers of mankind. Against unjust rulers Heaven becomes incensed, decrees their ruin, and sends down calamities on the people as a mark of its displeasure. Even so early as in the "Military Completion," in the 'Shoo King,' we read of "Heaven's exterminating decree" against an offending prince being delivered to "an insignificant one." Up to this hour the Imperial edicts conclude with the admonition, "tremblingly obey;" and it is sufficiently obvious that, constituted as men are, even among so easily-governed a race as the Chinese, authority could not be sustained, and order preserved, without a very considerable use of punishment and military force. Roughly speaking, proper relationship is sometimes so far departed from that punishment becomes a duty; and it is worthy of note that, according to Celestial ideas, the great sign of incapacity or wickedness in a ruler is great

calamities befalling the people. Heaven is then displeased beyond endurance, and all the people are in expectation that some one will arise to put in execution the exterminating decree. Hence in all Chinese political movements the declarations of both sides that they are divinely commissioned, and their frequent references to examples of the past.

To the further understanding of the system of the Chinese, it is well to note their respect for learning, their respect for age, and the universal diffusion of education among them. In the 'Great Learning' (text iv.) Confucius expresses the convictions of almost every Chinaman when he says, "The ancients who wished to illustrate illustrious virtue throughout the empire, first ordered well their own states. Wishing to order well their states, they first regulate their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their persons. Wishing to cultivate their persons, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge." It is this relation between learning and harmony, between knowledge and the sage, that has afforded the principle of competitive examination on which governmental officers are chosen, and which has opened up the way to the very highest offices for the son of any Chinese peasant or coolie. Apart also from filial piety, this reverence for wisdom has afforded the principle of reverence for old age; for, with their confidence in the goodness of human nature, the Celestials cannot but regard the older man, with all his past studies and experiences, as superior to the younger, and specially deserving of veneration. The Throneless King (Confucius) himself said (Analects, ii. 4): "At fifteen, I had my mind bent on learning. At thirty, I stood firm. At forty, I had no doubts. At fifty, I knew the decrees of Heaven. At sixty, my ear was an obedient organ. At seventy, I could follow what my heart desired without transgressing what was right." This respect for learning and for age is fostered among the Black-haired People by their system of education. It is expressely asserted in the classics that a knowledge of the doctrine of the due medium may be obtained even by common persons busily occupied in the affairs of life, if their hearts are only right; and it is obvious that a very considerable portion of the sacred writings may be understood and appreciated by persons whose minds are not very highly developed, and who have not devoted the time to study which would be required to gain what is considered a good education in European countries. "Among the countless millions that constitute the empire," says Sir John Davis, "almost every man can read and write sufficiently for the ordinary purposes of life, and a respectable share of these acquirements goes low down in the scale of society." And it must be observed that this education is not devoted to inflating the mind with false accounts of contemporary events, with falsification of history, appeals to class-prejudices, and galvanic attempts at sharpness, such as constitute the intellectual pabulum offered by their newspapers to the labouring classes of America, but to the laws and other institutions of the country, the principles on which these laws are based, and to great moral and social truths, having an immediate bearing on practice, and expressed in a beautiful simple way, in sentences of which the mind cannot easily get rid. Hence the ordinary Chinaman takes an interest in the theory, as well as in the practice, of his government, and all the officials of the empire feel themselves in face of an intelligent, and sometimes exceedingly intelligent, public

opinion, which they dare not disregard in the absence of a priesthood and of a standing army of any size or value. It is also obvious that this power of the people, this general information existing among them—their respect for learning, their reverence for sages, and their belief that knowledge affords a key to the harmony of relationships—are the real supports of the principle of choosing only able men for office, to which Mr. Meadows attaches so much importance.

Also proceeding from their ideas in regard to harmony, we have next the Chinese ideas and practice in regard to gradations of rank, mutual responsibility, and mutual surveillance. The Emperor, representing Heaven, is Tien Tsz', Son of Heaven: Kwa Jin, the Solitary Man; Chin, Ourself; Hwang Te, August Sovereign; Hwang Shang, August Loftiness; Tieng Hwang, Celestial August One; Shing Te, Sacred Sovereign; and Wan Sui Ye, Father of Ten Thousand Years. But this is in virtue, not of his office, but only of the manner in which he fulfils that office. So far from his being of necessity *pater atque princeps*, Mencius boldly says: "The people are the most important element in a nation; the spirits of the land or grain are the next; the sovereign is the least." Elsewhere he quotes approvingly the words of the Great Declaration in the 'Shoo King'—"Heaven sees according as my people see; Heaven hears according as my people hear." In the 'Historical Classic,' T'hang exclaims in his "Announcement," "Should any of you myriad states transgress, let the blame rest on me, a single individual; but should I, a single individual, offend, let it not involve you, the multitude of states." In the "Announcement at Lo," it is said that "the people came to meet a well-balanced government." Confucius, who was very fond of inculcating subordination, counterbalanced his advice by his repeated assertion that good government requires no force for its support; and, as Dr. Legge says, "he allowed no *jus divinum* independent of personal virtue and a benevolent rule." When asked (Analects, B. xii. 6) whether sufficiency of military equipment, sufficiency of food, or the confidence of the people, was most necessary to sustaining a government, he selected the last as most essential, and he declared that the government of a personally correct prince would be effective without the prince issuing orders. Thus the Emperor is properly not so much an absolute ruler as the embodier, recorder, and declarer of the wants and legitimate wishes of his people.

And the whole machinery of government may be viewed not so much as a means for carrying out the Emperor's will, as an organisation by which the wants of the people may be met, and those of their designs which require the exercise of supreme authority be placed in Imperial hands. It is quite true that China, as a nation, may be compared to a vast army under one generalissimo, the Son of Heaven, and that this army is elaborately divided into corps, regiments, and companies paying, or called on to pay, implicit obedience to their immediate leaders; but it is still more necessary to look at the matter in a reverse light, and to consider each leader as only such in so far as he represents the natural action of those over whom he is placed. Hence a peculiarity in Chinese government which has frequently been alluded to without being properly understood. Each family, clan, village, district, department, and province, is expected to harmonise itself; and, strictly speaking, it is no part of the business of supreme authority to interfere, unless when called upon by the parties themselves, with the affairs of minor circles. If quarrels or crimes arise in a family, then the head of the family must settle these,

or take the consequences, and to that end he has very great power committed to him. If a village is at war with itself, the head men have power to settle the dispute, and have practically almost unlimited power of punishing. So in the district, the department, the province. Each circle being called upon to harmonise itself, has immense power committed to it for that end, and must take equal responsibility. Hence the rationale, if not the rationality, of the Chinese system of punishing a parent for the sins of his children, and of holding a village or a district responsible for the crimes of its individual members. The whole arrangements of the nation, public as well as private, are based on a system of mutual responsibility, which of course involves a system of mutual surveillance. Even the Emperor, though nominally supreme, stands in awe of the Censorate, and of a popular revolution; the Futai, or governor of a province, has to stand well with his subjects, as well as at Peking; and the Magistrate of a district is nothing more than the recorder and executor of sentences passed by local juries.

III.

Of course the Chinese State has fallen very far short of the theory on which it was founded; but I have indicated that theory, which hitherto has been overlooked by European scholars, because some comprehension of it is absolutely necessary to a proper understanding of Chinese rebellions and revolutions. Every people has certain traditionary and religious ideas, sustained by spirit-stirring stories, which underlie its institutions, and limit the working of the national mind, however despised by individuals, and imperfectly conformed to in the national life. Despite our modern disregard of tradition, and even amid the innumerable influences affecting modern civilisation, each nation of Europe, of any strength, moves within a charmed circle of its own; and an instinctive feeling of the limits of that circle is necessary to the great statesman, even to the great warrior. But when religious, social, and political ideas are inextricably interwoven, springing from one common root, as in the case of the Chinese, and when, moreover, these are hallowed by the history of at least four thousand years, it may easily be believed that the influence they exercise has become sacred, and is something quite beyond the experience of younger and occidental nations. Races may remain unchanged, or nearly so; the Copt and the Negro may present the same features which they had when their effigies were sculptured on the ancient tombs of Egypt; but of all the nations which surrounded the Chinese in the dim morning of history, not one remains to tell the story of its birth. The Hebrew race alone preserves many of its ancient institutions, as well as its ancient features, but its chosen place of abode knows it no more, and its nationality was destroyed centuries ago, while the Chinese still hold by their own ways in their Great Flowery Land, as they did before the Hebrews issued from the loins of Abraham. Consequently, the old ideas on which their State was founded, their ancient institutions, and the history of their ancient emperors and sages, still exercise upon them a most vital influence.

We require to go to the East in order to find races that regard their past in a manner which largely affects their present. What to the modern Greek is the tale of Troy? or to the Roman the story of Latium? Thor and Odin exercise no

influence in Scandinavia, nor the Nibelungen heroes in Germanic Europe; and even the Pilgrim Fathers are forgotten in New England. But with the immobile races of the East, matters in this respect are entirely different. The mind of the Oriental Hebrew is still possessed by visions of his earliest forefathers wending in grey antiquity from the slopes of Ararat, holding special communion with Jehovah, forming a chosen people, led through the terrible wilderness by pillars of smoke and fire, destined to rule the earth, and receiving amid the thunders of Sinai a sacred, moral, and ceremonial law of which no clause must pass away. Even at the present hour the Indo-Aryan, as he watches the red flush of morning, or sits under the palm and banian, is really dwelling in an antique ideal world of the most extraordinary kind. Accepting for his practical life, with implicit submission, the laws of Manu, and the most rigid ancient caste arrangements, his ineffable yearning for eternity and for reabsorption into deity leads him to shut his eyes on the glories of nature in India, and on all his world of outward seeming, as merely evil illusions obscuring eternal light. Aided by mystic rites and ancient hymns, he looks entranced into a vague world, at first without sky above or firmament beneath, but filled with a shoreless dazzling light of power and love, which is soon darkened by the vast shadowy forms of Varuna, and Indra, and Agni, and all the mighty gods. Ushas, the beautiful dawn, passes over the horizon; Vishnu, the preserving light, strides thrice through the universe, and the Maruts or winds sweep over; but the evil form of Shiva the destroyer appears upon the scene. Gods play with milkmaids; Rama the divine hero makes war on minor evil spirits and hideous giants; and long lines of fabulous kings enter into the vision. In the confusion which follows, the natural and supernatural, the grotesque and the sublime, become inextricably blended. The ashy devotee sitting at the roadside may be a demon, or Vishnu himself, or the Lord of Devas; but, with all its modern touches, it is the world of ancient India in which the modern Hindu daily dwells, and for him, having turned away his wearied eyes

"From earth's dull scene, Time's weary round,
To realms eternal—heavenly ground—
Blue Krishna frolics o'er the plain,
Varuna skims the purple main,
Gay Indra spans the crystal air,
And Shiva braideth Durga's hair,
Where golden Meru rises high
His front to fan the sapphire sky.
And nightly in his blissful dreams
He sits by Ganga's holy streams,
Where Swarga's gate wide open lies,
And Narga's smoke pollutes the skies."

Even more, perhaps, than the Hindu, the Chinaman dwells in a peculiar ideal world of his own, but it is one much less fanciful, much more definite, much more credible, and much more historical. Still it is an ideal world beyond which he can rarely pass, which constantly occupies his thoughts, and conditions his actions. Every one who has dwelt much among the Chinese, as I have done, and especially in their villages, will bear me out in saying that there is common to them all a certain simple ideal of life which they regard as constituting the highest human happiness, which they claim as their right, which they hold usually existed from the earliest times, and which is intimately connected with the doctrines of their sages, and with their historical beliefs. Unlike the Hindu, the Chinaman lives in an ordered and somewhat prosaic ideal world. He beholds, indeed, against his Turanian historical dawn the gigantic figures of Yaou and Shun, and the great Yu overshadowing the long valley of centuries; and the great sages, such as Confucius and Mencius, correcting the errors of their times, and dropping words of in-

valuable wisdom; but though all these are grand to him, they are so not so much in themselves as in their useful relationship to the knowable and the attainable — to the great primary wants of his race. The determination of the seasons, the building embankments against devastating floods, or the harmonising of land and water, the overthrowing of unjust kings, wise, kind action in family relationship, and the expression of moral doctrines in an intelligible, impressive way—these are the claims to reverence of the heroes of the Chinese Pantheon. The (miscalled) Celestial is a narrow-minded, but exceedingly practical, sort of being. He wants an ordered world, but one ordered only in a certain kind of way. Before his rapt celestial vision lie the fruitful plains of the Great Flowery Land, lively and bright with the normal life of China, guarded on the north by snowy deserts, which are happily far away from him, and on the south by stormy seas, with great winds and waves, which he does not tempt. His ideal is a happy family life, with age benignant, youth reverential, three or four generations living contentedly under the same roof; the fish-pond in front well stocked; grain abundant; tea fragrant; the village harmonised; the school well taught; the young Confucius of the family preparing for competitive examinations; the ancestral tablets going far back, and recording honoured names; the ancestral hall well gilded, and a fit meeting-place for the wise elders; the spirits of deceased ancestors comforted with offerings and loving remembrances, not left to wander friendless in the air; the holidays cheerful, with bright silks and abundance of savoury dishes; the Emperor benevolent; the people obedient; Foreign Devils far away or reverential; evil appearing only in the forms of impossible demons, and hideous wicked emperors painted on the walls of his house as a warning to foolish youth; no change in old customs to perplex the mind; the sacred books reverentially read and remembered; the present definitely arranged; the fruitage of the past stored; behind, sages and emperors, around, happy families, beyond a darkness with which he little concerns himself, but into which his spirit may occasionally float a short way on some Buddhist or Tauist idea.

We may now understand the position in which a Chinaman finds himself when he has very serious reason to complain of the condition of his country. All the most revered literature of that country, all the ideas which have possessed his mind from childhood, and even the language of the Imperial rescripts of his day, point to the conclusion that the existing authorities rather than the people are to blame. I have looked through the classics in vain for any indication of a belief that, where great calamities befall the country, the mass of the people may be considered as the guilty cause. The authorities undoubtedly are in the habit of throwing the blame off themselves, but they do so only by accusing certain sections of the populace of living in guilty opposition to the will of Heaven, and so cut off from the rest of the people. The history of China also has been of such a character as to sustain the notion that the responsibility of national disaster rests chiefly with the Government. While admitting the extraordinary longevity of the Chinese State regarded in its essentials, we must not leave out of view the fact that its life has been broken, but also preserved, by innumerable rebellions and changes of dynasty. Revolution is to the Chinaman something more even than it is to the modern Parisian. It is, so to speak, the constitutional means of getting rid of bad governments, and is associated in his mind with deeds of heroic daring, of noble

self-sacrifice, and with some of the brightest periods of the national history. De Guignes, in his 'Tableau de l'Histoire Ancienne de la Chine,' correctly enumerates twenty-two imperial dynasties, commencing with the Hea, founded by the Great Yu, and ending with the Ta Tsing, the present Manchu reigning family; and many of these were overthrown by violence, to the great advantage of China, or of those portions of it over which they reigned. The 'Historical Classic' is full of "oaths" and "announcements" and "chastisements" of revolutionary leaders, to whom was delivered "Heaven's exterminating decree" against cruel or too luxurious princes. At a later period the famous Han, Tang, and Sung dynasties, with many others of less note, were founded by revolutionary violence; and the Ming, or "Bright," dynasty, which established itself for a time against the Tartars, excited patriotic feelings in the breasts of the Chinese. Thus the Tai-ping rebellion was no novel phenomenon in the history of China, but had intimate relationship with the national ideas and history; and Hung Sew-tsuen, its leader, was influenced to his terrible and unsuccessful, yet perhaps beneficial, movement, not less by the ideas which float in the Chinese mind than by the actual events which, as we shall presently see, led him up to that movement, on into his terrible career, and to its final catastrophe.

IV.

In some most important respects the present state of China is very much what it was in the earliest recorded times. The cities exercise but little influence, and power lies in the balance between the Emperor with his Ministers and the country people. Bold warriors, ambitious priests, and designing statesmen play no great part in the national history. It is out of the country people, the innumerable owners of the land, that the ruling power has arisen, and it is their wants that must be attended to. So long as they are well off they are contented with the existing dynasty; but when they suffer greatly then Heaven appoints some one to exterminate the dynasty. This is the leading point in the whole history of China. The dynasties are always established by men of lofty virtue and great force of character, perhaps aided by able and devoted Ministers; but as generations pass away their successors deteriorate in character, and finally reach some one who combines debauchery and cruelty, so that he injures public affairs as much by his interference as by his neglect. Then comes ruin over the country: there are signs and portents in the heavens, and there rises some patriot to say, like T'ang, who destroyed the most famous Hea dynasty, "I dread the Supreme Ruler, so I dare not refuse to destroy the wicked sovereign."

Such a period in China was that when Hung Sew-tsuen, the Tai-ping chief, arose. There were many circumstances which had tended to throw the country into a state of disorganisation, causing widespread misery; and there were even special circumstances which tended to ascribe the evil to the ruling dynasty, and called upon a patriot to remove it from the throne. As regards the latter point, it is only necessary, to note here that the Imperial family, as is well known, was Manchu. In the thirteenth century the immediate descendants of Genghis Khan conquered China in a sort of way, and established the Yuen dynasty, which ruled the country till A.D. 1368, but was then overthrown by a native line, the Ming, or "Bright." This latter reigned till the year 1664; but the

last thirty years of their government, which had been moved from Nanking to Peking, was a continual strife with the tribes of Manchu Tartars on the frontier, and with insurrection in the interior. In 1664, a native Chinese, Le Tai-ching, entered Peking with his insurgent forces, and on his arrival the last Emperor of the Mings committed suicide. Le proclaimed himself Emperor, but was soon driven from the capital by the Manchu Tartars, who were invited into the country by a Chinese general, Woo San-kwei, who had been defending the frontier against them, but who, looking on the usurpation of the throne by the rebel Le as intolerable, now begged their assistance against the usurper. The Manchus having entered the country had no intention of leaving it. They proclaimed Shun Chi, their chief, Emperor; and in a few years contrived to gain the government of China, and even compelled the people to shave their heads after the Tartar fashion. This was long resisted, especially in the south-east, but after a time all open defiance of the Tartar ceased, though in that part of the country secret societies were formed for the purpose of throwing off the foreign yoke, and defied the power of the Government to extinguish them. The Manchu Government, however, reigned with great moderation and justice up to the end of last century, and in fact on to about 1830; it had become quite Chinese in character, and was chiefly composed of native Chinamen, so that in the beginning of this century resistance to it had almost entirely ceased, or when it existed, was confined to those disorderly classes which, from early times, have infested the innumerable islands which fringe the southern seaboard of the Flowery Land. The Manchus as nominally ruling the country, and supplying the Imperial family at least, were always open, on account of their being Tartars, to an extra share of odium in the event of the Government failing very grossly; but up to 1830 there was no appearance of such failure, except the existence of certain illegal associations in the shape of secret societies, such as that of the Triad and of the Water Lily.

There can be no doubt that these societies had some effect, both directly and suggestively, on the Tai-ping movement; but, as in all such cases, it is difficult to find out to what extent they existed, and what their real objects were. From the severity with which they were pursued by the Imperial Government, we may infer that some of them were really dangerous to the State; but others again seem to have been harmless enough. Thus the "Tea Society" was suppressed in 1816, and its leaders executed; but on turning to the Imperial edict* on the subject, it does not seem that this association, though illegal, was very hurtful. Of the leaders of it, who called themselves Wangs, the worst that is said is, "They lyingly and presumptuously affirm that the progenitor of the clan of Wang resides in heaven. They affirm that Mi-li-Fuh (the Buddha to come) will descend and be born in their family, and carry all the members of the society after death into the regions of the West, into the palace of the immortal Sien, where they will be safe from the dangers of war, of water, and of fire." Other societies, however, we know, did conspire against the Government, and sometimes openly raised the standard of rebellion; and it is interesting to notice how far they presented characteristics common to the Tai-ping also. In so far as they rose above mere robber associations, or guilds for mutual protection, they seem to have aimed either at professing a divine commission or an intention to substitute a native

* 'Peking Gazette,' 27th day, 5th moon, 21st year Kia-king.

Chinese for the Manchu dynastay. The Yaou-Jin rebels, who gave so much trouble in the provinces of Kwang-tung, Kwang-si, and Hoonan in 1832, but who had appeared so far back in Chinese history as the Sung dynasty,* alleged that they were descendants of Pwan-ku, a sacred legendary character, the shaper of earth and heaven. The Pih Leen Keaou, or Water Lily Society, which has appeared at various times throughout the duration of the Ta-Tsing, the present dynasty, scarcely made a secret of their desire to overthrow the Manchus, and early in this century caused considerable trouble in these provinces. The San Ho Hwui, of famous Triad Society, the most formidable of all in late times, not only prepared the way for the Taipings, but also evidently gave them a number of hints. Its original title was "Tien Te Hwui—the Cœlesto-terrestrial Society;" and its neophytes were sworn "to recall the Ming, to exterminate the Barbarian, to cut off the Tsing, and to await the right prince." They took for their surname the word Hung. They had traditions of being directed by supernatural beings, and their head-lance took the name of Tien Hung, or Tien Yu-hung, the "Heaven-protected Hung," which is not very far from the Tai-ping Hung Tien-wang—"Hung the heavenly prince," the Chinese character for Hung being in both cases the same — a point worthy of notice. There is no ground to conclude that these societies were very formidable; but their mere existence, and the claims they put forward, were sufficient to prepare the way for a wider associated movement in troublous times, and such times did speedily arrive, caused by an external series of events, and increasing incapacity in the Celestial Government.†

That the period of disorganisation, rapine, and war which afflicted China from 1851 to 1864 was not entirely caused by foreign import, is clear from the state of the country from 1830 to 1840, when there was a greater number of rebellions, inundations, famines, and similar disasters, than it had seen for generations; but though the people were getting discontented, and the Government weak, it is undeniable that an enormous impulse was given to these evils by the foreign relationships which ensued. Soon after 1830 troubles began to arise with foreigners, which caused the Peking Government considerable alarm, and induced it to take measures to maintain the isolation of the empire. The history of the events which followed has been recorded from various points of view, and need not be repeated here; but it may be remarked, that however desirable it was that Chinese exclusiveness should be destroyed, every writer on the subject has expressed regret that the work of doing so should have been so much an attempt on the part of Great Britain to force the objectionable opium traffic.

The British war with China of 1841-42 was most injurious to the peace of the country, because the power of the Government had for long depended greatly on prestige, because large districts had been brought to ruin; and because the calling out bands of local militia had taught the people their power. It is well known that, previous to that war, the appearance of the insignia of a mandarin, accompanied by a few lictors armed with whips, could disperse the most turbulent crowd in Canton, the most turbulent city in the empire; and, by a long-established rule, the people were denied the possession of fire arms. But during the war arms

* 'Chinese Repository,' vol. i.

† See on the Triads Dr. Milne's paper in 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Great Britain and Ireland,' vol. i. part ii. (1826), and the 'Chinese Repository,' vol. xviii. p. 281.

were so generally distributed that loose characters of all kinds got possession of them, while at the same time respect for the Government had been destroyed by the manner in which its immense pretensions had been broken through by the despised barbarian; and instead of venturing on a bold course against the local riots, robber bands, and insurrections which then arose, the Administration, conscious of its military weakness, and still stunned by its recent defeat, began to temporise and appeal. In 1845 at Ningpo, and in 1847 at Canton, when serious disturbances arose from trivial causes, the mandarins quieted matters only by yielding. The associated banditti of the Triad increased so in many parts of the country that life and property became exceedingly insecure. The indemnity of 21,000,000 dollars exacted by Britain on account of the war, brought on a financial crisis, while trade was suffering from the operations which had taken place. Great inundations of the Yellow River and the Yang-tsze occurred inopportunely to increase the distress and decrease the land-tax, the only great source of revenue. In these circumstances, the Government fell upon the fatal expedient of commuting punishments for money, and putting civil offices to sale, thereby increasing the number of criminals at large, holding out inducements to crime, and exciting against itself the animosity of the powerful literary and official classes, who thus saw themselves defrauded of their just privileges. Thus robbers began to increase on land, and pirates at sea; the local governments being powerless to protect, the people armed and organized themselves against banditti; and everywhere over China, but especially in the south, troubles had gathered, and dark times seemed at hand, when in February 1850 the Emperor Taukwang "ascended on the dragon-throne to be a guest on high," and his youthful, ill-fated son, Hienfung, reigned in his stead.

V.

It was in this troubled fermenting state of China that there appeared one of those extraordinary men who incarnate in themselves the tendencies of a revolutionary period, and who, more frequently in the East than elsewhere, gather myriads round them, and pass over their country like a destroying but purifying tempest.

So many writers on this subject have availed themselves of the Rev. Mr. Hamberg's pamphlet,* which really contains all that is known of the early life of the Tai-ping leader, that the facts of Hung Sew-tsuen's early history must be quite familiar, and these have been further substantiated by the autobiography which the Kan Wang or Shield King wrote, prior to execution, when in the hands of the Imperialists in 1864. But it may be well, very briefly, to show the bearing of these facts, to point out how far the chief's career potentially originated in the ordinary circle of Chinese ideas, and how far it was affected by his peculiar descent and by his contact with foreigners; in brief, to give the rationale of his history. No special notice seems to have been taken of the fact, that though born within thirty miles of Canton, he was of the Hakka, a rude race, who are regarded as aliens by the Punti, the mass of the people of Kwang-tung.† This it-

* 'The Visions of Hung Sew-tchuen.' Hong-Kong, 1854.

† For a description of the Hakkas, and of a residence among them by the author, see 'Six Weeks in a Tower,' in Maga for June 1862.

self goes some way to account for his opposition to the Imperial Government, and for the ease with which he formed the nucleus of his insurrection. There have been hatred and feud for nearly two centuries in Kwang-tung between the Punti, or "In-dwellers," and the Hakka, or "Strangers," who came down on the province from the mountains of Kiang-si and Fu-kien; and the latter are regarded by the former very much in the light of barbarians, or, say, as the Irish of Liverpool are by the English workmen of that city. Whether Hung Sew-tsuen's genealogy, as it was given to Mr. Hamberg, was invented after he aimed at the empire or was literally true, is a matter of no consequence; he was a poor youth of a rude despised race; and, either from prejudice against him on that account, or from inability, never succeeded in taking a degree at Canton. Thus his start in life was on the opposition side; but the Kwang-tungers, generally, would scoff at the notion of him and his *confrères* having had any special claim to represent the native patriotic element in China. At the same time the Hakkas are Chinese, less intelligent, and, consequently, more indifferent to the grander ruling ideas of the country than are the rest of the agricultural population, but still pretty well imbued with these ideas. Bearing this in mind, it can easily be conceived that a man of Sew-tsuen's undeniable ability and wild visionary spirit,—steeped to the lips in poverty, admired exceedingly by his immediate friends and neighbours, members of a despised but sturdy and numerous clan, moved, very likely, by traditions of illustrious ancestors, living in a portion of the country becoming more unsettled every day, hearing a rising undergrowl of discontent, and himself denied entrance at the door of admission to the ruling body,—would naturally cast about for some means of asserting, and perhaps avenging, his slighted family race and person. So far we have got circumstances and characteristics which cut him off from the mass of his countrymen; and to the characteristics may be added the fact that repeated failures to take his degree threw him, in 1837, into a state of madness, epilepsy, trance, ecstasy, or whatever else we may like to call it. But this disappointed youth was not an Englishman or a Hindu. Essentially a Chinese of the Chinese, his mind had a very wide circle of grotesque superstitions and solemn terrible thoughts in which it could find consolation. Was he the first in his country's history to mourn a distracted age, or be pursued by the demons? Might not "Heaven's exterminating decree" be delivered to him also, as to so many "insignificant ones" before? This was the result into which his visions hardened; but in the first of them I can recognise only the ordinary grotesque figures which haunt the imaginations of southern Chinese of a low class. The tiger, the cock, the old woman who washed him in a river, the taking out his heart and putting in a new one, the old man in a black robe, whom he afterwards believed to have been God, and the demon-exterminating sword, are the ordinary stock-in-trade of the village geomancers of Kwang-tung. The only things which give dignity to these visions are their connection with the old Chinese ideas of the exterminating decree, and the biblical gloss he afterwards put upon them. These visions, and their change into loftier meanings as new ideas came to him, are exactly what might have been expected from a man of very powerful imaginative mind, brought up amid the ignorance, superstition, and squalor of a Hakka village. It should be added, however, that, looking at the verses he soon began to ejaculate, at his early but as yet harmless proclamation of himself as a heavenly king, and at his

whole story, there is a certain something about him—that which Goethe used to call the daimonic—which defies analysis, and even description.

The elevation of character which Sew-tsuen obtained from the conviction his trances had given that he was a chosen instrument of Heaven, sustained him in quiet up to 1843, but naturally led him to seek to extend the sphere of his influence and knowledge. During these six years, though affairs in China were degenerating, yet they were not so bad as to afford an opening for a revolutionist; but in 1843, when he began seriously studying Christian tracts, the opium war had opened the flood-gates. It was natural that he should turn curiously towards the teachings of a people who had defied and so deeply injured the Government he hated; but the whole history of his relation to Christianity shows that his was a mind which, while it might incorporate foreign ideas with its own, would never suffer itself to be ruled by them. Neither at this time nor in 1847, when he went to Canton and put himself under the teaching of Mr. Issachar Roberts, an uneducated American missionary, did he show any disposition to be a sober searcher after religious truth, but only sought that which would give force and shape to his own divine mission. To the grossly superstitious Hakka, and to the ardent student of the more ancient Chinese classics, there was now added a third person, so to speak, imbued with certain Hebrew and Christian beliefs. It is a proof of the extraordinary power of this man's mind, and depth of his convictions, that he could blend these three individuals so completely into one under the transmuting belief in his own mission. As the poor superstitions of the Chinese peasant were elevated into this egoism, so the sublime doctrines of Christianity were degraded into it. Who could the God of the Christians be but the old man, the very God who had appeared to him in his dreams? He must have been in heaven, and the middle-aged man who instructed him how to exterminate the demons was our Lord. But then the seer himself was a Son of Heaven, so Christ became the Elder, and Hung Sew-tsuen was the Younger, Celestial Brother. There is no trace in any of the Tien Wang's productions of his having in the slightest degree appreciated the real spirit of Christianity; but the skill and completeness with which he turned some of its doctrines to his own use is really wonderful. These results were far beyond the power of a mere cunning impostor. From the hour when the Hung arose from his sick-bed after his first forty days' trance, and, poor and nameless, proclaimed his avatar by fixing on his door-post the proclamation, "The noble principles of the Heavenly King, the Sovereign King Tsuen," on through success and defeat and Imperial opposition, up to the hour of his death at Nanking, when human flesh was selling in the market at so much per catty, he seems never to have wavered or abated one jot of his claim to supreme rule on earth. In ordinary times it might have been that Hung Sew-tsuen would have found an ordinary place as an able mandarin, a village teacher, or a literary farmer, of more than average power and eccentricity. He might have lived and died the admiration or the wonder of his neighbourhood, but unknown beyond the Hwa district where he was born; and only his near relatives, as they pointed proudly to the gilded letters recording his name in the ancestral hall, or gave his departed soul kind offerings of food, would have remembered his existence. His bones might have been inurned in some peaceful spot on the hills close to his home, where he used to confer with his friend Fung Yun-san; and when his spirit desired to revisit earth, it might there have had sweet

repose, shaded by the pine-trees, cheered by the singing of birds, looking down contented on the ancestral fields still ploughed by his descendants, and beyond these to the flowing waters of the Pearl River and the mountains of the White Cloud. This is what, according to all Chinese ideas, would have been a happy and enviable fate; but it was not decreed for him. The son of a small peasant farmer, and himself a poor literate, afflicted with fits of madness and trances and visions, he was to sweep over the great Flowery Land, and, as Tseng Kwo-fan says, cause devastation in sixteen provinces and six hundred cities. As it turned out, cruel, exterminating Wangs—not brown-haired, pot-bellied little children—were his disciples. His ploughshare of steel and fire drove through the great valley of the Yang-tsze, and encircled the walls of Peking. No small tawdry yamun, or village school-house, was his abode for many years, but the ancient capital of China and the palaces of the Ming. His visions turned into heaven-sent edicts which decided the fate of millions, and were pondered over in the distant capitals of Europe. At one moment the Black-haired People seemed about to accept his sway; and when the end came—when his earthly existence was extinguished amid the horrors of the siege of Nanking—his body was found by the Imperial conqueror "enveloped in yellow satin embroidered with dragons; his head was bald, without hair; his mustache remained, but had become grey; there was flesh on his left thigh and right shoulder; and, as soon as the examination had been concluded, the head was secured, and the remainder of the body, after being cut up, was burned"*—almost all China exclaiming, with Peking officialdom, "Words cannot convey any idea of the misery and desolation he caused; the measure of his iniquity was full, and the wrath of both gods and men was roused against him."†

* Tseng Kwo-fan's Memorial to the Throne with respect to the disposal of the two rebel leaders Hung Sew-tsuen and Li-sew-cheng.

† Imperial Edict of 1st Aug. 1864, in reply to Memorial announcing the taking of Nanking.

THREE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

By a remarkable coincidence, the greatest dangers and difficulties of the American Union have always befallen it during the incumbency of the Presidential office by men of humble origin, defective education, and unpolished manners. It has also happened that these men have belied the fears of the timid, and surpassed the expectations of the hopeful, by the extraordinary ability they displayed, and the combined wisdom and audacity with which they steered the ship of State through difficulties and dangers which might have overpowered the statesmanship of leaders with more cultivated minds and less resolute convictions. These men were Andrew Jackson, who began life fatherless and penniless, glad to do the meanest "chores" about a farm for bare subsistence; Abraham Lincoln, a boatman and splitter of logs; and Andrew Johnson, a journeyman tailor in a third-rate country town. Jackson, throughout the whole of his long and brilliant career, never managed to attain education enough to write a grammatical sentence, and never read but one book besides the Bible, and that was the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' By dint of innate energy and indomitable will he rose from the lowest to the highest estate, and was successively day-labourer, pedlar, soldier, lawyer, shopkeeper, merchant, planter, judge, senator, general, and President of the Republic. Abraham Lincoln rose by similar means to the same height, and was also labourer, petty trader, lawyer, member of the House of Representatives, and President. Like Jackson, he had few advantages of education; read no books but law-books and the Bible — except 'Joe Miller's Jests' and 'Esop's Fables.' He was blunt of speech and ungainly in appearance; but by sheer pertinacity of purpose and simple-minded honesty, he carried to victory the greatest cause in which an American statesman was ever engaged. Andrew Johnson, who now occupies the perilous seat left vacant for him by the assassin's pistol, is a man in every way as remarkable as Jackson or Lincoln for the obstructions which he has removed or surmounted, for the stubborn and victorious will which he has displayed, for the natural gifts which have enabled him to act a leading part in the history of his country, and for the tremendous difficulty of the task which he has to perform, unless the light that now shines so brilliantly is to be darkened before its noon, and he, one of the greatest of the Presidents, is to be remembered among the least.

A short sketch of the work done by Jackson and Lincoln will enable the reader at this critical period to understand more clearly than he otherwise might, what Johnson has to do in supplementing and completing their labours, and how peculiarly his rough training has fitted him for a rough crisis. Personal and intellectual culture are of little or no advantage to an American politician. A practical people admire a practical man; above all, they love a bold one. Provided they have courage, a clear purpose, and the "gift of the gab," without which latter all other gifts are of no avail, the politicians of America have but little need for scholarship. This has been more especially the case during the last thirty-five years, during which the disruption of the Union has always been more or less a question in dispute to embitter controversy, and force the strongest minds to take up a position either for or against it. Although there is no aristocracy of birth and title in the

United States, there is, as there must be in every civilised country, a natural aristocracy, the result of education and refinement. While it is true that the king or emperor who can make a duke or a marquess cannot make a gentleman, it is equally true that no republic, however democratic, can prevent a man from making himself a gentleman. The first six Presidents of the United States were all men of this class, statesmen by training and capacity, and gentlemen by manners and cast of thought. None of them by his personal character inspired much popular affection, but all commanded respect for their talents and public services. Washington was the only one among them who was a popular favourite, and even his popularity was but partial while he lived, and required the sanctity of the grave to confirm and make it universal. With John Quincy Adams, the sixth President, the line of the gentlemen and scholars was interrupted; and with that of Andrew Jackson, the seventh, that of the illiterate pioneers and workingmen commenced. During his incumbency the Union was first seriously assailed; and it is his lasting claim to the gratitude of his countrymen that he saved it without bloodshed. He was nevertheless a man of blood, and would, if driven to the alternative, have shed any quantity that was necessary for the vindication of a principle and the supremacy of a cause.

Before we proceed to tell of his work, it will be necessary to describe a little more particularly what manner of man was the worker. Andrew Jackson was a "rowdy." The word is Anglo-American, and so is the variety of the human species which it designates. There are blackguards and bullies, and drunken and profane vagabonds everywhere, and certainly more than enough of them in the British Isles; but America is the only part of the earth where the rowdy exists, and is a power in the State. Rude, ignorant, poor, and characterless as they may be, they have votes; can make or unmake legislators, judges, and presidents, and know themselves to be parts of the sovereign people, and sovereigns themselves. "He who hath sixpence," says Mr. Carlyle, "is king *to the extent of sixpence.*" In like manner he in America who has a vote is sovereign to the extent of his vote, unless he happen to be a man of wealth and education, when he becomes disgusted with the companionship of the polling-booth, abdicates his right, and leaves the sovereignty to the multitude. The "rowdies" are full of animal vigour. They drink, they swear, they fight, and think themselves as good as the President whom they help to elect, and perhaps a great deal better. They enter his presence unintroduced at any hour they please, shake hands with him if they like him, and pull his nose if he has offended them—as one did to General Jackson publicly on board of a steamboat, Jackson defending himself as well as he could with his cane. If there be anything in the world which they admire, it is physical force and the plainest possible speaking. They are the same in the cities as in the backwoods, and in all their behaviour show how thin are the partitions that separate the so-called Christian and civilised man of the nineteenth century from the pagan and the savage. Of this class of men was the seventh President of the Republic—a profane swearer, a drunkard, and a bully, yet a brave soldier, an able commander, an upright magistrate, and, when in the highest place, a consummate statesman. He was accustomed to a border life; he had fought the British in his early youth, the wild Indians in his prime; and again, in mature age, he had struggled against, and defeated, the British at New Orleans. In addition to all this public battle, he had done an immen-

sity of private fighting. He was scarcely three months together out of a duel or a street brawl. He had deliberately killed one man for speaking disrespectfully of his wife; had quarrelled with his best friends, and transformed them into his bitter enemies. He was always armed and ready for the fray. He carried his life in the hollow of his hand, ready to risk it at all times against the meanest foes for the smallest offences. Though he became a lawyer, he never knew anything but the commonest rudiments of the profession; yet he knew enough to be constantly employed in the simple but numerous causes of dispute that arose between the quarrelsome backwoodsmen among whom his lot was cast. As a tradesman he was shrewd and sagacious.

"The business of his store," says his admiring biographer, Mr. Parton, "was of several kinds. He sold goods brought from Philadelphia—such as cloth, blankets, calico, and dry goods generally—prices on the Cumberland river, where he dwelt, being about three times higher than at Philadelphia. The firm was that of Jackson, Coffee, and Hutchings; and besides dealing in dry goods, they dealt in salt, grindstones, hardware, gunpowder, cow-bells, and whatever else the people of the country wanted. In payment for these commodities they took not money, but cotton, ginned and unginned, wheat, corn, tobacco, skins, furs, and indeed all the produce of the country. This produce they sent in flat boats down the Cumberland, the Ohio and the Mississippi to Natchez, where it was sold for the market of New Orleans."

In this trade Jackson became rich enough to buy a plantation, and become the owner of a hundred and fifty slaves. Yet, amid all this busy work as lawyer, storekeeper, and planter, he always found time for a public battle or a private shindy. His pugnacity was like the quarrelsomeness of the dog recorded in 'Rab and his Friends,' that only looked serious and sad because it could not get enough of fighting. He had a wound in his skull, received from the sword of a British officer, the scar of which was as long and as broad as a man's finger; and for the last twenty years of his life he carried in his left shoulder a bullet received in an affray with his political and personal friend, Colonel Benton, whom, in a fit of ungovernable passion, he had attempted to horsewhip. Yet this man won upon the people, and even before he had led his volunteers to victory against the British at New Orleans, was the idol of the multitude. After that event his popularity became all but limitless. Even the refined and educated minority were compelled to forgive his boorishness and brutality, and to acknowledge, in the light of his public services, that he was a true man if a coarse-grained one, a good patriot, and what every one admires, a successful soldier. He was no sooner proposed for the Presidency in 1824, than every reflecting politician in the country saw that he was the favourite. At that election he received a larger popular vote than any of his competitors; but none of them having received the majority requisite for a valid election, the ultimate choice devolved upon the House of Representatives, voting by States, each State having one vote. A majority of States being necessary to secure an election, some one of the three candidates highest on the list—who were Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, and William Crawford—had to secure the votes of thirteen of the States out of the twenty-four then constituting the Union. By the adroit manœuvring of Henry Clay—himself a candidate, but low on the list—the choice fell upon Mr. Adams, father of the gentleman who now so well represents the Republic at the Court of St. James's. This result but adjourned Jackson's chances for four years; and when, in 1828, he was again nominated, he was far in advance of all competitors, and won

the Presidential race, not by a neck merely, but by a whole furlong.

As President "Old Hickory," as he was familiarly and affectionately named, from his toughness of character, had three hates (in addition to the private ones, which were innumerable) and a single love. He hated debt, paper money, and the United States Bank; and he loved, with a love unutterable and unchangeable, with a love such as only an American can understand, the union of the States; the union that was to make the Republic the first power in the world, to spread itself over the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Arctic Sea to the Isthmus of Panama—and, dearest and most ardently wished-for consummation of all, that was to domineer over Great Britain, and press it down into the second or third rank by an irresistible preponderance. He had fought and bled for it against foreign foes—he was equally ready to fight and bleed for it against domestic enemies. How he conquered his favourite aversion, the Bank, and toppled it to the ground never to rise again—how he kept himself and the country out of debt—and how desperately he fought the battle of hard money against paper, need not here be recounted. But how he struggled against disunion, and gave it a blow from which it never recovered until the election of Abraham Lincoln twenty-eight years afterwards, is part of our purpose to narrate, for the better comprehension of the tragic history which is still enacting before our eyes, and of which no one can foretell the catastrophe.

The struggle did not arise on the slavery question. Nobody in America except the Southern planters cared much for the negro until Great Britain emancipated the race in her West Indian colonies; and the Evangelical and Puritanic ladies and preachers of New England, taking heart of grace from British example, began to agitate the question with that peculiar bitterness which generally distinguishes theologians and the weaker sex when they indulge in controversy. Up to the year 1828 the expenditure of the Federal Government had been so small, and the revenue so large, that it became a difficult question how to dispose of the surplus. One school of politicians and economists (the Protectionists), who desired to encourage native industry, and fill their own pockets by the process—the party which, by a majority in Congress, had succeeded in laying upon foreign goods the heavy duties which brought in so large a revenue,—proposed to continue the protective system, or to divide the accruing surplus from time to time among the various States, according to population. The opposite school (that of the Free-Traders), including the Southern planters and all engaged in agriculture, considering the protective tariff to be wrong in theory and oppressive in practice, proposed to abolish the surplus by the simpler process of reducing the duties upon foreign manufactures to the lowest rates sufficient to provide a revenue. Upon this point issue was joined. The majority in Congress was in favour of protection, but not altogether disinclined to lower the tariff provided the principle of protection were affirmed. The President did not care much about the question; but the Vice-President, the celebrated John C. Calhoun, once a Protectionist, had gone over to the other side, and like most converts either in politics or religion, distinguished himself by his zeal in the advocacy of the new doctrine. The office of Vice-President, though dignified, is one of no great importance to the holder. No patronage is attached to it, and the salary is not so liberal as to make it an object of desire, except to very poor men. Its real value lies in the fact that, if the President dies before the expiry of his term, the Vice-President steps unchal-

lenged into his place. As General Jackson was a strong man, though he had lived a hard life, and was in his sixty-fifth year in 1832, when the tariff question reached the climax of its agitation, the Vice-President, who perhaps never troubled himself to speculate on his remote chances of succeeding to the presidential chair, took measures to be elected to the Senate of the United States. These measures proving successful, he resigned the Vice-Presidency for the more active and influential position of senator for South Carolina, in which he could oppose the Protectionists on the tariff question with more effect than in the nominally higher office of Vice-President. Mr. Calhoun, like General Jackson, was of North Irish descent—a race said by the Celtic Irish to possess the defects both of the Scotch and the Irish character, but the virtues of neither—a race which, however, in Ireland as well as in America, has proved well able to take care of itself, and make its mark in the world. Unlike the President, Mr. Calhoun was a man of education and culture, a trained lawyer, a master of language both with the pen and the tongue, an acute logician, and in his manners and conversation a gentleman, and neither a rowdy nor an associate of rowdies. General Jackson, who was a thorough hater when he *did* hate, had a dislike to his Vice-President, which speedily ripened into the hotter feeling more consistent with his violent nature. He was relieved of a burden when Mr. Calhoun resigned. But the resignation was only the beginning of trouble to the President, and brought Mr. Calhoun prominently before the public as the apostle of a doctrine old and dear to the Southern, but new and hateful to the Northern people—the doctrine that every state of the Union was sovereign within itself, and had a right to "secede" and establish its own independence, if the legislation of the Union were adverse to its interests, or otherwise intolerable to its people. Mr. Calhoun prepared his way by the publication of an elaborate document, setting forth not alone his reasons for abandoning the Vice-Presidency, but the views upon Free Trade, and the nullification by any State of the laws of the United States, which he intended to advocate in the Senate, if the tariff were not amended to suit the views of the party with which he acted, and which comprised the whole Southern people, and many of the Northern. "It is," said he, "one of the peculiarities of the station I occupy, that while it necessarily connects its incumbent with the politics of the day, it affords him no opportunity officially to express his sentiments except accidentally, on an equal division of the body over which he presides (the Senate). He is thus exposed, as I have often experienced, to have his opinions erroneously and variously represented. In ordinary cases, the correct course, as I conceive it to be, is to remain silent, leaving to time and circumstances the correction of misrepresentation. But there are occasions so vitally important that a regard both to duty and character would seem to forbid such a course; and such I conceive to be the present. . . . . I have concluded that it is *now* my duty to make known my sentiments." The whole document is much too long for quotation. It consists of two propositions—first, that nullification (or, in other phraseology, secession, and consequently a dissolution of the Union) is the natural remedy for any intolerable grievance inflicted by the general or Federal Government upon an individual State of the Union, or a congeries of such States; and, second, that the tariff law of 1828, unless peaceably rectified by the action of Congress, would be such a grievance. He strongly denounced the protective principle, which he

declared to be unconstitutional, unequal in its operation, oppressive to the South, and an evil alike dangerous and inveterate. "The obvious and honest course," said he, "is to prevent the accumulation of a surplus in the treasury by a timely and judicious reduction of the imposts, and thereby to leave the money in the pockets of those who made it, and from whom it cannot be honestly nor constitutionally taken, unless required by the fair and legitimate wants of the Government. If, neglecting a disposition so obvious and just, the Government should attempt to keep up the present high duties when the money is no longer wanted, or to dispose of this immense surplus by enlarging the old or devising new schemes of appropriation; or, finding that to be impossible, it should adopt the most dangerous, unconstitutional, and absurd project ever devised by any Government, of dividing the surplus among the States (a project which, if carried into execution, could not fail to create an antagonistic interest between the States and general Government); either of these modes would be considered by the section suffering under the present high duties as a fixed determination to perpetuate for ever what it considers the present unequal, unconstitutional, and oppressive burden; and *from that moment it would cease to look to the general Government for relief.*"

In these last words the gauntlet of battle was thrown down. There was no mistaking the issue to be raised; and General Jackson, who distinctly understood it, but did not either greatly care for, even if he understood, the economic principles involved in the struggle between Free Trade and Protection, determined that, right or wrong, he would nullify nullification by making it treason, and hanging up, "as high as Haman," Calhoun or any one else who committed an overt act in its support. He swore it "by the Eternal"—his favourite oath—and would, if his character has not been greatly misunderstood, have hugely enjoyed the opportunity.

The question was brought into Congress in December 1831, when Mr. Clay, in the Senate, proposed a slight and unsatisfactory compromise, to the effect *that the duties upon articles imported from foreign countries, and not coming into competition with similar articles made or produced within the United States*, be forthwith abolished, except the duties upon wines and silks, and that those be reduced. Long debates, which lasted nearly seven months, ensued. Ultimately, in the summer of 1832, the measure, vehemently opposed by the Southern representatives and senators, and particularly by Mr. Calhoun, was passed by both Houses, by 32 against 16 in the Senate and 129 against 65 in the House of Representatives. Such majorities commanded, of course, the respect and adhesion of the President. The bill reaffirmed Protection, and only reduced the revenue to the small extent of three millions of dollars, or £600,000 sterling, thus leaving open the original questions of protection to native industry and the distribution of the surplus. The whole South, which had been for months in a state of perilous excitement, broke into a blaze of fury. The manufactures of the North were prosperous; immigration was pouring northwards and westwards, and avoiding the South and the contiguity and competition of slave labour, while the South was depressed in every department of its industry. Cotton, rice, sugar, and corn were all falling in price; while cloths, shirtings, tools—everything beyond mere food that a community required—were rising, to the advantage of the North that produced, and to the disadvantage of the South that consumed them. South Carolina, under the leadership of Mr. Calhoun, took the ini-

tiative in giving vent to her displeasure, and boldly resolved that, whatever Southern State might submit to the tariff law, South Carolina would not. The State Legislature, early in the autumn, passed an Act calling for a convention of the whole people, to take into consideration the action of Congress, and the course to be pursued in consequence. The Convention met at Columbia in November, and seemed to be entirely of one mind—the mind of John C. Calhoun. The result of its deliberation was the memorable *Ordinance of Nullification*, which was passed unanimously, amid the greatest excitement—every member pledging his life and honour to support it. The Ordinance consisted of five distinct decrees:—

That the tariff law of 1828, and the amendment to the same of 1832, were null, void, and no law, nor binding upon this State, its officers or citizens.

That no duties enjoined by that law, or its amendment, should be paid, or permitted to be paid, in the State of South Carolina, after the 1st day of February 1833.

That in no case involving the validity of the expected nullifying act of the Legislature, should an appeal to the supreme court of the United States be permitted. No copy of proceedings should be allowed to be taken for that purpose. Any attempt to appeal to the Supreme Court "might be dealt with as for a contempt of the court" from which the appeal was taken.

That every office-holder in the State, whether of the civil or the military service, and every person hereafter assuming an office, and every juror, should take an oath to obey this Ordinance, and all acts of the Legislature in accordance therewith or suggested thereby.

That if the Government of the United States should attempt to enforce the tariff laws then existing by means of its army or navy, by closing the ports of the State, or preventing the egress or ingress of vessels, or should in any way harass or obstruct the foreign commerce of the State, then South Carolina would no longer consider herself a member of the Federal Union; "the people of this State would thenceforth hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain or preserve their political connection with the people of the other States, and would forthwith proceed to organise a separate government, and do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent States may of right do."

In this document the right of secession was clearly proclaimed. The Convention, before adjourning, issued an address to the people in justification of its proceedings. The people supported them with the greatest enthusiasm. The few influential planters and politicians who were averse from pushing matters to extremity, were overpowered by the vastness of the majority against them, and yielded to the impetus which they found it impossible to resist. Mr. Hayne, the governor of the State, in a message to the Legislature, went beyond even the Convention in the assertion of the principle of secession, and his determination to fight for it if the struggle were forced upon him by the general Government. "I recognise," he said, "no allegiance as paramount to that which the citizens of South Carolina owe to the State of their birth or adoption. I here publicly declare, and wish it to be distinctly understood, that I shall hold myself bound, by the highest of all obligations, to carry into full effect, not only the Ordinance of the Convention, but every act of the Legislature, and every judgment of our own courts, the enforcement of which may devolve on the executive. I claim no right to revise their acts. It will be my duty to execute them, and that duty I mean, to the utmost of my power,

faithfully to perform." He went even farther than this, and declared that, "if the sacred soil of Carolina should be polluted by the footsteps of an invader, or be stained with the blood of her citizens, shed in her defence, he trusted in Almighty God, that no son of hers, native or adopted, who had been nourished at her bosom, or been cherished by her bounty, would be found raising a parricidal arm against her. And even should she stand *alone* in the great struggle for constitutional liberty, encompassed by her enemies, that there would not be found, in the wide limits of the State, one recreant son who would not fly to the rescue, and be ready to lay down his life in her defence. South Carolina," he added, "could not be drawn down from the proud eminence on which she had placed herself, except by the hands of her own children. She asked but a fair field, and no more. Should she succeed, it would be glory enough for her to have led the way in the noble work of Reform. And if, after making these efforts due to her own honour and the greatness of the cause, she was destined utterly to fail, the bitter fruits of that failure, not to herself alone, but to the entire South, and to the whole Union, would attest her virtue."

These were brave words, though considered by the North as little better than braggadocio. There can be no doubt that both the governor and the people were for the time in earnest. The Legislature was nothing loath to follow when the governor pointed the way. Every act which he recommended as necessary for the crisis was passed unanimously; the young men enrolled themselves in multitudes as volunteers, and were daily drilled, to be in readiness at an hour's warning. Every man wore a blue cockade, with a palmetto button in the centre, as the emblem of South Carolina, the Palmetto State. Every lady wore the same favour in her bonnet or on her bosom. To be seen without the badge was to be considered disloyal. The public excitement went so far that medals were struck in honour of Nullification, bearing on one side the portrait of Mr. Calhoun, and on the other the inscription, "John C. Calhoun, first President of the Southern Confederacy." The pear, however, was scarcely ripe for a Confederacy, and South Carolina stood alone in act, though not in thought, supported by the sympathy and good wishes of all the Southern States.

President Jackson was no indifferent spectator of these events. Lying carefully in watch for Mr. Calhoun, and resolved "by the Eternal" to hang him if he committed any act which might be construed into treason, he sent secret orders to the collector of the customs at Charleston, an officer appointed by the general Government, commanding him to enforce the laws for the collection of the duties at any cost and risk, and putting several revenue cutters, fully armed, at his disposal for the purpose. He also sent General Winfield Scott, the same who acted as Commander-in-Chief of the Federal army in the first year of Mr. Lincoln's struggle with the South, to confer quietly with the collector on the amount of military strength that might be necessary to enforce the obedience of South Carolina. There was no shrinking or hesitation on the President's part. While he exhausted his copious vocabulary of wrath and scorn, all in the profanest vernacular, against Mr. Calhoun, whom he considered the great fomenter, if not originator, of the mischief, he neglected no means to crush the South Carolinians if they resisted what he considered to be his legitimate authority. "If this kind of thing goes on," he said, "our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open. Pick up the bag middlewise or endwise and the meal will run out. I'll tie the bag and save the

country." "By the God of heaven!" he said on another occasion, "I will uphold the laws. They are trying me too much." "Things will yet go right," said his sympathising friend, General Sam Dale. "By the Eternal, sir," he replied, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth and shattering it to pieces on the table, "they SHALL go right." But violent as he was in language and manners among his private friends, he was prudent and decorous in his public utterances. He knew what to say, if he did not know how to say it. Resolved to appeal to the whole people against the proceedings of South Carolina, and to justify the course he was determined to pursue if the State proved as refractory in deed as she had shown herself in speech, he retired one day at the end of November to his private room, and dashed off at one sitting, writing so fast in his excitement that his hand could scarcely keep pace with his thought, the rough memoranda of a Proclamation which was destined to increase immensely his already large popularity, and to rally around him the whole North and all the waverers of the South. There was method, and law, and logic, and sound common-sense, although there was much heterography and little grammar, in the document as it originally stood. The President, fully aware of his own deficiencies of education, placed it, while the ink was yet wet, in the hands of Mr. Livingstone, his Secretary of State, to be made fit for the public eye. Mr. Livingstone performed his task to the President's satisfaction; and the document, trimmed in phrase, but not enfeebled in argument, was sent to the press, bearing date the 11th of December 1832. The President admitted that the tariff might operate unequally, but so, he urged, might all laws; but, unequal or not in its incidence, it was the duty of every State in the Union to conform to it until legally repealed. Under no circumstances could he recognise a right of nullification or secession. If there were such right under the constitution, the Union was "a wretched, inefficient, and clumsy contrivance," "an airy nothing," and "a bubble to be blown away by the first breath of disaffection." The theory of nullification was "self-destroying and visionary," utterly unworthy of "the profound statesmen and exalted patriots" who established the independence of the United States. Rising to true eloquence, which Jackson's heart inspired if Jackson's hand was inadequate to pen, the peroration was worthy alike of the theme and of the office, and addressed itself particularly to South Carolina, of which the President believed himself to be a native, though he was born on the borders of North Carolina. "Fellow-citizens of my native State," he said, "let me admonish you, as the first magistrate of our common country, not to incur the penalty of its laws. In paternal language, with paternal feeling, let me tell you, my countrymen, that you are deluded by men who are either deceived themselves, or wish to deceive you. Contemplate, I implore you, the condition of that country of which you still form an important part! Consider its Government, uniting in one bond of common interest and general protection so many different States, giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of *American citizens*, protecting their commerce, securing their literature and their arts, facilitating their intercommunication, defending their frontiers, and making their name respected in the remotest parts of the earth! Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing and happy population, its advance in arts which render life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind! See education spreading the lights of religion, morality, and general information into every cot-

tage in this wide extent of our Territories and States! Behold it as the asylum where the wretched and the oppressed find a refuge and support! Look on this picture of happiness and honour, and say, *We, too, are citizens of America.* South Carolina is one of these proud States; her arms have defended, her best blood has cemented, this happy Union! And then say if you can, without horror and remorse, 'This happy Union we will dissolve—this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface—this free intercourse we will interrupt—these fertile fields we will deluge with blood—the protection of that glorious flag we renounce—the very name of Americans we discard.' And for what, mistaken men! for what would you throw away these inestimable blessings? for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honour of the Union? For the dream of a separate independence! a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbours, and a vile dependence on a foreign power."

The President struck the right chord in the popular heart. The Northern States rose, as it were, *en masse* to re-echo this stirring appeal; meetings were held in every city, condemnatory of South Carolina and approbatory of the President's policy; while the border and many of the Southern States were divided in sentiment—approving of the President's determination to preserve the Union, but denying the validity of the arguments he employed against Secession. But South Carolina held her own course. Unconvinced by the President's arguments, unmoved by his appeals, undaunted by his fulminations, she determined, *coute qui couterait*, to strike for independence rather than be coerced, though hopeful all the while that others of the Southern States would unite their fate with hers in resistance to sectional domination. The Legislature of the State was warlike, and passed a resolution, as soon as the proclamation appeared, requesting the governor to issue a counter-proclamation, warning the people against the attempt of the President of the United States to seduce them from their allegiance, exhorting them to disregard his vain menaces, and to sustain the dignity and protect the liberties of South Carolina against his arbitrary measures. The governor issued his proclamation in the sense prescribed, and not only did not fall short of, but bettered his instructions. He denounced the doctrines of the President as "dangerous" and "pernicious," "specious" and "false," and as tending to uproot the political system, annihilate the rights of the States, destroy the liberties of the citizen, and leading infallibly, if not resisted, "to the establishment of a consolidated empire, one and indivisible—the worst of all despotisms." He declared that the State of South Carolina would assert her sovereignty by force of arms against all who dared attack it; and if, which he did not anticipate, she should be abandoned by her sister States, and left to fight the battle alone and unaided, she would not shrink even from that alternative, and would rather perish in defence of the liberties of America, than live on the willing and quiescent victim of an intolerable tyranny. The proclamation was published on the last day of 1832, and the 1st of February 1833 was that appointed for the nullification, by act as well as word, of the obnoxious tariff. There were thus but thirty-one days to bring the question to the decision of the sword, unless, in the mean time, a compromise could be effected. South Carolina, on her part, showed no signs of yielding. The President, on his, was as resolute as ever, and a great deal more impatient and truculent. All the young Carolinians capable of bearing arms were in readiness; and all the young women, and the old ones also, were busy making cockades, embroidering banners, and scrap-

ing lint for hospital purposes. The flag of the United States was hung upside down on the great hotels, public buildings, and steamboats—in some instances surmounted by the palmetto flag and the "lone star." President Jackson, to be ready for the worst, asked Congress for an increase of powers, which was granted, after a speech in the Senate from Mr. Calhoun, in which he declared himself still devoted to the Union, of which he would be the last man in the country to question the authority, if the Government would but adhere to the principles of the constitution.

As the decisive day approached, it was found that the President's measures were well taken. There were adequate troops, and an adequate naval force within easy reach of Charleston; and if the Collection of Customs were violently resisted at that port, it was the well-known determination of Jackson, sworn as usual "by the Eternal," to arrest Mr. Calhoun and every member of Congress from South Carolina who had supported nullification, either inside or outside of that body, to try them by court-martial, and hang them up within twenty-four hours of their conviction. The enemies of Mr. Calhoun alleged, then and subsequently, that he lost heart as the day drew near. The truth seems to be that he had never calculated that South Carolina would be left alone to fight so tremendous a battle; that he had not even imagined that the President and Congress would dare to coerce a sovereign State; and that, undeceived on both of these points, he was not unwilling even if he were not anxious, that some compromise might be discovered in which both parties might yield a little. A compromise *was* discovered. The great question of the right of secession was not settled, but simply adjourned, to break out again with ten thousand times greater fury, twenty-eight years afterwards, under President Lincoln.

A few days before the 1st of February a meeting of the principal nullifiers and enemies of the protective tariff was held at Charleston, who, taking into consideration the unpleasant fact that the Southern States had manifested nothing but barren sympathy in the cause, and that such a hard-headed and hard-fisted President as Jackson—a man who had conquered the British, and who could doubtless conquer the Carolinians even more easily—was not to be fought with mere words, passed a series of resolutions to the effect that, as measures had first been introduced and were then pending in Congress, which contemplated the reduction of the tariff duties of which South Carolina complained, it was expedient to postpone the nullification of the existing laws until after the adjournment of Congress. The mountain had laboured, and the mouse was born. Mr. Clay, who had engineered the election of General Jackson, was the *deus ex machina* of the occasion, and introduced a bill providing that, on the last day of the year 1833, all *ad valorem* duties on foreign goods of more than twenty per cent should be reduced one-tenth; that on the last day of 1835 there should be a similar reduction; and so on every two years until 1842, when all duties should be reduced to twenty per cent, or as much lower as the then sitting Congress should determine. Mr. Calhoun supported this measure—South Carolina acquiesced; Nullification died the death, and Secession, its son and heir, stepped into its place. The victory, it will be observed, was really with South Carolina. She resisted the tariff by word, was ready to resist it by deed, and, rather than force her to execute her threat, Congress found a means of modifying the obnoxious measure. The President disapproved the compromise, and spoke violently against its concoctors, but was dissuaded from vetoing it, as he might have done. To the last

day of his life he retained his hatred of John C. Calhoun. When he lay on his death-bed, in 1845, he suddenly asked the Rev. Dr. Edgar, who had come to visit him, what he thought posterity would most blame or praise in his career? The Doctor hesitated to reply, doubtless because he had been Jackson's political opponent, and did not wish to give pain by speaking the whole truth. But the dying man insisted upon an answer. "Well, then," said the Doctor, "I think posterity will blame you most for proscribing people for opinion's sake"—that is to say, for introducing and acting upon the notably immoral doctrine that the spoils belonged to the conqueror, and that all the *employés* of the Government in the Customs, the Post-office, and every department of the public service, should be removed on the accession of a new President, and their places given to those who had aided in his election. The General denied the charge, and said he had never turned but one man out of office, and he was a postmaster. The charge, however, was a true one—if not against Jackson personally, against his administration—and the Doctor knew it. To change a disagreeable subject, he asked the ex-President what he would have done with Calhoun and the other nullifiers if they had proceeded to violence? "Hung them, sir, as high as Haman" said the old man, springing up in his bed, his fading eyes flashing for a moment with all their youthful fire. "They should have been a terror to traitors for all time, and posterity would have pronounced it the best act of my life."

The question of Free Trade, always interesting to the agricultural Southern people, and always a subject of acrimonious contention between them and the manufacturing North, was, shortly after these events, thrown somewhat into the shade by the more exciting question of Negro Slavery. And when, in the fulness of time, the South, that after the *quasi* triumph of nullification under Calhoun never loved the Union unless Southern men could rule it, began to be goaded by the Northern enemies of slavery into secession, Free Trade, as against Protection, became the less important of the two great causes of strife betwixt the sections. It fell to the lot of a man very different from Andrew Jackson to wage the second battle for the preservation of the Union, on a plea more exasperating than Free Trade, on an issue more stupendous; and on a scale of grandeur which no war between the States in Jackson's comparatively early time could possibly have equalled. From 1833 to 1860, Southern statesmen had been contemplating, if they had not been planning, the disruption of the Union. Northern statesmen were aware of the fact; some of them were reconciled to it, and others were resolved to aid in its consummation; not a few of them for the sake of the North itself, which they imagined would be better without Southern companionship. Time but increased the bitterness and widened the estrangement of one section against the other. When secession at last was accomplished, under circumstances far too recent and too well known to need recapitulation, the South was prepared at most points, the North at none; and a man was at the head of affairs, who, on a hasty or superficial judgment, might have been pronounced singularly inefficient and unsuited for the task of coercion which cruel fate had thrust upon him. Like his great predecessor Jackson, he was a man of the people, without culture or manners. Unlike Jackson, however, he had the instincts, if not the education, of a gentleman;—was no rowdy, no drunkard, no profane swearer; but a plain, honest, quiet, quaint, good man, with no strong will, but with a very strong sense of duty. Jackson cared little either for Free Trade or Protection, but he cared very

much for the Union. In like manner, Abraham Lincoln cared little for the negro or his freedom, though he disliked slavery; but he cared greatly, and with his whole heart and soul, for the Union. Weak and irresolute as to the means to be pursued, he was steady and faithful to the end in view. Sometimes doubtful of the result, he was never doubtful of his duty. In his character there was no malice, no animosity, no *arrière pensée*. To his mind the South did not appear as it did to some of the people about him—a wicked rebel, to be scourged, to be decimated, to be exterminated if need were; but a beloved brother who had gone astray, and to be brought back into the right path by concession of all points that did not involve the one great and fundamental principle of the integrity of the Republic. In the darkest days of the deadly struggle, when few Northern men ventured to hope for ultimate success—when the best attainable boundary between North and South was almost the only result that the clearest-headed and most sanguine men anticipated—Mr. Lincoln, half despairing, half hopeful, but wholly resolute, saw nothing for it except, as he said in his own homely phraseology, to "keep pegging away," trusting to Providence to shape the ends, however man might rough-hew them. He would let the South maintain slavery without extending it into new regions, until the Southern people were wise enough to let it go, provided only that the South would remain in the Union. He would excuse everything, forgive everything, condone everything, if it would but rehoist the starry banner of the reunited Republic. Even when the fierce passions engendered by the struggle grew fiercer and more envenomed, and permeated all classes and ranks of the people down to the women and children, he was calm, equable, patient, and merciful as before. He admitted the strong logic of the Southern arguments for secession, and excused without admiring it. He felt, perhaps, that the treason of Jefferson Davis, like that of George Washington, might be justified by success, and so cease to be treason. He was a Border man himself, and knew what the Southern people were—what hot blood, what determination, what enthusiasm, what heroism, was in them; and never despised the foe that perhaps in his heart, if all the truth were known, he loved rather than hated, and whom, most certainly, he admired for many noble qualities. Pushed on and backed up by the will of the people, without any will of his own, except the willingness to restore the Union at any price, he marched from dogma to dogma, from doctrine to doctrine, from principle to principle, by external rather than by internal impulses, and with a sad heart that he should have to do, even under the pressure of overpowering state necessity, anything inconsistent with that constitution which Washington and Jefferson had made, and which Abraham Lincoln had sworn to uphold. Andrew Jackson put down Nullification; Abraham Lincoln did not put down Secession. What the one did by force of his own will, the other did by the force of the will of the people. The one was the fiery horse, acting by his own volition; the other was but the inert carriage drawn by the stalwart muscle of the crowd. Jackson did well, but Lincoln did better. Jackson accomplished less than he intended; but Lincoln far more than he hoped, or that at the outset of his career he could even have dreamed of. That he who would merely circumscribe slavery within its existing limits, and who was conscientiously of opinion that if every negro in America left America and went back to the native Africa of his fathers and grandfathers, it would be better for America and better for the negro, should by the stroke of his pen—by the war-power, and contrary to the spirit and letter of the consti-

tution—abolish slavery, was a result of the struggle that, in the first two years of its fury, he was the last man in the Union to imagine. Yet so it was. The weak man became strong by the irresistible strength of events. In Jackson's time the love of the Union in the North was but a latent feeling; in Lincoln's it was an irresistible force, and, lashed into fury by the passions of the war, would have preferred the utter desolation of the Southern States—their conversion into the original wilderness, and the extermination or banishment of their whole population — rather than see them, by their own exertions or the aid of a foreign state, erected into an independent Confederacy. This good and merciful man was good and merciful to the end. Even when the South was on the point of collapse—when its last hope of foreign recognition had long since died away—when its armies were reduced to the minimum of hope as well as of numbers—when, in mingled pride and despair, it refused to arm the negroes, preferring conquest by its white brothers to independence to be purchased by the aid of black soldiers—Mr. Lincoln was ready and anxious to grant honourable terms of surrender. In the flush of victory there was much he could have done which no other man could have attempted. He could have issued a general amnesty; he could have declared the Union restored in fact and in theory, on the sole condition that his military proclamation for the abolition of slavery should be adopted by every Southern State as the basis of a legal enactment. But this great and happy result was not to be attained. The pistol of a fanatic deprived the Southern people of a friend, and the Northern people of a man after their own hearts, who, through good and ill fortune, had fought their fight with a humble, a contrite, and an honest spirit, and given them the victories for which they had hungered and thirsted for four miserable years.

It was then that a new man stepped upon the scene, a man whom the North little trusted, and whom it had only elected to the Vice-Presidency because his name lent a little extra popularity to Mr. Lincoln's in those Border States of Kentucky, Maryland, Tennessee, and Missouri, which had not quite so much faith in the negro and his cause as was felt by the North and West. The new-comer was more remarkable than Abraham Lincoln or Andrew Jackson, remarkable as they both were, and was called to the highest office under circumstances, public as well as private, that were peculiarly unfavourable. The murder of Mr. Lincoln had exasperated the public mind to a pitch of frenzy never before known in America. When all men's hearts were opening to the ideas of reconciliation and peace, a dastardly assassin converted all these feelings into hatred and revenge. And the Vice-President—elected not for his own sake, but to carry the election with greater triumph for Mr. Lincoln—became the President of a party to which he had been opposed all his life on every public question except that of the inviolability and perpetuity of the Union. He had besides, as Vice-President, on his first public appearance in that capacity, exhibited himself in the Senate Chamber in a state of what is commonly called "the worse for liquor." Americans of all classes are too much addicted to the pernicious habit of drinking spirits in the forenoon. They justify the practice by hygienic arguments; and if they exceed the temperate allowance, the offence is too common to excite much remark in the backwoods or in the rural villages. Mr. Johnson's offence was more flagrant; and many political foes, who would have thought nothing of it if it had been committed by a friend, endeavoured to turn it to political account. Mr. Lincoln was not witness of the scene, and only arrived in the Senate at the conclusion of the Vice-Presi-

dent's speech. Mr. Lincoln, however, was not the man to throw a stone at a friend, and one so stanch and trustworthy as the Vice-President had been. "It is unfortunate," he said, to one who condoled with him on the subject, "but not so bad as you make it out. Don't you fear for Andy; he's all right." And the event proved that "Andy" was right, as his kind-hearted superior predicted; and that the American public was not in the mood to make a political victim of Mr. Johnson for a personal vice only too common among all classes. It was not so much the matter as the manner of his speech that was wrong. In taking credit to himself for the lowness of his origin, considering what he had made of himself, and in giving credit also to the institutions of his country that had allowed him such chances as those of which he had availed himself to rise so high, he committed no offence that an American should have complained of. Born and nurtured in poverty—ignorant of the alphabet until he was a married man—a day-labourer at an art which many consider to be only fit for the fingers of women, and which fools in all ages have agreed to ridicule (though, as Mr. Johnson once remarked to one of this rather numerous class, it might claim a diviner sanction than that of any other handicraft, as all who take the trouble to refer to the 21st verse of the 3d chapter of the Book of Genesis may perceive), he was even more of a plebeian, if that were possible, than his great predecessors, Jackson and Lincoln. To his parents he owed absolutely nothing but a strong body and a stout heart; and to the world, nothing but a fair field and no favour. Not so much of a rowdy as Jackson, and far more of a rowdy than Lincoln, he had some qualities in which he was superior to them both. Like them he had studied the law to fit himself for political life; but, unlike them, he was a thorough lawyer and an excellent speaker. He possessed all the indomitable will and energy of Jackson, but was free from his truculence and ferocity. Though his early education was deficient, he had in later life turned his leisure to such account as to make himself familiar with the masterpieces of English literature. Jackson might be content with the Bible and the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and Lincoln with the Bible and 'Joe Miller,' but Andrew Johnson had a larger thirst for knowledge; and though he did not constantly interlard his speeches with trite poetical quotations, like some of the so-called ornaments of the Senate Chamber, his reading was as extensive as theirs. In his unfortunate speech as Vice-President he was coherent enough to declare a principle which, as President, he afterwards made the corner-stone of his policy—the principle that a sovereign State, such as his native Tennessee, could not commit treason, and that a State might be *de facto*, but could never be theoretically, out of the Union. He reiterated this assertion with marked emphasis of tone and manner, few if any of his hearers imagining at the time the importance which either the speaker or the principle was so speedily to assume, and what transcendent issues of peace or war, prosperity or ruin, were involved in it.

The war was all but over when he spoke. When he was called to fill the perilous seat which an act of martyrdom had left vacant, the Confederacy had collapsed, and its brave but luckless President was flying for his life towards Texas, with a hope—which, if it had been realised, might have changed the fortunes of the North American continent—that if he could reach this vast and not easily to be conquered territory, he might have prolonged the war for twenty years. Jackson's task was but child's play compared with Lincoln's, as Lincoln's was compared with Johnson's. It is easier to conquer a foe than to raise him, maimed and bleed-

ing, from the ground, and make him love the hand that smote him. It was the business of Jackson and Lincoln to prevent the disintegration of a great community of free men, and to hand the national flag to their successors without the erasure of a single star from its galaxy. They performed the duty well and wisely—the first with comparative facility, the second amid all but superhuman difficulties and discouragements. Upon Johnson devolved a more gigantic work. When he became chief magistrate, it might almost be said that political chaos had come again. The war had destroyed slavery, but had not provided for the negroes. War had deluged the land with blood, destroyed friendships, exasperated animosities, laid waste what might have been the garden of the world, consumed countless millions of wealth, taken a father, a son, or a husband from every household, laid low in bloody and nameless graves and trenches the heads of families, pauperised the rich and delicately-nurtured, and thrown back for half a century the civilisation of the fairest half of the Republic. It is true that the National Temple still stood on the hill-top, a goodly structure, to be seen and admired of men; but many of its main pillars were broken, strewn upon the ground, blackened with the torch of destruction, or reddened with the blood of unhappy thousands who had been crushed beneath their fall. How was Andrew Johnson, the poor plebeian, to restore these broken columns to their places? How was he to efface the bitter memories of conquest, and reconcile the victim to the victor? How was he to draw North and South into that partnership of interest and affection without which the Union would be but another name for cruel domination on the one side, and humiliating submission on the other? The task was indeed Herculean, and needed not only honesty, courage, devotion, and wisdom, but rare good fortune in him who undertook it. The honesty, the courage, the wisdom, and the devotion were with Andrew Johnson. It remains to be seen whether the good fortune will attend him.

Acting upon his great and fundamental principle, that a State could not commit treason, and could not therefore be punished, except vicariously in the persons of the individuals who might have committed the crime, the President has been wholly consistent in his scheme for the reconstruction of the Union. The ordinances of secession having been severally annulled—the armies of the South having been disbanded—the abolition of slavery having been accepted purely and simply, and without mental reservation or intention to revive the evil thing—and the constitution of the United States having been legally amended to that effect—Mr. Johnson holds it to be his duty to efface as fast as he can the memories of the war, by the admission of the Southern States to that place in Congress which the constitution commands — which these States may for a while have relinquished, but which as States, as long as the Union lasts, they never can forfeit. The position is impregnable, though it is violently assailed. The dominant party, who, if their principles are to prevail, must ultimately destroy the Union, and erect in its place a strong central government—a Republic, one and indivisible—mistrust the South, and seem determined at any cost to exclude its several States from representation during the whole of Mr. Johnson's incumbency, and until after the election of a new President, in which election these States shall take no part. They seem to think that if all the States were admitted to Congress, and to the right of election for the Presidency, a combination of the Conservative party, North and South, might either renew Mr. Johnson's term, or place such a man as General

Lee in his place. To prevent such a consummation, they are willing to make a temporary, or perpetual, Poland of the South—to falsify the whole spirit and letter of the constitution—to maintain a large standing army—to incur a new debt as stupendous as the old— to impeach and depose the President if he prove refractory—and to govern America as the Long Parliament governed England, apparently without fear that any Cromwell will arise to deprive it of its usurped authority. Though to exact degrading terms from a conquered people is always dastardly, and generally defeats its own purpose, the Radicals of the United States hold on their cowardly way, like the Septembrists and Terrorists of the French Revolution, and *will* hold on, if history repeats itself, and like passions produce like catastrophes in all countries, until the great Conservative multitude shall come to the rescue, and restore Common Sense to its desecrated throne.

It may be asked whether no compromise between the President acting for the whole Union and the Radicals acting for the Northern section is practicable, and whether no means can be discovered to defeat the attempted despotism of the North, or prevent a new civil war to avert it? The difficulty to be surmounted has in reality narrowed itself to one document (and a very pregnant one), entitled "The Joint Resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States." This resolution, divided into four sections, is to be adopted by all the States by a three-fourths majority before it can become valid. The first section presents no true difficulty either to North or South. Without mentioning slavery, it expressly forbids it; and, while simply ignoring colour, makes all men equal before the law:—

"Section 1.—All persons born or naturalised in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The second section contains a provision peculiarly distasteful to the South, inasmuch as it would either compel the Southern States to do what many Northern and Western States are not called upon to do—namely, to grant to all citizens of twenty-one years of age, irrespective of colour, property, or education, the right to vote, or abridge to the basis of the white electoral population the number of representatives of such States in Congress:—

"Sec. 2. — Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, representatives in Congress, executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State."

It seems, however, to us, spectators at a distance, that the South might accept the situation without making too many wry faces. If the Southern whites retain anything like their old ascendancy of blood, talents, and character over the negro population, they might very easily manage the negro vote, and divert it into the channels of white opinion. Even if averse from doing this, they would gain their full representation in the Senate, to

which each State sends two members, irrespective of population; and be thus enabled, with the aid of their Northern friends, to exercise a strong influence on the legislation and policy of the Republic, especially with a President of their own way of thinking, which they have in Mr. Johnson, and whom they might possibly replace at the appointed time by a statesman of the same policy and principles. With so strong a majority against them as they will have if the present system should be perpetuated, they might well make a virtue of necessity, and accede to a principle which is not humiliating to them, though intended to be so, and in which the North will have the sympathy of Europe.

The third section is hard upon the South, and would virtually exclude nearly the whole white population from political rights. It enacts that:

"Sec. 3.—No person shall be a senator or representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability."

The North is much too strong to render it necessary, either to its safety or its pride, to insist upon this provision; and it is between these second and third propositions that a compromise is possible. It is in Mr. Johnson's power, and within his undoubted prerogative, to issue a general amnesty, and no Congress could or would dare impeach him for it. And even if he do not feel himself strong enough to assume such a responsibility, the conquering party, if it really desires union and peace, might well afford, if the South would accept in good faith the second proposition, to delete the third.

The fourth section is prompted by fear that when the South, as sooner or later it must, shall assume its proper place in the Union, it will seek to foist the Southern debt upon the Northern people. But even this difficulty might be removed by the omission of the three words in italics, "*nor any State;* by which means the South would pledge itself to the payment of the Federal debt without calling upon the North to pay that of the Confederacy, but leaving the Southern States severally to pay their debts—debts of honour they may be called—whenever they might feel themselves solvent enough to assume the liability:—

"Sec. 4.—The validity of the public debt of the United States authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection and rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States *nor any State* shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave: but all such debts, obligations, or claims shall be held illegal and void."

Such are the great issues now depending. As far as the Northern elections have yet gone, they prove that the Radical faction is in the ascendancy; and that, during the remainder of his term, the antagonism between the President and Congress will be widened and embittered. Yet it is time for the North to yield a little. It has had everything its own way. Its ancient foe is powerless, and might, with a little dexterous management, be converted into a friend. No one can say that the foe was unworthy of Northern prowess; that he did not comport himself like a hero when there was a blow to be struck; or that, when further resistance became useless, and would have been criminal, he did not know how to yield with dignity. Divided in spirit, the two

sections will weaken each other—the Union will be no Union—peace will be no peace—liberty will be a false pretence—and America, from Maine to Texas, will become as dangerous an abode for a man who prizes his safety, as the vicinity of a powder-magazine when there is lightning in the atmosphere. It is the duty of the North to yield something. It can afford to be magnanimous. The South might say to it, as Weatherford, the Indian chief, said to General Jackson. "Once," he said, "I had a choice, and could have answered you—now I have none; even hope has ended. Once I could animate my warriors to battle, but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at Talladega, Tallahatchie, and Topeka. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country I look back with the deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. You are a brave man—I trust to your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should accede to." General Jackson was wise as well as brave. He listened to this touching appeal, and made a firm friend, not only of Weatherford, but of all his nation. Andrew Johnson, if he could have his way, would pursue the same exalted policy. Unhappy will it be for North and South if passion continues to sway the councils where wisdom alone should enter, or raving fanaticism continue to usurp the place of sound policy and Christian charity.

WHAT SHOULD THE MINISTERS DO?

It appears to us, looking to the state of the world abroad, and considering the phase into which party spirit has of late entered among ourselves at home, that the Government would be acting injudiciously—whether Whigs or Tories guided its counsels—which should think of beginning the next session of Parliament with a Reform Bill. In the first place, the experience of the late session shows that, in the opinion of a majority of the people's representatives, it is one thing to assert in general terms that Reform is desirable, and quite another to propose such a plan as shall materially popularise without endangering the existence of the Constitution. This was clearly proved by the reception awarded to Mr. Gladstone's measure, and especially by the very varied terms in which it was denounced and contemned. While one section of the so-called Liberal party opposed it on the ground that there was trickery in its concoction and dishonesty in its manipulation, another at least as candid objected *in toto* to the principle on which it professed to be founded. These denied that such a thing as the right to vote for members of Parliament belongs, by nature, to any class of persons whatever; and, holding to the old-established principle that the end of Parliament itself is good government for the nation, proved, by the rule of three, that the nation being well-governed already, any change in detail could not improve, but would, in all probability, throw the whole machinery of government out of gear. As to our own people, they played but a secondary part in that great contest. Liking neither the Bill nor its authors, and especially distrusting the open alliance into which Whiggery, as represented in the Cabinet, had entered with Radicalism, they took advantage, as they had a perfect right to do, of the dissensions which had arisen in the enemy's ranks; and, throwing their influence into the scale against the Government, they compelled the Ministers to resign, and themselves took office. One point, however, in this memorable transaction

must never be lost sight of. No member of the present Cabinet uttered a single word against the principle of Parliamentary Reform; and he who is now Chancellor of the Exchequer and the leader of the House of Commons pronounced decidedly in favor of such changes as appeared to him at once practicable and safe. And what is more, the views which Mr. Disraeli enunciated were accepted and approved, if not in the House, certainly out of it, by the ablest supporters of Liberalism in the newspaper press. Now all this proves that as yet, and in spite of the agitation which has been going on, more or less, for twenty years, the country, speaking through these its representative men, whether members of Parliament or political writers, has not made up its mind respecting what it really wants in the way of reform of Parliament. And the case being so, the minister who should again stake the existence of a Cabinet on passing a measure, be it ever so reasonable in his own opinion and so sound, would show that he put far more stress upon the shadow than upon the reality; that he was determined to imperil the honour and best interests of the empire rather than endure the taunts of his rivals, were it only for a moment.

Again, the wretched figure which England as a nation was made to cut last year, while affairs were working up on the Continent to the gigantic struggle just suspended, may well induce all sober thinkers to pause before they do anything to bring her again into such a despicable plight. While we were wrangling over a miserable Reform Bill—the Queen's Ministers taking up the entire time of the governing power of the country with disputes about a pound or two in the money value of the franchise—Germany and Italy rocked to and fro with the preliminary heavings of a tempest, which has striken down thrones, and broken up old treaties, and resulted in the establishment of a military empire, on the future career of which it would be profitless to speculate. Our statesmen saw what was coming, but were powerless to modify or avert it. We could neither help a friend nor restrain an enemy, even though aware that our commercial interests—the command of markets for our manufactured goods—might be seriously affected by this display of weakness. And now the only thing left for us is to make the most of the unfortunate plight into which we have been forced, by pretending to be satisfied with results which please no one, and holding our tongues. But surely no rational man, whatever his views on the subject of reform may be, can desire that a drama so little creditable or even safe should be repeated. Europe is very little likely to have settled down in February next; and if in February, and throughout the following session, we be not better prepared than we were last year, to express and maintain an opinion on points involving, it may be, our existence as a nation, the sooner we make up our minds to abandoning our high position the better. The British empire cannot be maintained amid anarchy at home and confusion abroad. We must, therefore, choose between a repetition of a foolish struggle over a new Ministerial Reform Bill, involving, as it inevitably must, some such consequences as are here adverted to, or the Ministers must boldly take their stand on what is of infinitely more importance, and say, that however expedient the passing of a Reform Bill may be, there are other matters a thousand-fold more urgent to which they are bound, before trying to accomplish that in which their predecessors failed, to give their undivided attention.

Again, we mistake the signs of the times if they do not foreshadow a consummation to which, for some time past, rational men of all shades of opinion have been looking forward. It is impossible, after

the line which Mr. Bright has judged it expedient to take, that between him and the more moderate of the great Liberal party any further pretence at cordiality should be maintained. For years back he has been to the leaders of that party more of an encumbrance than a help. The support which he was able to render them by his eloquence and influence in the House was more than counterbalanced by his violence out of doors. The ostentatious way in which he claimed, last session, to dictate to them their policy, was as hurtful to their prestige among their followers collectively as it could not fail to be offensive to each man's individual self-respect. Now it is a great mistake to suppose that personal feeling either operates not at all, or operates slightly, in determining public men in the selection of the course which they are to follow. Public men are just as sensitive on this head—perhaps they are more sensitive—and for excellent reasons, than other people. To one who undertakes to guide public opinion, character is everything. We do not mean moral character, though that tells, or ought to tell, likewise. But the sort of estimation in which he is held in regard to his power of forming judgments for himself, and constraining others to be guided by them;—that is the criterion by which statesmen are mainly tried; and a very just and becoming criterion it is. Now it is no longer a secret that even in Lord Palmerston's day, the Cabinet was continually thwarted by the interference of self-willed friends. Lord Palmerston had taken his line—we say it without the slightest wish to throw discredit on his memory—rather at the suggestion of private feeling than of public principle. In many respects he was more of a Tory than Lord Derby or Mr. Disraeli, or even than Mr. Henley. But Lord Derby and he had once been rivals; Mr. Disraeli was personally obnoxious to him; and an honourable ambition impelled him to aspire at the highest place in the counsels of his Sovereign, which, with Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli as colleagues, was evidently beyond his reach. Hence, even though smarting under the sense of recent outrage, he declined to enter the Cabinet with these statesmen, after having been mainly instrumental, by the overthrow of Lord John Russell's Administration, in paving the way for their accession to office. So far as the gratification of his own honourable ambition was concerned, Lord Palmerston played his cards well. He got rid of Lord Derby as he had done of Lord John, and stepped at once into place. Place was not, however, even to him, a bed of roses. He found himself the ostensible leader among men with most of whom he had few ideas in common; and to manage whom, even as he managed them, taxed all his energies. And though to few men is it given to possess the equability and adroitness with which he was gifted, we suspect that, whenever a true history of his Administration is written, it will be found to have been to himself a season of far greater anxiety and annoyance than the world is aware of. How the late Mr. Cobden hated him! How bitterly Mr. Bright used to speak of him living, and still reviles him, now he is dead! How hard he must have found it at times to put a restraint upon the effervescent vehemence of some of his own colleagues! Still Lord Palmerston was a man among a thousand; and if thwarted, as we believe that he often was, he had always the skill to conceal the fact; and above all, his position and moral ascendancy were such that no member of Parliament, not being a member of his Cabinet, ever presumed to give out that the ministers were his creatures, and that they could not go on except on such terms as he chose to dictate. Feeling, therefore—gratified feeling—helped to keep Lord Palmerston where he was. It was a prodigious triumph that, through-

out the ten years of life which most men give up to reflection and retirement, he was able to sit at the helm of State, and keep the vessel on her course. And that consciousness, we may depend upon it, more than made amends for the anxieties and troubles with which it was accompanied. Besides, vigorous as his old age was, it was still old age, compelling him, as it compels others, to quietude. Enough if he could keep the vessel of State on her course—he desired no more. We are far from saying, be it observed, that he kept her on the right course. He could not possibly do that. He had taken up a party which was pledged to democratic progress at home, and to peace at any price, as well as to revolutionary proclivities, abroad. And he certainly did not care to embroil himself with that party in order to regain the influence which his predecessors had lost in the councils of foreign realms, or put the domestic affairs of the country on a safe footing. Still the vessel under his management staggered on. The world heard only that the springs of commerce were continually lightened, that public burdens were year by year diminished, and that the revenue increased. It heard, too, that England was rich beyond all precedent or calculation, and that her resources were not only not overstrained, but that to a great extent they remained still undeveloped. The world was not told how defenceless this wealthy England had become, and how all the other civilised nations of the earth were learning to despise, as well as to dislike, her. At last he died, and with him disappeared the veil wherewith he had managed for so many years to blind the English people to their real condition. His successors could not do as he had done. Their chiefs were committed, or supposed themselves committed, to measures which he had never made his own; and their inability to stir without seeking support in the very quarter from which he had carefully turned aside, led to the state of things which we are now contemplating. They leaned upon a reed which broke in their hands, and their fall has, we firmly believe, been of the greatest benefit to the country.

On other occasions we have spoken very freely in regard to the connection which appeared to subsist between Mr. Bright and the late Cabinet previously to the introduction of the defunct Reform Bill; and we do not desire to retract one single word of what was then recorded. It was worse than a fault, it was a blunder, to allow any man not in the Cabinet to claim the credit, directly or indirectly, of having dictated their policy to the Queen's Ministers. Affairs have, however, since the recess, taken such a turn, that if there be honesty in man, it seems impossible that the opportunity of repeating the boast can again be afforded to the member for Birmingham. Mr. Gladstone was not very wise in corresponding as he did with Mr. Beales last July. Had he been less under the influence of mortified self-love, he would have known that men of his calibre gain no strength by being made the objects of what are called popular ovations. Neither the speeches at Charing Cross, nor the serenade in Carlton Gardens, added anything to his prestige with the country. But the speeches at Charing Cross, and the serenade in Carlton Gardens, even though supplemented by the attack on the Athenæum Club-house and Lord Elcho's house in St. James's Place, were soon cast into the shade; first, by the disgraceful outrage of which Hyde Park was the scene, and next by that series of in-door and out-door meetings which seem still to be in progress, and through the medium of which London, Dublin, and the great manufacturing towns of the country, are instructed what the people have a right to claim, and how they are to assert that claim. It is no longer a question of how much or how little

shall be required in the shape of property to qualify for the right to vote at parliamentary elections. Mr. Gladstone's £7 franchise is now as worthless in the eyes of his old allies, as Lord John Russell's £10 of 1831; and Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone are left to choose whether they will help to pass a bill establishing manhood franchise and vote by ballot, or be ranked, with the members of the present Administration, among the enemies of the people. To do them justice, all the members of the late Administration—all, that is to say, who have received formal invitations to be present at these Reform banquets—have refused to attend. The terms in which these refusals are conveyed vary, as was to be expected, according to the temperament of the individuals appealed to. But in this all are agreed; the writers cannot go the length to which Mr. Beales and the Reform League invite them to go; and they will not, by any act or ambiguity of language, lead the Radical party to believe that there is, or can be, between them and the writers of these civil notes the slightest co-operation in or out of Parliament.

It is rather significant that, as far as we have observed, no invitations should have been sent to Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Villiers, or Mr. Göschen; at all events, none, as far as we know, have been by these gentlemen publicly acknowledged. Neither, if we recollect aright, has Mr. Gladstone been requested, except at the outset, to take part in a Reform meeting. These facts, if facts they be, signify a good deal. But without stopping to inquire what they exactly mean, we may observe, that while the leadership in the movement is assumed by demagogues—all of them, except Mr. Bright, poor both in talent and influence—not one man of note, not one nobleman, gentleman, member of Parliament, or eminent barrister, has given to Mr. Beales the smallest countenance, or directly or indirectly thrown in his lot with the League.

On this subject the 'Saturday Review' of the 7th of October expresses itself so distinctly and so well, that we gladly transfer a portion of the article on Mr. Bright and Reform to these pages. We do not profess to coincide with the opinions of the writer in some other respects. We dissent entirely from his conclusion that "the events of the recess have probably strengthened the conviction that a reasonable Reform Bill ought to be passed without further delay." If the ingenious writer will make plain to our understanding, and to the understandings of the universal people of England, what "a reasonable Reform Bill" may be, then we shall have little to object to in his conclusions. But forasmuch as there is no general agreement on that head, nor the faintest probability that any such is likely to be arrived at, we are of opinion that, to propose what must certainly fail, at least to stake the existence of the Government upon it, would be pure fatuity. There can be no question, however, in regard to the truth of the following remarks, which we beg to indorse and accept as our own:—

"At a time when the English nation is supposed to be almost unanimously engaged in the pursuit of democratic Reform, it is remarkable that the upper and middle classes—including, with one exception, every known politician in the kingdom—deliberately and unanimously stand aloof from the popular agitation. It was not, perhaps, to be expected that the House of Lords or the landed proprietors should devote themselves to the overthrow of the existing Constitution; but in the present instance the House of Commons, the merchants, the manufacturers, the farmers, and the tradesmen are equally indisposed to abdicate their share in controlling government and legislation. Mr. Bright stands alone amongst the multitudes whom he exhorts to disaffection and violence; and while he is eagerly opening the floodgates of sedition, he is, perhaps, unconsciously preparing insuperable barriers against the torrent of anarchy. Eight or nine years ago he rendered Reform impossible for the time by his menacing harangues, and, unless he prevails by

the mere influence of terror, he has now still more effectually alienated all moderate allies. His wanton threat of revolution is felt almost as a personal offence by every Englishman who values order, freedom, or Parliamentary Government. It is not likely that Mr. Bright seriously desires an armed insurrection and a civil war between the working classes and the owners of property. His hopes are probably directed to the assemblage of formidable London mobs, which might dictate, like the Parisian Sections of 1793, to a frightened Parliament. His imagination has evidently been excited by the Hyde Park riots, and it is but fair to assume that he would prefer successful intimidation to massacre. If England submits to be governed by the London rabble, Mr. Bright's opponents will deserve their inglorious defeat. The risk scarcely deserves consideration for itself, but there is too much reason to fear that the Hyde Park precedent may lead to serious embarrassment. The law of public meetings is vague and indefinite, because, amongst other reasons, the Constitution never contemplated a capital city with three millions of inhabitants. As soon as a hundredth part of that number acquires the habit of holding political meetings in the streets, public order and the independence of Parliament are seriously threatened. If no other remedy could be found, Parliament might at pleasure hold its sittings out of reach of Mr. Beales and his associates; but it would be more prudent and more dignified to pass any laws which might be necessary for its own protection, in the certainty that public opinion would support the vigorous suppression of tumult and riot. For any bloodshed which might ensue, as well as for the interruption of quiet and prosperity, Mr. Bright would be chiefly responsible. No demagogue has ever recommended sedition or treason so prematurely or with so little excuse."

Another significant fact, connected with the operations of the Reform League is this,—that the late Cabinet, at all events the foremost men in the several sections of which it was composed, have taken the opportunity of Mr. Bright's crusade and Mr. Beale's glorification of himself, to withdraw, not only from public notice, but from the country. While the people's tribunes are starring it in the provinces, and speaking of Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone as the props of their party and of the nation, Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone have settled themselves in Rome, where Lord Clarendon, Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Cardwell are reported to bear them company. Here, then, we are presented with a very pretty by-play, pointing to what results remains to be shown; but on this we may rely, that the representatives of Constitutional Whiggery, of Moderate Liberalism, and Democratic Progress, do not meet at a distance from the pressure which would have been applied to them in England, except for a purpose. They are doubtless taking counsel with one another, and preparing a plan of campaign against the approaching session. Lord Russell has never made a secret of his determination to go on with the bill which it pleases him to regard as his own, or, if that be impossible, to be satisfied with nothing which does not come as near to it as one measure, not identical, can approach to another. And we all know that Lord Russell's firmness approaches, if it do not pass, the line of obstinacy.

Mr. Gladstone, judging from his speech at Salisbury, is disposed to act in a more statesmanlike manner; and, insisting only that Lord Derby's Government shall bring forward some Reform measure out of hand, professes himself prepared to give to it a fair hearing. Of Mr. Milner Gibson's views there can be no doubt. The world gives him credit for having been the go-between in the negotiations with Mr. Bright which preceded the introduction of the defunct Reform Bill. Whether this assumption be correct or otherwise, it is very certain that a measure as broad and deep as the League requires would receive very little opposition from him. Lord Clarendon, on the other hand, and we believe Mr. Cardwell, are averse to making shipwreck of the Constitution in order to regain their places in a Liberal administration. It is probable, therefore, that they are

willing to settle the question of Reform on any reasonable terms, and, like the best of their party not candidates for office, would be well pleased to see it postponed till the passions of men should subside, and common sense regain its ascendancy. If these our surmises be well founded, then another argument is supplied for not rushing hastily into an effort, success in which is so little to be reckoned upon. With a Parliament as far as possible from being unanimous on the subject, with a House of Lords generally averse to change of any sort, and a House of Commons ready enough to say that "something must be done," yet starting off into half-a-dozen hostile cliques the moment an attempt is made to give this "something" a definite shape, can any good arise from an early proposition to reform the constituencies? will any Government act wisely which, preparing an elaborate measure beforehand, produces it, say in February, declaring at the same time that on the acceptance or rejection of the scheme, its own tenure of office must depend? The very heads of the Opposition are at variance among themselves. They have no scheme concocted which they can offer should the opportunity of offering it fall in their way. They can only oppose, therefore, whatever their rivals bring forward, and, opposing successfully, land us again in the difficulty from which we escaped last July by changing the Government.

It is not, however, exclusively, nor, we must be permitted to observe, mainly because of the dislocation of parties at home in reference to the Reform question that the further discussion of it ought, in our opinion, to be postponed for at least twelve months. Our foreign relations—it is idle to ignore the fact—are at this moment in a very uncomfortable, not to say a critical, situation. We have not one cordial friend or ally in the world. Russia has not forgiven us—she will not forgive us in a hurry—the Crimean War. Her affections, which we certainly once possessed, are transferred to the United States of America; and what this unnatural alliance forebodes to us we shall be better able to anticipate after we have taken note of the terms on which we stand towards the Great Republic. Austria has ceased to be a source of strength to anybody, and if she were ever to become again as powerful as she once was, it is very little likely that she would return to her old habits of amity with a power which has behaved to her as England did. Will she ever forget the countenance which Ministers of the English crown, among others the brother-in-law of the English Foreign Minister, gave to her Italian subjects when they rose in rebellion against her in 1848? Can she ever forgive the more than coquetting which went on between the English Government and M. Kossuth at a time when Hungary declared itself independent? And as to Italy, is any man silly enough to imagine that because a London mob marched in procession after Garibaldi, and English newspapers write up the independence of Italy, that the Italian people entertain any sentiments of regard, far less of gratitude, to a power which gave them in the hour of need what it called moral support, but would neither furnish a man nor supply a guinea to help them out of their difficulties? Italy will have enough to do for some years to come in establishing order and respect for law within her own limits, if she ever succeed in doing so; and when this is done, and probably before, she will find other and more pressing claims made on her military support than England has a right to advance, or policy suggests she should afford to England. Indeed there is, in the bare idea of England looking to Italy for military support, something so comi-

cal that it is difficult to contemplate the possible contingency and restrain our laughter. And when we pass northward over the Alps, what is the prospect which meets us there? Switzerland can neither help us nor can we help Switzerland, be the emergency what it may on either side.

Germany, on the other hand, from the Danube to the Vistula, detests and despises us. We first offended the *amour propre* of the Bund by protesting against the invasion of Denmark, and then incurred its contempt by the way in which we blustered, threatened, and did nothing. And now, in the face of extraordinary changes brought about by violence, and boding greater changes still, we find ourselves in the position of spectators at a pageant, about whom the actors care nothing, if they so much as remember that such beings exist. Meanwhile, the parent stock from which our own royal house springs is cut down, and no man regards it. Prussia absorbs several smaller states, with the royal blood of which ours is intimately blended, and we do not venture on so much as a remonstrance. No doubt it is a moot point whether good to Germany will not arise out of the injustice done to Hanover, Saxony, Hesse-Cassel, Frankfort, and other conquered states. The 'Times' assures us that more than Germany will gain by this; that small states are mere sources of weakness to themselves and their neighbours; and that it is infinitely better for people to live under strong governments, and to be portions of strong empires than of weak. Perhaps so. In our boyish days the question used to be discussed at debating societies whether the profligate or the miser did most injustice to society; and the devil's advocate against the miser sometimes expressed a doubt whether to rob his client's hoards, if not to kill himself, would not be meritorious in the sight of God and man. On the same principle, we presume, the expulsion from the Hanoverian throne of a dynasty which has filled it for a thousand years, is treated as an act meritorious, though harsh; and that, too, in the face of the most numerously signed remonstrance that was ever presented to a conqueror against an act of conquest meditated and not yet fulfilled. In like manner, it may be true that Hanoverians, Saxons, Hessians, and suchlike, will find themselves happier and greater under Prussian taxation, the Prussian law of conscription, and Prussian police regulations, than they were under the free and light-taxing governments which they have hitherto been accustomed to obey. But however this may be, we doubt very much whether any portion of their enlarged happiness will ever extend to us; and we entirely believe that, in the meanwhile, we take nothing from the transaction except a slight addition to the indifference, not to say contempt, with which our opinion on subjects of European politics has come to be treated at Berlin and elsewhere.

But France! Are we not secure in the *entente cordiale* which subsists between the two nations?—may we not reckon confidently on the good feeling of the Emperor, and depend upon his support should danger threaten from any quarter? Instead of answering these questions categorically, we think it best to put one or two of our own to the ideal questioner. Has our policy towards France been such as to bind her to us by the ties of common interest and mutual respect? Were we satisfied with the manner in which the Emperor huddled up a peace with Russia, just as we were in a condition to play a leading part in the war? And did we in our diplomatic communications make him feel how cordially we approved his system of independent action? Were we with him heartily when he entered on the Solferino campaign, rejoicing in his successes,

and wondering at his moderation? Were no objections offered on our part to the annexation of Nice and Savoy? And when he urged us to establish a settled government in Mexico, and to join him in declaring the Confederate States independent, did we treat his proposals with the deference which he had a right to expect? In what terms did we reject his notion of a European congress a few years ago? And in what spirit were negotiations carried on between his Government and ours, with a view to enforce the observance of the treaties of 1852, and to save Denmark from dismemberment? Lastly, what are we to think of his circular of the other day, wherein the policy and interests of the nations of Europe are considered—of all the nations—with one rather remarkable exception, England, of whom, from first to last, not the slightest notice is taken? If all this give note of cordial intimacy and mutual respect between the two powers, then, *à la bonheur*, we have at least one ally, and a stout one, in the world. If otherwise, where are we to look, assuming that events may occur such as shall create, we do not say the need of some powerful friend to stand by us, but the pleasant assurance that if compelled to draw the sword we shall not draw it alone?

Belgium, Holland, the small northern powers, and the two nations of the Spanish peninsula, may be friendly, but they are scarcely sources of strength to us. If the independence of some of them be threatened, we are bound to fight for it. If the others be attacked, it would redound little to our credit were we to sit idle and leave them to their fate. Whether in any case we should fire a shot in order either to redeem a pledge or to perform an act of public justice, that is a matter on which we decline, as at present advised, to express an opinion. What we are bound to do by considerations of national honour and even of political prudence, no reasonable man can doubt; but what we shall do if the emergency arise, will depend first upon the temper which prevails in the Cabinet for the time being and in the House of Commons, and next on our state of preparation to enter upon a war with any prospect of success. Now of that state we shall take occasion to speak presently. Meanwhile let us cast our eyes across the Atlantic, and take an impartial survey of the terms on which we stand towards the Government and people of the United States.

We wish that we were able to speak of our relations with the United States as satisfactory, and we further wish with all our hearts that there was no reason to confess that for the unsatisfactory state in which they stand we are ourselves in a great degree to blame. Observe that we have not a word to utter in defence of the language of American statesmen and newspaper writers. We cannot deny that the acts both of the Government and of individuals have often been offensive towards this country, and perfectly unjustifiable. The seizure of the island of San Juan during a period of profound peace, was a proceeding which we bore with only because the Government of the day would have sacrificed all its American colonies sooner than go to war in defence of them. But the outrage has been condoned by time and our own acceptance of it, and we advert to it only as indicating the temper of the people with whom we have to deal. So, likewise, the Trent affair, and the seizure on the high seas and unjust condemnation of more than one British vessel—these might have furnished us over and over again with a very pretty ground of quarrel had we been in the humour of looking for it. We were not, however, in a belligerent humour; and, accepting such reparation as we could get, we kept the peace, and then, so far as we were con-

cerned, there was an end of each matter. Not so with the United States. Whatever concessions they made to us were made in the worst possible spirit, and the wrongs done or asserted to be done to them are not forgotten. The case of the Alabama is, to say the least, a very awkward one. We might have prevented her going to sea had we either dispensed a little with the technicalities of our own municipal law, or had the American minister at the Court of London been more prompt in supplying the necessary evidence; and we certainly should have stopped her, but for the unfortunate illness of the Queen's advocate. The documents handed over to him for examination, and unfortunately not examined for several days, are proved to have contained all the testimony that was required in order to justify the detention of the ship. The delay of these days was taken advantage of by the commander of the Alabama, and she put to sea unchallenged by the customhouse officers. All the world knows the results. She preyed like a hawk on American commerce, she baffled every attempt of American cruisers to catch her, and was sunk at last in a rash action with an American man-of-war, more heavily armed and as well commanded as herself. For all the mischief which she did the American Government insists on holding the English Government responsible; and the English Government up to the other day has refused either to make compensation or to submit the case, as between the two nationalities, to the arbitration of a neutral power. Now, we cannot go so far as to say that Lord Russell had no justification for the course which he pursued. His correspondence with Mr. Adams is dignified enough—it proves that the letter of the law is on his side; but it makes nothing of the equity of the case; and disputes between two great nations should, as it appears to us, be regarded rather as cases in equity than as mere differences about points of law. The American Government, at all events, persists in holding to this opinion. It has not withdrawn its demand, though it has ceased to carry on a correspondence which, however prolonged, could not lead to a satisfactory issue while the correspondents saw fit to look at the matter under discussion from such opposite points of view. But, though ceasing from the written controversy, the American Government is not therefore reconciled to the act. Congress has shown by more than one recent enactment how little it is satisfied with the result. The American Foreign Enlistment Act has been modified with a view, scarcely concealed, of offering facilities for the invasion of Canada by Fenians from the States. The Reciprocity Treaty, from which both nations derived such substantial advantages, has been repealed; and now the Irish element in the States is encouraged to come forward and dictate his line of foreign policy to the President. Very likely this latter contingency would have occurred had there been no Alabama question in dispute between England and the United States; but, without doubt, that dispute and the grounds of it rankle in many an American mind which would not be swayed into open hostility against us by sympathy with the Irish race, which, next to the negroes, they most abominate.

Whether it will ever be possible for England and America to live together as peoples cognate in race, language, and law ought to do, may be doubted. Family feuds are proverbially more hard to heal than any others; and as in private life, so with nations, the people who inflict upon others the heaviest wrong are always the bitterest and most persevering haters. The Americans may take our word for it, that there is neither hatred nor jealousy of them in this country—certainly none among the members of the party to which we have the honour to belong. We wish that

they would give us less reason than they do to suppose that they hate us. Why throw in our teeth that we are aristocrats, and proud; and that, not enjoying such perfect liberty as they do, we detest them because they go ahead of us in commerce, arts, and even in arms? That is a great mistake. We prefer our own form of government to theirs, considering that the worst of all tyrannies is the tyranny of a mob, and that our own House of Lords and Established Church are better guardians of rational freedom than Houses of Assembly elected by universal suffrage, and religious institutions paid for by such as are religiously disposed, and therefore neither sought nor obtained by the very persons who stand most in need of them. But as we have no desire to thrust our view of things down the throats of our cousins, so we cannot but think that they might better employ themselves than by inventing causes of anger which we never gave them, and then remonstrating against these imaginary causes in a threatening tone. For example, they will be quite justified, in our opinion, if they reopen the question of the Alabama with the present Government; and the present Government will do both a graceful and an equitable thing if they prevent that move on the part of the American Government, and themselves take the initiative in it. Lord Stanley is not bound by the acts of Lord Clarendon and Lord Russell in a matter like this. A treaty contracted by either of these noblemen he would, of course, hold sacred; but a negotiation about a matter of moral right or wrong between the two nations may, with perfect propriety, be opened and reopened till it shall be settled to the satisfaction of both parties. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We are not charging either Lord Russell or Lord Clarendon with conduct unjust in itself or contradictory to the letter of the law. According to the letter of the law they were right; and looking to the way in which the United States behaved, under circumstances still more vexatious, to the Portuguese, Lord Russell was justified in quoting American acts against American argument. But the heat of that controversy is over, and now that both parties are able and willing to look rather to the future than to the past, an excellent opportunity is afforded us of doing the right thing in such a way as shall add to, not detract from, the dignity of our position. The 'Times,' of the 4th of October, put forth a very good leading article on this subject. After arguing the case fairly, the writer says:—

"Let a joint commission be appointed, not to adjudicate upon the claims preferred against Great Britain by American shipowners, or to review the transactions connected with the equipment of the Alabama and her consorts, but to deliberate on the rights and duties of neutrals in time of war, as hitherto determined by international law or usage, and to devise, if possible, a set of rules which all maritime nations should be invited to adopt, and to carry out by legislative measures. A commission of this kind should not be exclusively composed of British and American subjects, but should include eminent Continental jurists, and should be invested with the amplest possible liberty of recommendation. If, upon a perusal of their report, Her Majesty's Government shall be of opinion that, under the circumstances, some reparation is due, either in international law or in international equity, to the United States in respect of the ravages of the Alabama, it will not be too late to make it, and no false pride should prevent our doing so with a good grace."

This is good as far as it goes; but it appears to us not to go far enough. Admitting the fact that the Alabama got to sea solely through the inopportune illness of the Queen's Advocate, we are scarcely justified in declining to refer the matter in dispute between our Government and that of the United States to impartial arbitration. By all means let a commission investigate and report; but a final reference to the only court capable of deciding between the

high litigant parties would on our part be an act of grace, by which we should gain in prestige infinitely more than we might lose in hard cash, or other material compensation, the award going against us.

Once more we repeat, that not even by such a concession as this can we make sure of conciliating a people and a Government so incomprehensible as the Americans; and if they had demanded compensation at the point of the bayonet, we should have counselled refusal, let the consequences be what they might. But whether we are or are not to have war in the end, it is well to get rid of what may be regarded as just cause of war in the meanwhile; and as to a comparison between the costliness of the alternatives—assuming them to be proposed as such—the utmost amount of compensation which could be required of us would not pay the expenses of a single campaign. War, whenever waged, will not henceforth be waged by driblets. The Waterloo campaign cost this country £100,000,000 of money: a single year of fighting in Canada and along the seaboard of the United States would probably make quite as large a demand on the pecuniary resources of this country. And let us not, under any circumstances, be unprepared for this disagreeable emergency. The United States and Russia are sworn friends; and amid the complications that have occurred and are occurring in Europe, is any reasonable man sanguine enough to expect that the Eastern question will not turn up again? Russia has already notified that the tearing up of the treaties of 1815 justifies her in regarding the treaty of 1856 as a dead letter. She has not exactly avowed the intention of driving her ironclads through the latter treaty in the Black Sea, or anywhere else; but it is simply impossible that she can long look with indifference at the establishment of a government in Roumania virtually independent of the Porte, at the revolt in Candia, and the general and growing decrepitudes of the Turkish empire. Her eye is upon Constantinople at this moment, just as keenly as it was in 1853, and with a far better prospect of satisfying its lust. Who is to gainsay her? Will France join England in restraining the great northern bear as England foolishly joined France twelve years ago? and if she did, would America stand by and leave the three powers to fight it out as they formerly did? And if France decline, as she doubtless will, to shed more of her blood, and spend more of her money, in an enterprise which has ceased to be important, even in a dynastical point of view, can England venture single-handed to stand in the breach, assured as she must be that the first gun fired in hostility against Russia will bring down upon her the whole naval and military strength of the United States? These, then, are questions enough to occupy the whole attention of a Government just, so to speak, come into office, and having all the diplomatic and other mistakes of the last twelve years to consider and to mitigate, if they cannot be removed. With such work cut out for them, which can neither be evaded nor postponed, is there any just man in the three kingdoms who can expect or ask them to meet Parliament in February next with a cut-and-dry Reform Bill?

The list of difficulties here presented is tolerably large; but it by no means exhausts the number by which Lord Derby's Government is beset. The state of Ireland, as it has been handed over to him by his predecessors, is enough to appal the boldest heart. You cannot leave things as they are with any hope that they will right themselves; you cannot suggest any plan for their improvement which shall not bring with it evils assuredly as great as those which it is intended to remove. Whatever the true causes of the misfortune may be, the very framework of

society in the Emerald Isle threatens to fall to pieces. There is no material distress among the people—far from it. Wages are higher than they have ever been in living memory. The cattle trade—the staple export of Ireland—is brisk and remunerative. Stock never before brought such high prices in the English markets, and the demands for it were never more urgent. In Ulster, the linen trade has taken a start which bids fair to keep that province far in advance of any portion of the empire of similar acreage; and the amount of building that goes on in the suburbs of Dublin, and, indeed, round all the more considerable of the Irish towns, is unprecedented. Still Ireland is discontented, out of heart, ripe for convulsion. Fenianism, though hidden, is as widespread as ever it was; and priest, and parson, and minister, and country gentlemen, are all at their wits' end how to deal with it. What can be done for a country in such a plight? To offer to the Irish people a bill for enlarging the franchise would be like giving a stone to a hungry man, or a handful of meal to one perishing of thirst. Yet this is Mr. Bright's panacea, which the late Government were unwise enough to adopt, most of them without so much as professing to have the smallest faith in it. Lord Derby will, we trust and believe, keep clear of such transparent folly. It may be doubted whether Ireland, in the present temper of the people, is fit for constitutional government at all. There can be no doubt that a further extension of the franchise would be fatal. But much space is afforded for skilful administration, if there be courage to undertake, and wisdom to devise, a proper line of action. Ireland has hitherto been treated, not as an integral part of the United Kingdom, but as an appendage to it. We must reform our policy in that respect. The country gentlemen or landed proprietors scarcely, as it seems to us, understand their own duty, or are fairly called upon to discharge it. They must make themselves one with the people, as persons of their class do in England and Scotland, and not look for ever to the Castle or to an armed police for protection against their own tenantry. The priests must be, by some process or another, rendered independent of their congregations. There are among them many excellent men, who would be glad, if they could, to give as much prominence in their teaching to loyalty to the Crown, and obedience to the laws, as to loyalty to the Church. In the present temper of the people this is scarcely possible, for priests must live, and Fenians, secret and avowed, will hardly pay their fees to the teachers of good citizenship. This is a fact that all who know anything of Ireland are aware of, though fanatics and ignorant men refuse to credit it. For it is with the priestly order as with other orders of men, that the noisy few bring discredit on the respectable many; and the best way of putting a stop to such a state of things is to let the whole body see that the laws are good, and the Crown well-disposed towards them. Glebes and glebe-houses provided at the public expense, with the same kind of aid in money which is rendered to the Presbyterian clergy in Ireland, would in no degree affect their perfect liberty of action, while it raised the priests above a state of absolute dependence on their flocks. As to the Established Church, we do not believe that any rational Irishman, be his creed what it may, desires to destroy it. Ireland cannot afford to lose more resident gentry from its rural districts. Ireland is not prepared to see the Church of Rome displace the Church of England, and become the religion of the State; and if Ireland were so prepared, Scotland and England would never tolerate the arrangement. And we really do not see our way to any other which

would not strike at the principle of a religious establishment altogether. Still, if Lord Derby can arrange a scheme which shall hold out any prospect of reconciling Irishmen of all classes to the Church as an integral element in the Constitution, we shall be glad when it is proposed to consider it. And we are humbly of opinion that the time of the Government will be far more advantageously spent in trying to concoct and throw such a plan into shape, than in devising a bill for the extension of the right of voting, among a people whose sole idea of political justice seems to be, that the property in the soil should be redistributed so as to give to every man a slice.

The subject of Ireland inevitably pressed itself upon us. We could not pass it absolutely by while considering the difficulties which stand in the way of any immediate settlement of the Reform question by the present Government. Let it not be supposed, however, that in the few hints dropped here we give, or profess to give, a deliberate judgment in the matter. The case is too difficult, it involves questions at once too comprehensive and too grave, to be dealt with out of hand. It deserves, and in the common course of things will probably command, from us special and elaborate notice. Meanwhile we turn to other points which, quite as much as the state of Ireland, deserve attention, and with regard to which it is our conscientious belief that, even more than Irish affairs, they render any attempt to pass a Reform Bill in the course of the next session impossible. We have no navy—we have no army—we have no seamen to man our ships, if our ships were all worth manning—we have no machinery wherewith to keep the ranks even of the few regiments now at the disposal of her Majesty's Government filled up. Our Home Office, our India Office, our Colonial Office, and the other branches of our Executive Government are all out of gear. Look at the sanitary state of London, and of all the great towns in the three kingdoms, the pollution of our rivers, the inadequate and most unwholesome supply of water which is furnished to the metropolis alone, the confusion and recklessness of our railway system — the general mismanagement, in short, of our public affairs, foreign and domestic. Look at India, where thousands of people die daily for lack of food, and nobody, whether he be European or native, seems to be able or willing so to work the machinery of local government as to render the recurrence of such a visitation impossible. Look at the North American provinces — loyal, high-spirited, and anxious to do for themselves as much as they can, yet heretofore snubbed or disappointed just as they begin to contemplate the fulfilment of some long-cherished hope. Look at Jamaica, reeling under recent calamities—at New Zealand, up to the present day a mere burden on the resources of the mother country instead of contributing to their expansion. Look everywhere, in a word, and you will see that the British standard floats over outlying provinces which can scarcely be said to form a portion of the empire, so entirely are they alienated from us by our errors of administration. All these things must be seen to, sifted, and rearranged, for we have the apathy, not to say the wilful neglect, of many years to atone for. And to expect that any set of men, be they ever so able and willing, can set themselves at once to a task of this sort, and carry on at the same time a Reform struggle, is to expect what is simply impossible. From the restless desire of the late Ministers to carry a Reform measure, or the wretched pressure that was continually upon them in that direction, have risen all the neglects and shortcomings of which we are now speaking, and of which the consequences, if not speedily and effectually averted, will be some great national disaster, from which it may be im-

possible to recover. Who will undertake to say, for example, that America, whose desire to obtain a settlement in Europe is now openly avowed, may not any day fasten a quarrel upon us, and before we are aware sweep down upon Malta, and wrest it out of our hands? We are much mistaken if there be a single gun mounted on the works which protect that island and harbour which could make any impression upon the sides of a good ironclad frigate, whether she be a turret or a broadside ship. And we are very certain that the bastions and parapets which did very well to cover the garrison against the artillery of half a century ago would not be of the smallest avail, if attacked either from the land or the sea by such guns as are now available for such purposes. Nay, Gibraltar itself, we suspect, is, for the same reason, very much at the mercy of Spain, should she be disposed to forget her internal discords for a time, and strike for a prize which must be to her of inestimable value. Now, what we contend for is this—that forasmuch as the welfare of the empire at home and abroad is, or ought to be, the first consideration of the Government, so her Majesty's Ministers finding that object entirely neglected, will be guilty of a grave dereliction of duty if, of their own accord or in obedience to external pressure, they plunge, at the opening of a new session of Parliament, into the bewilderment of a Reform debate. A Reform debate we must have sooner or later, to be followed, it may be, by the passing of a Reform Bill; but to make a measure of Parliamentary Reform the first battle-ground of a new Administration—at a time, too, when there is neither unanimity of sentiment regarding its principles, nor any clear conception anywhere of what its details ought to be—would be worse than a useless sacrifice of individual energy and public patience. For no bill would pass at present; and the Government which attempts to force it through a reluctant House of Commons will as surely go to pieces as the last Government did.

It appears to us, then, as at present advised, that the policy to be pursued by the statesmen now in office is very clearly pointed out by the actual condition of public affairs. Before attempting to reconstruct the framework of the Constitution, they must see that the Constitution, as now constructed, has justice done to it. The Ministers of the Crown are, or ought to be, rather the administrators of the existing Government than a body of persons brought together for the purpose of devising some new and better machinery for governing. Of late years it cannot be said that the Ministers of the Crown have kept this vital truth much in view. Not one of the great departments of State is in a healthy condition. The abuses in every branch of our naval administration have grown into a public scandal. What must have been the neglect, or worse, of Admiralty Boards and Dockyard Superintendents, when an expenditure, within seven years, of seventy millions of money leaves us without ships enough to carry on the ordinary reliefs at foreign stations! How grossly must those have neglected their duty whose business it was to man the fleets, when it appears that we are unable, after weeks of coaxing, to get one newly-commissioned frigate supplied with a crew and sent to sea. As to the armament of our ships of war, the less said about that the better. While Americans, Russians, Frenchmen, and even Italians, calculate the weight of their naval artillery by hundreds of pounds, we stick to our old sixty-eight pounders, relieved here and there with a hundred-and-twenty pounder Armstrong, in which no naval officer with whom we are acquainted has the slightest confidence. Now, all this is most disgraceful to us, whether we look at the matter from a moral point of view, or

consider it as affecting our position and interests as a nation. Looking at the subject from a moral point of view, it is impossible for the most trusting to put away all suspicion that somewhere or another, in high places or in low, there must have been a wilful misuse of public money. Blundering can do a good deal—that we readily admit—in the way of extravagance. But the utmost conceivable amount of blundering, whether in the construction and repair of vessels or in anything else, can hardly account for waste on a scale so gigantic as that with which the late Board of Admiralty is chargeable. Here, then, is a subject calling for attention, of far greater, because of more urgent, importance than any change whatever in the Parliamentary constituency. Granted that the House of Commons were as little a true representative of the people as it pleases Mr. Bright and the Reform League to say that it is, we can go on for a while longer as we have done in times past, deriving from its work as a branch of the Legislature great practical benefits. But if in the present state of the world we have no navy that is efficient, then we cannot but feel that our very existence is at stake. And surely it is of far greater consequence to provide against the risk of some sudden and fatal blow from without than to enlarge the voting powers of the people to a greater or less degree within our own borders. Sir John Pakington has something else to do at this moment than waste his time in pondering over questions of speculative policy. His predecessor in office has thrown upon him the onus as well as the duty of creating an English fleet, and he must create it. The process cannot fail to be costly—that is certain; let him show, however, that it will be effectual, and neither will Parliament grudge the necessary supplies, nor the country blame him for demanding them. Probably, too, he will endeavour so to modify the constitution of the Board itself that, hereafter, shortcomings such as now entail upon him the work to which he is set shall be, if not impossible, at best less easy of accomplishment. For what the country wants in her leading statesmen is, that they shall be practical reformers; and certainly in no department is the hand of a practical reformer more urgently needed than at the Admiralty.

We believe that the Admiralty has, up to the present moment, been the very worst managed branch of the public service. We cannot say, however, that in this respect the departments which administer the affairs of the army come very much behind the sister establishment. When General Peel returned to the War Office, he found, we suspect, that, with a vast accumulation of detail, festering and fretting everybody, nothing had either been done, or was proposed, to improve the military system of the country. There was a continual renewal of the experiments at Shoeburyness, which had been going on for years, yet no particular gun for ship or fortress was fixed upon. Projects for converting muzzle-loading into breech-loading rifles had been considered, yet at the end of a year only twelve breech-loaders were in store. It was acknowledged, both in the service and out of it, that our system of recruitment is out of date, and that, if we desire to keep the army effective, a better must be devised and adopted, even were it to prove more expensive. Beyond the reading of minutes, however, written, answered, replied to, and referred back again, nothing, we are assured, was done, and nothing would have been done had things continued as they were. General Peel's work is, therefore, quite as arduous as that which has devolved upon Sir John Pakington. He must create an army, as the First Lord of the Admiralty must create a fleet. He has already, we believe, got together breech-loaders enough

to arm twice the amount of force now in Europe, and a further supply will be forthcoming, to the amount of 200,000 stand, by next April at the latest. But graver questions than even the armament of the troops demand his attention. We cannot keep our small army complete by voluntary enlistment. For in ten years men quit the ranks just as they have become first-rate soldiers. Will a small increase of pay get us the sort of recruits we desire to have? Will the ten-years men be tempted to renew their engagements by a rise of wages and the extension of some of their privileges? Is it wise to drill old soldiers as you drill new? Or would it not be better to bring extra work within their reach, and to make it worth their while to do such work? And last, though not least, will it be possible for England alone, among all the nations of Europe, to persevere in the neglect of that first law of national existence, that every able-bodied man living within the state—protected by its government and enjoying its privileges—shall by law be compelled, in some way or another, to contribute to the military strength of the state? Finally, are the affairs of the army to be conducted, till they break down, by a machine so cumbrous that those best acquainted with it are the loudest to cry out against it?—or may we hope to receive from a man of sterling good sense, who knows what the real requirements of the service are, some plan at once simple and effective? These are, in truth, the questions which every reasonable person is now asking himself. We all want practical reform. We are willing enough to pay our taxes, and begrudge no portion of them that is spent on either the navy or the army. But we desire to have both navy and army effective, and we certainly do begrudge every shilling which is not expended in making them effective. Why should France keep on foot a fleet equal to our own, and an army twice or thrice larger than ours, at a yearly expenditure little, if at all, exceeding that which we incur? And why should Prussia be able to put her entire male population under arms for less than it costs us to keep up our handful of regular troops and the staff of our disembodied militia?

Looking next to the state of the law, and to the constitution of the country by which it is administered, surely nobody will pretend to deny that they offer ample employment to any Lord Chancellor or Home Secretary who will take the trouble seriously to find an answer to the question, Do they, or do they not, fulfil the purposes for which they exist? Our ecclesiastical courts, like the law which they administer, are simply a disgrace to the age and the country. The sooner a Cabinet can agree to make a clean sweep of them, and put the affairs which they now mismanage in a state that can be approved of, the better. The same may be said of our bankruptcy laws, in spite of Lord Westbury's honest endeavour to improve them; and the courts of equity themselves are scarcely beyond the reach of reform. Indeed, there is not one branch of administration under the Crown, whether it deals with navy, army, law, police, or the church, but offers a large field of inquiry to men who are honestly disposed to correct abuses, and to adapt old machinery to new requirements, without innovating upon the principles of the Constitution itself. Some of these may require more immediate attention than others—as, for example, the navy, the army, and the administration of the law. But there is not one among them all which can be much longer overlooked with impunity; for there are abuses in the very best of them which will soon become intolerable. Here then is the proper work for her Majesty's present advisers to do. They are bound, in our opinion, to see that the country shall not go on floun-

dering, as for the last ten years it has done, amid the grossest administrative mistakes. And feeling that this is their duty, they will be justified in meeting Parliament with an enunciation of the fact; indeed, they will not be justified, in our opinion, if they meet it with any other enunciation. They, at least, are hampered by no pledges. Mr. Disraeli offered a measure to the House of Commons eight years ago, which it has become fashionable among Liberal members now to commend, though they then rejected it. We cannot see that he is called upon to renew the offer, either in its simplicity or modified, next session, whatever circumstances may incline him to wish, or even to attempt to do so, on some future occasion. On the contrary, his role, and the role of his colleagues, is the correction of practical abuses, which have grown till they are become intolerable, and the application to the business of the country of such a measure of administrative ability as it has not known for many years past. If the House of Commons refuse to accept this—which we do not believe that it will—if Mr. Gladstone press for a Reform Bill immediately, and Mr. Bright support him—contingencies both of which we consider to be most problematical—then Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright in the House of Commons must take their own course. Let Mr. Gladstone, if he pleases, or Mr. Bright, or anybody else, press on a measure and bring it forward. The Government will give it the utmost possible attention; but as it will not be a Government measure, Ministers can be expected to deal with it only as individual members of Parliament. In this case they stake nothing upon it except their separate opinions and their votes. And whether it pass the House or not—whether it be rejected or accepted in its simplicity or subject to a thousand modifications—as the scheme was none of theirs, so they remain at their posts whatever the issue of the debate may be. For they go in not for theoretical, but for practical reform; and by practical reform they will prevail.

NOTE ON "WESTMINSTER SCHOOL" (*Blackwood's Magazine*, Sept. 1866.)

In the concluding portion of the account of Westminster School in our September number, the present tense was used in describing some customs which have been changed since the Report of the Royal Commission. Wherever the writer was aware of such changes, they were specially noted. But it may be only justice to the present regime of the school to state the following additional points upon which a reform has recently been made.

No juniors now get up earlier than 6 A.M. The "*Watch*" (p. 316) is now on duty only during the summer half-year; and the duties of "*Monos*" are almost nominal, and bring with them no exemption from school work.

There is now one general tea during the evening (instead of two or three at the pleasure of the seniors), and a sufficient supper of cold meat for all who choose.

The reform in the supply of small necessaries obliged to be carried by a junior for his seniors' use, mentioned p. 317, has since been extended to the abolition of the practice *in toto*.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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NINA BALATKA: THE STORY OF A MAIDEN OF PRAGUE.—PART VI.

CHAPTER XIII.

For two days after this Nina heard nothing from the Jews' quarter, and in her terrible distress her heart almost became softened towards the man who had so deeply offended her. She began to tell herself, in the weariness of her sorrow, that men were different from women, and, of their nature, more suspicious; that no woman had a right to expect every virtue in her lover, and that no woman had less of such right than she herself, who had so little to give in return for all that Anton proposed to bestow upon her. She began to think that she could forgive him, even for his suspicion, if he would only come to be forgiven. But he came not, and it was only too plain to her that she could not be the first to go to him after what had passed between them.

And then there fell another crushing sorrow upon her. Her father was ill,—so ill that he was like to die. The doctor came to him,—some son of Galen who had known the merchant in his prosperity,—and, with kind assurances, told Nina that her father, though he could pay nothing, should have whatever assistance medical attention could give him; but he said, at the same time, that medical attention could give no aid that would be of permanent service. The light had burned down in the socket, and must go out. The doctor took Nina by the hand, and put his own hand upon her soft tresses, and spoke kind words to console her. And then he said that the sick man ought to take a few glasses of wine every day; and as he was going away, turned back again, and promised to send the wine from his own house. Nina thanked him, and plucked up something of her old spirit during his presence, and spoke to him as though she had no other care than that of her father's health; but as soon as the doctor was gone she thought again of her Jew lover. That her father should die was a great grief. But when she should be alone in the old house, with the corpse lying on the bed, would Anton Trendellsohn come to her then?

He did not come to her now, though he knew of her father's illness. She sent Souchey to the Jews' quarter to tell the sad news,—not to him, but to old Trendellsohn. "For the sake of the property it is right that he should know," Nina said to herself, excusing to herself on this plea her weakness in sending any message to the house of Anton Trendellsohn till he should have come and asked her pardon. But even after this he came not. She listened to every footstep that entered the courtyard. She could not keep herself from going to the window, and from looking into the square. Surely now, in her deep sorrow, in her solitude, he would come to her. He would come and say one word, that he did trust her, that he would trust her! But no; he came not at all; and the hours of the day and the night followed slowly and surely upon each other, as she sat by her father's bed watching the last quiver of the light in the socket.

But though Trendellsohn did not come himself, there came to her a messenger from the Jew's house,—a messenger from the Jew's house, but not a messenger from Anton Trendellsohn. "Here is a girl from the—Jew," said Souchey, whispering into her ear as she sat at her father's bedside;—"one of themselves. Shall I tell her to go away, because he is so ill?" And Souchey pointed to his master's head on the pillow. "She has got a basket, but she can leave that."

Nina, however, was by no means inclined to send the Jewess away, rightly guessing that the stranger was her friend Ruth. "Stop here, Souchey, and I will go to her," Nina said. "Do not leave him till I return. I will not be long." She would not have let a dog go without a word that had come from Anton's house or from Anton's presence. Perhaps he had written to her. If there were but a line to say, "Pardon me; I was wrong," everything might yet be right. But Ruth Jacobi was the bearer of no note from Anton, nor indeed had she come on her present message with her uncle's knowledge. She had put a heavy basket on the table, and now, running forward, took Nina by the hands, and kissed her.

"We have been so sorry, all of us, to hear of your father's illness," said Ruth.

"Father is very ill," said Nina. "He is dying."

"Nay, Nina; it may be that he is not dying. Life and death both are in the hands of God."

"Yes; it is in God's hands of course; but the doctor says that he will die."

"The doctors have no right to speak in that way," said Ruth, "for how can they know God's pleasure? It may be that he will recover."

"Yes; it may be," said Nina. "It is good of you to come to me, Ruth. I am so glad you have come. Have you any—any—message?" If he would only ask to be forgiven through Ruth, or even if he had sent a word that might be taken to show that he wished to be forgiven, it should suffice.

"I have—brought—a few things in a basket," said Ruth, almost apologetically.

Then Nina lifted the basket. "You did not surely carry this through the streets?"

"I had Shadrach, our boy, with me. He carried it. It is not from me, exactly; though I have been so glad to come with it."

"And who sent it?" said Nina, quickly, with her fingers trembling on its lid. If Anton had thought to send anything to her, that anything should suffice.

"It was Rebecca Loth who thought of it, and who asked me to come," said Ruth.

Then Nina drew back her fingers as though they were burned, and walked away from the table with quick angry steps. "Why should Rebecca Loth send any-

thing to me?" she said. "What is there in the basket?"

"She has written a little line. It is at the top. But she has asked me to say——"

"What has she asked you to say? Why should she say anything to me?"

"Nay, Nina; she is very good, and she loves you."

"I do not want her love."

"I am to say to you that she has heard of your distress, and she hopes that a girl like you will let a girl like her do what she can to comfort you."

"She cannot comfort me!"

"She bade me say that if she were ill, or in sorrow, there is no hand from which she would so gladly take comfort as from yours; —for the sake, she said, of a mutual friend."

"I have no—friend," said Nina.

"Oh, Nina, am not I your friend? Do not I love you?"

"I do not know. If you do love me now, you must cease to love me. You are a Jewess and I am a Christian, and we must live apart. You, at least, must live. I wish you would tell the boy that he may take back the basket."

"There are things in it for your father, Nina; and, Nina, surely you will read Rebecca's note?"

Then Ruth went to the basket, and from the top she took out Rebecca's letter, and gave it to Nina, and Nina read it. It was as follows:—

"I shall always regard you as very dear to me, because our hearts have been turned in the same way. It may not be perhaps that we shall know each other much at first; but I hope the days may come when we shall be much older than we are now, and that then we may meet and be able to talk of what has passed without pain. I do not know why a Jewess and a Christian woman should not be friends.

"I have sent a few things which may perhaps be of comfort to your father. In pity to me do not refuse them. They are such as one woman should send to another. And I have added a little trifle for your own use. At the present moment you are poor as to money, though so rich in the gifts which make men love. On my knees before you I ask you to accept from my hand what I send, and to think of me as one who would serve you in more things if it were possible. Yours, if you will let me, affectionately, REBECCA.

"I see when I look at them that the shoes will be too big."

She stood for a while apart from Ruth, with the open note in her hand, thinking whether or no she would accept the gifts which had been sent. The words which Rebecca had written had softened her heart, especially those in which the Jewess had spoken openly to her of her poverty. "At the present moment you are poor as to money," the girl had said, and had said it as though such poverty were, after all, but a small thing in their relative positions one to another. That Nina should be loved, and Rebecca not loved, was a much greater thing. For her father's sake she would take the things sent,—and for Rebecca's sake. She would take even the shoes, which she wanted so sorely. She remembered well, as she read the last word, how, when Rebecca had been with her, she herself had pointed to the poor broken slippers which she wore, not meaning to excite such compassion as had now been shown. Yes, she would accept it all—as one woman should take such things from another.

"You will not make Shadrach carry them back?" said Ruth, imploring her.

"But he;—has he sent nothing? —not a word?" She would have thought herself to be utterly incapable, before Ruth had come, of showing so much weakness; but her reserve gave way as she ad-

mitted in her own heart the kindness of Rebecca, and she became conquered and humbled. She was so terribly in want of his love at this moment! "And has he sent no word of a message to me?"

"I did not tell him that I was coming."

"But he knows;—he knows that father is so ill."

"Yes; I suppose he has heard that, because Souchey came to the house. But he has been out of temper with us all, and unhappy for some days past. I know that he is unhappy when he is so harsh with us."

"And what has made him unhappy?"

"Nay, I cannot tell you that. I thought perhaps it was because you did not come to him. You used to come and see us at our house."

Dear Ruth! Dearest Ruth, for saying such dear words! She had done more than Rebecca by the sweetness of the suggestion. If it were really the case that he were unhappy because they had parted from each other in anger, no further forgiveness would be necessary.

"But how can I come, Ruth?" she said. "It is he that should come to me."

"You used to come."

"Ah, yes. I came first with messages from father, and then because I loved to hear him talk to me. I do not mind telling you, Ruth, now. And then I came because,—because he said I was to be his wife. I thought that if I was to be his wife it could not be wrong that I should go to his father's house. But now that so many people know it,—that they talk about it so much,—I cannot go to him now."

"But you are not ashamed of being engaged to him—because he is a Jew!"

"No," said Nina, raising herself to her full height; "I am not ashamed of him. I am proud of him. To my thinking there is no man like him. Compare him and Ziska, and Ziska becomes hardly a man at all. I am very proud to think that he has chosen me."

"That is well spoken, and I shall tell him."

"No, you must not tell him, Ruth. Remember that I talk to you as a friend, and not as a child."

"But I will tell him, because then his brow will become smooth, and he will be happy. He likes to think that people know him to be clever; and he will be glad to be told that you understand him."

"I think him greater and better than all men; but, Ruth, you must not tell him what I say—not now, at least—for a reason."

"What reason, Nina?"

"Well; I will tell you, though I would not tell any one else in the world. When we parted last I was angry with him—very angry with him."

"He had been scolding you, perhaps?"

"I should not mind that—not in the least. He has a right to scold me."

"He has a right to scold me, I suppose; but I mind it very much."

"But he has no right to distrust me, Ruth. I wish he could see my heart and all my mind, and know every thought in my breast, and then he would feel that he could trust me. I would not deceive him by a word or a look for all the world. He does not know how true I am to him, and that kills me."

"I will tell him everything."

"No, Ruth; tell him nothing. If he cannot find it out without being told, telling will do no good. If you thought a person was a thief, would you change your mind because the person told you he was honest? He must find it out for himself if he is ever to know it."

When Ruth was gone, Nina knew that she had been comforted. To have spoken about her lover was in itself much; and to have spoken about him as she had done seemed

almost to have brought him once more near to her. Ruth had declared that Anton was sad, and had suggested to Nina that the cause of his sadness was the same as her own. There could not but be comfort in this. If he really wished to see her, would he not come over to the Kleinseite? There could be no reason why he should not visit the girl he intended to marry, and whom he was longing to see. Of course he had business which must occupy his time. He could not give up every moment to thoughts of love, as she could do. She told herself all this, and once more endeavoured to be comforted.

And then she unpacked the basket. There were fresh eggs, and a quantity of jelly, and some soup in a jug ready to be made hot, and such delicacies as invalids will eat when their appetites will serve for nothing else. And Nina, as she took these things out, thought only of her father. She took them as coming for him altogether, without any reference to her own use. But at the bottom of the basket there were stockings, and a handkerchief or two, and a petticoat, and a pair of shoes. Should she throw them out among the ashes behind the kitchen, or should she press them to her bosom as treasures to be loved as long as a single thread of them might hang together? She had taken such alms before — from her aunt Sophie — taking them in bitterness of spirit, and wearing them as though they were made of sackcloth, very sore to the skin. The acceptance of such things, even from her aunt, had been gall to her; but, in the old days, no idea of refusing them had come to her. Of course she must submit herself to her aunt's charity, because of her father's poverty. And garments had come to her which were old and worn, bearing unmistakable signs of Lotta's coarse but reparative energies, — raiment against which her feminine niceness would have rebelled, had it been possible for her, in her misfortunes, to indulge her feminine niceness.

But there was a sweet scent of last summer's roses on the things which now lay in her lap, and each article was of the best; and, though each had been worn, they were all such as one girl would lend to another who was her dearest friend,— who was to be made welcome to the wardrobe as though it were her own. There was something of the tenderness of love in the very folding, and respect as well as friendship in the care of the packing. Her aunt's left-off clothes had come to her in a big roll, fastened with a corking-pin. But Rebecca, with delicate fingers, had made each article of her tribute to look pretty, as though for the dress of such a one as Nina prettiness and care must always be needed. It was not possible for her to refuse a present sent to her with so many signs of tenderness.

And then she tried on the shoes. Of all the things she needed these were the most necessary. At her first glance she thought that they were new; but she perceived that they had been worn, and she liked them the better on that account. She put her feet into them and found that they were in truth a little too large for her. And this, even this, tended in some sort to gratify her feelings and soothe the asperity of her grief. "It is only a quarter of a size," she said to herself as she held up her dress, that she might look at her feet. And thus she resolved that she would accept her rival's kindness.

On the following morning the priest came — that Father Jerome whom she had known as a child, and from whom she had been unable to obtain ghostly comfort since she had come in contact with the Jew. Her aunt and her father, Souchey and Lotta Luxa, had all threatened her with Father Jerome; and when it had become manifest to her that it would be necessary that the priest should visit her

mitted in her own heart the kindness of Rebecca, and she became conquered and humbled. She was so terribly in want of his love at this moment! "And has he sent no word of a message to me?"

"I did not tell him that I was coming."

"But he knows;—he knows the father is so ill."

"Yes; I suppose he has h that, because Souchey came house. But he has been and temper with us all, and nough for some days past. I against he is unhappy when he her too with us." was as mild

"And what has r as ever he had happy?"

"Nay, I cannot lhood, when he call her his little thought perhaps that if she would did not come to she should always come and see ress and roses at the Dear Ruth Nicholas. He put saying such her head and blessed done mor not seem to have any sweetnes of her, because she was were re marry a Jew. And yet he unhap from

asked a few words as to her ther who was indeed better on sar morning than he had been for last few days, and then he s passed on into the sick man's room. And there, after a few faintest words of confession from the sick man, Nina knelt by her father's bedside, while the priest prayed for them both, and forgave the sinner his sins, and prepared him for his further journey with such preparation as the extreme unction of his Church would afford.

When the prayer and the ceremony were over, and the viaticum had been duly administered, the priest returned into the parlour, and Nina followed him. "He is stronger than I had expected to find him," said Father Jerome.

"He has rallied a little, father, because you were coming. You may be sure that he is very ill."

"I know that he is very ill, but I think that he may still last some days. Should it be so, I will come

man like that Nina thought Ziska, st would have gone; man ed for a few moments thin esitating, and then spoke ting down his hat, which t taken up. "But what is is that I hear about you, ?"

"All what?" said Nina, blushing.

"They tell me that you have engaged yourself to marry Anton Trendellsohn, the Jew." She stood before him confessing her guilt by her silence. "Is it true, Nina?" he asked.

"It is true."

"I am very sorry for that;—very sorry. Could you not bring yourself to love some Christian youth, rather than a Jew? Would it not be better, do you think, to do so—for your soul's sake?"

"It is too late now, father."

"Too late! No; it can never be too late to repent of evil."

"But why should it be evil, Father Jerome? It is permitted; is it not?"

"The law permits it, certainly."

"And when I am a Jew's wife, may I not go to mass?"

"Yes;—you may go to mass. Who can hinder you?"

"And if I pray devoutly, will not the saints hear me?"

"It is not for me to limit their mercy. I think that they will hear all prayers that are addressed to them with faith and humility."

"And you, father, will you not give me absolution if I am a Jew's wife?"

"I would ten times sooner give it you as the wife of a Christian, Nina. My absolution would be nothing to you, Nina, if the while you had a deep sin upon your conscience." Then the priest went, being unwilling to endure further questioning, and Nina seated herself in a glow of triumph. And this was the worst that she would have to endure from the Church after all her aunt's threatenings,—after Lotta's bitter words, and the

around her! Father Jerome to be the ide of the ities of himself to say that her case as a Christian would be hopeless, were she to marry the Jew! After that she went to the drawer in her bedroom, and restored the picture of the Virgin to its place.

CHAPTER XIV.

had been very , but his mildness ace any corresponding gentleness in the breasts s relatives in the Windberg- Indeed, it had the contrary ect of instigating Madame Zamenoy and Lotta Luxa to new exertions. Nina, in her triumph, could not restrain herself from telling Souchey that Father Jerome did not by any means think so badly of her as did the others; and Souchey, partly in defence of Nina, and partly in quest of further sound information on the knotty religious difficulty involved, repeated it all to Lotta. Among them they succeeded in cutting Souchey's ground from under him as far as any defence of Nina was concerned, and they succeeded also in solving his religious doubts. Poor Souchey was at last convinced that the best service he could render to his mistress was to save her from marrying the Jew, let the means by which this was to be done be, almost, what they might.

As the result of this teaching Souchey went late one afternoon to the Jews' quarter. He did not go thither direct from the house in the Kleinseite, but from Madame Zamenoy's abode, where he had again dined previously in Lotta's presence. Madame Zamenoy herself had condescended to enlighten his mind on the subject of Nina's peril, and had gone so far as to invite him to hear a few words on the subject from a priest on that side of the water. Souchey had only heard Nina's report of what Father Jerome had said, but he was listening with his own ears while the other priest declared his opinion that things would go very badly with any Christian girl who might marry a Jew. This sufficed for him; and then—having been so far enlightened by Madame Zamenoy herself—he accepted a little commission, which took him to the Jew's house. Lotta had had much difficulty in arranging this; for Souchey was not open to a bribe in the matter, and on that account was able to press his legitimate suit very closely. Before he would start on his errand to the Jew, Lotta was almost obliged to promise that she would yield.

It was late in the afternoon when he got to Trendellsohn's house. He had never been there before, though he well knew the exact spot on which it stood, and had often looked up at the windows, regarding the place with unpleasant suspicions; for he knew that Trendellsohn was now the owner of the property that had once been his master's, and, of course, as a good Christian, he believed that the Jew had obtained Balatka's money by robbery and fraud. He hesitated a moment before he presented himself at the door, having some fear at his heart. He knew that he was doing right, but these Jews in their own quarter were uncanny, and might be dangerous! To Anton Trendellsohn, over in the Kleinseite, Souchey could be independent, and perhaps on occasions a little insolent; but of Anton Trendellsohn in his own domains he almost acknowledged to himself that he was afraid. Lotta had told him that, if Anton were not at home, his commission could be

done as well with the old man; and as he at last made his way round the synagogue to the house door, he determined that he would ask for the elder Jew. That which he had to say, he thought, might be said easier to the father than to the son.

The door of the house stood open, and Souchey, who, in his confusion, missed the bell, entered the passage. The little oil-lamp still hung there, giving a mysterious glimmer of light, which he did not at all enjoy. He walked on very slowly, trying to get courage to call, when, of a sudden, he perceived that there was a figure of a man standing close to him in the gloom. He gave a little start, barely suppressing a scream, and then perceived that the man was Anton Trendellsohn himself. Anton, hearing steps in the passage, had come out from the room on the ground-floor, and had seen Souchey before Souchey had seen him.

"You have come from Josef Balatka's," said the Jew. "How is the old man?"

Souchey took off his cap and bowed, and muttered something as to his having come upon an errand. "And my master is something better to-day," he said, "thanks be to God for all his mercies."

"Amen," said the Jew.

"But it will only last a day or two; no more than that," said Souchey. "He has had the doctor and the priest, and they both say that it is all over with him for this world."

"And Nina—you have brought some message probably from her?"

"No—no indeed; that is, not exactly; not to-day, Herr Trendellsohn. The truth is, I had wished to speak a word or two to you about the maiden; but perhaps you are engaged—perhaps another time would be better."

"I am not engaged, and no other time could be better."

They were still out in the passage, and Souchey hesitated. That which he had to say it would behove him to whisper into the closest privacy of the Jew's ear—into the ear of the old Jew or of the young. "It is something very particular," said Souchey.

"Very particular—is it?" said the Jew.

"Very particular indeed," said Souchey. Then Anton Trendellsohn led the way back into the dark room on the ground-floor from whence he had come, and invited Souchey to follow him. The shutters were up, and the place was seldom used. There was a counter running through it, and a cross-counter, such as are very common when seen by the light of day in shops; but the place seemed to be mysterious to Souchey; and always afterwards, when he thought of this interview, he remembered that his tale had been told in the gloom of a chamber that had never been arranged for honest Christian purposes.

"And now, what is it you have to tell me?" said the Jew.

After some fashion Souchey told his tale, and the Jew listened to him without a word of interruption. More than once Souchey had paused, hoping that the Jew would say something; but not a sound had fallen from Trendellsohn till Souchey's tale was done.

"And it is so—is it?" said the Jew when Souchey ceased to speak. There was nothing in his voice which seemed to indicate either sorrow or joy, or even surprise.

"Yes, it is so," said Souchey.

"And how much am I to pay you for the information?" the Jew asked.

"You are to pay me nothing," said Souchey.

"What! you betray your mistress gratis?"

"I do not betray her," said Souchey. "I love her, and the old man too. I have been with them through fair weather and through foul. I have not betrayed her."

"Then why have you come to me with this story?"

The whole truth was almost on Souchey's tongue. He had almost said that his sole object was to save his mistress from the disgrace of marrying a Jew. But he checked himself, then paused a moment, and then left the room and the house abruptly. He had done his commission, and the fewer words which he might have with the Jew after that the better.

On the following morning Nina was seated by her father's bedside, when her quick ear caught through the open door the sound of a footstep in the hall below. She looked for a moment at the old man, and saw that if not sleeping he appeared to sleep. She leaned over him for a moment, gave one gentle touch with her hand to the bed-clothes, then crept out into the parlour, and closed behind her the door of the bedroom. When in the middle of the outer chamber she listened again, and there was clearly a step on the stairs. She listened again, and she knew that the step was the step of her lover. He had come to her at last, then. Now, at this moment, she lost all remembrance of her need of forgiving him. Forgiving him! What could there be to be forgiven to one who could make her so happy as she felt herself to be at this moment? She opened the door of the room just as he had raised his hand to knock, and threw herself into his arms. "Anton, dearest, you have come at last. But I am not going to scold. I am so glad that you have come, my own one!"

While she was yet speaking, he brought her back into the room, supporting her with his arm round her waist; and when the door was closed he stood over her still holding her up, and looking down into her face, which was turned up to his. "Why do you not speak to me, Anton?" she said. But she smiled as she spoke, and there was nothing of fear in the tone of her voice, for his look was kind, and there was love in his eyes.

He stooped down over her, and fastened his lips upon her forehead. She pressed herself closer against his shoulder, and shutting her eyes, as she gave herself up to the rapture of his embrace, told herself that now all should be well with them.

"Dear Nina," he said. "Dearest, dearest Anton," she replied.

And then he asked after her father; and the two sat together for a while, with their knees almost touching, talking in whispers as to the condition of the old man. And they were still so sitting, and still so talking, when Nina rose from her chair, and put up her forefinger with a slight motion for silence, and a pretty look of mutual interest —as though Anton were already one of the same family; and, touching his hair lightly with her hand as she passed him, that he might feel how delighted she was to be able so to touch him, she went back to the door of the bedroom on tiptoe, and lifting the latch without a sound, put in her head and listened. But the sick man had not stirred. His face was still turned from her, as though he slept, and then, again closing the door, she came back to her lover.

"He is quite quiet," she said, whispering.

"Does he suffer?"

"I think not; he never complains; when he is awake he will sit with my hand within his own, and now and again there is a little pressure."

"And he says nothing?"

"Very little; hardly a word now and then; when he does speak, it is of his food."

"He can eat, then?"

"A morsel of jelly, or a little soup. But, Anton, I must tell you; I tell you everything, you know; where do you think the things that he takes have come from? But perhaps you know."

"Indeed I do not."

"They were sent to me by Rebecca Loth."

"By Rebecca!"

"Yes; by your friend Rebecca. She must be a good girl."

"She is a good girl, Nina."

"And you shall know everything; see—she sent me these," and Nina showed her shoes; "and the very stockings I have on; I am not ashamed that you should know."

"Your want, then, has been so great as that?"

"Father has been very poor. How should he not be poor when nothing is earned? And she came here, and she saw it."

"She sent you these things?"

"Yes; Ruth came with them; there was a great basket with nourishing food for father. It was very kind of her. But, Anton, Rebecca says that I ought not to marry you, because of our religion. She says all the Jews in Prague will become your enemies."

"We will not stay in Prague; we will go elsewhere; there are other cities besides Prague."

"Where nobody will know us?"

"Where we will not be ashamed to be known."

"I told Rebecca that I would give you back all your promises, if you wished me to do so."

"I do not wish it. I will not give you back your promises, Nina."

The enraptured girl again clung to him. "My own one," she said, "my darling, my husband; when you speak to me like that, there is no girl in Bohemia so happy as I am. Hush! I thought it was father. But no; there is no sound. I do not mind what any one says to me, as long as you are kind."

She was now sitting on his knee, and his arm was round her waist, and she was resting her head against his brow; he had asked for no pardon, but all the past was entirely forgiven; why should she even think of it again? Some such thought was passing through her mind, when he spoke a word, and it seemed as though a dagger had gone into her heart. "About that paper, Nina?" Accursed document, that it should be brought again between them to dash the cup of joy from her lips at such a moment as this! She disengaged herself from his embrace, almost with a leap. "Well! what about the paper?" she said.

"Simply this, that I would wish to know where it is."

"And you think I have it?"

"No; I do not think so; I am perplexed about it, hardly knowing what to believe; but I do not think you have it; I think that you know nothing of it."

"Then why do you mention it again, reminding me of the cruel words which you spoke before?"

"Because it is necessary for both our sakes. I will tell you plainly just what I have heard: your servant Souchey has been with me, and he says that you have it."

"Souchey!"

"Yes, Souchey. It seemed strange enough to me, for I had always thought him to be your friend."

"Souchey has told you that I have got it?"

"He says that it is in that desk," and the Jew pointed to the old depository of all the treasures which Nina possessed.

"He is a liar."

"I think he is so, though I cannot tell why he should have so lied; but I think he is a liar; I do not believe that it is there; but in such a matter it is well that the facts should be put beyond all dispute. You will not object to my looking into the desk?" He had come there with a fixed resolve that he would demand to search among her papers. It was very unpleasant to him, and he knew that his doing so would be painful to her; but he told himself that it would be best for them both that he should persevere.

"Will you open it, or shall I?" he said; and as he spoke, she looked into his face, and saw that all tenderness and love were banished from it, and that the hard suspicious greed of the Jew was there instead.

"I will not unlock it," she said; "there is the key, and you can do as you please." Then she flung the key upon the table, and stood with her back up against the wall, at some ten paces distant from the spot where the desk stood. He took up the key, and placed it remorselessly in the lock, and opened the desk, and brought all the papers forth on to the table which stood in the middle of the room.

"Are all my letters to be read?" she asked.

"Nothing is to be read," he said.

"Not that I should mind it; or at least I should have cared but little ten minutes since. There are words there may make you think I have been a fool, but a fool only too faithful to you."

He made no answer to this, but moved the papers one by one carefully till he came to a folded document larger than the others. Why dwell upon it? Of course it was the deed for which he was searching. Nina, when from her station by the wall she saw that there was something in her lover's hands of which she had no knowledge, something which had been in her own desk without her privity,—came forward a step or two, looking with all her eyes. But she did not speak till he had spoken; nor did he speak at once. He slowly unfolded the document, and perused the heading of it; then he refolded it, and placed it on the table, and stood there with his hand upon it.

"This," said he, "is the paper for which I am looking. Souchey, at any rate, is not a liar."

"How came it there?" said Nina, almost screaming in her agony.

"That I know not; but Souchey is not a liar; nor were your aunt and her servant liars in telling me that I should find it in your hands."

"Anton," she said, "as the Lord made me, I knew not of it;" and she fell on her knees before his feet.

He looked down upon her, scanning every feature of her face and every gesture of her body with hard inquiring eyes. He did not stoop to raise her, nor, at the moment, did he say a word to comfort her. "And you think that I stole it and put it there?" she said. She did not quail before his eyes, but seemed, though kneeling before him, to look up at him as though she would defy him. When first she had sunk upon the ground, she had been weak, and wanted pardon though she was ignorant of all offence; but his hardness, as he stood with his eyes fixed upon her, had hardened her, and all her intellect, though not her heart, was in revolt against him. "You think that I have robbed you?"

"I do not know what to think," he said.

Then she rose slowly to her feet, and, collecting the papers which he had strewed upon the table, put them back slowly into the desk, and locked it.

"You have done with this now," she said, holding the key in her hand.

"Yes; I do not want the key again."

"And you have done with me also?"

He paused a moment or two to collect his thoughts, and then he answered her. "Nina, I would wish to think about this before I speak of it more fully. What step I may next take I cannot say without considering it much. I would not wish to pain you if I could help it."

"Tell me at once what it is that you believe of me?"

"I cannot tell you at once. Rebecca Loth is friendly to you, and I will send her to you to-morrow."

"I will not see Rebecca Loth," said Nina. "Hush! there is father's voice. Anton, I have nothing more to say to you;—nothing—nothing." Then she left him, and went into her father's room.

For some minutes she was busy by her father's bed, and went about her work with a determined alacrity, as though she would wipe out of her mind altogether, for the mo-

ment, any thought about her love and the Jew and the document that had been found in her desk; and for a while she was successful, with a consciousness, indeed, that she was under the pressure of a terrible calamity which must destroy her, but still with an outward presence of mind that supported her in her work. And her father spoke to her, saying more to her than he had done for days past, thanking her for her care, patting her hand with his, caressing her, and bidding her still be of good cheer, as God would certainly be good to one who had been so excellent a daughter. "But I wish, Nina, he were not a Jew," he said, suddenly.

"Dear father, we will not talk of that now."

"And he is a stern man, Nina."

But on this subject she would speak no further, and therefore she left the bedside for a moment, and offered him a cup, from which he drank. When he had tasted it he forgot the matter that had been in his mind, and said no further word as to Nina's engagement.

As soon as she had taken the cup from her father's hand, she returned to the parlour. It might be that Anton was still there. She had left him in the room, and had shut her ears against the sound of his steps, as though she were resolved that she would care nothing ever again for his coming or going. He was gone, however, and the room was empty, and she sat down in solitude, with her back against the wall, and began to realise her position. He had told her that others accused her, but that he had not suspected her. He had not suspected her, but he had thought it necessary to search, and had found in her possession that which had made her guilty in his eyes!

She would never see him again; —never willingly. It was not only that he would never forgive her, but that she could never now be brought to forgive him. He had stabbed her while her words of love were warmest in his ear. His foul suspicions had been present to his mind even while she was caressing him. He had never known what it was to give himself up really to his love for one moment. While she was seated on his knee, with her head pressed against his, his intellect had been busy with the key and the desk, as though he were a policeman looking for a thief, rather than a lover happy in the endearments of his mistress. Her vivid mind pictured all this to her, filling her full with every incident of the insult she had endured. No. There must be an end of it now. If she could see her aunt that moment, or Lotta, or even Ziska, she would tell them that it should be so. She would say nothing to Anton;—no, not a word again, though both might live for an eternity; but she would write a line to Rebecca Loth, and tell the Jewess that the Jew was now free to marry whom he would among his own people. And some of the words that she thought would be fitting for such a letter occurred to her as she sat there. "I know now that a Jew and a Christian ought not to love each other as we loved. Their hearts are different." That was her present purpose, but, as will be seen, she changed it afterwards.

But ever and again as she strengthened her resolution, her thoughts would run from her, carrying her back to the sweet rapture of some moment in which the man had been gracious to her; and even while she was struggling to teach herself to hate him, she would lean her head on one side, as though by doing so she might once more touch his brow with hers; and unconsciously she would put out her fingers, as though they might find their way into his hand. And then she would draw them back with a shudder, as though recoiling from the touch of an adder.

Hours had passed over her before she began to think whence had

come the paper which Trendellsohn had found in her desk; and then, when the idea of some fraud presented itself to her, that part of the subject did not seem to her to be of great moment. It mattered but little who had betrayed her. It might be Rebecca, or Souchey, or Ruth, or Lotta, or all of them together. His love, his knowledge of her whom he loved, should have carried him aloft out of the reach of any such poor trick as that! What mattered it now who had stolen her key, and gone like a thief to her desk, and laid this plot for her destruction? That he should have been capable of being deceived by such a plot against her was enough for her. She did not even speak to Souchey on the subject. In the course of the afternoon he came across her as she moved about the house, looking ashamed, not daring to meet her eyes, hardly able to mutter a word to her. But she said not a syllable to him about her desk. She could not bring herself to plead the cause between her and her lover before her father's servant.

The greater part of the day she passed by her father's bedside, but whenever she could escape from the room, she seated herself in the chair against the wall, endeavouring to make up her mind as to the future. But there was much more of passion than of thought within her breast. Never, never, never would she forgive him! Never again would she sit on his knee caressing him. Never again would she even speak to him. Nothing would she take from his hand, or from the hands of his friends! Nor would she ever stoop to take aught from her aunt, or from Ziska. They had triumphed over her. She knew not how. They had triumphed over her, but the triumph should be very bitter to them—very bitter, if there was any touch of humanity left among them.

Later in the day there came to be something of motion in the house. Her father was worse in health, was going fast, and the doctor was again there. And in these moments Souchey was with her, busy in the dying man's room; and there were gentle kind words spoken between him and Nina—as would be natural between such persons at such a time. He knew that he had been a traitor, and the thought of his treachery was heavy at his heart; but he perceived that no immediate punishment was to come upon him, and it was some solace to him that he could be sedulous and gentle and tender. And Nina, though she knew that the man had given his aid in destroying her, bore with him not only without a hard word, but almost without a severe thought. What did it matter what such a one as Souchey could do?

In the middle watches of that night the old man died, and Nina was alone in the world. Souchey, indeed, was with her in the house, and took from her all painful charge of the bed at which now her care could no longer be of use. And early in the morning, while it was yet dark, Lotta came down, and spoke words to her, of which she remembered nothing. And then she knew that her aunt Sophie was there, and that some offers were made to her at which she only shook her head. "Of course you will come up to us," aunt Sophie said. And she made many more suggestions, in answer to all of which Nina only shook her head. Then her aunt and Nina, with Lotta's aid, fixed upon some plan, —Nina hardly knew what,—as to the morrow. She did not care to know what it was that they fixed. They were going to leave her alone for this day, and the day would be very long. She told herself that it would be long enough for her.

The day was very long. When her aunt had left her she saw no one but Souchey and an old woman who was busy in the bedroom

which was now closed. She had stood at the foot of the bed with her aunt, but after that she did not return to the chamber. It was not only her father, who, for her, was now lying dead. She had loved her father well, but with a love infinitely greater she had loved another; and that other one was now dead to her also. What was there left to her in the world? The charity of her aunt, and Lotta's triumph, and Ziska's love? No indeed! She would bear neither the charity, nor the triumph, nor the love. One other visitor came to the house that day. It was Rebecca Loth. But Nina refused to see Rebecca. "Tell her," she said to Souchey, "that I cannot see a stranger while my father is lying dead." How often did the idea occur to her, throughout the terrible length of that day, that "he might come to her? But he came not. "So much the better," she said to herself. "Were he to come, I would not see him."

Late in the evening, when the little lamp in the room had been already burning for some hour or two, she called Souchey to her. "Take this note," she said, "to Anton Trendellsohn."

"What! to-night?" said Souchey, trembling.

"Yes, to-night. It is right that he should know that the house is now his own, to do what he will with it."

Then Souchey took the note, which was as follows:—

"My father is dead, and the house will be empty to-morrow. You may come and take your property without fear that you will be troubled by

"NINA BALATKA."

SOCIAL HYPERBOLE.

WHEN Mrs. Malaprop claims for herself "a nice derangement of epitaphs," she shows a delicate perception of what good talk should be. The person who can apply the right epithet on every occasion has not much to learn in the art of expression; taste and discrimination have, in fact, received their last polish. We wonder what she would have said to the modern practice on this head, which substitutes hyperbole for all nicety of definition. Hyperbole has, indeed, from time immemorial, been the one great colloquial resource where this grace has been wanting. What rhetoricians have called the boldest of all tropes is also the most familiar. People who cannot define with any approach to accuracy have lived and died in ignorance of the defect, by indulging in wild exaggeration; the wilder only the more forcible in their estimation, and boldly descriptive. There has always been a common stock of extreme terms, which it is thought lively and clever to misapply, and which youth and vivacity have, in fact, turned to very amusing purpose. The beauty of every date has enjoyed calling herself hideous if she affects to see the least cloud over her charms, and she dies about every trifle with a pretty grace. Sensibility has long been violently lavish of joys and sorrows above and below the occasion. Things are shocking, terrible, excruciating, enchanting, at a sort of hap-hazard as to which is which. Energy has always dealt in high numbers, and been profuse in myriads; and affection, playful or affected, ever talked in egregious superlatives and contraries. All this is so natural, so inevitable, while men's animal spirits, or their ambition to produce a sensation, are in advance of the perceptive and inventive faculty, that society would not know itself, if by any ordinance its members were restricted to a literal meaning, or an exact adjust-

ment of adverbs and adjectives: half the world must hold their tongues altogether. But what we note as a modern innovation is the tendency to extreme in this direction, and the growing laziness of social emphasis. Never were niceties of opinion compressed into so small a compass as by the youth of the present day. We observe—and also find the practice adopted in all books which desire to reproduce society as it is—a general disposition to reduce all definition to the use of two or three terms. All that affects the boy agreeably is jolly; all that annoys the girl is horrid; all that they find, or pretend to find, irksome, troublesome, or oppressive, is awful; though even this rule of adaptation may be reversed: while every shade and degree of satisfaction, from ease up to rapture, is expressed in a compound of the two; and the schoolboy—along with the considerable class that adopts his style—whose measure of content is filled up, is awfully jolly. Here is the climax to which nothing further can be added.

We can understand the convenience of this economy of mental effort. A word that will do for all occasions, and, like the bark of a dog, depend for its meaning upon intonation, upon force or vivacity of utterance, saves trouble, and reduces the intellectual expense of conversation to its minimum. But this, to all appearance, is not the view taken by the speaker, who has the air of doing something clever, and expressing himself with spirit; as being urged to these eccentricities by a more than commonly vivid enjoyment of life. And sometimes the thing is effective. Far be it from us unduly to restrict the vagaries of animal spirits. Even from soft and ruddy lips, under the conciliatory charm of a musical utterance, these barbarous terms have been known, amusingly enough, to express the sweet audacity of youth. The rude formula surprises like wit at the first hearing. But the worst of it is, that this method of creating a sensation is so easy, that it tempts to repetition, while there can be no repetition of agreeable surprise; and the hearer, ceasing to be diverted, falls into the reflective vein. It occurs to him, if these young folks habitually relieve themselves from the difficulty of selection, and feel they are committing a witty sportive indiscretion by adopting these or kindred phrases, what they are to do when youth is past. There is a time, so far at least, when "jolly" and "awful" and "horrid" cease to be graceful. We are not amused by blind indiscriminate disgust or jollity in middle life. There must be a reason why.

All good talk is an art, and owes much to practice. When one of these airy talkers nears thirty, who has hitherto made two or three adverbs and adjectives serve his or her turn, we can scarcely picture to ourselves a more helpless case. He has taste enough to feel that such high-pressure terms are no longer for him; they strike upon his own as well as the listener's ear, as painfully at variance with the subdued level of his spirits. He is satisfied to be comfortable without any sense of irrepressible unintelligent delight in the mere sense of life. Yet what is he to do? He is not willing to give up emphasis, which is the spice of conversation, but where is he to find it? We are satisfied that many fluent talkers among our youth will be stranded ten years hence, and will have to retire into social obscurity, their style pointless, the right word never presenting itself, simply because a few obtrusive but inadmissible expressions will always keep to the front of memory, and put every fitting, select epithet out of reach, till the moment which called for it is past.

Ordinary English discourse is astonishingly wanting in neatness and exactitude; and we believe the

failing to be a growing one. A generation or two ago, Madame de Staël said that the English *could* talk well, but that, as the talent for conversation was useless in the service of ambition among them, they took no trouble about it. Eloquence of diction has not grown in favour since then. Nobody cares to listen as they used to do to good talk; so, what people say must be condensed. An impression must be conveyed by some rapid means, and hyperbole is the readiest means. As a fact, few would exaggerate if they could say the thing exactly as it really is, so thrilling a pleasure is it to hit the mark. Wide-shooting is the common refuge of the tongue, which cannot measure or discriminate. Timid unobservant minds resort to it in mere hopelessness of successful plain speaking. They would not willingly shoot short of their aim, and therefore send their arrow anywhere so it is beyond the target. Our language is full of the superlatives of impotent exaggeration; and the mind that indulges in them must live in a muddle. Accurate speaking as much drives to accurate thinking as clear thought leads to clear speech. Tongue and thought play into each other's hands. Practice in words clears up ideas. People who have never sought into the causes of what pleases or repels can have nothing to say to the purpose; but, by realising the charm of expressing themselves correctly, as far as their light goes, they are driven to thought, and thus nourish dormant discrimination into life. The uniform appeal to the vast and vague, the hyperbolical vein applied to common things, is irreconcilable with anything else but a dull, untrained perception, a blindness inborn—or the result of laziness—to the nice varieties and subtle characteristics which distinguish things seemingly alike, and give to each its identity. Hence the weariness we feel when long subject to this large, burly, lavish style of talk; whether vaguely indefinite, or (a kindred though advanced temptation) passing from the abstract to the concrete, giving a body to exaggeration, shooting with the long bow in circumstantial narrative, and fixing quality and conditions with a view rather to effect than to truth. We weary, not because our moral sense is wounded by hearing things that are vaguely or positively untrue, but of some intellectual deficiency in the speaker. Hyperbole, to please, needs a fine active fancy; it is indulged in, for the most part, through the want of this faculty, and in a desperate effort to conceal the void alike from speaker and listener. Yet perhaps of all figures humanity can least spare the hyperbole; it is the natural, the legitimate, nay the only engine for a large class of feelings, thoughts, and aspirations—the necessary reaction from rigid fact. It is only when it expresses neither animal spirits, nor sense of life, nor emotion, nor passion, nor the sublime, nor the unknown, nor the grotesque, nor the ridiculous—when it is neither grand, nor witty, nor satirical, nor insolent, nor contemptuous—that we take exception to its rhetorical use; only when people treat plain things hyperbolically, because they cannot treat them exactly, and are lost to all sense of proportion.

Beyond these natural and legitimate calls for its use, hyperbole has another sphere, the most familiar of all, though not so distinctly acknowledged—we may say, indeed, under a cloud, because in it fancy works in the trammels of a certain subservience to fact; and that is panegyric. The original Panegyrical Oratory is said to have grown out of a strong feeling of the pleasure of existence; and a short-lived bombastic exaltation undoubtedly fits well still with certain occasions where men meet to testify that the world is worth living in. But it was better understood in its first rise. The panegyric spoken before

excited Athenian multitudes was a permitted lie, recognised as such both by speaker and hearer, and distinctly opposed by critics to the Veracious. The orator made it part of his art to diminish and magnify solely with a view to effect, to dress up facts for the occasion, to tickle the ears of his audience with illusions, which they knew to be such in the long-run, but which met with temporary acceptance as ideal truth. Such hyperbole we are all sufficiently acquainted with still; but it needs a packed audience, and the worst of it is, it soon goes out of date and gets misunderstood. When a man says a thing, it requires some largeness of mind, the occasion being past, to perceive that he did not intend us to think he meant it; and this because it has become more a class feature than a graceful necessity of some special occasion. It is the one force of American popular eloquence; it is the engine of the demagogue, who flatters his audience at the expense of every person and institution beside. It is the open resource of the social speaker; it secures the journalist his readers; even the popular preacher finds its use. Under its inspiration the orator's conscience is emancipated from severe fact. He rejoices in a grasp of the spirit above the letter of his theme. The present and the visible occupy and crowd up every corner of his perception; nothing that is past or to come can compare with the now and the present; he has reached a climax of joy, or fruition, or pre-eminence, which his hearers in some way or other share, or have assisted to bring about. The action under review is unprecedented. The hero of the hour has no fellow; the time, the occasion, has been foreseen and prepared for by all the preceding ages, and now absorbs the interest of an attentive universe. This is all very well while the occasion and the circumstance last; but the moment the cold daylight of common sense is suffered to bear upon it, people have a sense of having been taken in, and then hard words are used.

All other forms of the hyperbole, if they are good to start with, keep their nature; but the panegyric, from such causes as these, becomes corrupt with time, and then it is "fulsome," "servile," "false," "truculent," "base." People will be oversevere on the boastful hyperbole of a past age, which evidently took its cue from the ancients. We are convinced that, when the good people of three hundred years back, followed by Dryden and the thorough-going panegyrists of his time, wrote eulogistic prefaces, poems, dedications, which make us stare, and think ourselves so much more honest than they, the thing was understood by contemporaries. They were never supposed to mean it in any absolute, exclusive sense. They were well seen to be exercising an art, and judged by the success of that art. All that they said to the contrary in well-turned verse did not render a counteracting undercurrent of opinion dishonourable. But still, as we have granted, there is in this style a commerce with fact which is fatal to the life of hyperbole; it loses its nature and gets called a lie. It is not known for what it is, away from its context of time and place. The panegyrist of every age gets called names, and each age as it encourages him gets called names too. There is a notion of profit and bargain attached to the practice, and the toleration of it, which distinguishes it from other flights. We cannot help a suspicion that Walsh, for example, had ulterior views upon William when he makes a demigod of him, and ends a sounding enough verse with—

> "These acts made Hercules a god,
> And great Nassau a king;"

and winds up his poem with the disclaimer—

> "These subjects suit not with the lyre.
> Muse! to what height dost thou aspire?
> Pretending to rehearse

> The thoughts of gods and godlike kings;
> Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
> By mean ignoble verse."

And yet they probably only struck his contemporaries as neat turns which did his "muse" credit: and William himself, simply as compliments the occasion absolutely demanded.

A notable example of this panegyrical hyperbole is to be found in the great French preachers. They knew, and they knew that their hearers knew, of the enormous scandals of the Court of the Grand Monarque, but it did not wound anybody's conscience to attribute to him godlike qualities, and to represent him as the one object on which the eyes of the visible and invisible world were alike bent with approving wonder. No language could be found exalted enough to express the glory of their King. *Le Ciel*, *L'Univers*, and *Les Anges* are assumed to be pretty exclusively occupied with the triumphs and magnanimity of Louis and his generals. They are all divinities together, so far as being lifted above common humanity is concerned. And this we believe from no base or selfish motives in the flatterer, but that really the nation, and the eloquence of the nation, was in such a stretched, tip-toe, crowing state of elation that language less full-dress and decorated would have been felt inadequate on all hands. Not a man in France could talk reasonably on such a theme, or, if he did, could have got a hearing. Hence, passages selected by critics of the day for commendation and example, are precisely what would now be adduced as illustrations of gross and venal flattery and bombast, of which the present age is incapable. Molière, who showed himself so alive in his 'Precieuses' to the fashionable hyperbole of conversation, one can hardly suppose blind to the general excesses of oratory and of public declamation; but if so, he escaped suspicion. No conscience and no taste was awake to any touch of offence. Dryden, influenced by French taste, and the poet of all others most imbued by the spirit of his own day, was not likely to come second in this easy field for florid invention. He made a good start when a boy, in the lines quoted by Johnson, upon a nobleman dying of small-pox; where the pustules are first rosebuds, then gems, and at length stars—

> "No comet need foretell his change drew on,
> Whose corpse might seem a constellation."

He makes quite as free with the angels as any Frenchman. They gather to review the king's fleet:—

> "To see the fleet upon the ocean move
> Angels drew wide the curtains of the sky,
> And Heaven, as if there wanted light above,
> For tapers, made two glaring comets rise."

Now, when the days of dedications and all incident temptations are over, the language Dryden permitted himself does amaze one. But it is not more strange that he could write what he did, than that the person addressed, and the public who read, could tolerate it. The only solution is, that there was a general understanding on such things. It was a heightened form of the universal, and to us fulsome, social hyperbole of that day. He thought it possible to write to Lord Dorset, a man of intellect enough to know the measure of his own powers: "There is more of salt in all your verses than I have seen in any of the moderns, or even of the antients." "It is incident to an elevated understanding, like your lordship's, to find out the errors of other men, but it is your prerogative to pardon them, . . . and to forgive the many failings of those who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess, from a happy, abundant, and native genius, which are as inborn to you as they were to Shakspeare, and, for aught I know,

to Homer." How dense would poor Dryden think the posterity which pronounces upon all this as "servility:" and sees anything unsuited to the imperious necessity for saying something handsome when, in testimony to a nobleman's goodnature, he gravely asserts that it is impossible for Lord Dorset to have either enemies or mere acquaintances. "They who have conversed with you are ever and inviolably yours." "Neither can we say we think we admire and love you above all other men; there is a certainty in the proposition, and we know it." To address a witty and affable nobleman in a preface to Juvenal, and to treat him with less than divine honours, would be to convict himself of unfitness for the task of translating a great classic. It was an occasion for fine speeches, and it was not in him to disappoint expectation. But that in the course of ages a generation should be born which supposed he said all this seriously, would, we are satisfied, never occur to him. What! imagine that he wanted Lord Dorset to believe him, or to suspect him of anything beyond civility, when he pronounced him the better poet of the two, because he writes, "There is not an English writer this day living who is not perfectly convinced that your lordship excels all others in all the several parts of poetry that you have undertaken to adorn." The strain has as little to do with conscience as with our views of personal dignity. So long as things sounded well, Dryden at least did not care for a strict consistency, and could insinuate a satire in the very midst of the most high-flown panegyric. Thus, in his monstrous eulogy on Charles II., he prettily contrives to represent him as but a mean rewarder of literary merit on earth, while he is exalted to its guardian angel in heaven. The "officious Muses" had accompanied him to our shores on his restoration:—

"Though little was their hire and light their gain,
Yet something to their share he threw;
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,
Like birds of Paradise, that *lived on morning dew.*
Oh, never let their lays his name forget;
The *pension of a prince's praise is great.*
Live, then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live blest above, almost invoked below;
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now."

If any of our readers are disposed to take offence at our too easy morality on this score, we can only say we are driven to it. We, too, have a received system of social hyperbole. We make excuses for a past age to defend our own. We do hear respectable men say such things, and commit themselves to such enormous statements when compliment is the order of the day, that a theory is absolutely necessary to reconcile ourselves with estimable humanity, that does the work of the world, and does it well too.

The truth was, in our Augustan age no writer, treating of things of the day, felt himself up to the mark if he did not either lift up his theme to the skies or cast it to the swine, as party or personal considerations demanded. Whatever venality there was lay in making use, for private purposes, of hyperbole, which the previous generation of poets had devised simply to show their parts. The "enormous and disgusting," yet ingenious hyperbole of the Donne and Cowley school, which passed for imagination, made flattery easy when applied to that purpose. People were so used to the flinging of ideas together, prodigious in their opposition, that nothing was properly fanciful and ingenious that did not outrage proportion. A lady is not fair unless she dazzles the fishes when she bathes with a light brighter than the sun; nor does a lover get credit for his passion if his sighs do not magnify and accumulate into a high wind.

Nothing obvious, nothing naturally suggested by the subject, passed for fancy; truth and feeling were the last things thought of;—in this resembling our poor and bare domestic hyperbole, to which people are driven from the same inability to realise their subject, while so painfully failing in the resource and ingenuity by which the sharp-witted poets in the age of conceits covered their defects. It is this hyperbole, an affectation of excess to hide depravation and tenuity, that haunts our meetings and partings, which inflates the social orator, which stultifies the natural influence of the special scene. Everything is overdone in the endeavour not to disgrace an occasion which the exaggerator in his inner heart is conscious of not coming up to.

Yet of all figures it is the one which neither socially nor oratorically, nor in domestic literature, could we do without. A good hyperbole is an exquisite enjoyment. It hits the fancy with a double satisfaction—it magnifies the common and familiar, which is our native sphere, and brings the vast within an easy distance. Through this sleight of hand, there is nothing that a good hearty hyperbole does not for the time even us with. In fact, it owes much of its agreeableness to this knack of making great things subservient to our diversion, and subduing them to our lighter needs; and though simple force, expressing itself within the compass of plain speaking, never has recourse to exaggeration, there are occasions when, only by touches of the impossible, by compelling resemblances in things dissimilar, by magnifying the familiar out of its identity, can a full, strong impression be conveyed. We speak of it here not as an engine of sublimity or terror, but as a social inspirer and elevator; as giving magnitude to our trifles, dignity to our quarrels, importance to our place and work in the world, and, above all, pre-eminence to the present—a very necessary inflation if most of us are to be content with our own task and office. We are, perforce, interested in matters which will sink presently like a drop into the ocean of time: hyperbole inflates the drop into a very respectable, nay, portentous, bubble, and satisfies us till the collapse come, by which time another is ready to take its place. Thus, in every party crisis, what should we do without it? The question may be small, local, insignificant,—the struggle a mere storm in a tea-cup,—looked at from a matter-of-fact point of view; but hyperbole sustains our self-respect and gives dignity to our excitement. All history is invoked to find a parallel, and fails to find it. In every contest where the passions are well roused, hyperbole assists us to find something unprecedented; and people who without this stimulant might feel their cause and themselves unimportant to the outer world, by its aid squabble through their lives in a comfortable complacency.

It is only the minority who can do their work, knowing precisely its amount of importance and utility; most men need magnifying-glasses. What would the press do without it, the proverbial country editor?—the religious newspaper, which is indeed the privileged field for this figure, as in fact meddling with subjects that affect our highest interests? Every reader has his examples, fruitful in vituperative hyperbole. Our eye chances to fall on a last year's organ of the Papacy, which will illustrate our meaning: "There is not on record an instance of more stupendous duplicity and perfidy than that invasion of Sicily by Garibaldi, under the advice, guidance, and protection of Count Cavour and Lord Palmerston, the two wickedest and most perverse plotters against the Church and against Continental peace and order that ever cursed Europe." No doubt the interests involved here are momentous ones, but the style

convinces one that the editor will never want heroes to out-Herod these Herods, even if he has to seek for them in a parish vestry. And happily this strain does not perpetuate antipathies. Superlatives break no bones. An hyperbolical philippic leaves us much where it found us when the storm is over; hence the magnanimity with which foaming disputants and rival editors can compliment and felicitate each other when the occasion for panegyric arrives.

But wit is the true sphere for the social hyperbole, enlarging its resources indefinitely. Hyperbole is so loose of details that it may touch the awful, the horrible, the disgusting, even the profane, without offence, without conveying the revolting features of the idea intended to be conveyed; just serving itself of so much as fits its purpose, and ignoring the rest. Who thinks in Charles Lamb's chapter on roast pig of the pig's inconvenience in that constantly recurring incendiarism; or finds his nerves wince when Miss Bronte's ill-chosen word nearly plucks the eyes out of her tutor's head? Who feels the facts involved in Colonel Crockett's threat of eating any man opposed to General Jackson? or who reads with any recoil of the civilities which passed between the opposing pickets before Charleston, when one cried, "Would not you like to have some of our Johnny-cakes for your wormy bread?" the other reflected, "This was a hard hit. The Federal bread is certainly very bad just now, the worms very large and very lively! but we did not know before that they could be seen from the enemy's works." Anything absolutely impossible affects us more by its impossibility than by any other of its conditions, and there is a positive satisfaction in entertaining repulsive ideas divested of their repulsiveness. Nobody can be in very evil case who can express its inconveniences in a neat hyperbole. The parson knew how to keep the cold from heart and hearth who described his living—

> "Far north, my lord, it lies,
> 'Mid snowy hills, inclement skies:
> One shivers with the arctic wind;
> One hears the polar axis grind."

The quickened fancy itself gives tone. By affecting to magnify trouble, though it be real, the fun that works in every situation in life is brought to the front.

Thus, if a man wants us to feel for us or for his cause he must not exaggerate. Pathos will have nothing to do with hyperboles; it keeps to its point, and affects us through a reproduction of a scene or a situation, guided to the moving points by the instinct of feeling. Numbers and vastness in their own nature counteract pathos. We are apt to feel more for an individual's calamity than if a thousand share in it. But this is because we lose the effect of literal and exact representation. Cowper, in his dirge, —set to the music of a knell—which tells how

> "Kempenfelt went down,
> With twice four hundred men,"

makes us feel for eight hundred men like one. But this is done by a simplicity and exactness of detail rarely attainable, or even aimed at, where the fate of numbers is concerned. Contrast our sense of pity in a plain tale and that designed to be excited by the Rabbins' account of a great slaughter made of their people, when "there were such torrents of holy blood shed as carried rocks of a hundred yards' circumference above three miles into the sea." But we are not seriously comparing styles of expression so far removed from one another as the Oriental and our own, though Southey has done his best to reconcile modern English ears to Eastern hyperbole.

Love is never so light and airy a sentiment as when its pains and longings are played with through this medium. Waller could not

have been inspired by a serious passion when he composed his sweet lines which represent his Sacharissa the sole object of his own and the world's devotion. It is by no means an extreme instance; but so pretty in its defiance of cold fact that we give it:—

"That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind.
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair.
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

Hyperbole is, we need not say, the inevitable language of gallantry where feeling is not the thing to be conveyed, and, indeed, would change gallantry into something else, and so spoil sport. Not that the following charming and distinguished hyperbole, from Lord Dorset's Song to the Ladies of England, was unprompted by feeling, but it was the fever of excitement on the eve of an engagement, quickening the whole nature, and wit, as a prominent feature of that nature, into intenser action:—

"Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind.
Our tears we'll send a speedier way—
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grew bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall Stairs.
With a fa la la la la."

Of course, the whole wit of the 'Rape of the Lock' lies in the exquisite use of this figure as an engine of gallantry. What prodigious machinery brought to bear on infinitesimal matters! We are never tired of the opposition of great ideas with small; the egregious comparisons and the apotheosis of trifles: from the toilet where

"The nymph adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers,"

and

"Awful beauty puts on all its arms;"

and most terrible among them the redoubtable lock, nourished by the nymph

"To the destruction of mankind,"

to the offices of invisible genii, some of whom

"Brew fiercest tempests in the wintry main;"

while others, as potent over nature,

"Steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash;"

or concentrate their cares on a lap-dog—

"Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock."

Again, the combat of beaux and belles—

"While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau, and witling, perished in the throng.
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
'O cruel nymph, a living death I bear,'
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast;
'Those eyes are made so killing,' was his last."

But the whole poem is an example. The hyperbole of wits compels us to a supreme (though momentary) realisation of the near and familiar over the remote; and so is often a prodigious mode of expressing man's supremacy. Thus Mrs. Partington mops out the Atlantic; and "all the planets and comets," according to Sydney Smith's showing, "meant to stop and look on at the first meeting of Parliament after the passing of the Reform Bill;" and when his friends the Whigs were turned out of office, the same authority announced, "Nothing can exceed the fury of the Whigs; they mean not only to

change everything upon the earth, but to alter the tides and to suspend the principles of gravitation and vegetation, and to tear down the solar system." This certainly assists us to a notion of the temper of the Whigs upon being thwarted when they thought they held the world in a string. Yet these Titans can be individually very small in the same hands when he practises his diminishing powers. "When are we to see you?" he writes to Jeffrey; "a difficult thing at all times to do."

Hyperbole is the natural resource of contempt; indeed, through this means alone can it be judiciously expressed, or perhaps expressed at all. For contempt as an active feeling is incompatible with a calm dispassionate judgment, and rushes into violent injurious comparisons. Hence the whole vocabulary of insult; and it is astonishing the appetite the world has for this exercise of imagination, and how unduly, as we think, the great masters of the art have been estimated. What would "Junius" be without his hyperbolical detraction, which the world of his day gloated over? Dip into these famous Letters, and pages and pages of coarse contempt make us wonder at the taste of our fathers.

"Whether you have talents (he writes to the Duke of Grafton) to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger, should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have perhaps mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received as synonymous terms that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. . . . Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud imposing superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd inflexible judgment of Mr. Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry, before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state, but, brought into action, you become vitriol again," &c. &c. &c.

This Brobdignagian strain took the reader of a day which had been used to see contempt one of the favourite vehicles for wit. Nobody passed muster who had not miscalled somebody in swelling and noisy periods. For us, we can't admire one sort of sound hearty vituperation much more than another. There is a decided likeness, for example, between all this talk of vitriol and villany, and the mode and terms adopted by a certain virago, celebrated by De Quincey as affording diversion to Coleridge and his set, to express her contempt of her husband: Junius allowing his public to read the *letter*, she courting hers through the superscription. Doubtless because her husband had ceased to open her letters, she hit upon the plan of expressing her opinion of him upon the cover, and would address him through the post-office in such periphrases as, "To that supreme of rogues that looks the hang-dog that he is, Doctor (such a doctor!) Andrew Bell!" Or, "To that ape of apes, and knave of knaves, who is recorded to have once paid a debt—but a small one, you may be sure—in fact, it was 4½d. Had it been on the other side of 6d., he must have died before he could have achieved so dreadful a sacrifice." An effective hyperbole certainly, as well relished probably by its readers, and inflicting as sharp a sting on its victim, as the more laboured invective which precedes it. There is force in both the stilted and the grotesque. They are provoked by a real need of expression in opposition to the flatter vituperation to which the ears of our own generation are accustomed.

The grotesque in all its branches is made up of hyperbole. Our youth is trained to it in the pantomime, where alone is any deliberate attempt made to produce the figure visibly and in action; though we may be used enough to undesigned and serious monstrosities of disproportion, typified in the idolatry of that ancient people who worshipped a fly and sacrificed an ox to it; or in the crime of that learned, and amiable as learned, French antiquary, who murdered his best friend to become possessed of a medal, without which his collection was incomplete. It is the inexhaustible resource of the circus, where by no means the worst hyperboles are to be met with; the figure owing its success, as we see in American humour, to a fine natural vein rather than to a polished cultivation. The wit of the clown introduces a simple audience to intellectual exercises, of which their common life is too bare, and so serves an educational purpose. The mouth he knows, that is wider than from y'ear to y'ear, for it is from here to yonder, is a difficult idea for even a practised intelligence to catch and make its own; but the effort does something, inducting the infant and the rustic into abstractions.

There are sensations and impressions that can only be adequately apprehended by hyperbole, by a bold paradox, which critics of the narrower sort denounce as absurdity. We mean where the thing to be described is a negation, incapable of an active existence, yet to be realised must be imagined as possessing life and action. Dryden was persecuted with perpetual ridicule for his lines—

> "A horrid *stillness* first *invades* the ear,
> And in that silence we a tempest fear."

Yet he hits his mark by shooting beyond it. And no imagination can treat of silence so as to convey the idea of it and satisfy the ear's experience of its effect upon the brain without a similar violence to vulgar sense. Thus Wordsworth writes—

> "The silent hills and *more than silent* skies;"

and Sydney Smith of those *flashes* of silence which made Macaulay's talk so much more agreeable than it had been before they illuminated his eloquence.

We began by commenting on the popular tendency to exaggeration in familiar discourse, the endeavour of our sprightly youth to impart vivacity to their style by the use of a tried and universally popular formula. There we think them on a wrong tack. By all means, we say, let them be forcible, and hyperbolically forcible if they will; but what we have desired, and bring to their notice is, that all hyperbole that really pleases is an immediate effort of the fancy, that there is no common stock of hyperboles with a monopoly to please, and that those who affect them, if they would win credit, must follow Acre's system with his oaths, and strike them off fresh and appropriate to the occasion.

FOREIGN INTERFERENCE WITH THE TAI-PINGS. *

I.

Mr. Thomas Taylor Meadows,† Commander Brine,‡ Mr. Wade, in his valuable translations of Chinese state papers, and other writers, have done so much to illustrate the first nine years of the Tai-ping§ Rebellion, that the general course of that movement up to 1859 must be tolerably familiar to English readers. The growing ferocity of Hung Sew-tsuen, and of his attendant Wangs or Princes, the manner in which "the exterminating decree" was enforced, the expedition against Peking, and the fluctuating fortunes of the Tai-pings, need only be thus briefly referred to here in order to an elucidation of the events which accomplished the suppression of Tai-pingdom.

It is of importance, however, to notice that, in 1859, increased activity on the part of the Imperialist authorities, together with the exhausting nature of Tai-ping occupation had very nearly put an end to the rebellion. The events which thereafter occurred are of great importance, as explaining how it was that we became mixed up at all with the internal affairs of China, and were finally led to the adoption of measures which had great effect in suppressing the rebellion. On the history of this critical period a great deal of new matter has recently been obtained in the autobiographies of the Chung Wang, the Kan Wang, and other rebel kings, who, before being put to death by the Imperial authorities, occupied the brief remainder of their days in writing out accounts of their history. The character ot the Tai-pings has also been illustrated by the letters and depositions of unfortunate foreigners who took service with them. A number of papers, official and private, Chinese and English, have also been examined with reference to this subject, and the representations of the Tai-pings themselves have been taken into account.

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* See previous article in our November number, "Celestial Rule and Rebellion."

† 'The Chinese and their Rebellions.' London, 1856.

‡ 'The Taeping Rebellion in China.' London, 1862.

§ This word, which signifies "great peace," is pronounced with a strong aspirate after the T; with the *ai* like *y* in "my;" and with the vowel in *ping* as in "ring." It has also been written "T'hai-ping," "Tae-ping," and "Ti-ping." The first of these methods is that used by Mr. Hamberg, the biographer of Hung Sew-tsuen, and is the most correct of all; but it is unnecessarily cumbrous for ordinary use. "Tae-ping," the English official way of spelling the word, was probably a sinologue's attempt to express the aspirate; but it is open to the fatal objection that it causes ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred to pronounce the *Tae* with a broad sound, as in "lay" or "hay," which is as far from the Chinese as could well be imagined. "Ti-ping" will not do, because it suggests that the *Ti* should be sounded as in "tippet." It may be said that "Tai-ping" is open to a similar objection, because there are such words as "tail" and "tailor;" but in point of fact, instead of suggesting such a sound of the *Tai*, it does that of our word "tie." Though not perfect, it is the best representation which has been offered, and has the advantage of being well known both in English and French literature. The most perfectly correct spelling would be "T'hai-p'hing."

II.

Thus stood matters in the year 1859, which promised at one moment to see China restored to a state of order and peace. Foreign affairs had been settled apparently to the satisfaction of all parties; and, except at Canton, where the people had got to like them and rely upon them, the foreign forces had been withdrawn from every foot of Celestial soil. Even the Great Rebellion, now in the ninth year of its reckoning, was in a fair way of being crushed. The Faithful King says truly, in his autobiography, that at this time "Nanking was now closer besieged than ever. The place was as secure as if an iron band had encircled it. . . . . The siege of Nanking was now progressing, and events assumed a more threatening aspect daily." The Tai-pings lost place after place; their troops had neither rations nor gunpowder, and were defeated at every point; while the close investment of the Sacred Capital by the Imperialist generals Chang Kwo-liang and Ho-ch'un, threatened the very heart of the rebellion. It is curious to notice that in these circumstances the Heavenly Prince seems to have remained entirely unmoved. According to the Chung Wang, "he contented himself with merely instructing his ministers to adhere to the precepts of heaven, and telling them that the surrounding aspect indicated signs of great peace." The Faithful King himself seems to have been perfectly astounded and mystified by the inexplicable way in which he and the other Tai-pings got out of the difficulty. "Then," is all he can say, "in those days the Heavenly Dynasty was not doomed to be destroyed."

But instead of being content to accept the new relationship with foreigners, and to employ all its military power in extinguishing the still warm embers of the rebellion, the Imperial Government, then practically in the hands of Su-shun, the Prince of I, and other reactionists, determined not so much to violate or discard the Treaty of Tien-tsin, as by an exercise of Celestial ingenuity to make it void without departing from the letter. The ratifications of the Treaty were to be exchanged at Peking, but there was no special provision as to the way in which that capital was to be reached by the British Minister; and the Chinese calculated that by refusing permission to the Hon. Mr. Bruce and to the vessels accompanying him to enter the Peiho, they would bring matters to a crisis which would relieve them from the obligations to foreigners which, under pressure, they had contracted in 1858. Accordingly the forts of Taku, at the mouth of the White River, were repaired, enlarged, and strengthened, but in such a way as to conceal their strength, matting being placed so as to cover the embrasures of the guns; and the command of these forts was given to San-ko-lin-sin, a man of energetic and remarkable character, but ignorant of the power of foreign arms. Prince San, as he was entitled, was the leader of Tartar cavalry who drove back the Tai-pings when they threatened Peking in 1853. His history was a remarkable one. Being a Mongol, he was in no way connected with the ruling, the Manchu, dynasty; and being a poor boy, though son of a Mongol chief, he was educated for the Lama priesthood in Peking, where he attracted the notice of the Emperor, who took him into his service, employed him in military expeditions, advanced him rapidly, and gave him a sister of one of the royal wives in marriage. There was a prophecy among the Tai-pings that their empire would be endangered by a Buddhist priest, and

this they held to have been fulfilled in San-ko-lin-sin's Lama education. From a memorial which this Prince addressed to the Emperor in the commencement of 1859, it would seem he fancied that foreign nations wished to devour China, because it had neglected the arts of war, and had become weak. His memorial is very interesting, as showing the feeling entertained at that time towards foreigners by really well-meaning influential persons in China, and concludes with an offer of both men and money to assist in repelling foreign aggression. With such an instrument in their hands, ready and eager to take the command of the Taku forts, and looked up to by all China, the Imperial Government felt itself strong enough to move.

Accordingly Mr. Bruce was refused access to the Peiho, and on the 26th June 1859 Admiral Hope attempted to force a passage through the stakes and beams which closed the entrance to the river. It was an oppressive, sultry day, with a lurid mist stretching over the muddy shores and turgid water of the Gulf of Peche-lee. The guns in the forts were concealed, and only a few ragged louts showed themselves at the gates; but when the gunboats rushed up against the beams, suddenly the matting over the cannon of the forts rolled up, and a terrible cross-fire opened on the devoted British vessels, crashing through oak and iron, making the vessels tremble with every shot, knocking men in two, and sending splinters around. It was rather surprising for three British gunboats to be destroyed by the Chinese; and the land attack which followed was not more successful. Men jumped out of the boats into mud and water never to rise again. The six hundred yards of mud to be crossed under a heavy fire, the two ditches, the rifles filled with mud, and the broken ladders, made the assault worse than useless. Those who crossed the second ditch had to remain under shelter of the bank until after dark, the enemy amusing them with arrows shot vertically, and with balls of blue-fire.

This disaster was, of course, not one which the wrath of Britain could endure, and its influence on the future of Tai-pingdom was very great. It not merely concentrated the attention of the Imperialists upon the defences of the Peiho, and made them indifferent to other matters, so encouraging the rebels to recover lost ground; it also encouraged a certain class of foreigners at Shanghai, who saw that troublous times were coming, to devise schemes for affording the Tai-pings what Americans would call "aid and comfort." Further, it led to the allied French and English expedition against Peking of 1860; to a temporary paralysis of the power of the Imperial Government, which allowed the Tai-pings again to become very formidable; to the pressure of these last upon Shanghai, which first caused our interference with them, and also to that employment of British officers by the Imperialists which, followed up as it was by Chinese commanders, finally resulted in the extinction of the Great Rebellion.

A detailed account of the movements by which the Faithful King contrived to relieve Nanking for the sixth time, would be exceedingly uninteresting. It is of more importance to note that the rescue of the capital educed not even an encouraging edict from the Heavenly Prince, much less any permission for the fighting Ministers to enter his presence. He seems in some way or other to have held their lives pretty much in his hand, and to have ordered them to attempt whatever he desired. Nor is this very strange, for his life and pretensions constituted the centre of the whole revolutionary movement. It may be well, however, as we now approach the close of the period when Tai-pingdom had

only the Imperialists to contend with, to state the positions of the opposing parties after the raising of the siege of Nanking by Chung, the Faithful King, and Ying Wang, the Heroic King, better known as the Four-eyed Dog.

Nanking, the rebel capital, was not threatened by any Imperialist force either on the north or on the south, and in the direction of the Grand Canal and the Tai-ho Lake the Tai-pings held the country as far as Li-yang and Chew-ying; the Imperialist General Chang Kwo-liang having retreated to Tan-yan, and Ho-ch'un to Chan-chu, both places on the Grand Canal near the estuary of the Yang-tsze. Thus a large district of rich country, lying towards the sea, was left ill protected against the ravages of the Tai-pings—a district which was fated to witness their last great efforts and their final extinction. Tseng Kwo-fan, the ablest of the Imperialist generals, was at Kuan-te-chow, a considerable way south-west of the Tai-ho Lake, but he had little part in the operations which took place at this time. His brother, Tseng Kwo-tsun, was engaged up the Yang-tsze in investing Ngan-king with a large army, his covering forces being at the cities of Soo-sung, Tai-ho, Tsien-chow, and in front of Tung-ching, which was held by rebels belonging to the army of the Four-eyed Dog. In the province of Kiang-si, at Yen-chow, there was also a force of Tai-pings under the command of Shi-ta-kae, the I Wang, or Assistant King, one of the few Tai-ping survivors of the overthrow of the rebellion; but this was held in check, and prevented from advancing on the provincial capital, by an Imperialist army under the command of Paou-chiaou, stationed at Ho-kin, to the south of the Po-yang Lake. The Imperialist Chang-yu-liang was advancing from Hang-chow (whither he had gone on a fruitless chase of the Faithful King) to Chang-chow on the Grand Canal, where were the forces of Ho-ch'un, and the residence of Ho Kwei-tsin, the Governor-General of Kiang-soo. At Nanking, Yen-chow, and Ngan-king, the rebels had three commanding situations, of which only the latter was invested by the enemy; and by pushing on their forces from the Sacred Capital towards the Tai-ho Lake, they kept the Imperialist troops in Kiang-soo in a divided state.

Leaving the Four-eyed Dog to proceed to the relief of Ngan-king, and at the express command of the Heavenly Prince, but somewhat against his own inclinations, the Faithful King advanced against Tan-yan in May 1860, and defeated Chang Kwo-liang, that general being himself drowned in a creek and 10,000 of his men being "cut up" or destroyed. This general was brave and capable. He had formerly been a Triad chief, then a leader among the Tai-pings themselves; but, as happened in many cases during this long conflict, he surrendered to the Imperialists and took service under them. The Faithful King next advanced against Chang-chow, to which the remnant of the defeated army had fled, and where Chang Yu-liang (not Chang *Kwo*-liang) had assembled his force. This place was also taken, and as the Chung Wang admits, when the rebels entered many of the people committed suicide from fear. Ho, the Viceroy, had left it with his family before the assault; and Chang Yu-liang made another stand at Woo-si, being reinforced by an army under Liu, which came up from the Tai-ho Lake. Twenty-four hours' hard fighting ensued, and the Faithful King says he was just on the point of giving way when, to his unexpected delight, the enemy did so instead. This gave the Tai-pings command of the Grand Canal between the Tai-ho Lake and the Yang-tsze and of all the neighbouring country; but southward there was still a formidable Imperialist army at Soo-chow, under Ho-

ch'un. This general, however, was so dismayed on hearing of the death of Chang Kwo liang that he committed suicide, and the Faithful King met with almost no resistance at one of the very wealthiest and most fashionable cities of the Flowery Land, Soo-chow. "Above," says a Chinese proverb, "is paradise, but beneath are Soo and Hang." "To be happy on earth," runs another, "one must be born in Soo-chow;" because the people of that place are remarkable for their personal beauty. The walls of the city itself were at this time ten miles in circumference; but outside there were four enormous suburbs, one of which, on the west side, extended for ten miles each way, and, besides, there was a large floating population. It was supposed to contain about two millions of inhabitants, and had almost a fabulous reputation throughout China for its ancient and modern marble buildings, its elegant tombs, granite bridges, canals, streets, gardens, quays, intelligent men, and beautiful women. Soo-chow was famous for manufactures of many kinds, but especially for the richness and variety of its silk goods. Even after the suicide of Ho-ch'un it might have been expected that Ho, the fugitive Viceroy, and Chang Yu-liang would have made some energetic efforts to save this magnificent city from becoming the prey of the spoiler; but the Imperialist troops seem to have been thoroughly disorganised, and Ho hastened its fate by ordering the suburbs to be fired for purposes of defence. To a large number of the inhabitants this appeared quite as bad as falling into the hands of the Tai-pings, and, combined with outrages committed by the fugitive soldiers of Chang Kwo-liang, caused such a state of confusion and anarchy, that when Chung Wang advanced on the 24th May 1860 he found no opposition, and amid the welcome of the lower class of the population walked in at one gate while the Imperial troops fled at another. Shortly after the city of Hang-chow was taken by the Faithful King, and in the province of Kiang-soo everything looked promising in the prospects of the Heavenly Empire of the Great Peace.

Up to this period, May 1860, the Tai-pings had only the Imperialists and the people of the country to contend with. A few Malays and Manilamen, and, perhaps, a crazy English sailor or two, may have found their way into the ranks on either side; but the long ten years' conflict had been entirely one of Chinese with Chinese, uninterfered with by foreign powers and unaffected by any enlistment of foreign auxiliaries. As I have pointed out, the Tai-ping rebellion in part originated from the opium war, and was very nearly crushed in 1859, when a new difficulty with foreigners came to its rescue, so there was political justice in its receiving its death-blow from the hand to which it had owed so much. Had it not been for the rude shock given to the prestige of the Imperial Government by the first war with Britain, the rebellion, so far as we can see, would not have arisen; and had it not been for the assistance given by foreigners towards its suppression, it might still be uselessly devastating the country. But, in the progress of events, it was quite impossible that the Tai-pings could any longer keep clear of the foreign element which during the few preceding years had been so rapidly blending its interests with those of the black-haired people. The hour had come when, either for weal or woe, the Tai-pings had to do with the energetic strangers from the West who had begun to swarm at the consular ports. The only question was, whether the new influence would be favourable or unfavourable to the Empire of the Great Peace.

From the autobiographical sketch

of the rebellion, written before his execution, by the Kan Wang, or Shield King, it appears that in 1860 he was made Generalissimo of the rebel forces; and having passed four years in Hongkong, he was well acquainted with foreigners, and knew the importance of securing them as allies. Valuable as Soo-chow and Hang-chow were, his main object in sending the Faithful King in that direction was to establish communications with the open port of Shanghai, distant only 300 miles from Nanking, and to purchase there from foreigners about twenty steamers, to be sent up and employed on the Yang-tsze. This would have given him the command of that great river; and he proposed at the same time to make other movements by land for the purpose of relieving Ngan-king and thoroughly securing both banks of the river between that place and the capital. He saw clearly the immense importance of not allowing Ngan-king to fall, and said very expressively in a letter to the Faithful King, "Let me tell you that the great river may be likened to a snake, the head of which is formed by Hoo-peh, the body by Kiang-nan. Hoo-peh not being ours, the moment Ngan-king is lost the snake is divided; and though the tail may survive, it can only enjoy a transitory existence."

It is interesting to notice how superior in a practical point of view were, at this crisis, the ideas of the Shield King to those of the Imperialist authorities. The general plan of the latter was to pen up the rebels so as to drive them into the sea. They acted as if China had been in the same condition as that in which it was thirty years before. At that period to press the rebels into the sea would have been all that was required, but pressing them into the sea in 1860 meant thrusting them upon Shanghai and other consular ports, where steamers and munitions of war sufficient for the conquest of all China were to be obtained. The Tai-pings, on the other hand, saw that it was of importance to them to be in contact with foreigners, and actually entertained the design of procuring a number of steamers for use in war. Let us bear in mind also that even at this time the opinion of foreigners, and especially of Englishmen and Americans, in regard to the rebels was still much divided. If the delusive ideas at first entertained in regard to their Christianity and their Protestantism had entirely disappeared —and it was not alleged that they possessed any organising power— still it was held by many that they were quite as good as the Imperialists, perhaps a shade better; and that no real harm could result to China from giving them encouragement. Her Majesty's Government had directed all her representatives in Cathay to maintain a strict neutrality between the contending parties, so that the hands of the most ardent Mandarin sympathiser, if any such there were in her Majesty's diplomatic service, were effectually tied; while, on the other hand, there existed in Shanghai at that period a certain number of unscrupulous traders, and a considerable rowdy population whose interests lay, or were supposed to lie, in supporting the rebellion and fostering a state of anarchy and warfare in China.

To all human appearance there was even a still more cogent reason why the Tai-pings should have calculated on foreign comfort and aid. At this moment we were really at war with Imperial China, and an allied French and English expedition was on its way to Pekin to avenge the Taku disaster of 1859. Vessel after vessel was leaving Singapore and Hongkong for the Gulf of Peche-lee with troops and stores. Past the desert islands of the Prata shoal, where the ribs of many a goodly ship lie bleaching under the fierce sun, in the white sand or on the pink coral; round

the huge and almost unexplored yet lovely island of Formosa, with its great mountains, rich tropical vegetation, and wild cannibal tribes; up the coast of China, broken into deep bays, fringed with innumerable islands, and every island fringed with boats innumerable; through the Chusan Archipelago, where the islands are a mass of temples; across the sea-like floods of the Yang-tsze and the Yellow River, pouring down into the ocean; over the muddy Yellow Sea, tumbling beneath the mighty crags of Shan-tung promontory,—a splendid English naval and military force was pursuing its way to its rendezvous under the bare cold hills of Manchuria, with the design of advancing on the inviolate northern capital and disturbing the Son of Heaven in his Tranquil Palace. On the other hand, the Imperialists had braced themselves up for one great effort against innovating foreign power; a large army had been collected on the Peiho; in case of any disaster on the seaboard, extensive fortifications had been thrown round Tientsin; the Taku forts had been still more enlarged, and in their embrasures, beside the huge English guns won in the victory of the preceding year, might have been seen the dark firm face of the Tartar Generalissimo, San-ko-lin-sin,* eagerly looking seaward for the first smoke of the coming fire-vessels, with perfect confidence in his power to overcome. Looking at all these circumstances, few could have anticipated that any harm would have come to the Tai-pings from their advance on the City of the Sea.

So strangely, however, do matters go in China, that, at the very time the allies were collecting their forces at Shanghai and elsewhere, preparatory to a march on Peking, and just at the moment they were about to start, first the Tau-tai of Shanghai, and then Ho Kwei-tsin, the Governor-General of Kiang-soo, who had come from Chan-chou-fu to the consular port, applied to the British and French authorities for assistance against the Tai-pings. As the lives of a number of Catholic priests were endangered, the French General offered to send 1500 men if the English would send 500; but Mr. Bruce considered the matter too hazardous, as, should the 2000 troops be obliged to retire, a bad effect would be produced; and if they were reinforced, the expedition to the north would be crippled; and in this view the French Minister coincided. Still, a step was taken pregnant of future disastrous consequences to the Tai-pings. "I decided," says Mr. Bruce, in his despatch to Lord J. Russell of the 30th May 1860,—"I decided, in concert with M. Bourboulon, that it was expedient, both on grounds of policy and humanity, to prevent, if possible, the scenes of bloodshed and pillage being enacted here which took place at Hang-chow-foo, when that city was lately assaulted by the insurgents; and it appeared to me that, without taking any part in this civil contest, or expressing any opinion on the rights of the parties, we might protect Shanghai from attack, and assist the authorities in preserving tranquillity within its walls, on the ground of its being a port open to trade, and of the intimate connection existing between the interests of the town and of the foreign settlement, the former of which cannot be attacked without great danger to the latter. We accordingly issued separate proclamations to that effect in identical terms."† This was the little cloud,

* San-ko-lin-sin was described to Dr. Rennie ('Peking and the Pekingese,' vol. ii. chap. x.) as "tall and stout, with a very energetic eye, just like Louis Napoleon's."

† The British proclamation was as follows:—"The undersigned issues this special proclamation to tranquillise the minds of the people.

"Shanghai is a port open to foreign trade, and the native dealers residing therein

no bigger than a man's hand, which was destined to obscure the sun of Tai-ping success. In a memorial sent at this time to the Throne by Ho, that unfortunate Governor-General, who was soon after recalled to Peking and executed for his non-success, speaks of his army as having been annihilated in consequence of the *état de délabrement* into which it was thrown by the successes of the Faithful King, and especially the taking of Soo-chow. "Never," he wrote, "in all antiquity has there been a state of confusion so remarkable," and, "trembling beyond measure," he begs the Emperor to make peace with the allies and employ all his troops against the rebels. When, at the risk of his head, and, as it proved, at the cost of his head, one of the highest of Chinese officials could write in this way, the circumstances of the Imperialist cause in the two Kiangs must have been desperate indeed.

Besides the proclamation of the allies in regard to Shanghai, another very important, but, at the time, apparently insignificant event was the appearance on the stage of "General" Frederick Ward. Before the allies had agreed to defend Shanghai, Ta-kee and several other wealthy merchants of that place, not relishing the idea of its falling into the hands of the Tai-pings, had arranged with Woo, the Tau-tai, to afford funds for the enlistment of foreigners to fight against the rebels. They had, therefore, engaged two Americans called Ward and Burgevine to enlist a number of Europeans and Manilamen, and had promised these leaders a large sum if they would retake Sung-kiang, a city eighteen miles distant from Shanghai on the river Whampoa.

Of Burgevine I shall speak afterwards. Ward was born about 1828, at Salem in Massachusetts, and was a man of courage and ability. Probably from poverty he was unable, when a youth, to gratify his desire of studying at West Point; but his mind seems always to have been occupied with military matters as affording his proper and destined sphere in life. Like not a few of his countrymen, he combined the life of an adventurer with that of a sailor, and had seen a good deal of the world before he came to China. In Central America he had been engaged in filibustering under that celebrated chief of filibusters, General William Walker; at Tuhuantepec he had been unsuccessfully engaged in trying to found a colony from the United States; and at one time in Mexico he had been on the point of taking military service under President Alvarez. Ward seems to have turned up in Shanghai some time in 1859; and his first operation, the attack upon Sung-kiang, with about 100 foreigners, mostly seafaring men, under his command, took place in July 1860, and resulted in a repulse with some loss. He persevered, however, in his design; and, having augmented his force by a company of Manilamen, lay concealed during the day, and contrived to seize a gate of the city just at sunset, repulsing all the rebel attacks till next morning, when the native Imperialist troops coming up, were enabled to drive out the Tai-pings. Ward then received the ransom of the city, and

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have large transactions with the foreigners who went to their place to carry on their business. Were it to become the scene of an attack and of civil war, commerce would receive a severe blow, and the interests of those, whether foreign or native, who wish to pursue their peaceful avocations in quiet would suffer great loss.

"The undersigned will therefore call upon the Commanders of Her Majesty's naval and military authorities (*sic!*) to take proper measures to prevent the inhabitants of Shanghai from being exposed to massacre and pillage, and to lend their assistance to put down any insurrectionary movements among the ill-disposed, and to protect the city against any attack.

"Shanghai, May 26, 1860."

Ta-kee and the other patriotic merchants were promoted in rank. The success of this affair, together with the high pay of 100 dollars *per mensem*, attracted more men to the banner of the Salem adventurer, who, being offered a further reward if he would take Sing-poo, attempted to do so with 280 followers of his own, and two six pounder guns; but in conjunction with 10,000 Chinese troops under General Li-ai-dong, and about 200 small Chinese gunboats. The Tai-pings, however, by this time had begun to see the benefit of employing Europeans, and at Sing-poo, among others, they had an Englishman of the name of Savage who had formerly been a pilot. The consequence was that when Ward attacked the city on the night of the 2d of August and succeeded in getting on the wall, his force was driven back with very great loss, and he himself was severely wounded in the jaw. Being an irrepressible sort of element, however, he went to Shanghai, and despite his wound, immediately returned to Sing-poo with two eighteen-pounder guns, and 100 fresh men, mostly Greeks and Italians. But this did not avail much; for the Faithful King came down to the rescue of the city, surprised and outflanked Ward, took his guns, boats, and a good many muskets, and drove him back to Sung-kiang. This latter place the Tai-ping chief soon attempted to take by storm, but there he was repulsed, and in the attempt Savage received a wound, from the effects of which he soon after died at Nanking.

On the 16th of August the Faithful King advanced upon Shanghai, leaving Sung-kiang invested in his rear, and accompanied by the Shield King, whose knowledge of foreigners was expected to be useful. Chung Wang immediately sent in a proclamation to the consuls, explaining the accidental slaughter of a French priest on the previous day, and telling them that he was about to attack Shanghai, but that foreigners would not be molested if they remained in their houses. No answer was sent to this communication; but the Tai-pings must have been aware of the proclamations which had been issued by the French and English authorities, and they had been warned shortly before by the Rev. Mr. Edkins, and other missionaries, that the allies would defend the city against them.

On the 18th August the Faithful advanced, burning everything before him, on a very wide front. He passed through the Jesuit establishment at Sic-ka-wai, where several Roman Catholic converts and another French priest were killed; then he attacked the Imperialists, who were intrenched about a mile from the west gate of Shanghai, occupied their camps, and drove them into the city. The Tai-pings then made an attempt to enter the gates along with these fugitives; but the walls were manned by French and British troops, who drove them back with great loss. A skirmishing fire was kept up on the walls; and the rebels, along with whom were several Europeans, one of whom was killed, also tried to advance under cover of the Imperial flags which they had captured in the stockades. Next day the Faithful King resumed his attack, in expectation of a rising among the Cantonese and Chin-chew men, who were very numerous in Shanghai, and who were only deterred from revolt by the force of the allies. In one of the suburbs they did indeed break out, and commenced plundering and massacring the more respectable Chinese; and before that could be put a stop to, the greater part of this wealthy suburb was destroyed by fire, causing great distress among the people. On the next day, again, the Chung Wang renewed his attack, and directed his efforts specially against the British settlement; but he was easily repulsed, and, giving up the futile attempt, fell back with his troops on Sic-ka-

wai. In his own account of this attack he says that he was induced to go to Shanghai "by some barbarians residing there;" and, in a communication which he sent in to the foreign authorities on the 21st August, he expressly accuses the French of having deceived him. This is rather curious, and is not quite explained away by the Hon. Mr. Bruce when he remarks, in his despatch of the 4th September 1860, that the French were of all foreigners the least likely to have made any advances to the Tai-pings. It is well known that the Roman Catholic priesthood in China—a very powerful body, with a system of underground communication all over the empire—were bitterly hostile to the rebellion, and it is not at all unlikely that some of their agents may have been employed in luring the Chung Wang on to his injury by false representations of the ease and safety with which Shanghai might be occupied. Another curious point is, that in his sketch the Faithful King asserts he had prepared for a march into Shanghai, and arrangements had been made there for his reception; but a storm of wind and rain arose, which rendered the ground so slippery that neither man nor horse could obtain firm footing, and so the foreign devils who came out to meet him had to return without him. Very possibly this is pure invention; but there was such a storm a day or two before the attack of the 18th August, and Mr. Bruce acknowledges that the Rebel attack "took us by surprise," so that it is far from impossible that the wealthy city of Shanghai had a narrower escape from Tai-ping occupation than it was, or is even yet, aware of.

Having inflicted an immense amount of injury upon the peasantry, the Rebels retreated on the 22d of August, and left the vicinity of Shanghai. Passing Sung-kiang, which was held by Ward and his contingent, they captured Ping-hoo and Ka-shing-hien, which caused the Imperialist general, Chang Yu-liang, to raise the siege of Ka-shing-fu, which he was again attacking. By the capture of Shemen they managed to get in between Chang and that portion of his force which was stockaded near Ka-shing-fu, and so to cut the latter off from Hang-chow, compelling it to surrender, and the general to retreat upon Hang-chow. Most of the troops thus taken in September joined the ranks of the Rebels. The Faithful King then proceeded to Soo-chow, where the distress of the people from famine was very great. It is to his credit that he endeavoured in every way to relieve them, and was so far successful that they erected to him an ornamental arch—a tribute of gratitude which caused them considerable trouble, when, afterwards, the city was recovered by the Imperialists, by whom it was pulled down.

The redoubtable Tseng Kwo-fan, at this time War Commissioner against the Rebels, was now pressing the siege of Ngan-king; and the Heavenly Prince, being apprehensive for its safety, ordered the Faithful King to return to Nanking, in order to oppose the Imperialists on the Yang-tsze. Accordingly the latter left Soo-chow in charge of Chen-kun-shu, who was afterwards called the Hoo Wang, or Protecting King, but was better known by the name of "Cockeye,"* one of his optics having been injured by the explosion of a percussion-cap. On the arrival of the Faithful King at the capital, he assembled the various chiefs, and, following Dugald

* Though "Cockeye" is an English slang word, it is well known and often used by the Cantonese, foreigners in the south having for long been in the habit of applying it to Chinamen, and Chinawomen also, who have certain peculiarities about their eyes.

Dalgetty's principles, recommended them to procure provisions so long as the city was open, and not to retain money in their hands, as that would be useless during a siege. Upon his urging the same advice on Hung Sew-tsuen, that Heavenly Prince only answered characteristically, "Are you afraid of *Death?* I, the truly-appointed Lord, can, without the aid of troops, command Great Peace to spread its sway over the whole region." What could Chung Wang say to this? as he himself pathetically inquires. All he could do was to breathe a sigh, and move away with a body of troops in order to raise the siege of Ngan-king, that place being, in fact, the key of the whole Rebel position in the valley of the Yang-tsze.

The whole of the chiefs being assembled at Nanking in October 1860, it was resolved that the great objects of the coming year should be the capture of Hankow and the raising of the sige of Ngan-king; and to effect these four armies were to be put in motion. The first army, under the Ying Wang, or the Four-eyed Dog, was to move from Teng-ching to Hwang-chow, along the north bank of the Yang-tsze, in rear of the covering force of Imperialists engaged at Ngan-king, and thence on to the east of Hankow. The second, under the Tu Wang, was to cross from the north to the south bank of the Yang-Tsze, in order to attack Ho-keaou at the entrance of the Po-yang Lake, and from thence to ascend the river on Hankow. Another division, under the Attendant King, was also to march on the Po-yang Lake, and thence by Nan-kong, the capital of Kiang-si, on to Woo-chang, the city *vis-à-vis* to Hankow, on the southern bank of the Yang-tsze. The fourth army, under the Faithful King himself, was to march south of the Po-yang Lake to Yo-tchow on the Tung-ting Lake, and from thence to descend the great river to How-gan, which is only separated from Hankow by the river Han. All these forces were to move so as to be at or near their common object in March or April. At the same time arrangements were made for the Rebels at Soo-chow to move down on the cities of Cha-pu and Hai-yuen, while the Nienfei (who without subscribing to the tenets of the Great Peace, fought on the side of the Tai-pings when it suited them) were to make a raid from Tong-yang against Yang-chow, Kwa-chow, and Chin-kiang. The Imperialists, on the other hand, were thus placed:—Tseng Kwo-sun was besieging Ngan-king; General Paou Che-aou and his forces were near Hang-chow; Tseng Kwo-fan, the Governor General, was at Ki-me-ra in order to prevent any advance on Kiang-si; and Chang Yu-liang was at Hang-chow. The intended route of the Faithful King was somewhat disturbed by General Paou, who defeated him at Yu-hain and compelled him to move into Che-kiang. In the neighbourhood of Shanghai the Rebels were pretty quiet about this period, but they made one or two raids against Woo-sung in October, and ravaged the country, inflicting great misery on the people, and filling Shanghai with fugitives, the latter fact affording evidence of the terror which they inspired.

The war with the Imperialists in the north being now ended, Admiral Sir James Hope, our naval commander-in-chief, was able to turn his attention to the Tai-ping question—to its effect on our trade and on our possession of Shanghai. It was also necessary to visit the ports on the Yang-tsze which had been opened to trade by the new treaty; so the Admiral started up the river in February of 1861; and, passing Chin-kiang, which was in a most ruinous state, anchored at Nanking. Here he entered into correspondence with the Tien Wang on the opening of trade in the Yang-tsze, on the necessity of the Tai-pings being forbidden to interfere with Shanghai, and on orders being given

that they should not approach within 100 *li*, or 30 miles, of it; that distance being supposed sufficient to secure it against any sudden attack. In answer to these demands the Tien Wang agreed to leave Shanghai unmolested for a year, and issued some regulations in regard to the ports on the river and its navigation. Sir J. Hope then proceeded up to Ngan-king, which was closely beseiged by the Imperialists, Kiu-kiang, which was in ruins, and Hankow, establishing consulates at the two last ports. The Rebels at this time occupied the river from their Heavenly Capital to Wu-hu, including the East and West Pillars. The accounts of the various officers and gentlemen who went up on this expedition agree in describing the Tai-ping cities and districts as having been in a state of great desolation, while the people who were left were in the utmost misery. On the other hand, in places which had been re-taken by the Imperialists, confidence had returned; the people were crowding back to their ruined homes, and trade and new houses were springing up.

Meanwhile at Shanghai Ward and Burgevine began again to make themselves felt, again collecting men for a third attempt on Sing-poo, where they had been defeated by the Faithful King in 1860. In March and April 1861 Ward had collected a number of foreigners and sent them up from Sung-kiang to Burgevine, who was intrenched with some Imperialists near Sing-poo; but the consuls and admirals were so desirous to avoid any unnecessary embroilment with the Tai-pings, that they arrested Ward and some of his men on the 19th May, and took him to Shanghai, where he was tried as an American citizen illegally engaged in operations of war, but avoided jurisdiction by disowning his country and claiming Chinese nationality. It was arranged, however, that Ward should not then make any more attempts to enlist Europeans and Americans on the side of the Imperialists; and about the same time the Tien Wang, on demand, delivered up to Admiral Hope a number of foreigners, some of whom were deserters from the royal navy, who had taken service with the Tai-pings, from whom they got no pay, but plenty of spirits and full permission to plunder. Thus we see that at this period a sincere attempt was made by the foreign authorities to carry out a policy of complete non-intervention, and it was only after events which necessitated a departure from it.

It is now expedient to turn to the movements of the Rebels in the beginning of 1861, when their various armies were put in movement for the capture of Hankow, the bold conception of Chung Wang, who to attain this end undertook a march of not less than 500 miles. In January 1861 this prince left Shang-chow and marched without opposition through Yu-chan, Ko-nang-sin, to Kien-chang, which he found held by Imperialists, and which he failed to take, though he captured a force that was coming to its relief. He then pushed on to the banks of the river Kan, which runs into the Po-yang Lake, but was there delayed for some time, the stream being swollen by melting snows. On crossing, he drove off the local militia, and, marching on, placed his troops in April in Nghing and Ou-ning; so as far as his column was concerned it had done its part, though his failure to take Kien-chang had rendered his return precarious in the event of anything unfortunate happening to the other Rebel armies advancing on Hankow. The Ying Wang, or Heroic King, advancing on his shorter line, captured Ho-chow and Yin-chan early in March, and then attacking a camp of Amoor Tartars with great success, took all their horses. Hwang-chow, a city only 50 miles from Hankow, was taken by him by surprise on the 18th March 1861, by which

time he had marched a force of nearly 80,000 men 200 miles in eleven days, and had quite outflanked the Imperialists at Loosong. The column under the Assistant King, however, was not so lucky, being defeated in April at Lo-ping, with the loss of 10,000. The Tu Wang also was checked; for after crossing the Yang-tsze at the Pillars, he was met by one of Tseng Kwofan's generals, and completely defeated, while another portion of his army was overthrown by the Governor-General himself. When the Faithful King heard of these failures he had himself got into difficulties, for the Imperialist general, Paou, was following him up with a large force, the Governor of Hankow had despatched another to check his advance, and the people were pillaging his convoys, so he determined to turn on his tracks before it was too late; and after some narrow escapes, and a march of more than 800 miles, reached Kouang-sin in September 1861. The Heroic King, finding his colleagues did not approach, had also to fall back; and thus ended the grand scheme for relieving Nganking by an attack on Hankow.

Paou Chiaou followed up the Faithful King some distance, and received the Yellow Jacket from the Emperor for his services, which had saved Hankow. After retreating to Tung-ching the Heroic King again attempted to relieve Nganking, but his troops were sadly in want of provisions, while those of his opponent, the Governor-General, were well supplied, and assisted by a fleet of gunboats; and about this time General Ching (afterwards associated with the Ever Victorious Army), a Rebel chief of some eminence, high in favour with the Ying Wang, went over to the Imperialists from Nganking, giving up a most important post. In November 1861 Nganking fell, after having been defended heroically for three years by Yeh Yun-lai. On entering, the people were found dead in the streets by hundreds. They had been reduced to the last extremity; for human flesh had been sold as their food at 40 cash per catty, or one penny per pound; and it is worthy of note that, almost at the same time, the Imperialists besieged in Hangchow were reduced to the same dreadful extremity.

As to the movements of the Nien-fei, and of the Tai-pings, from Soo-chow towards Cha-pu, of which mention has been made, it is sufficient to note that the former failed, while the latter did capture Cha-pu, and killed the Tartar garrison; but were told by Captain Roderick Dew, of H.M.S. Encounter, who was sent to warn them, that they were not to attack the consular port of Ningpo, to which they assented. They afterwards pushed on, and captured Hai-yuen. The Faithful King, for his part, finding it impossible to relieve Ngan-king, determined on an invasion of the province of Chehiang, where he captured several towns, and, dividing his force, placed a portion of it under the She Wang. After this he continued to advance, and captured Ou-kang and Ti-sin, north of Hang-chow, and besieged Wo-chow, which is to the south of the Tai-ho Lake. Another portion of his army proceeded to the north of Hang-chow. In fact, every place in the vicinity of the latter city was conquered by the Tai-pings except Ningpo, which was threatened by the She Wang, and protected chiefly by a British naval force.

It seems quite obvious that at this period the Tai-pings were in distressed circumstances, and were being driven by the Imperialists out of the valley of the Yang-tsze, down upon the seaboard lying between Shanghai and Ningpo. The fall of Nanking seemed only a question of time, and the Imperialist theory of sweeping them into the sea had about it some appearance of feasibility. But then, on

the other hand, had they been permitted to take possession of Shanghai and Ningpo, their cause would, in all probability, have gained a new lease of life, and caused not only China, but also foreigners in China, a great deal of trouble for a much longer period than that which actually served for its final extinction. Had the Tai-pings been allowed to take Shanghai and Ningpo, they would not only have been able to secure European arms and ammunition to an extent before impracticable, but might also have largely reinforced their strength from the hardy maritime population of China. It would have been difficult also, in such circumstances, to prevent European and American adventurers from taking service with them; and, once in occupation of the cities at these consular ports, the Tai-pings, in the event of any collision with the foreign authorities, would have held the residents in their power, and would have been almost certain to apply to them also the system of cruel intimidation which had been continually practised throughout the Tien Wang's exterminating career. This would, of course, have directed the arms of foreign powers against the ruthless sectaries of the Great Peace, but only after a most lamentable loss of life and bloodshed had occurred. Tai-ping sympathisers have naturally felt and expressed themselves very bitterly about this matter of our defending Shanghai and Ningpo, because it led to events which were speedily very disastrous to the Rebel cause; but in their zeal for the Tien Wang's Christianity and their grief at having lost a grand opportunity for making fortunes by the sale of bad firearms, they quite ignore not only the necessity which the right of self-protection imposed upon us, but also the fact that it was the distress of Tai-pingdom which drove it into the neighbourhood of the foreign settlements. It had the remainder of all the vast empire of China in which to beat the Imperialists, nor up to this period had the latter availed themselves of foreign arms any more than the Rebels had done. Abhorred wherever they had been, defeated, and being slowly hemmed in on every side, the Tai-pings in their later victories had shown only the delusive success of despair. The foreign authorities had to determine whether that despair was to end amid the plunder and burning of Shanghai and the massacre of those they were bound to protect, or in its congenial home amid the desolation and ruins of Nanking.

About this time some events occurred at Peking which had a not unimportant bearing on the future of China and of Tai-pingdom. On the 21st August the Emperor Hien-fung died at Je-hol, his hunting seat in Tartary, in the 26th year of his age and the 11th of his reign. Unequal to the difficulties of a transition period, he had, like many other rulers similarly placed, sought consolation in sensual indulgences, and had allowed himself to be led by unworthy favourites. At last, as the decree announcing his death stated, "his malady attacked him with increasing violence, bringing him to the last extremity, and on the 17th day of the moon he sped upwards upon the dragon to be a guest on high. We tore the earth and cried to heaven, yet reached we not to him with our hands or voices." When the mortal shell of this frail and unfortunate monarch was laid in its "cedar palace," his spirit ascending on the dragon would have many strange things to tell to the older Emperors of his line. He would have to speak of trouble, rebellion, and change through all the years of his reign, over all the vast plains of the Celestial Empire, from the guttural-voiced tribes of Mongolia and the blue-capped Mohammedans of Shen-si, down to the innumerable pirates of Kwang-tung; he might complain that, east and

west, north and south, his people had been disobedient and rebellious; the administration of his empire had been set at defiance, and his sacred decrees had been imperfectly carried out by weak and corrupt viceroys, much more intent upon their own aggrandisement than upon the welfare of the people. Year after year great bands of marauding rebels had moved across the once happy Flowery Land, marking their progress in the darkness of night by the glare of burning villages, or shadowing it in the day by the rolling smoke of consuming towns. A maniac usurper had not only sought to ascend the dragon throne, but had nearly done so, and had claimed divine honours; while invading armies of the outside barbarian had humiliated the empire, had visited the once inviolate city of Peking, and had burned the palace of the Son of Heaven.

But we, who now know more of the meaning of those events which caused the Emperor Hien-fung so much distraction, can see that they were the necessary accompaniments of a period of extraordinary, of quickening, strengthening and, it may be hoped, purifying change. Even the death of the Emperor was a signal for a great advance. The regency appointed to take care of the new boy-emperor consisted of Su Shu-en and the Princes of Jaud Ching, members of the extreme anti-foreign party, and men who had been responsible for the cruel murders of Captain Brabazon, Mr. Bowlby, and others, taken under a flag of truce in 1860. The Supreme Council was opposed to carrying out the distasteful conditions of the Treaty of Tientsin, and of the Convention of Peking. Prince San-ko-lin-sin still held by the delusion that he would in time be able to resist foreign demands at the point of the sword or the mouth of the cannon; and when a brother of the late Emperor, the more enlightened Prince Kung, who had signed the Convention of Peking, was invited to the Ze-hal, there was no very sanguine expectation that he would ever come back alive, or that the invitation meant anything more than the permission, politely granted to erring members of the Imperial family, of despatching himself in private by swallowing gold-leaf, or by strangulating himself with a silken cord. Fortunately, however, as it turned out, the disposition of events at Ze-hal was to a great extent in the hands of a woman of intelligence and strength of character. The Dowager Empress of China was the head of the regency; and she had wisdom enough to perceive that Prince Kung understood the interests of the country better than did her late lord's advisers, and was the statesman for the situation. So when every one expected to hear of his self-extinction, he suddenly reappeared in Peking; and though he said nothing, so far as has transpired yet there was sufficient evidence in his countenance that he felt satisfied and secure. The result was that the entry of the youthful Emperor into Peking was accompanied by Prince Kung's famous *coup d'etat* of the 2d Nov. 1861, which overthrew the anti-foreign party at the capital, and led to the execution of its leaders a few days after.* This event consolidated friendly relationship between the Foreign Ministers and the Imperial Government; it gave an important impetus to the policy of strengthening the hands of that Government; and it gave security for a healthier and more reasonable central power in China than had existed for a long period. Many things, as we see, were thus working together for the destruction of Tai-pingdom, and for the restoration of the Celestial Empire to a state of comparative order and peace.

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* See Dr. Rennie's 'Peking and the Pekingese,' vol. ii. chap. v.

OUR AMUSEMENTS.

"Amusing themselves very gloomily—*moult tristement*—after their fashion." Such was the account which the lively French chronicler, five hundred years ago, gave of his English neighbours. It is as true now, in this nineteenth century, as ever it was. There are desperate efforts after amusement, as we suppose there were then, amongst the richer classes of luxurious idlers, who have nothing else to do. Wherever pleasure is the only business of life, it is no wonder that it should prove very hard work indeed. The true idea of amusement is, of course, recreation *after* work; and here it is that we manage so badly. It seems as if a true Briton could only get one idea of life into his head at a time; though it is but justice to say that he sticks to this with wonderful tenacity. If he "goes in" for pleasure, as the slang is, he goes in for it thoroughly, and is determined to have his full innings. If he belongs to the fashionable world, the pains which he will take, and the sufferings he will go through, to keep himself and his family in the full round of fashionable pleasures, do credit to his pluck and perseverance —and here the masculine pronoun must be distinctly understood to include, in grammarian's language, the less worthy gender. Even here, any motive so slight as mere amusement is scouted; all comes under the name, dear to English moralists of all schools, of "duty"—"my duty to society." So, too, he who goes in for business does it thoroughly, and has no idea of investing time in what doesn't pay. Or, if he must take a holiday, it is done in the same energetic style—a rush across the Continent (if he be young), a terrific scramble up some mountain where no man ever went before, and where no man was ever meant to go; or, if he has more time to spare, he contrives to spend it in some still more delightfully disagreeable expedition; and probably favours the public with the account of it in print, as 'A Christmas Holiday on an Iceberg,' or 'Three Weeks in a Cannibal Family.' In his graver years, he takes a month of what he calls holiday at some English watering-place where the greatest discomfort may be bought at the greatest expense,—much on the same principle as the hard-working mechanic loves to concentrate his enjoyment into three days of drunken debauch and a pair of black eyes. There has been a little stir making in this last direction of late; that is, well-meaning persons have been busy in trying to provide wholesome recreation for the working classes, just as others, with the most praiseworthy zeal, have been trying to suggest some kind of religious entertainment adapted to their tastes. It is a pity, perhaps, that in both cases so little heed has been taken of the old adage, that "Charity begins at home."

There is quite as much want of real amusement for the higher classes as for the lower. The modern rage for sensational excitement and costly display has no claim to be so called. These pomps and vanities rather weary and disgust than refresh or exhilarate. A simple, active, practical mind gets impatient of these things; and it is not difficult to understand a man like the late Sir Cornewall Lewis declaring that "life would be very pleasant, if it were not for its amusements." What is wanted in our busy life is some means of honest and hearty recreation for mind and body which shall unbend the strained faculties from time to time, and send the toiler back to his duties a healthier and a happier

man. The natural incapacity of our countrymen to strike out for themselves any means of enjoyment but such as are ponderous or expensive used to be ascribed to their being fed so much upon beef and beer. It does not seem that French cookery and light wines have done much to enliven them. The modern young Englishman still dances a solemn measure, looking as though he were half-asleep or performing (as indeed he sometimes is) an act of conscientious but disagreeable duty. He takes up athletics, probably, but that is in the light of a serious business, to which he devotes himself with long training and much labour; and would feel himself injured in a tender point if any one spoke slightingly of these things as recreations. When he is out of training, and no particular "event" is coming off, then he thrusts his hands deep down into his trouser's pockets, and looks around upon the frivolities of life with a gloomy superiority. His devotion to some kinds of what used to be called amusement is undeniable: but it has taken the form, too generally, of measuring how much a man can do in his particular line, how many miles he can walk in an hour, how good an average he can make at cricket, how many head of game he can bag in a day. The enjoyment seems not so much in the act as in the result; and there is too often a gasconading tone about the thing which is not pleasant. It is not like the healthy pleasure of the child who finds a fund of delight in the commonest toy, and "makes believe" as vigorously with a headless horse as with a whole one; but more like the ambition of the little girl to have her doll more smartly dressed than her playmate's.

In the world of older and graver people, there has prevailed of late a little affectation of despising mere amusement, as scarcely worthy of the time and attention of an intellectual age. It is not only for children, but for those who are very far from being children, that it seems to be thought a little instruction ought always to be combined with it; something on the same principle that a benevolent lady of our acquaintance, finding brandy a very popular medicine during autumnal epidemics, always mixed a little rhubarb in what she gave away. On this principle Mechanics' Institutes, Mutual Improvement Societies, Literary Institutions, and Crystal Palaces were founded. There was to be no more cakes and ale without virtue. Information and improvement were to be the order of the day. The result, so far as our observation goes, is that people go to the Crystal Palace to eat their luncheon and see Mr. Pepper's Ghost,—a "scientific" exhibition which was certainly successful; and that, in the case of the library of the Mechanics' Institute, the popularity of its contents, judging by the books taken out, has been found to be something in this ratio—we will not pledge ourselves to the exact statistics: scientific treatise, 1; history, 3; fiction, 2500. Mr. Mudie, we suspect, could tell much the same story; only that, for credit's sake, a certain amount of solid literary food is ordered to be put into the family box together with the supply of new novels. The best thing out in history and philosophy is sure to be found lying on the drawing-room table; but it is because Mr. Trollope's and Miss Braddon's last volumes are always "in hand." Talking the other day with an able and popular lecturer, who seldom failed in getting a full and attentive audience, we ventured to ask him what kind of subjects and what style of treatment he thought the public liked best. "Well," was his reply, "I hardly know; but there's one secret I've found out—what the public hates is information." People go to scientific lectures, no

doubt; they would go to see a Greek play if it was the fashion; but the exuberant chuckle of laughter with which the weakest attempt at a joke on the lecturer's part is welcomed by the gravest audience, is proof quite strong enough of the weariness of the natural man over the dry husks of instruction, and his delight when anything turns up which has an unexpected flavour. It suggests the feeling of the Irishman who tasted the quince in his apple-tart — "How delicious an apple-tart would be which was *all* made of quinces!"

It is not likely, in our sombre climate, and with our more phlegmatic temperament—nor is it by any means desirable — that we should be able to find the same enjoyment in mere gossip and idleness that some of our Continental neighbours do. Few and far between with us are those balmy days and nights when mere existence is a luxury; and lounging about and doing nothing are very properly reprobated in Englishmen, perhaps because the part is so seldom performed gracefully, and conveys the idea in the performer, not of a joyous lightheartedness, but of a supercilious lassitude and disgust. One would rather see one's children in some sensible mischief in their play-hours, than aimlessly mooning about. So we may be very thankful for hunting, and boat-clubs, and Alpine clubs, and, above all, volunteer corps, as outlets for the waste energies of young men who have time and money and little to do. But it is the workers of the world whose amusements are worth considering. It cannot be said that this class has too much in the way of amusement, and many of those forms of it which have been mentioned are not in their way. They cost too much time or too much money, or they are only another form of fatigue rather than rest or relaxation. Most of us are too wise to complain, or to admit that there are dull hours in life, when a little of the oil of gladness would make the machine go all the easier. But it is so, nevertheless; and our pride and reticence, and the very domesticity on which we congratulate ourselves, make our scanty leisure less pleasant than it might be. It is curious that a people so apt at all inventions which simplify labour should hit upon so few to enliven the intervals of rest.

Perhaps, of all classes of society, this want of wholesome recreation presses most heavily upon the country clergy. It is a very popular notion that they have no occasion for amusement; in fact, that anything so frivolous is inconsistent with their serious calling. And yet the captious laity complain of dull sermons; unmindful of the old adage about "all work and no play." The truth is, that no class of men require such change more, or get less of it. In almost any secular occupation, the work itself has one effect of amusement — a healthy excitement. Not to speak of manual labour of all kinds, which, unless the strength be too severely taxed, has so much of the nature of amusement in it that it is often the best of all remedies for mental worry and depression,—most of what are called business occupations have a certain excitement of their own; very often, indeed, too much of it. Putting aside all such speculative ventures as are really gambling and not lawful trade, all the many forms of buying and selling which employ our English energies have in themselves much of the interest of a more or less successful game. If carried on prudently and legitimately, there is nothing in them to depress the spirits or to harass the mind. Such employments may not be highly intellectual; but (perhaps fortunately), the great majority of the useful members of the commonwealth are not highly intellectual; and they find such employments

pleasant enough. The story of the retired tallow-chandler who could not resist going down to the old place on a boiling-day, though told as a jest, contains a very serious and a very happy truth—that enjoyment lies in occupation, not in idleness. If you follow the ascending scale of labour, and take the life of the successful lawyer or the politician, the excitement of the work is of a higher order still; what such a man requires, in his intervals of leisure, will be rest and relaxation, rather than active amusement. Lying by quite seashores, and doing absolutely nothing, will be excellent for him; for of excitement he has even too much in the daily business of his life.

But there is nothing of this excitement in the ordinary work of the country parson. We say the country parson especially, because he who is placed in any town parish of importance will not only have to preach to a fairly intelligent audience, and to make his sermon somewhat of an intellectual exercise, but his work, though harder, will have wider interests, and his position will, most likely, assign him a leading part in many secular matters, which will go far to give him the wholesome change which he requires. But the life of the country parsonage is of a different kind. The Sunday may be busy enough; indeed, what with Sunday-school twice a-day, and the two sermons which the modern English Christian demands as his due, and, in some cases, choir-practice or adult classes besides, more work is sometimes undertaken by a conscientious parson on that day than is good for him. But the most zealous worker cannot make the Sunday come more than once a-week; and the six days' interval must be hard to fill up satisfactorily in the way of his calling, unless by an amount of pastoral activity which, in a small parish, would amount almost to persecution. It may be said, of course, that as the parson's work is the highest of all, so his interest in it, his mental activity—and consequently his enjoyment—should be of the highest kind also. This sounds well, and may be true enough in theory. But remember what this work really is, and must be. To have to preach—which means to press the same truths over and over again in different language—to a half-empty church in the morning, and to a stolidly complacent audience, heavy with bacon and greens, in the afternoon, is not an inspiriting labour in itself. Most of us have seen, in the pages of some modern novels, very original and graphic discourses, supposed to be addressed to such audiences by the heroic minister, orthodox or schismatic, of the story. Such purple patches are evidently intended to show the reader what sermons ought to be, and are not, and how entirely the novelist could take the shine out of the regular parson if he (or more frequently she) had condescended to the same vocation. It is useless to protest against filling up the pages of novels with amateur theology, because, so long as the public endure it, the writers will hardly give up such a convenient resource for padding—for hymns and sermons are the two things which every one feels that he can write; and it is very well, in these sensational days, if they do not fill their pages with something much worse. Nor will we venture to guess how many conscientious novel-readers like ourselves make a point of skipping these intrusive preachments, which come to us like lambs in wolf's clothing; on the same principle that, with all respect for wholesome medicine, we abominate all such combinations as "cathartic candy" and "pepsine wine." But, admitting that the preacher of fiction does, on some single occasion, discourse eloquently to an imagi-

nary congregation, will the clever author undertake to keep him up at the rate of one hundred and four sermons every year? or if he could, will the wildest licence of fiction permit him to assure his readers that the hundred and fourth sermon was listened to with the same rapt attention as the first? And then the parson's week-day work, what is it? Much of it is, and must be, mere routine; very necessary and very useful routine, no doubt; but unelastic, and tending to be wearisome. Pastoral visits to the aged and infirm poor are angels' work, but they often tax the patience of a weak mortal more than harder duties. Trying to get a school up to the mark of the Privy Council's "three R's," and being scolded by the children's parents for your exertions, is not one of those congenial occupations in which toil becomes its own reward. And the crowd of petty worries which follow any well-meant attempt to set to rights the little world of village life (too often a very debauched Arcadia), cannot always be shaken off, when the parson retires to his study, like the dust from his feet or the rain from his coat. Still it may be said, and has been said by authorities who deserve all honour and respect, that in such an office the conscientious performance of duty brings with it the satisfaction which all work, honestly done, is sure to bring. But how if, in this case, the more conscientious the worker, the less he is like to be satisfied with his work? With what pleasure will the striving merchant return, day after day, to his place of business, when evening after evening, as he closes his ledger, he finds the balance of profit and loss dead against him? His profession will soon bring little besides weariness to the barrister who, no matter with what pains he gets up his case, never feels that he carries the court with him, and has continually to address a jury who have made up their minds not to give him a verdict.

But we shall be accused of getting into the pulpit ourselves. We only meant to plead for some amusement for the parson, because he needs it at least as much as other men. And on this point we cannot help thinking that Mrs. Grundy and his bishops are rather hard upon him. The English mind, like the English constitution, is an amalgamation of contradictions; resulting no doubt in both cases in something that works pretty well in the main. But in nothing is the English Protestant layman, who duly reads his Bible and his 'Times,' so contradictory as in his notion of his clergyman. The columns of the great journal have been filled of late with reclamations, more remarkable for vehemence than logic, against his assumption of anything like "priesthood;" and we are told by another organ of public opinion, which at least deals honestly with church matters, that an English clergyman is nothing more than "a gentleman especially trained to expound the Christian faith and lead in Christian worship." If this view of the clerical office be the true one, how comes it that almost every secular amusement is more or less tabooed to the "cloth"? One can understand these restrictions on the assumption that something like a divine appointment is recognised, whose members are to form, as it were, a separate caste, and who are to stand always more or less, like the sacred race of the Aztecs, on pedestals above the crowd, and to do nothing which might seem to lower them to the common level of humanity. That a "priesthood" should be educated and live under such definite restrictions—even to the point of celibacy and asceticism—is intelligible enough. But that excellent old ladies who read the 'Record,' and go to Exeter Hall, and call Rome "Babylon," and understand by the

word "priest" a man who breaks nine out of the ten commandments — that they should turn up their eyes in horror because they see their "minister" in a shooting-jacket, is only to be explained by the fact that, as has been said, popular opinion on such matters is, like the Thirty-nine Articles, at best a harmony of contradictions. The Puritan notion, that all pleasant things are wrong, has kept its place side by side with the ultra-Roman estimate of the distinction between priest and layman; so that the amusements which were winked at as venial sins in the one, were denounced as mortal offences in the other.

So, even of such amusements as fashion has left us, there are few in which the country parson—that much abused but useful beast of burden—can venture to take his share. The days when he might have gone out with the hounds are over. The religious Mrs. Grundy has said *anathema* distinctly to that, and there is an end of it. Even the ingenious excuse that he was "never in the same field with the hounds," has not been accepted. Mr. Trollope, who has sketched "the hunting parson" not unkindly, admits that it won't do; he can hardly say why. He fancies it is because a scrupulous British public secretly thinks hunting wicked (which accounts for its attraction), and therefore doubly wicked in a black coat; which is exactly the Puritan idea *plus* the sacerdotal. There was some little attempt at reaction a while ago, and one clerical sportsman, well reported of in his parish work, was bold enough to make a speech at a hunting dinner; but the general feeling of society is strong and decided on the point, and this is really the practical argument against the indulgence. Even shooting, of late years, has begun to be looked upon with an evil eye; though it would be difficult to show any reasonable cause why the parson should not get a little pleasant exercise by walking over his own glebe-lands, or a neighboring friend's estate, with a dog and gun, as well as any other man; or in what lies the especial profaneness of shooting a partridge more than in hooking a salmon. But fishing is the single field-sport which is permitted, by general consent, for the recreation of the parson's animal spirits. There is no question but that the main ground of this exceptional indulgence is the absurd notion of apostolic precedent, which would apply equally well to his keeping a toll-gate or holding the office of parish exciseman. For the apostles fished for a livelihood, and not for amusement; and would have been as much astonished at the sight of a fly-rod as of a breech-loader. Another reason must be that fishing is looked upon as a meditative and solitary sport; that the reverend angler is supposed to find "texts in running brooks," and to be arranging the heads of a sermon in his own mind while he is putting on a worm. And probably five people out of six have an idea that good old Izaak Walton was a clergyman. A better reason than all might be found in the fact that the proverbial teaching of fishing is patience—a most needful virtue at all times in the fisher of men. Be it as it may, the exercise of the gentle art is as yet permitted to the parson by society, and not reproved by his ecclesiastical mentors. Mr. Kingsley has lent the support of one of his pleasantest essays to it; and while he says "No, no!" to the old mare (at all events with his pen) as she pricks her ears and champs impatience while the hunt sweeps by, he gives us pages of hearty and genial writing enough to tempt every young curate to turn fly-fisher.

But the unwritten law against clerical amusements has, as might

be supposed, some very curious anomalies. Their lawfulness or unlawfulness depends, in some people's minds, upon the very oddest distinctions. We remember well (we are really not drawing from our imagination for our facts) a clergyman of the strongest evangelical views who was very fond of shooting—and an excellent shot he was. It seemed to have been borne in upon him by some obliquity of conscience, not uncommon in a narrow-minded school, that the sinfulness of such pursuits lay not in the act but in the costume; so, instead of the ordinary shooting-coat and gaiters, he took the field in solemn state, in a full-dress black suit, low shoes and white stockings, and a white tie with very long ends—for all the world as if he were going to preach to the birds instead of to shoot them. To see that black swallow-tail go through a brambly cover (for the country was wild, and the chief sport it afforded was cock-shooting) was, as our American friends would say, "a caution." The sepulchral tones in which he gave the warning, "Down charge, Pont*o-o!*" ring in our ears at this moment, though it is long years since we heard him. But stranger still was the defensive argument of his churchwarden—a solemn farmer who sometimes beat for him, and shared his theological views. There had been some uncharitable scandal raised against two or three younger brethren of the cloth who had set up a cricket-club in the neighbourhood. Amongst those who were shocked by it was this same churchwarden; and when the question was put to him, in what respect a cricket-bat was a less saintly weapon than the gun which his own particular parson carried, his answer was, "Ah! but, you see, there's some *purpose* in the shooting!" An occasional hare had no doubt found its way to his flesh-pots when the day's walk was over; and if the results of cricket could have been in any such way utilised, it would plainly have removed his objection.

One may see how entirely conventional many of these kind of objections are, by the revolutions which have taken place from time to time in public opinion on the point of smoking. If we go back a century or so, we shall find grave and honoured divines enjoying their pipes without fear of giving offence to the most strait-laced of their parishioners. A pipe of tobacco was the regular conclusion of Archbishop Sancroft's moderate breakfast; "the most pious, humble, good Christian," says one of his chaplains, "I ever knew in my life." The President of St. John's College in Oxford was thought moderate in 1714, because at a supper-party at the house of the President of Trinity, "he finished his last pipe before ten o'clock." Smoking must have been held not only permissible in a Church dignitary, but even savouring of an orthodox and reputable taste (as port-wine did afterwards), or how should a long clay have come to be called a "churchwarden"? But then came a gradual reaction, when the young deacon who was seen lighting a cigar was looked upon as little better than one of the wicked, and the parson who confessed to a pipe would have been a ruined man with his bishop. And now the cycle has come round again, and though we are not able to state accurately at what time of day our present excellent archbishops prefer their weed, or how many pipes are now considered moderate by heads of houses—possibly, indeed, the returning tide may not yet have reached those higher levels—it is quite certain that the old aroma is revived in more than one Oxford common-room, and pipes of various patterns may be seen in the hands of country rectors who are, we believe, otherwise respectable. Yet, through all this curious vacil-

lation of public opinion, the moral and theological qualities of tobacco must be pretty much the same as they were at its first discovery.

In other points, too, the line drawn between things permissible and non-permissible to the parson is of the most arbitrary and zigzag sort. According to some authorities, he may play chess, but not cards; croquet, but not cricket; bagatelle, but not billiards. He may perform upon almost any manner of musical instrument—flute, piano, violin (sackbut and dulcimer, of course, if he can get hold of them), but not, we believe, upon the key-bugle; that particular instrument seeming to carry with it, invincibly, jovial and rollicking associations with the days of the old "Tantivy" fast coach, or the more fabulous age when "the squires of old" were said to awake the dawn with its echoes, to announce that "the hunt was up."

It is nothing more nor less than the natural craving for excitement in a life whose regular stream flows usefully, but with as few rapids as a mill-stream, which urges one school of zealous young divines into platform speechifyings at Exeter Hall, and another into elaborate symbolical costume. These things are in some sense the penalties of suppressed wants of human nature. And the first is not nearly so harmless an amusement, and the latter far less manly, than many forms of it which a conventional propriety forbids.

That any bishop should have felt called upon to raise his voice against cricket, as an amusement for a young clergyman, is very much to be regretted. No one can have watched the habits of the hobbledehoys in country places without longing to provide them with some better amusement for their leisure hours on summer evenings than they seem able to invent for themselves; lounging at the corners of the village streets, or hanging about the alehouse door, being commonly their least objectionable diversions. Any man who can introduce among them some honest healthy sport is doing something towards a moral regeneration. And who, in most country places, is likely to do it, unless it be the young curate, who has at least learnt something about it at school or college, and can show them how to hold a bat? There is only one reservation which a sensible bishop might make, if he condescends to such practical advice—that the parson, if he played, should play fairly well. He ought not to bear the character of a muff on the cricket ground any more than in the pulpit. It is related of Henry Venn, who had been a fine player at Cambridge, that on the day before his ordination he threw away his bat, declaring that it should never be said of him—"Well played, parson!" Every man deserves honour who makes any sacrifice for conscience-sake; and so far we agree with his biographer in placing the story to his credit. But he made a great mistake; what he should really have been careful about was that no looker-on in his parish should have ever been able to say—"Well *muffed*, parson!" and to have made up his mind to retire gracefully from cricket-life as soon as he had taught any of his young clodhoppers to make as good an innings as himself. It is desirable that whatever the parson does, he should do well and thoroughly; and the more things he can do in this style the better. There is a profane tendency among his parishioners to look upon him as a good kind of old woman: well-meaning according to his lights, useful for presiding over soup-distribution and clothing-clubs, and teaching little children, but as helpless as one of those innocents in all secular relations of life. Some persons may even fancy that these negative qualities are, on the whole, becoming in the clerical character,

as not too much concerned with the things of this world. They make a great mistake, in a country like England. Englishmen high or low, appreciate energy and excellence in every kind. They will respect the parson very much more if they see that he is good for something else besides dealing out weekly lengths of sermon. The squire thinks none the less of him because he is a fair judge of a horse; the churchwarden puts some faith in a teacher who can take up his parable, out of church, upon turnips. The young farmer and the farmer's lad are not great in divinity. The results upon their minds of their attendance (not too regular) upon the afternoon sermon is very much what the poet describes—

"I niver knowed what 'a mean'd, but I thowt a 'ad summat to saay,
An I thowt a said what a owt to 'ha said, an I comed awaay."

But they soon get to be fair judges of the terrible accuracy of the practised bowler, and are rapt in admiration of the "drives for four" which seem made so easily, but which their own stronger arms utterly fail to emulate. And they come to a very natural, if not a strictly logical, conclusion, that the adept in one science is not much of a fool in the other. The sermons may be still as beautifully unintelligible to them as the wrist-play, but they will at least have a pleasant consciousness that their teacher knows what he is about. There will be something gained, too, by establishing the fact that the parson is human, and is not, as they are much given to think, the natural-born enemy of everything in the shape of fun, because he has peculiar crotchets about Sunday-school and pitch-and-toss. His presence and example on the cricket-ground may open their eyes to the strange fact than an English sport can be carried on without low language, without quarreling, and without drink. Not a very high step in moral and religious training; but a wise builder usually begins his work from the bottom, and not from the top—a principle which young ecclesiastical architects do not always bear sufficiently in mind. Of course, if cricket once takes the form of an occupation instead of a relaxation—if the clerical player takes his place at the wicket in every match within fifty miles round—then a doubt very naturally suggests itself whether he ought not to find something to do in his parish; just as the barrister or the surgeon, who went through the whole cricket campaign with the Zingari, would be suspected of being not much missed by his clients or his patients.

Cricket itself has become rather too much of an elaborate science to maintain its wholesome position as an amusement. The multiplication and the high pay of professional players have improved the play wonderfully, no doubt, but has made the game more of a display than an exercise. We have been told lately how many hours a-day it takes a modern public-school boy to learn it thoroughly. There are not a great many who can or will devote so much time to the study, nor is it particularly desirable that they should; and the consequence is, that those who have gone through the regular professional education play very well indeed, but do not care much to play in anything but matches, while the mass of indifferent players are discouraged from playing at all. The matches themselves are spun out into two or even three day affairs, many hours being wasted by needless delays, and thus involve a considerable expenditure of time and money. The less pretentious meetings between the old village clubs, such as Miss Mitford has so charmingly described, had much more real enjoyment in them.

A great resource in older days for those who were beginning to

find field-sports rather too much for them was the bowling-green. It might have been seen, some years ago, attached to some pleasant suburban tavern on the outskirts of our country towns, or here and there in the larger villages—a square enclosure of some quarter of an acre of beautifully level turf, with commonly a long arbour at each end, where the elders of the club, and sometimes a fair visitor or two, sat and watched the play. The game itself is not a very exciting one, as most of those who have tried it will admit, but it was a great promoter of sociability. Any one who had a pair of hands could play more or less scientifically; and those who could not or would not, went to the ground in the pleasant evenings to meet their neighbours, and sat in the quaint old arbours, smoking a quiet pipe and sipping shrub and water (considered in those days rather an elegant form of stimulant), laughing good-humouredly at some more awkward cast than usual, and discussing public affairs with as much interest and not more ignorance than modern politicians. The bowling-green was the common ground upon which the doctor, the parson, the lawyer, and the well-to-do yeoman met on equal terms; and even the squire himself condescended to ride down now and then after his dinner, and play a friendly rubber with his neighbours. For it was rather an aristocratic than a plebeian amusement, skittles pertaining more to the vulgar sort. Most large country-houses had their private green; and it was the last amusement which the unfortunate Charles I. enjoyed when the coarse summons of Cornet Joyce interrupted the quiet game at Holdenby.

On this side of the Tweed we are fortunate in having retained a game which was once popular, in some form or another, all over England and Scotland, but is now confined almost entirely to the latter—the noble science of Golf. It offers no such attractions as cricket does to bystanders, nor does it require in the players the spring and elasticity which few men retain after forty; but it requires steady practice and rare skill to play well, and is a first-rate exercise to a man who is nearing his grand climacteric, and fails to appreciate so thoroughly as in younger days the glory of standing up (even in the best of pads) against balls which come in from the "professional's" hand with the force of a catapult. A walk round the Links of Musselburgh or St. Andrews on a fine October morning, club in hand, with a good partner and a couple of pleasant antagonists, is as excellent a receipt for dispersing the clouds from a hard-worked man's brain and temper as can well be devised; and it seems remarkable that no attempt has been made to introduce the game in those English towns which have an open race-course or other available ground close at hand. One intelligent Englishman, who has been in the habit of visiting St. Andrews (the metropolis of golf), has been so thoroughly inoculated with the spirit of the game, that he has established a club on the downs near Bideford. The ground is said to be eminently suited for the purpose; and we wish this real philanthropist all the success his enterprise deserves. This national game, too, was a favourite of King Charles, who, for all his melancholy looks, seems to have had a taste for active sports. He was playing golf on Leith Links when he was suddenly called back to London by the news of O'Neill's rebellion in Ireland.*

A great revolution has been made

* A friend reminds us that we are, after all, but a Philistine in the matter of golf. For an "uneducated" man, as they would say on the golfing-green, he thinks

in the summer life of country society by the introduction of croquet; a game of mysterious origin, reported to be of Irish birth, but which the Saxon has taken to with a wonderful enthusiasm. It is a sign of a want which must have been pretty generally felt, that such a very mild invention should have been hailed as a social revolution. Go where one will, whole families and their visitors are to be seen mallet in hand, whose great object in life, from the little girl of six to the grandpapa of sixty, seems to be to get through their hoops. The game itself, as a game, is tolerable, and that is all. It admits of considerable skill and judgment if well played, and it may be played in some fashion by the most awful bunglers without totally losing their self-respect. In fact, as Corporal Nym would say, "that's the humour of it." A man who plays cricket, and marches in a dignified manner, elaborately gloved and padded, with the eyes of a critical public upon him, from the dressing tent to the wicket, merely to have the stumps rattled about his legs by the first straight ball, and then, like the King of France, march back again, soon gets tired of an exhibition of himself whose glory is dearly bought by five or six hours of fielding, in which he does nothing but let a catch slip through his fingers. After a season or so he declares himself "out of practice," and doesn't see the fun of the thing so clearly as his friend who plays a brilliant innings of three hours, and brings his bat out amidst a rattle of applause. The young lady who never by any chance, at an archery meeting, puts an arrow into the target, finds her failures grow less and less interesting to other people as well as to herself, and takes to some kind of artillery which promises to be more successful. But on the croquet-ground the proportion of bad players is generally so great, that every one seems perfectly satisfied with his or her performance; and the most helpless bunglers (usually being ladies) become objects of affectionate interest to their more skilful partners,

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the remarks show some appreciation of the game. But he begs to bear his own testimony:—

"I have played golf, boy and man, for upwards of thirty years, and have no hesitation in giving it the preference to every game of sport I ever had the good fortune to try. It looks quiet enough, but at no game does the interest rise higher. I have seen men, trained to adventure and sport of all kinds, moving about with cheek pale and voice quivering, when the crisis came in a well-contested golf-match. No man, indeed, whom I ever saw, could at all times command his nerve at golf; and although it is eminently a friendly social game, I am ashamed to say the temper frequently gives way also. These little excitements add to the fun when the fight is over; but the weaknesses of the adversary require to be treated very tenderly, and it is unsafe to taunt the conquered party; indeed, no man who deserves to win a match at golf would do so.

"One great obstacle to the spread of golf is the rare occurrence of places so blessed as to have 'links' or downs really adapted for it: but another and still more formidable obstacle is the extreme difficulty of learning to play the game, simple as it looks. It has been said that to be a great golfer requires 'the devotion of a lifetime, besides a natural aptitude;' and the few men who in any generation have attained the first rank, shows that there is some truth in this. But there is this consolation, that the humblest performer finds an equal enjoyment in the sport, and in talking it over after dinner he can always play 'a splendid game.' A great advantage which golf has over cricket, rackets, &c., is, that it can be played far on into life with as much zest as in one's youngest days. In the very last match I played, one of our antagonists was a grand old veteran of eighty, and no lad at a public-school cricket-match could have been keener, or have enjoyed the game more thoroughly."

being looked up continually, and helped through difficult hoops, and put into good places, and rescued from perilous neighbourhoods, and brought back into the way that they should go in, in a manner which gives a very hopeful view of human nature, but *may* be accounted for on other considerations. In many points the croquet-ground affords as apt illustrations of the great game of life as the more familiar type of the chess-board. The players make stepping-stones of their friends and their enemies alike to further their own ambitious projects, and will sometimes sacrifice the humble interests of a friend in the hope of disappointing the schemes of an enemy. They do evil that good may come, with the result that the evil certainly comes, and the good doesn't. They despise the little quiet duties and opportunities which lie within their reach, and dash off with the idea of accomplishing some brilliant *coup* which fails. In one feature, however, the parallel curiously breaks down. In actual life, most people are ready to give a helping hand to those who are getting on well in the game; "nothing succeeds," as they say, "like success;" and the more hoops a player can contrive to work himself through (even though by the most palpable pushing), the more sure he is to find eager friends to take him on to the next, and carry him to the goal in triumph. But no one comes back to pick up the poor devil who makes a fiasco at first start, or has been driven hopelessly out of his course by some unscrupulous antagonist. Whereas at croquet, it is these lame ducks who, as the game goes on, become the centre of charitable anxieties, and whose most perverse blunderings only insure a double attention on the part of their friends; — the fact being, that at croquet your own final success depends upon the progress of your slowest friend, and you cannot possibly drop him *en route*, however great a drag he may be, because you cannot win your own game without him. The only analogy in society is in the case of the scamp of the family, whom every relative is anxious to get into some safe place, that he may be no longer a scandal to the name. And it must be sometimes felt that if, as at croquet, he could be taken up to the stick, and killed dead at once, it would be the best thing for all parties.

But the morals of croquet are probably too little heeded by the players. It is a great institution, nevertheless. All the people who, in a country-house, are sometimes so difficult to amuse—all the casual visitors who may drop in of an afternoon—all the younger members of neighbouring families who are of difficult ages, to whom you want to be civil and really don't know how—can be safely turned loose upon the lawn in favourable weather, and left to sort themselves into one or more games. Send out a little tea and fruit, and really the entertainer's responsibilities are at an end, and the great duties of society are performed with an ease and simplicity which is quite delightful. You have brought people together, and given them something to do, which is a great point gained. To those who have got their flirtations before them, at all events, the arrangement is satisfactory enough. To the lookers-on, and perhaps to some of the gentlemen players, the positive enjoyment is more doubtful. The pleasure of taking an incapable partner through all her hoops depends a good deal upon — circumstances. And then players do not always contrive to get hitched into the right set, which is as bad as having to take quite the wrong person down to dinner. So when it comes to "red's" turn to play, red's eyes and thoughts are continually found to be fixed in quite another direction — say upon "blue" in the other set— which gives to the game a *distrait*

and bewildering character, somewhat trying to the patience of those who are playing in earnest. Still, it is a great blessing on the whole to rural mothers of families, and the first introducer of it deserves to have a statue erected at the public expense. With the ball in the one hand and the mallet in the other, the effect would be quite imperial. But in this case, as in so many others, the world knows nothing of its greatest benefactors.

The revival of archery has been by no means equally successful. Most people don't pretend to shoot, and most of those who do, shoot abominably. The men who might be good shots are busy with rifle-practice. So the thing is left chiefly to the curates and the young ladies, and becomes slow in consequence. It is a pity, for it is one of the most graceful of out-door exercises, and when fairly good, very pretty to look at; and it is somewhat curious that the most historical and the least barbarous of our national pastimes should have fallen into such general disuse.

But attempts at reviving the old sports of our ancestors, which has been a popular idea of late years, have not been successful. It is not likely that they should be. History may repeat itself, but popular tastes and habits of life do not, except in a forced and unnatural fashion. Such attempts at reviving the past only last with the first enthusiasm of their promoters; the movement is "wilful, not spontaneous." Hawking was a noble pastime in its own day; its very vocabulary has a romantic attraction. The imaginative reader longs to go straight from one of the Waverley novels, or Bracebridge Hall, and take his falcon on his fist and gallop, with some fair rider at his side, out upon the breezy downs, as they did in days of yore. Enthusiastic gentlemen have tried it, with much pains and expense, in modern England, and the result was not much more satisfactory, we suspect, in most cases, than in the instance of a friend who joined one such party, and whose horse tumbled into a rabbit-hole while his eyes were fixed upon the "quarry," and the hawk fastened bill and claws into his wrist, and was not to be adjured by any terms of art. It is the same with attempts to bring back the old Christmas revels; such things may have a sort of success, but it is the success of a masquerade, in which the unreality makes part of the amusement. The boar's head and the wassail bowl were good things in their day; but even in the hall of Queen's College the guests prefer the modern turtle and champagne. My lord of misrule, in these days, would undoubtedly have to finish his evening in the custody of the county police. To try to sew a patch of old cloth upon the new garment is even a greater mistake than the reverse process in the proverb. But this tendency to fall back upon obsolete ideas shows how difficult a question amusement is. If we really understood the thing, we should no more think of resuscitating our ancestors' games than of republishing their theories of geology or surgery.

If philanthropists would find some corner in their brain for this question of amusement, and hit upon some ideas that would meet the wants and habits of our own days, they would be national benefactors indeed. If the Social Science Congress would devote a sub-section to the subject, we could forgive them a great deal of the grander nonsense which they talk at their gatherings. We want a new King James to give us a modern 'Book of Sports,' enjoined by royal ordinance.

People who live in London have, of course, no lack of resources which may be classed as amusements. But these, to busy men, savour more of weariness than relaxation. Club life—the Londoner's great resource—is for the most part solitary and selfish. The more intimate

social relations which exist amongst some classes of artists are regarded by the outside world as rather too "Bohemian;" and possibly, as modern English society is constituted, it may be difficult to step out of the stiffness of high respectability without stepping into the other extreme. We do everything at high pressure. Yet it is probably a fact, and a fact which has a very pleasant significance, that the intercourse between those who may be called the more intellectual workers—meaning by this all those who are more or less engaged in literature, art, or science—has less of formal restraint, and more of that genuine social enjoyment which alone makes society a relaxation, than can be found in any other of the various combinations in which people find themselves thrown together. It is a pity that one form of rational enjoyment—the oldest, the most universally attractive, and in itself the most unobjectionable—the theatre—has for many reasons, and owing to very contradictory influences, by no means maintained the comparative place in public estimation to which it is entitled. In a highly civilised nation, it should be the purest, the grandest, the most perfect of national luxuries. It is very far from being so; and therefore it has but a capricious popularity amongst the highly educated and refined, to whom it should look for its true patronage and encouragement. Fashion will still flock to see a favourite play or a favourite actor—and these are by no means always the best of their kind. But the drama has not kept pace, either in the morals of the scene or the ability of the performers, with our advances in the more refined pleasures of life. The standing protest (not always unreasonable) against its immoralities, from the more scrupulous; the inconvenient clashing of the time of performance with the modern dinner-hour; the impatience of fastidious taste with the very mediocre ability of nine-tenths of the actors;—all these causes prevent the theatre from taking its proper rank amongst our national amusements. The dramatic instinct is as strong as ever it was,—as natural and universal as the taste for music; and the checks upon its reasonable indulgence are forced and undesirable. Private theatricals, acted charades, character recitations, are all so many instances of the same inborn craving for scenic representations which the South Sea Islander, with whom we made acquaintance yesterday, shows as strongly as the Greek of the heroic ages. It is a taste which we ought not to be ashamed of cultivating to the highest point of perfection of which it is capable, for our own enjoyment as educated men; whilst as an intellectual amusement for "the million" it is at once the most attractive and the most innocent in itself, if it may not even be made the most humanising. For although "Jack Sheppard" and the "Traviata" of low life have their special attractions for the public of St. Giles' (as their more elegant counterparts have for May-Fair), yet those who have studied the tastes of a penny audience assure us that the pathos of domestic drama, in which the purest natural feelings are appealed to, finds even more enthusiastic applause. And we may perhaps ourselves remember, if we ever patronised the "Richardson" of other days, when the grand melodrama of 'Virtue Triumphant' was performed at least a dozen times in the day in every fair in the great towns of England, that when the "tyrant" received his final settler in the terrific combat with the champion of the persecuted damsel, the triumphant rescue of "Virtue's" highly-rouged representative invariably "brought down the house," and in such style as was enough to bring down the booth into the bargain.

In country towns the theatre has fallen into hopeless discredit.

The general features of society, even in a provincial capital, are so entirely altered from what they were fifty years ago, by the removal of nearly every family not bound to the place by professional ties, that the number of those who would be the natural patrons of a respectable performance is very much lessened. And every one now goes up to London, and conceives himself too critical to be pleased with a mere country entertainment. If the old boxes at York and Bath and Liverpool could but speak, they would have a pathetic contrast to draw between their present and their past, when their occupants were county families who had driven in many miles "to see the play," and met there the friends and connections who had not yet grown too grand to live next door to trade; when there were actors on the stage whom London managers came down to see, and who did not always choose to sacrifice their position as "leader of the circuit" even to the tempting of the metropolitan charmer. As the quality of the audience deteriorated, so, in the natural course of things, did that of the actors. Few members of the higher professional classes in country towns, probably, ever enter the doors of their own theatre, unless on some very exceptional occasion. Whether, under the old state of things, there were not happier faces to be seen, among the young people at any rate, than are to be seen now in the lecture-room and at the classical concerts, is what cannot be fairly decided without getting a photograph of the past generation; of which, unhappily, we possess only caricatures.

There will always be plenty of people who insist upon being wiser than Heaven made them, and who look upon this world as a school which has no play-hours. There are those who consider all amusement as more or less a waste of that precious time which was given to man to employ in getting money. And there are those whose narrow and grudging creed only differs from that of the worldly money-maker in that their principles are, as Sidney Smith happily termed it, "*other*-worldly"—who talk and act as if all pleasant things were snares of the devil. But these two classes do not make up the majority of the world, nor the best of it. The danger is, lest between them both they should tempt some weaker vessels to grow ashamed of their natural craving for honest and wholesome recreation, and try to veil it under some shabby disguise. And there is the greater danger, that if all amusement is indiscriminately classed as frivolity and waste of time, there are always plenty of foolish people who will rack their empty brains to show how thoroughly they can justify the description.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

A GLANCE AT THE POLITICAL SCENE.

Is the game over? is the question men are now eagerly asking each other throughout Europe. Is Prussia satisfied by having added North Germany to her possessions, or is it only an instalment of what she means to acquire? Is Italy content with having gained Venetia, and does she seek no other parts of her neighbour's territory? Is Austria reconciled to her diminished empire and crippled condition? Has she come to see that it is good for her to be no longer a European power, and that the rightful sphere of her influence lies amidst the semi-civilisations of the Lower Danube? And do the dispossessed princes of Germany acquiesce in the justice that has stripped them of station and fortune, and see in their own dethronement a great benefit to the Fatherland? And, last of all, is France satisfied to see all these changes effected without her concurrence or consent? and that the one only attempt she made at a compensation has been rejected firmly, if not scornfully?

The great events we have just witnessed were, we were told, the necessary complements of high popular aspirations. Italy could not continue to see her soil occupied by the stranger, nor Germany endure the spectacle of a number of small states taxed for the maintenance of powerless petty sovereigns, whose whole system of rule was a personal despotism. These changes, then, once effected, we were assured a reign of peace and prosperity would begin, and war become the very last thought in the minds of Continental nations.

If it were possible to believe this—if one could think that by this year of carnage and confiscation and debt and misery we were to purchase a reasonably long interval of quiet and tranquillity—the compact might be encouraging; but is this really the case? Is there indeed one even of the conquerors who has come out of the struggle satisfied with his gains and contented with the results? Prussia, certainly, has had the largest share of the spoils, and is she satisfied? I suspect not. Much of what she had counted on has been withdrawn from her grasp. Saxony took a more decided part against her than Hanover, and the king more openly declared his enmity and more energetically proved it, and yet M. Bismarck has not been permitted to deal with that country as with Hanover. The very utmost he has been suffered to accomplish is a species of protectorate, galling and insulting doubtless to the former sovereign, but still a measure sufficiently remote from annexation. With Hesse-Darmstadt, too, the Prussian minister has not been allowed to deal as he intended; nor was he able to inflict on Baden one-fourth of the mulct he had determined to impose on that rebellious state.

As for Italy, she has long deluded herself into believing that discontent meant ambition. Therefore though she acquires Venice she is not contented; she aspires to far more. She ought to have Istria and Dalmatia, the Tyrol and the Trentino. Malta, too, belongs to her, so that in fact it is but a very small instalment of the great debt which has been paid, and we are left to applaud the patience with which she awaits the remainder. As for that national discontent of which we have heard so much, about Italy "not having sufficiently vindicated her claim to military glory," I am inclined to believe a great deal of

it is not sincere. The army—and the fleet too, I feel sure—are sorely afflicted at not being able to show the world how willingly they would have confronted danger and death had they but had leaders capable of conducting them to battle; but the mass, the great mass of the people, I am perfectly convinced, are well satisfied that the price of victory has been paid, and that Venice is their own, no matter who may have won it.

Now, however strange the assertion may seem, I am sure it is the truth, there has been no such calamity to Italy, in all her struggle for freedom, as the miraculous good fortune which has attended her. Every step has been a success. From the moment the French army crossed the Alps to the hour I write in, "the cause of Italy" has scarcely had a reverse. The Lombard campaign was a series of victories from Palestro to the crowning triumph of Solferino.

Her gains in diplomacy were not less than those in the field. The public opinion of Europe went along with her throughout all her course; and even when she defied France by the invasion of the papal territories, and annexed the Legations to the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, success still attended her; and the unity of Italy was accomplished without a single reverse, almost without an adverse or unfortunate incident.

Whatever, therefore, may have been the previous trials and sufferings of the Italians, they have not had in the actual struggle for freedom those disasters and defeats which make the education of a people. They have gained the prize so easily that they actually undervalue its worth; hence their present impatience under taxation, their discontent at burthens which, in comparison with those of neighbouring countries, are singularly light; hence their schisms and divisions, where, to every ordinary appreciation, there should be only unity and agreement. Italy has had the marvellous good fortune to obtain within a few years all that other nations have struggled to obtain in centuries. Privileges which others have won by hard years of privations, and by conflicts that have cost the best blood of a people, have here been showered down with an almost boundless profusion. The nation, however, so far from gaining by this, has lost immensely, in the want of those qualities which adversity alone evokes. All that vigorous resistance to undue repression, all that persistent determination to endure much so that good may come of it in the end, all that strenuous resolve to be free, though the struggle may take years of time and generations of conflict—all these Italians have failed to acquire, for their prosperity rendered them needless. In this fair-weather voyage there was no call for seamanship. No hurricane swept their decks; no squalls damaged their rigging: a fair wind filled their sails from the hour they lifted their anchor to the day they dropped it; and these are not the experiences which make hardy mariners. It is certainly not easy for these men to believe that the ocean they have crossed without a ripple should have engulfed thousands. So is it these boasted "bloodless revolutions" are not the fine things people think them. It is by what men pay for an acquisition that they value it. In England, at least, we know what our liberties have cost us—through what struggles we have won, through what conflicts we have maintained them. The bastions of freedom must not be built too quickly; they require time to consolidate, and the changes of season to solidify them.

If the independence of Italy had cost fifty years instead of five, it is more than probable we should not see that spectacle of disunion and discontent which is now presented

to us. The people, in fact, do not yet know what it is to have struggled and suffered, nor are they aware of the greatness of that which they have won, nor how little they have done for it.

However paradoxical it may seem, I am still ready to declare that even in the want of success which has marked the late campaign Italy has been fortunate. Had the Austrians been beaten at Custozza, and had the Italian army marched on, as that of Prussia did, from victory to victory to a peace every detail of which Italy should have been able to dictate herself, nothing could have saved this country from a military despotism. The King would have been powerless if ever he wished to resist the force of the pressure that would have been put upon him; and the army, as the great regenerator of Italy and the proud champion of its honour, would soon have displaced a Parliament which certainly has done little to win the confidence of the nation. Here, therefore, once more has luck befriended Italy and brought her good out of even evil.

The tree that is to endure for centuries must grow slowly, and this is what Italy cannot or will not see. She boastfully proclaims to the world to have done in months what other nations took years to accomplish. She triumphantly declares to have effected without bloodshed what others only attained by cruel wars and ruinous conflicts. She assumes to have "inaugurated," as newspapers call it, a new era of political change and revolution; but it remains to be seen if all these proud pretensions have been justified. Is the conflict over? Has the struggle ended with the fall of certain dynasties and the substitution of another? Have the Italians not only accomplished their unity, but are they prepared to pay for it?—to endure all the sacrifices it costs, and all the pressure it exacts?

Is there no discontent abroad, no resistance to taxation, no murmuring against new imposts which, in the old days of bad government, never existed? Is there no distrust towards public men? Are there no complaints—well or ill founded—of malversation of the moneys of the State? Nay more, is not an entire province of the kingdom given up to brigandage? and was not one of the first cities of the nation but a few days back held by a rebellious horde, who murdered, burned, and pillaged at will? Has the Parliament obtained so far the confidence of the people that any majority in it will confer strength on a Government, and enable it to rule the nation? or is there, on the other hand, such intense distrust of all political men, such disbelief, in their integrity, and such a rooted conviction that statecraft implies perfidy and falsehood, that no act of an administration can be accepted without a doubt as to its honesty?

I do not for a moment mean to assert that the difficulties of Italy have not been immense, and that to organise as a nation what only existed hitherto as a number of small, and not unfrequently inimical, states, with traditions the very reverse of those that should bind to friendship, was not a work of transcendent trouble and difficulty—a labour so great, indeed, and so beset with dangers, that we see M. Bismarck shrink from encountering it in Germany, and well content to declare annexation, without any pretension to enforce similarity of institutions. All these I admit to be grave and great obstacles to perfect success. I only desire to say, that to meet such difficulties with a people new to freedom, unused to the habits and privileges of liberty, was a labour to task any statesmanship. The people were induced to proclaim a united Italy by such promises as could not ever have been realised. Just as we see, in the language of an able correspon-

dent of the 'Times,' the Venetians are now led to believe that, by annexation to Italy, they are to secure lives of plenty and abundance without an hour of toil or a day of labour. And it is this same sense of disappointment which has caused all that widespread discontent we now witness in Italy. The revolution cost too little in the first instance, and repaid too little in the second.

You can no more improvise a nation than an oak. To crystallise a population into a people is a work of long time and care, and cannot be done by a proclamation, or even by plebiscite. Italian unity was intelligible enough so long as the cry was "fuori Barbari;" but once the Germans were driven out the problem assumed another phase.

There is a long interval between the sudden burst of enthusiasm by which a people will rise to throw off a foreign yoke, and the patient submission with which the same people will yield themselves to habits of law and obedience, and assume all the burdens of a costly government. To the first of these, the Italians have shown that they were equal. Late events do not encourage us to hope for the same success in the last.

If the people who live in towns are able to consider the various questions which attach to government, and know well what amount of privileges are accorded to or withheld from them, rural populations have but one test for the power that rules them—the amount of taxation that is imposed upon them. Tried by this test, united Italy is not a success. Take Modena, for instance, which certainly has little else to boast of in respect to government. Under the old rule, the Modenese paid twelve francs per head: they now pay upwards of twenty-eight. Tuscany has suffered not exactly as heavily, but still in a very remarkable manner.

With the rural populations, too, the priests have an influence far exceeding that which they wield in towns and cities. The schoolmaster moves more freely through the streets of the town than through the lanes of the country districts. Knowledge reaches the peasant but slowly, and he is left almost entirely to the Church for all his information as to the outer world. The large majority of the priests are favourable to the deposed princes, under whom their position was far more advantageous, and their influence more upheld. The laws which reduced them to an equality with the laity have all been passed since the Act of Unity; and no wonder is it, then, that they are ill-affected to the present rule.

Now, up to this, the only appeal made by Government to the rural populations has been in the shape of increased taxation or the conscription. It is not very difficult to calculate what popularity accrues from these.

To the discontent, then, of the revolutionary element in Italy is now added the dissatisfaction of those who adhere to the Church; and hence has come one of the most strange and unnatural unions which the world has ever seen—that of the "Reds" with the reactionists,—the party of extreme progress with the enemies of all change.

It is true we live in an age of unintelligible alliances. It was but a few weeks ago we read of a banquet to the Americans at St. Petersburg, where the toasts proclaimed an eternal friendship between people who, if principles mean anything, can scarcely have one sentiment in common. On one side, liberty pushed to its very extravagance; on the other, a grinding indiscriminating despotism. Here, all that can favour knowledge and enlightenment; there, everything that can contribute to the darkest and most hopeless ignorance. In presence of such a spectacle, it is not wonderful if we see Mazzinism give the hand to the

Church party. Not that the Prusso-Italian alliance against Austria was much less monstrous. The close union of a state professing its perfect trust in free institutions, with a Government which had just defied its Parliament, insulted, and dissolved it! Does Baron Ricasoli believe in Count Bismarck? Would he consent to see Italy Prussianised? And yet it was on the pledge of a fast friendship these two states moved to a war against the Austrian empire, showing us by what a rotten link two nations may bind themselves and their fortunes together. So true is it that things can be done by the masses which never must be attempted by individuals; for what should we say to a member of the Temperance Society taking a share in the company of a gin-palace?

It is quite true that in the alliances which were formed against the First Emperor there was little of agreement in the institutions of those who adhered together; but there was in them the cohesive element of a common peril. The ambition of an insatiable and aggressive man threatened the very existence of every European state, and it was no time to discuss nice questions of policy when the enemy thundered at the gate. The threat of Bonaparte, that ere many years his dynasty would be the oldest remaining in Europe, was too significant to be disregarded. In the wars of the first Empire, men actually fought for existence.

In the peace which followed these disastrous wars, men not only set about repairing the damages of the past, but employed themselves in thinking how such calamities as they had witnessed might be prevented in future; out of these deliberations came that devotion to popular institutions which we soon saw pervading the Continent in every direction. The theory that governments may err, but that the people are rarely wrong and rarely unjust, succeeded to the doctrine that the people had no existence save as the agents of a sovereign will. The power and resources which England had developed in the great wars of the Empire unquestionably lent immense prestige to parliamentary government. Men saw a state, territorially not larger than a province, at the head of Europe, and the problem of her greatness was well worth examining. It was in the force and impulsion which free institutions contributed to the action of a government—it was to the tremendous *vis a tergo* supplied by a whole nation backing up a minister—that England owed that overwhelming power by which she ultimately broke down the system of Bonaparte. It was not, as many deem, the propaganda of Lord Palmerston that popularised free institutions throughout Europe half so much as the mere example of what England had done, what England had become, by means of them. The nations of the Continent had been hitherto mere flocks to follow a leader: but here was a people with a strong sentiment of right, who had pity for misfortune, and generous assistance for those in need, who were ready and willing to take their share in a struggle which by no issue could turn to their own benefit, ready to shed their blood and spend their gold that the right should triumph. There was no denying it, *la perfide Albion* was the one country in Europe which resisted a despotism on grounds of principle without an after-thought of enlarged empire or a "rectified frontier." The great struggle against the First Emperor was in reality far more of a "war for an idea" than the memorable campaign to which that pretentious title was given.

It is from the fact of these unprincipled alliances that France derives the immense power she now wields in Europe. It is a struggle for increased territory on every hand· and who can afford such

efficient aid in that regard as the Emperor Napoleon? Whoever covets his neighbour's ox, or yearns after his vineyard, has only to address himself to this bureau where "frontiers are rectified at the shortest notice, and on the most moderate percentage on the work." It is not very easy to see how any durable peace can be hoped for out of these conditions. Who is there that is satisfied? Not the winner, for he sees more to win; not the loser, who will not reconcile himself to his ruin.

Prussia is arming on a great scale. She has to secure what she gained, and to acquire more to protect it. Austria's first edict after the peace was one for a new organisation of the army. Italy declares openly that there are national possessions still to be annexed; and that France is preparing for a great conflict is as certain as the Emperor's denial of it. In this age of disunion and deception, who is to be with whom none can say. The Continent has become an open market, and each state is for him who bids highest. There are a few small countries, such as Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, yet to be devoured. These disposed of, men will begin to prepare for the grand banquet of the Eastern Question; and it is hard to believe that such a heritage will be decided by an amicable suit.

It would be a wild and fruitless speculation to imagine what might be the alliances which this portentous issue will create. Shall we repeat that most absurd and abortive blunder, the Crimean War, and with whom for an ally? It was an object with France once to have been associated with us—the Empire was young, and wanted recognition; now it is full grown and can walk alone, and France has an Eastern policy in which we cannot be sharers.

I wish our relations with America were more cordial and more sure. The game of American politics is, however, so full of intrigue and plot, that a statesman in that country must ever be at the mercy of party, and can only fashion his course in conformity with the wishes of a "caucus." If at this very moment the President was driven to employ force towards his opponents in the States, he could only do so by making the measure appear a consequence of other events, which it would depend upon himself to create—that is, to obtain an army he should get up a war with England and invade Canada; and, after all, it does seem a costly exploit for a man to set fire to his house that he may have hot water to shave with.

Here are a few of the pleasing considerations which a present glance at the world suggests, and if the heads at F. O. sleep soundly over them, hop-pillows must figure for something in the extraordinaries.

A LONG-RANGE SHOT.

I remember once meeting in Paris a countryman of my own whom I never could have suspected of having absented himself from his paternal acres. His estate lay in a disturbed county, and his life had been more than once menaced; but he was a bold, determined sort of fellow, and, I actually believe, felt a certain wild pleasure in defying the dangers amidst which he lived. "How is it," asked I of him, "that I see you here? Have they burned down Shanarogue? or what has happened?"

"No," said he; "the old house is standing still, and the country is tolerably quiet, too; but I found the other day that a fellow came from the far end of Donegal to shoot me, and so I thought it time to be off. If it had been one of

my own people near at hand, I'd not have minded it; but when a man living far away from me, who never saw me in his life, and whom I never harmed, comes all this distance to have a shot at me, I felt it meant business, and that there was no time for trifling."

Strange enough, I could not recognise the logic of this reasoning when I heard it; and yet, on recalling to my mind the incident, I feel all its force, and agree fully to its sentiment. And now for the reason why: I, too, have been shot at. Yes, kind-hearted reader, it may shock you to hear it; but Cornelius O'Dowd, who never killed any one, nor carries a more dangerous weapon than an umbrella, has been blazed at, and though fortunately the ball did little damage, the aim was very deliberate and the charge a good one.

Here is the story: In one of these O'Dowderies, in a moment of overflowing benevolence, in a transport of goodwill towards all the world, occasioned by heaven knows what —perhaps I had read in the papers that the French Emperor had received another check, some new Prussian insult had been passed upon him—perhaps I had seen the account of Bright's last monster meeting, without one man of name or mark amidst the following—perhaps I had discovered a stray five-pound-note in a long-unworn old coat,—I can't tell, but I know I felt very jolly, and brimful of kind thoughts and cherry wishes for every one. I forgave the bootmaker that had left a peg in the sole of my left shoe, and actually had benevolent feelings for my landlord, who had sent me a sharp reminder touching the half-year. It may have been only gout, after all—latent gout does these things; but, at all events, I was in an excess of bland philanthropy, and I wrote a paper advocating an American alliance, and saying that the glorious way the Yankees behaved in the Fenian business should not be suffered to go unrecognised nor unrewarded, and that it was our bounden duty to take the speediest way of declaring our deep sense of their generous conduct, and our determination to reciprocate it. I said that bygones should be bygones, that each of us had not been very discreet in speaking of the other, and that even the most guarded men, those who usually measured their phrases carefully, and mete out their opinions dropwise, were occasionally at fault. I'm not sure if I did not admit that Cornelius O'Dowd had been fallible, and had once or twice said snappish things against Jonathan; at all events, I advised an act of indemnity for the past, and a pledge of better behaviour for the future; and, I am told, I regretted I was not the Chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs to give power to my wishes, though why I could have desired any such perilous greatness and perpetual worry is more than I can now explain, as I sit here in my usual health and ordinary spirits.

The weather was hot, the thermometer ranging high in the nineties when I wrote, and it is not impossible—I mention the fact as one psychologically interesting — that a glass of sherry-cobbler may have had what the doctors call a predisposing influence in my case, it seemed so natural at such a moment to draw closer the cords of amity with a people who had invented such nectar.

I contended that, without having in the least outgrown the Continent, as a certain great man lately declared, we had, in a measure withdrawn from it, abstained from mixing ourselves up with its disputes, and were satisfied to live on terms of easy acquaintance with all our neighbours there, without contracting ties of close amity with any of them. In fact, we found out that, like all people who only receive morning calls, and neither give nor accept hospitalities, it was a great measure of economy, and

made an immense difference in our domestic expenses. As good government in Great Britain has resolved itself into a penny less on the income tax, and the heaven-born minister is the man with a light budget, and a big surplus, it behooves all those who desire to sit on the Treasury benches—far pleasanter lounges than the "seat of the scornful" opposite—to accommodate themselves to these conditions, and make taxation light, that their days may be long in the land of power. To do this we must naturally avoid war. The wildest schemes of benevolence would not cost a tithe of the most insignificant quarrel. You could give all Connemara three courses and a dessert every day for six months for what it will cost you to slaughter three hundred New Zealanders, and carry the "Pah" of a few naked savages with painted abdomens. We have bound ourselves, then, in the very heaviest recognisances to keep the peace; and if truth must be told, the world knows it and treats us accordingly. At all events we will not provoke any one; and the only inconvenience of our rule is, that it does not secure us against provocation from others. If to strengthen our hands against such a possible contingency we contract foreign alliances, we must do so at the cost of much that is repugnant to us; that is, we must pledge ourselves to principles that are not ours, or engage in wars in which we have no sympathy. There is not a European question in which there is not a religious as well as a political aspect, and the one very often the antagonist of the other. Aid Turkey, and you will be told that you will earn the curses of all the Christians on the Lebanon. Fight for Poland, and Exeter Hall will cry out that you are shedding Protestant blood to uphold Popery.

Pope Pius insinuates that all heresies come out of France, and that Europe should combine against her; and Pope Hennessy says that France cannot be too great or too powerful, and that if she wants the Rhine she ought to have it, all the more if it prevent her coveting the Thames! Amidst all these elements of a great imbroglio, I declared I would be glad of an Anglo-American alliance, and thought I saw why two nations alike in so many things might go hand-in-hand in questions where neither had any personal interests involved, and where it was very likely they might be animated by the same principles and the same wishes.

I said this, fully persuaded that the compact was one of mutual advantage. America could do much for us—we could do much for America. This is, however, ground which I have not space for at present, and I will simply say that there is nothing which America could contribute to us in the hour of war and peril that we could not repay in peaceful times by our counsels, our friendship, and our goodwill. The hearty amity of England would do more to solidify the social condition of the United States than the friendship of all the rest of Europe.

For saying something of this sort a writer in the 'Ottawa Times' has been very wroth with me, and sent me a copy of that paper smartly reprehending my statement, and rebuking me. There is nothing in what he has said either unmannerly or offensive, he is only unfair; but even the unfairness I might have borne, if it was not that he should have come so far "to shoot at me." Only fancy the 'Ottawa Times' assailing one! This is bush-fighting with a vengeance. Not that I am in any ill-humor with Ottawa—very far from it. I bear it pleasant memory. In the only evening I ever passed there I was the guest of a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made in a Montreal steamer, and who most hospitably entertained a friend with whom I travelled and myself. I wish I could record his name, but I doubt if I ever

knew it; I can only remember he was a judge in his district. His genial manners, his courtesy, and his cultivated conversation are even yet very fresh in my memory; and if these few lines chance to meet his eye, let them be as a hearty shake-hands across the water.

I mention the incident only to show my animus as regards Ottawa. And now, to come back to my present critic, who is very wroth with me for hinting that I am disposed to make any concessions to Yankees, or even to believe that they behaved well to us in that late Fenian raid.

He says, first of all, that they could not help respecting our rights under treaty engagements; and, secondly, that they did *not* respect them. This is perfectly justifiable logic. Our law books tell us we may plead at the same time "never indebted" and "paid already."

Now, as to treaty engagements, it is needless to say how easily a Government, disposed to a lax observance of them, might have behaved in the premises, while I believe it is well known that the Canadian Government were kept thoroughly informed from Washington of all that was intended, and the exact means by which the blow was to be delivered.

Let my Ottawa friend believe me when I say, that I would not barter away one single right or privilege of Canada; and if I were in that position of power in which he is so rejoiced to know I am not, and in which he may with confidence enjoy the stronger conviction I shall never be, I would not wound the loyal susceptibilities of a good British province for any alliance, or any support from whatever quarter. My only counsel was for a more amicable tone in discussing disputed rights, such as those of our fisheries, for instance, and, in fact, to substitute for the pedantry of official intercourse, somewhat of that courtesy and good feeling which persons well affected to each other employ in daily life.

And now I hope Ottawa will be no more angry with me. If his shot had come from any quarter the remotest in the United Kingdom, I'd not have replied to it. It was his long range that attracted me—his coming so far to shoot at me. When Ottawa declares "that the British provinces have already within them the elements of a vigorous and powerful nationality," I like his patriotism, and I admire his spirit; nor is my confidence in the growing power and development of Canada weakened by reading the admirable leader of a newspaper which, if taken as a specimen of the daily press, gives a high idea of what writers and readers are in the far west.

When some one once complimented Prince Talleyrand, at the moment of his landing at Dover, on "how well he looked," his reply was, "Perhaps the sea-sickness has changed me." So I am half disposed to inquire by what curious coincidence I contracted that American ardor which has so signally displeased my friends across the border. I have made a close and searching examination into my heart for all the possible motives which might have influenced me personally, and I come out of the inquiry unstained and unblemished. Although I number many American friends, none of them are in the habit of regarding me as a flatterer of America.

Truth compels me, however, to record a little incident so complimentary to my feelings, and so gratifying to my nature, that I will not dare to say that its memory may not have influenced me without my knowing it.

Close to the little village where I live there is a noble bay, one of the finest in the world, on which one day a stately frigate with the stars and stripes at her masthead dropped anchor. The next day a considerable number of her officers in full

uniform paid me a visit to invite me to dine on board their ship. I am never surprised at American civilities, nor do I ever feel that hospitality is with them more than a daily duty. I was, however, out of sorts or out of spirits; I was gouty or I was sulky, or something or other, and I made my excuses, and said something about a future day; and we fell into chat about other matters, home and foreign, and conversation grew animated and agreeable, when suddenly one of the company exclaimed, "Mr. O'Dowd, you are remarkably like Governor Rogers." The compliment overwhelmed me; for though not knowing Governor Rogers, I felt, as well I might, what honour it was for me, poor "devil author" as I was, to be like Governor Rogers; and so I believed I blushed, and I muttered out what I meant to be my acknowledgments.

From that moment forth, however, I never opened my mouth that there was not a universal cry of "Governor Rogers, by Gad! Hell! if it ain't himself." If I smiled, or laughed, or nodded my head, or uttered a syllable of assent, a loud chorus of "Governor Rogers" burst forth, which, however flattering at first, fairly overcame me in the end, and covered me with confusion. After this had continued some time, a period in which I am free to own I felt the reverse of comfortable, an old grim paymaster who had never uttered a word, but sat sipping his sherry in silence, accosted me thus:—

"Mr. O'Dod"—I remember the strange but not inexplicable blunder by which he miscalled my name—"Mr. O'Dod," said he, slowly, "you ain't aware, I'm sure, how it is that you're so like Governor Rogers." I protested most eagerly that I was totally ignorant of the matter, however gratifying it might be to my feelings.

"I'll tell you then," said he, gravely, and smacking his lips with an authoritative tone: "Governor Rogers was an old fellow of your build and stamp, and he used to write these sort of light things that are remembered to-day and forgotten to-morrow." I'll not own what I felt at this speech, I'll only confess that the sentiment it occasioned me at the time is still fresh in me as I record it. Let the incident, however, vouch that I am not a bribed witness, and that in advocating an American alliance I have not been gained over by flattery.

THE OFFICIAL CONSCIENCE.

When Dean Swift declared there was nothing so "nasty" as a nice man, he uttered a truth capable of the widest extension. Taking merely the rough gauge which a tolerably large experience of the world confers, I can confidently affirm that there is no class of people of which I have the same distrust as those who labour under what medical language would call "undue sensibility" of conscience. The people who seek to be distinctively refined, pure models of integrity, and emblems of charity, always appear to me to be possessed by a sort of uneasy virtue, giving to their words and thoughts a species of galvanic goodness not in the least like the regular and consistent action of a well-ordered and healthy system.

Nice men are so essentially "nasty" that I will not even discuss them. Prudes I have known some, but I will not talk of them. Vauban tells us that the great defect of all fortifications is, that when the outer works are carried they become the most salient points of attack against the citadel. It is a theme, however, which I have not now in my mind. My present purpose is with that conscientious officialism which glo-

ries in cutting penny-pieces off estimates, and deems a stick of Government sealing-wax a holy thing.

For a man of small intelligence there is no such sure road to a parliamentary reputation as by that of a financial reformer. The field is immense—it may almost be said to be inexhaustible. Other questions have their specialities. It is only to a comparatively few that India is interesting, or law reform, or tenant-right, or education; but every man who has to buy a leg of mutton cares for the theme of expenditure,—not to say that the prevailing opinion throughout the length and breadth of England is that all public men are overpaid, that there is an immense waste of public money, and that it is only owing to the untiring zeal and unwearied integrity of two or three excellent men in the House, that the nation is not reduced to a state of ignoble bankruptcy.

What a bait is this to any one who has no knowledge of the deeper questions of home or foreign policy, who is neither reasoner nor orator, but who is simply gifted with an inquiring spirit, and a persistent determination to say, why is this so! With subtraction at his finger-ends, and a firm resolve to cut off something from somebody, your financial reformer has all he wants. He has only to use common prudence too, and he runs no peril whatever. Let him limit himself to small game, and never hunt the great "feræ" of office life, and he escapes all danger. To assail governor-generals, and viceroys, and ambassadors, a man must have power and influence as well as will; but it requires very moderate abilities and a small stock of knowledge to hunt down custom-house officers, lighthouse keepers, gaugers, tax-gatherers and consuls. What a splendid field for reductions exists in cab-hire alone! With a strong knowledge of Mogg, I think a man might be able to dismiss any public servant in the kingdom. I doubt if there be an integrity in the empire that would stand the test of "mile fares;" and then as to longer journeys, where there is a steamboat or railroad to be employed, how grandly your reformer comes out! with a mind equally imbued with geography and greatness. How clearly he can trace out the route by which some unhappy official might have saved five miles on his way to Taganrog; or how, by deviating from a certain track, he might have found a public conveyance at such a place, and in this way not have incurred that disgraceful charge of two pounds eleven and fourpence, "which we find here for post-horses."

It is said that there must be people who will do this, just as there must be people to do scores of other things in life which, without any peculiar fastidiousness, few of us would feel inclined to. We are told that, in the insect world, there is a distinct class which has no assignable function but keeping up a wholesome system of torment over their neighbours; and so I say let us accept these political excisemen whose one motto of life is, "Cut him down." After all, these men have no other road to fame or notoriety, and they imagine themselves honest.

I am not disposed to follow them to their homes and see how the spirit of their public life operates in their family—how happy they must make their wives—what a blessing to their households; but I do hope that they eat hashed mutton, and drink a vile "Gladstone," and that, with two feet of snow on the ground, they sit by a slacked fire, and read a penny newspaper. I will not, however, keep their company longer. I hasten to him who has been in my mind since I began.

Your really grand conscientious public servant is your man who, charged with a high function, elevated to a distinguished station, and representing, in some sort, the

dignity of the nation he belongs to, persists in impressing all foreigners with the notion that the whole spirit of England is one of small and contemptible economies; that if we are rich, we have become so by ignoble thrift; and that there is nothing will redound so much to a man's glory in official life as to be able to show some beggarly saving by which the nation has gained fourpence; and the man who has effected it stands forth a miracle of departmental integrity.

Show me a special envoy travelling second-class, or frequenting inferior inns and cheap dining-houses, and if I cannot show you a rogue, I will promise to show you a right shabby fellow, who, for the sake of the small triumph he enjoys in presenting the bill of his expenses, can throw discredit upon men who travel as becomes them, and in a style adapted to the station they represent.

It is not what foreigners think or say of these things that now troubles me, though their criticisms are neither very measured nor very delicate; the great evil I complain of is, that these practices are especially meant to throw a widecast disparagement on all who will not adopt them, and your mean fellow becomes the rule of life instead of the exception that he ought to be. If sack and sugar be a sin, God help the wicked. If Skinflint be right, what shame and degradation are enough for those who have not forgotten the usages and requirements of a gentleman.

Let none misunderstand me; I am not upholding a wasteful outlay of the nation's money, nor any undue extravagance anywhere. The men who indulge in these practices can find few to defend them, nor will I be of that few; but assuredly the spendthrift, with all his faults, brings no such discredit on his country as one of those men of second-class trains and mean hotels, disputing with cabmen and railway porters, and taking his greasy coppers in change from the reluctant fingers of a waiter.

It is not by their great traditions, their literature, their laws, or their institutions, that nations are known to the masses. It is unhappily by the traits and conduct of individuals. We may deplore but we are forced to admit this. The noble liberality, the generosity and open-handedness, of the Englishmen who poured over Europe after the wars of the first Empire, built up a character for the nation on which we have lived ever since. There may have been scores of things foreigners could not understand—some that were not quite easy to endure in their manner and bearing; but there was not one that erred on the score of shabbiness, nor a single shortening on a question where money entered. The correspondents of our best newspapers have often of late years brought under public notice the economical scale observed in our various embassies and legations abroad. They have drawn some unfavourable contrasts between our missions and those of France and Russia. Is this habit, then, of careful expenditure by which we see great functionaries of the state travelling as might their own valets, only part and parcel of a new system? Are we going to inaugurate a reign of small savings? If so, what an easy test may all official fitness be submitted to, and how completely may we rid ourselves of those dreary pedants at Burlington House, who torment gangers with the wave theory, and pluck Chinese interpreters on the laws of pneumatics! The production of a hat worn for eight years, and still wearable, and a carefully patched coat, the work of the wearer, might be deemed good certificates—not to say that the system would be so far popular that by its very requirements "no Irish need apply."

THE POPE.

We have most of us heard of that singular traveller who followed Van Amburg all over Europe that he might not fail to witness the evening on which the lions should eat poor Van Amburg, an event of whose certainty he never so much as entertained a doubt.

There are in every country and in every class sensation-loving people of this sort, and it is strange to see how such persons cling to whatever in any way pertains to a finale. To be in at the finish is with them everything. Of course there is a completeness in this that there is no gainsaying, and he who has heard *le dernier mot* of an adventure has no more to learn from anybody.

It is, I am persuaded, this morbid eagerness, and not any cruelty of disposition, that impels men to be present at executions. There is no hard-heartedness, no pleasurable sense of human suffering, in these people; they are simply the victims of a craving desire for excitement; their dull temperaments cannot be moved by the light breezes of ordinary pleasures; they want the hurricane force of actual passions to stir them into activity.

The lower we go in the social scale the more of this element we shall find. The stories of the 'Family Herald' are famous for their horrors, and there is nothing so intensely, thoroughly sensational as servantgalism.

Comedy, except in the very broadest farce, is totally banished from every minor theatre of Europe, and none but the most bloody-minded of dramas can find audience with what are called the people.

There is, however, a great deal more of this sentiment in the educated and well-to-do ranks than we might at first blush admit. Jestingly treated, laughingly acknowledged, or veiled by conventionalities, it exists and gives a strong and not very healthy flavour to the whole of our society. To instance what I mean, look at Rome. The word has gone out over Europe that this is to be the last winter of the Papacy—that over the grand drama of two thousand years the curtain is at last about to fall, and that Pio Nono will make his positively last appearance at the Vatican before his retirement from the boards altogether. This announcement, now made with all the force of a logical argument—now dimly shadowed forth in the language of prophecy—now eagerly declared in the words of hope, is widespread over Europe; and the consequence is, the whole world is flocking this winter to the Holy City, all madly eager to witness the great catastrophe—to be "in at the death."

There are three questions now which men are asking on every side. Will the Pope go? If so, why? And lastly, where will he go to? The first is the only really important one to the world at large, for, as regards his reasons, or his future destination, they are in reality more interesting to his Holiness personally, or to his immediate followers, than to the rest of Europe.

All Italy says he will go; that the departure of the French troops will leave him no alternative, and that he himself has long prepared for that event. Of course the wish may be father to the thought; but, somehow, I greatly doubt, if I were myself an Italian, if I could so regard the question. As we cast our eyes over Europe, we see that each nation has some specialty, which is either a source of material wealth, or of power and prestige. France asserts her military glory; Germany her race of profound thinkers and scholars; England has her coal-fields; and Italy has the Popedom. Assail Catholicism

as men may; let them rail at the dogmas of the Church, revile its superstitions, and ridicule its mock miracles, there is an inherent grandeur in a monarchy of nigh two thousand years, and which, at various periods within that time, swayed the destinies of all Christendom. That there is no denying.

It has often been said that the Italians were the worst Papists of Europe; but still, few expected to see them actually forgetful of what gave them their greatest attraction in the eyes of the whole Christian world, and endowed them with a prestige of which all the cities of the earth could not produce the equal.

As a grand spectacle, what was ever like it? Where were ever such accessories as that glorious church and that noble palace, as rich in memories as in art-treasures? What train of courtiers could compare with that line of princes of the Church on whose thoughtful brows were stamped the signs of intellectual vigour, and an ambition that soared far beyond the bounds of ordinary aspiration? Around what other throne were ever grouped, not alone the devotion of loyalty, and the homage of fidelity, but the deeper homage and the purer faith that link this life with eternity, and impart to the spirit of earthly obedience all the fervour of Christian love and worship?

I maintain that the Pope was the best thing Italy had, and would "draw," while Victor Emmanuel, and even Garibaldi, will play to empty benches. This may not be the very highest ground to take in the matter; nor am I sure that Cardinal Paul Cullen will accept me as his ally on such showing; but I am looking at the question in a very speculative spirit. Here is a country with an embarrassed exchequer, a heavy taxation, and undeveloped resources, which must so continue till capital be forthcoming to promote them. With a large public debt, costly engagements, the funds at fifty-four, and credit nowhere, what are they to do? They have vast tracts of corn-growing land, but no roads to convey the produce; they have mines, but are without money to work them; they are, in a word, pretty much in the condition in which the 'Times' lately pictured Ireland, as a country with great natural resources, in which few people would like to risk their capital, and which must be satisfied to be interesting to tourists, without, for the present at least, attracting to it the attention of traders and merchants. Rich in monuments, abounding in treasures of art, and stored with objects of interst on every side, Italy has no rival in the world as a great gallery of curiosities, amongst which there was no gem could compare with the Pope. He was the Koh-i-noor of the collection, and I cannot conceive for an instant how Italians could have overlooked the fact. Bear in mind, it was not alone to the true believers that his Holiness extended the attraction of his presence. The people who sought admission to the Vatican were often stern platform men of Exeter Hall. There came to his audience Calvinists from the north, and Quakers from Philadelphia. All that was rugged and self-asserting in Protestantism desired the blessing of him they were ready to call Antichrist. Bishops of the Establishment bent reverently before him; and in the very newspaper under my eyes I see that the historian of Poerio has been paying his court to infallibility.

Why surrender all this, I say? Will Garibaldi or Mazzinists, think you, be more picturesque features in the landscape than these gorgeous groupings? or will the grand monuments of Catholicism evoke the wonderment and worship of Europe when their living centre has left them and the spirit that animated the whole departed?

There is nothing which so sternly arraigns the cruelty of annexation as

the sight of the empty palace where royalty once dwelt. How will it be here when it is not merely the prince has departed, but where it will be the shrine without the saint, the throne without him whose breath gave hope and comfort to many, and blessing to all? Remove the Pope from Rome, and you take away the great cicerone who made the joys of eternity intelligible to millions. And do not imagine he can ever be as effective in exile at Avignon, or Seville, or Malta; he will ever need the grand scenic illustrations of the Eternal City. The noble vault of St. Peter's, half-dimmed with incense, the Sistine Chapel, vibrating with seraphic music, were splendid adjuncts to the voice of him who sang out, *per orbes et terras*, his peace to mankind.

Italians are intensely sensitive to all external impressions; and how is it that they have overlooked all this? Nor is it as if the Papacy was to cost them dear; they are not going to pay it either in liberty or in power. The Pope can no more menace them with Austrians nor crush them with concordats. Even his bulls are tamed.

The question resolves itself into this, Can Italy, with an empty treasury and an overtaxed people, not only divest herself of one of the greatest attractions of the nation, but assume all the liabilities of the Papacy? Speaking commercially, Venice may pay, but there is a great doubt if Rome will. The contributions of true believers went largely in aid of the budget; and he would be a sanguine man that thought Peter's pence would drop as freely into Victor Emmanuel's hat as into the Pope's tiara.

For the whole complex machinery of Rome there is but one machinist in all Christendom—the Pope. To convert this eclesiastical hive into a modern capital is an anachronism and a political blunder. It is like turning a cathedral into a cotton-mill.

The Popedom was the great specialty of Italy. It was the one thing no other country could rival. I am not going to break a lance with Exeter Hall. I am not assuming to even advert to the doctrines of the Church; I am alone speaking of that marvellous rule which was felt in the most remote parts of the universe, and which had its centre at Rome. Call it superstition, idolatry, Antichrist, what you will—there it was, and there it drew hundreds of thousands to do it homage.

If I were Baron Ricasoli, I would do anything rather than drive the Pope out of Italy. It would not be very easy to convert him to liberal ideas, all the less so that he got a surfeit of them in '48, and has never recovered from it since. If I were an Italian minister, I would strain any point to make what the French call a "transaction" with him. Surely if what they style the Leonine City was secured to him, and a wide liberty as regards allocutions, something might be done. There are plenty of schismatics to be cursed out of Italy; let him have his will of them. Russia is likely to torment the Poles for many a day to come, and there are eighty odd millions to be anathematised—a banquet of malediction that might satisfy even gluttony.

With clever management, the whole policy of Italy could be made to revolve round the Popedom and never surrender one valuable privilege of liberty or sacrifice an item of freedom for the alliance. When Italy turns from questions of foreign war and foreign aggression, and addresses herself to the hard task of international organization, she will have great need of the Pope. With those rude uncivilised populations of Sicily and Calabria, a whisper from the Vatican will do more than the clank of a hundred battalions. You want the priest, and bear in mind that he is of no value to you, when he has con-

formed to your views and adopted your opinions. You want him in all his ignorance and bigotry; you want him full of all the prejudices of his caste. It is then that he sways the masses. It is then that he is a power and a force.

It will be many a long day before the enlightenment of free institutions shall penetrate through the darkness of the barbarism of lower Italy. It is not in one or even in two generations that free speech or free thought, trial by jury, or liberty of the press, will appeal to these wild disciples of the stiletto and the knife. The one link that ties them to any semblance of civilisation is the Church: take care how you relax this. Woe to you if you break it asunder before you have found a safe and trustworthy substitute for it!

I am not blind to the difficulties of treating with Romanism, and I know what a hopeless task it is to approach by "reason" those who meet you only with a "conscience;" but, I repeat, Pio Nono is better than Mazzini, and the choice is between them.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Every free country must, by a necessary if unpleasant consequence of its freedom, produce from time to time its due succession of demagogues to stir the unclean pool of politics. Poverty, ignorance, presumption, and discontent exist in all parts of the world, whatever the form of government may be. In democratic America, if there be but little poverty on account of the superabundance of fertile land, the ignorance, the presumption, and the discontent are always to be found to provide the political capital, upon which alone the demagogue can trade. In despotic states the poverty is paternally treated; the ignorance is unaggressive; the presumption neither dares nor has much opportunity to show itself; and the discontent, if bold enough to come out into the sunshine and take the shape of resistance to the law, is summarily disposed of by the rope, the hatchet, or the guillotine. In free countries, however, the demagogue is indigenous—racy and of the soil—and has to be tenderly managed and patiently endured. As long as he keeps within the bounds of the law, it is a wise thing to make the best of him and turn him to profitable account. While men continue to be men, and have not attained to the white robes and sheeny wings of the seraphim and the cherubim, there must be defects and grievances in the best administered government—sometimes affecting one class and sometimes another—but always the better for being discussed. Even if there be no maladministration, a deficient harvest, or the failure or decay of some special industry that maintained thousands of people, may generate political out of social discontent. "The Political History of Hunger"—if such a book could be truly and fully written—would be a useful addition to our literature, and present us with a record of many thousands of successful and unsuccessful insurrections fraught with instruction to living statesmen. It is in times of public suffering that the demagogue is in his glory, and that the golden opportunity presents itself to the man who loves to hear the sound of his own voice, and delights to catch the applause or stir the passions of the crowd. It is then that such a man can emerge out of obscurity and perhaps secure a public position with a good salary attached to it. Nothing is easier in the world, even when men with wives and families are not suffering from hunger—if you can but get a few thousands of them to listen to you—than to convince them that

they are very miserable and ill-treated—that if you, the demagogue, had your way, you could give them beef and pudding as well as votes, and that it would be a noble action rather than the contrary, to seize upon the wines and viands, the purple and the fine linen, the gold and silver, the farms and parks of Dives, and parcel them out among Lazarus and all the beggars at the gate. In England it has generally been found wise to let the demagogues talk, as long as they did not talk palpable treason, incite to a breach of the peace, or the levying of war against the law and the law's representatives. And the results have justified the policy. For the demagogue has his uses, like the musquito or the skunk, although it is not always easy to discover them. Political disaffection must find vent in discussion, or it may produce an eruption of swords and pikes and villanous saltpetre. Better that the disease in the blood should come out in pimples and blotches upon the skin, than that it should strike inwards to a vital part and end in a catastrophe.

In the course of her long and brilliant history, England has produced a goodly number of these political agitators. There have been demagogues who argued with sword and gun, and demagogues who argued with no weapon more lethal than the tongue; demagogues who affected the gentleman or the patrician, and demagogues who boasted of the meanness of their origin, and prided themselves on the coarseness of their manners. There have been educated demagogues and ignorant demagogues; crafty demagogues and crazy demagogues; professional demagogues who earned their dirty bread by the business, and amateur demagogues, who wrought for love and not for money; demagogues who took up real grievances, and demagogues who had no grievances but such as they themselves invented. Wat Tyler and Jack Cade were of one class; John Wilkes, Lord George Gordon, Sir Francis Burdett, and Henry Hunt of another; Daniel O'Connell, Fergus O'Connor, and Smith O'Brien of a third; and that the voice of this particular kind of charmer might continue to be heard in our land, we now possess John Bright, time's last production in this line, and a fine sturdy specimen of a new variety.

Most people remember Dryden's celebrated lines, under a portrait of Milton, in which, speaking of the three poets in three distant ages born, he declares that a union or combination of the qualities of the first and second was necessary to produce the third. The lines are applicable, though in a more prosaic manner, to the case of John Bright. There were two "Johns" before him, who were very distinguished in their day and generation, and stand out in bold relief upon the page of English history, as leaders of the multitude—John, familiarly called "Jack," Cade; and John Wilkes. John Bright is as much a compound of these previous two as Milton was of Homer and Virgil. Like Jack Cade, who was also a manufacturer, though in a smaller way than the millowner of Rochdale, he "means to dress the Commonwealth, turn it, and set a new nap upon it" (newly imported from Boston or New York); like Jack Cade, he thinks that "virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen," and that the people "live in slavery to the nobility." So like is he to Cade, that he might borrow one of that worthy's little speeches for his next Reform harangue, and speak his own sentiments in another man's phraseology:—

> "Now you that love the Commons follow me,
> Show yourselves men, it is for liberty;
> We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;
> Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon."

Like John Wilkes, though it must

be confessed he is much better-looking, he possesses an admirable gift of oratory, and can enchain the attention of men who agree to none of his principles, and perhaps very cordially detest them. Like John Wilkes, too, he manages to avoid personal risk. He advised a meeting of the rabble, thieves included, in Hyde Park, though he knew such an assemblage might lead to riot, but kept prudentially aloof from danger. Jack Cade was more courageous, for he marched at the head of his voteless rabble through London, and held a kind of Reform meeting in Cannon Street. Even poor Mr. Smith O'Brien had the "courage of his convictions;" and if he had stimulated a disturbance in Hyde Park, or any other place, would have been present to witness, direct, or share his work, or he would not have been ingloriously captured at the last in the widow's cabbage-garden at Ballingarry.

Mr. Bright, as a demagogue, suffers under a disadvantage compared with most of his predecessors, inasmuch as he makes his appearance at a period that, but for his disturbing influence, would be one of political and social calm. The bulk of the people are profitably engaged; hunger does not embitter the passions of the multitude, and there is no widely-spread idea among the labouring classes, whether manufacturing or agricultural—whom he takes under his protection and flatters, as if the mere fact of a man's being ploughman, hedger and ditcher, or a handicraftsman, elevated him above the ordinary faults and failings of humanity—that the possession of a vote would do them any particular good, unless, perhaps, they could sell it for £5, or a pot of beer, according to the state of the market. If the privilege—which some people erroneously call the *right*—of voting for members of Parliament be of as much value to the mass of the British people, it cannot be said that it is very difficult to attain, or that the people make any very strenuous efforts to get possession of it. Without any Reform in Parliament there are many thousands of workmen, earning each their forty shillings a-week and upwards, who, by a little management, a little trouble, a little self-denial, and a real desire to obtain a vote, might have their names upon the register as proprietors of a forty-shilling freehold, if not as £10 householders. Any land society, Conservative or Liberal, would gladly help in the process. But the truth is, that a large portion of the working class does not value the privilege, and that in the large cities and busy centres of trade and industry, it is rare that so many as two-thirds of the registered voters take the trouble to leave their work or their business to participate in an election. Under these circumstances a Reform agitation is uphill work, as Mr. Bright has found it. But he loves agitation for its own sake, delights in the uproar of angry controversy, and has drunk too deeply of the intoxicating draught of notoriety to be able to live comfortably without the stimulant.

During the Anti-corn-law agitation Mr. Bright was not, strictly speaking, a demagogue; nor was Mr. Cobden, either then or at any after period of his political career. There was a real practical business before the Legislature that was not to be advanced by idle words and frothy declamation. The cause was one that called for statesmanship, for sound reasoning, for sensible appeals to the intellects of those to be convinced; and, to do Messrs. Cobden and Bright justice, they comported themselves throughout the controversy, with slight and venial exceptions, as became good citizens and good subjects of the Crown. But between Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright there was always a distinction. The one could tolerate, understand, and make allowance for a difference of

opinion; the other never could or would. He who disagreed with Mr. Cobden might remain an honest and a sensible man in Mr. Cobden's estimation; but he who disagreed with Mr. Bright was always in the inner consciousness of the Brightian soul, a knave, a fool, or a compound of both. The man's nature, then as now, was intensely intolerant, autocratic, and despotic. He would have made an excellent Mohammed had he been an Arab, and had Mohammed's opportunities. He would have made an equally good Pope Hildebrand had he had the chance, and would never have suffered the minds of men to stagnate for want of a little wholesome persecution if he had had or could have made the opportunity.

When the Anti-corn-law League had finished its work, and its members were debating whether the organisation should be perpetuated for other purposes, Mr. Cobden was on one side of the question, Mr. Bright on the other. With a pugnacity quite unusual in a member of his religious persuasion, but which is one of the great characteristics that fit him for the part he is now playing, he was, if common report at the time did him no injustice, desirous that the League should be remodelled under a new name, and that its objects should be the extension of the suffrage, the increase of the popular element in Parliament, and a diminution of the power and influence of the aristocracy. In other words, he desired to establish an *imperium in imperio*, a Jacobinical club, a convention to be in permanent session to aid in the Americanisation of the British Empire, and the gradual establishment of ultra democracy. But wiser counsels prevailed. The League died with the accomplishment of its purpose, and Mr. Bright and every other member of it was left at liberty to take such future part in political life as his own convictions and principles dictated. Events speedily proved that, out of and beyond the question of free trade, neither Mr. Bright nor Mr. Cobden had any great range of knowledge or statesmanship. Mr. Cobden, whose intellect was much the better balanced and more comprehensive of the two, had little sympathy with any other question but that on which he had built up his fame. He was all for peace and free trade; and for peace, chiefly because war is injurious to commerce. He had a sectarian's view on the education of the people, and was so jealous lest the Established Church should be in a position to make converts out of the uneducated children of the poor, if a national system were established, that he inclined to let the question alone, or, at all events, never gave it any active encouragement. Mr. Bright's views were even more restricted on all questions of social as distinguished from political reform. He loved the poor man to the extent of giving him a vote, but he never cared so much for him as to help to shorten his hours of toil, to wean him from intemperance, to improve his dwelling, or to provide him with rational and elevating amusement. To work and vote, and help John Bright to diminish the influence of the hereditary peerage and the upper classes generally was apparently Mr. Bright's conception of the whole duty of the labourer and artisan.

He is essentially a man of few ideas. He understands the principles of trade—how to buy cheap and sell dear; how the employer can squeeze the utmost out of the blood and sweat of his labourer at the lowest cost; how to grow rich on the most approved modern principles; and, generally, how much better it is for men individually, on their own account, and collectively as nations and communities, to trade with each other, than to go to war. As a champion of free trade, when the cause required something more than the argumentation

of Mr. Cobden to force its principles on the consideration of an unwilling democracy (for the Chartists of those days were not in favour of the repeal of the Corn-laws, and systematically interrupted free-trade meetings), Mr. Bright did good service by his pertinacity and power of lung. The Minerva of the cause was none the worse for the occasional aid of a Stentor to drive her truths into the ears, and thence into the minds, of a prejudiced people; and John Bright performed the part to admiration, with an additional advantage of doing his roaring in choice and powerful English that the uneducated could understand and the educated approve. But as soon as that question was carried, both Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden found that they had little to say upon any other. They had neither of them studied the science of politics, except in its relation to trade. This great realm of England was to them a shop, a counting-house, or a factory; and by the rules of the shop, the counting-house, or the factory, they were content that it should be governed. Patriotism was not in their list of the public virtues. That a thing was English was no recommendation; but that a thing should "pay" was "the be all and end all" of their political faith. And far more than this, it seemed to be one of their cardinal doctrines that out of the arena of trade and commerce it was utterly impossible for the Government of Great Britain, whether administered by Whigs or Tories, to pursue a rightful policy. If Great Britain were at war, whether with the aborigines of New Zealand or the Cape of Good Hope, with the treacherous Princes of India or with the Emperor of Russia, in defence of the equilibrium of Europe, Great Britain was held to be in the wrong, and was denounced accordingly with all the superabundant epithets of Radical invective. The business of Great Britain was to allow the Manchester manufacturers to make cotton goods for the whole world at a large profit, and to endure and condone any insult or injury from a foreign power, rather than by resenting it to endanger the peace of the world and impede business. Before the outbreak of the civil war in America, when General Harney, of the United States army, committed a gross outrage on the colonial rights of Great Britain by the forcible occupation of the island of San Juan, between the mainland of British Columbia and the large island of Vancouver, it was assumed as a matter of course by the Radicals, led by these apostles of unlimited trade and unlimited democracy, that Harney and the American Government were in the right; but that whether they were right or wrong, the matter in dispute was not worth consideration—that, in fact, it would be better to abandon British North America rather than fight to retain possession of it, if the Yankee Government showed its teeth, and dared the Old Country to the struggle. America was the home and cradle of their ideas—the place where their doctrines were in full swing—where every man had a vote by virtue of his manhood—where there was no Established Church, and no aristocracy but the aristocracy of the dollar. When the civil war burst forth, these men of peace—who cried "peace" in season and out of season, until its iteration became as offensive as the scream of a parrot—dropped the cry as if by one consent, and shouted "war" as lustily as ever it was shouted since the world began. Peace between the two belligerents before five hundred thousand men had laid down their lives on obstinate battle-fields, before the fight was fought out to its ultimate issues, whatever these might be, would tend, they thought, to weaken the great democratic and republican principle, or, if not, to damage the

principle in the eyes of its adherents, to abate the pride of the Federal Government, and compel it hereafter to comport itself towards Europe, and more especially towards England, with a moderation and friendliness that it had not hitherto displayed. The conquest of the South by the North was to be the triumph of democracy over aristocracy, and was to strengthen in England the hands of all who clamoured for universal suffrage, and the right of the ignorant many to govern the intelligent few. Into the merits of the dispute between South and North they did not care to enter. Into the advantages to both parties of peaceable separation they did not inquire; and the allegation, which subsequent events have since proved to be only too well founded, that in the prosecution of such a war, whether the result were victory or defeat, the North was certain to be deprived of some portion of the popular liberty of which it was so proud, they treated with scorn, as the idle fancy of a prejudiced upper class in England. In no question that ever came up for discussion between the repeal of the Corn-laws in 1846 and Earl Russell's, Mr. Gladstone's, and Mr. Bright's abortive Reform Bill of 1866, were the opinions of Mr. Cobden or of Mr. Bright in accordance with those entertained by the majority of the educated classes in Great Britain. And when Mr. Cobden died, and the calmer intellect that sometimes put a curb on the rashness of his colleague was no more at command to keep him in the ways of moderation, Mr. Bright broke loose. The fiery steed was left free to gallop at its own wild will. Restraint was at an end, and all the demagogy of his nature—subdued more or less by the example and teaching of a wiser head than his own—blazed forth lurid and murky, as we now behold it.

During the Administration of Lord Palmerston—who cared as little for extension of the suffrage or reform in Parliament as any man in England—both Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, who had come to be accepted as the leaders of the Radicals, offered no very factious opposition to the Government. Neither of them liked Lord Palmerston as a man, or approved of him as a statesman; although his Lordship, believing that he might strengthen his hands by inducing a few of the more eminent of the extreme party to accept office, was anxious to have Mr. Cobden as a colleague, and not unwilling to accept of Mr. Bright (perhaps, considering the warlike nature of his disposition, in the capacity of Paymaster of the Forces or Under Secretary of State for the War Department). Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Charles Villiers, who had done almost as much for free trade as Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright—and perhaps Mr. Charles Villiers had done more—joined his Lordship's Administration, while Messrs. Bright and Cobden held sulkily aloof. Mr. Cobden did some slight service in the matter of the French treaty, though in a somewhat ungracious manner. Though not a Quaker by religious profession, there was something of the Quaker about him. He was a simple-minded man after the American model, and cared nothing about honours and titular distinctions (which he might have had if they had pleased him), and comparatively little for money.

Mr. Bright did no service at all. He carped at the extravagance of the estimates, but never showed practically how they might be reduced. He absented himself from the discussion of measures which, if carried, might have been of social, physical, and moral benefit to the working classes; and continually betrayed that he had but one great and real purpose on which his heart was set, and compared with which all others were small and of

poor account—the handing over of the Government of Great Britain to the majority of the people, after the American manner; without considering whether the British laboring and non-proprietary class were as fit, by education, circumstances, and habits, as those of America for the task of self-government; and also without considering whether, in point of fact, Great Britain, with the inestimable advantage of a non-elective and hereditary president in the person of the sovereign, was not practically a very good specimen of a true commonwealth, and more truly free in many important respects than the republic on the other side of the Atlantic, where civil war has destroyed many of the main bulwarks of liberty, and has nothing better to set up in their place than a centralised despotism, inconsistent with republican principles.

And here let us say a word with reference to the mistake (if it be not something worse), which the Radical member for Birmingham and the *quasi* Republicans who listen to his teachings, and swell the chorus of applause that greets him when he deigns to address the "sovereign" multitude, make with regard to America. It is assumed on all occasions that the United States are great and powerful because their institutions are republican; because there is no hereditary aristocracy to monopolise the offices, honours and emoluments of the State; because there is no Established Church to overshadow and outshine the Dissenters; because the people every four years elect a chief magistrate who possesses more power and patronage than any king of England has ever wielded since the days of Charles I.; because if the people—including the rowdies and the great unwashed—take a fancy to a shopkeeper, a tailor, or a village lawyer, they can, by their votes, make him their President, and set him up on high for the world's homage and admiration; because when such a man has served his turn and become unpopular (and there has never yet been a popular ex-president, and probably never will be—unless George Washington, the *pater patriæ*, and Abraham Lincoln, forgiven for all his faults amid the sorrow excited by his martyrdom, be excepted), they can dismiss him to the walks of life from whence he sprang, to work for his daily bread, if he have not saved enough out of his very moderate salary to provide for the rainy day; because the people elect the judges and every one else who is to have authority over them; because pauperism is all but unknown; because poverty is the fate of none but the idle and dissolute; and because, in short, every one has a vote, and the decision, by a clear majority of the people, is the final settlement of all disputes, to which decision the minority, however large and intelligent, must yield, under the penalty of being considered traitors and rebels to a majesty greater than that which ever surrounded any king or emperor of Europe—the majesty of the sovereign and infallible people—king, pope, emperor, autocrat, all in one. It happens, however, that this beautiful and comprehensive theory of American greatness and liberty is not quite the correct one; that the government of a minority might produce exactly the same results—the social and physical conditions of the countries being the same; and that questions of Church, of aristocracy, of periodical elections of the chief magistrate, and of the subordinate officers of the Government, have, in reality, little to do with the power and greatness of the Republic, which might be as great and powerful as it is to-day, if the people who inhabit and annually flock into it should decide that it was better not to allow every man a vote—not to elect a chief magistrate at short intervals, or at any

ntervals, but to establish an her-
ditary monarchy in lieu of a presi-
lency. The one great pivot on
which the whole question turns is
one which the English Radicals and
he Americans themselves do not
ake into account. That pivot is
ELBOW-ROOM. It is Elbow-Room,
he fertile wilderness, the all but il-
imitable prairies of the magnificent
West—the millions upon millions
of acres of alluvial land, of which
he husbandman can purchase an
cre at the price of one day's labour
or less, and which, as Douglas
Jerrold phrased it, have but to be
ickled with a hoe to laugh into a
arvest—that attracts population
o America, and that enables that
population to live and to thrive,
o increase and replenish the earth,
nd to lay the foundations of their
own wealth and that of the teem-
ng states which they occupy. It is
"Elbow-Room," not only in the pure-
y agricultural, but in the mineral
states and territories, that invites
men from the Old World into the
New to dig for the coal, the iron,
he copper, the lead, the antimony,
he silver, and the gold, that are
scattered over every part of the
continent, except on the prairies
nd the Atlantic seaboard, which
are rich enough without such addi-
ional treasures. The bounty of
Heaven, and not Republicanism,
makes America rich; and wealth
s well as knowledge is power, as
men and nations have always reason
o admit at some period or other of
heir existence. But Mr. Bright
continually strives to delude his
English listeners with the notion
hat if his political ideas about Re-
form in Parliament, the sale, trans-
fer, and division of land, the law of
entail and primogeniture, the dimi-
nution or extinction of aristocratic
influence, and the abolition of the
Protestant Church Establishment,
were carried into practical opera-
tion, the masses of the British peo-
ple would become physically as
rich and comfortable as the people
of the United States. But he knows better. He knows that the British Isles, if every acre of their superficies were free for division among the multitude, are not larger than the three States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; while the United States and their yet unoccupied or partially-settled territories are nearly as large as all Europe, and a great deal more fertile. He knows than in America a man can purchase a farm as easily and as cheaply as in England he could purchase a horse and cart. He knows, moreover, that by the operation of the homestead law, if he chooses to fix his home in the wilderness, as millions are doing, until the wilderness blossoms as the rose, the said working man, not afraid of a few years' toil, can have a farm for nothing, merely by putting his own labour and that of his family upon it, living, meanwhile on its produce. He knows, too, that if the people who wanted farms were a hundred times as numerous as they are, they could all be gratified; and he knows also that, utterly independent of laws of entail and of actual possession of the soil by people who have bought and paid for it, and cannot be dispossessed without an act of gigantic spoliation, there is not cultivable land enough in Great Britain and Ireland for the profitable occupation of the twentieth part of those English working classes or Irish paupers whom he would transform into peasant proprietors and intrust with votes for the government of the nation. It is happy for the swarming millions of Europe that the United States, British North America, and Australia, exist to attract them to virgin soils and all but limitless lands; but it would be very unhappy if these swarming millions should be as intent upon the possession of land as Mr. Bright would make them, and persisted as obstinately as he would have them

persist, in parcelling out among themselves the very restricted and costly lands of their native countries. The working classes of England, if not of Ireland, are wise enough to know that the Americanisation of our government, which Mr. Bright has so much at heart, would not remedy any of the evils that afflict the landless people at home, simply because there is no land for them unless they emigrate in search of it. *Vice versa*, the overthrow of the American republic in favour of a constitutional monarchy, with King, Lords, and Commons, as in England, would not make land any dearer than it is in the United States until such time as the population had quadrupled or quintupled itself, when the increasing demand and the diminishing quantities in the market would have the inevitable effect of raising the price, and would consequently raise it whether the government were democratic or aristocratic, constitutional or despotic. There is land in the neighbourhood of the cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, Australia, quite as valuable and worth as many golden sovereigns per square yard as land within a stone's throw of St. Paul's Cathedral or the Bank of England; and it is neither aristocracy, nor an Established Church, nor a restricted suffrage which has made it so. But Mr. Bright's hatred of aristocracy is too blind and too unreasonable to permit him to see the truth of the land question, or, if he sees it, he takes marvellous pains to give it the go-by whenever it is his pleasure to instil discontent into the minds of those who are tickled by his teaching, or, as is more frequently the case, who are pleased with his oratory, and think it, in common parlance, to be "as good as a play."

The death of Lord Palmerston (Mr. Bright's particular aversion), and the assumption of office by Earl Russell, whom he condescended to call an honest man—partly, perhaps, because Earl Russell had almost as much dislike to Lord Palmerston as himself, and partly because the Whig Earl was always pottering about the Reform question, and thinking that he was the heaven-born and heaven-sent Minister who alone could settle it—gave Mr. Bright a new position in the political world. Earl Russell was well aware, as was also Mr. Gladstone, that a Reform Bill proposed by a Whig Ministry could not be carried without the consent and support of the Radical party, of which Mr. Bright, in consequence of the death of Mr. Cobden, had become the sole leader. So Mr. Bright was consulted. The icy Premier so far thawed as to court the Quaker, and bestow upon him such personal attentions as his nature permitted. Mr. Bright was found to be well-disposed, and by a little dexterous manipulation it was thought that he might be made friendly. And so it happened. Though the Russell-Gladstone Bill was not all that Mr. Bright desired, it was the beginning of a desirable end—the half-loaf that was better than no bread—and something worthy of acceptance as an instalment, if not as a settlement. Mr. Bright soon appeared in a new, and to him unusual, character. He became not only a defender and supporter of the Administration—which every member of Parliament has a right to be if his convictions point in that direction—but its trusted friend and confidential adviser, which can scarcely be called a position in which any self-respecting Government would place a man who was not a member of the Cabinet. The arrangement, or the result, whichever it may be called, was unlucky for the Ministry, unlucky for the Reform Bill, and, as events speedily proved, unlucky for Mr. Bright. One of the great arguments em-

ployed against the bill was, that nobody wanted that particular measure, except Earl Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Bright; that many who supported it, in obedience to party discipline and necessities, would have been very glad if it had never had been brought forward; and that, above all, the great mass of the people neither desired that Bill nor any other with such an amount of earnestness as to make it essential to pass, or even to debate it, at that particular time. It fell to Mr. Bright's lot to prove, or endeavour to prove, to Parliament and the country, not that the Bill was the best of all possible Bills, but that it was good enough for the occasion, and that, whether it were or were not so, the working classes—the salt of our British earth—who might individually be foolish enough in many things, but who collectively were endowed with more than the wisdom of Solomon, and never had a wrong, a mischievous, or a prejudiced notion in their multitudinous heads, were earnestly, clamorously, vehemently, even passionately, desirous of an extension of the suffrage. In the face of the notorious apathy which prevailed upon the subject, this seemed at first sight an assertion more easy to make than to prove. But the case presented no difficulty to the mind of Mr. Bright, or to that of an ally whom he had found in the person of a revising barrister of the name of Beales, the chairman or president of an association calling itself the Reform League. Mr. Bright, having made the assertion, felt himself bound to prove it; and hence, under his inspiration and that of his friends and organs in the press, a series of Reform meetings was organized in London and the manufacturing districts, to call out the sovereign people, elicit the supposed *vox Dei* from their cheers; and, although the aforesaid people are anything but Whiggish, to keep the Whigs in office by Radical and ultra-democratic support. The principal result of these efforts was the celebrated riot in Hyde Park, where Mr. Beales was present, and Mr. Bright was not; a meeting and a riot which did more to damage the cause of Reform in the minds of all reasonable people, than the oratory or the arguments of Mr. Bright had ever accomplished in the contrary direction. It is always easy for a few small demagogues, with a good cry, and a big demagogue at their head, to get up a mob in London in the open air or in any place where there is no money to be paid for admission; but it is not easy to bring out the respectable working classes, unless there be a real grievance to discuss, and some widely spread destitution and distress among them. Even in the latter case, it requires some skill and pains on the part of leaders in whom they have confidence to divert their thoughts into a political channel, and impress upon their minds the idea that their sufferings are traceable to the maladministration of the Government, and not to social or economic causes over which governments have no control. The Hyde Park meeting was not a meeting of this class. There were, doubtless, many hundreds of working men, decent respectable labourers and artisans, clerks, and shopmen present, drawn either by curiosity to hear and see the speakers, or by interest in the question to be discussed. But no one who knows the elements which compose a London mob could have been deceived as to the predominant character of that particular assemblage, or failed to perceive that far more than half of it was composed of thieves, pickpockets, roughs, tramps—the scum and refuse of a great and over-populous city—not forgetting that particular class, the London boys, the city Arabs, the adolescent blackguards, full of life and impudence ripe for any

amount of mischief, delighting in the smash of plate-glass, or in a shindy generally; and only not pick-pockets, because pocket-picking has become one of the fine arts, and requires a regular training—a fine delicacy of touch and finger, besides the possession of expensive mechanical implements. The reception given to the soldiery sent to preserve order, and that given to the police despatched to the Park for the same purpose, was of itself sufficient to show the true composition of the crowd. In Great Britain it is not the practice of the Government to make thief-catchers of the military. There is no war between the red coats and the roughs; and on this particular occasion, whenever the soldiers showed themselves they were loudly and ostentatiously cheered. It is, however, the practice to employ the police in this useful but unpleasant duty; and though, in the task of preserving order, the police displayed the greatest temper and forbearance under circumstances very trying to the equanimity of any man with blood in his veins, they were everywhere received with yells and hootings and shouts of execration, and subjected to such cowardly assault as none but thieves could be guilty of towards men who were merely doing their duty; men, too, who as truly belong to the hard-working classes as any mechanic or labourer whatever, and who earn their daily bread as usefully and as respectably. Though at the other meetings convened under Mr. Bright's auspices, and those of Mr. Beales and the Reform League, whether in London or the manufacturing districts, the greatest pains was taken to exclude the thieves and blackguards, and though order was not again disturbed at any of them, the damage done to the cause by the Hyde Park gathering was never repaired. The upper and middle, and the best of the working, classes were estranged; and thousands not averse from Reform, or undesirous of a reasonable extension of the suffrage, or opposed to a well-considered disfranchisement of old and decayed boroughs, and the transference of their privilege to new towns and cities that have sprung into importance during the present generation, dissociated themselves from an agitation that had become discreditable, and from the designs of men whose real object appeared to be revolution, thinly masked under the guise of Reform.

Until the close of the Parliamentary session of 1866, Mr. Bright never seemed to aspire to act any part but that of an English demagogue. His interest in Irish politics was limited, though he seldom missed an opportunity to strengthen by his vote and speeches any democratic movements in Ireland that promised to aid the democratic party in England. As a Quaker and an Englishman he could have no religious, though he might have political sympathy with Roman Catholic Irishmen. A leader of the Irish people, to be successful, must share their religious faith, and in this respect Mr. Bright was prudent in not affiliating himself too intimately with the Irish wing of his party. It would have been well for his little remaining influence in England if he had continued to be as discreet, and confined his attentions to the British mob, and left that of Ireland unvisited and unknown. Very different qualities are required in him who would lead the Irish populace than in him who would lead the English. The Irish are quick, susceptible, imaginative, impulsive, and easy to be raised to red-hot enthusiasm by any speaker who can throw a little poetry and a great deal of blarney into his orations. But not so and English crowd; which is not very quick, and not very susceptible; which does not care for poetry, and which resents blarney

as an insult, and denounces it, in its own vernacular, as "gammon." Neither Jack Cade nor John Wilkes would have had a chance with an Irish audience; and John Bright, solid, argumentative, with little wit and no humour, and nothing in his nature to cause a crowd either to weep or laugh with him, committed an error of judgment when he imperilled his heavy Saxon reputation among the lively, rollicking, good-natured and good-humored Celts of the sister isle, who seem to hate nobody but one another, the British Government, and any unfortunate landlord, Saxon or Celt, who has the misfortune to need his rent and requires it to be paid. It was in an evil hour for himself that Mr. Bright went to Ireland. His break-down was utter and complete. He neither understood the people, the subjects that most interested them, nor the way in which to talk to them; and never took into consideration a fact, which he has since perhaps studied, that an English and an Irish Radical are people with very different ideas, objects, and idiosyncrasies.

Great pains were taken to make the dinner or banquet at which he was to address his first speech to an Irish audience a brilliant success. It was hoped that many eminent English Liberals, and many of the Irish Roman Catholic bishops would be present on the occasion, and the names of many of these were publicly announced as certain to take part in the proceedings. But no English or Scotch member of any note in the party appeared. Mr. Mill was at Avignon, and could not come. Professor Fawcett could not leave his Cambridge lectures to attend; and Mr. Duncan M'Laren, the Radical member for Edinburgh, and Mr. Bright's brother-in-law to boot, had other engagements. Cardinal Cullen felt that Ireland owed Mr. Bright a debt of gratitude, but thought it better to state his opinion in a letter than to deliver it *viva voce* to his countrymen. The Roman Catholic Archbishops of Cashel and Tuam, and the Bishops of Meath, Kerry, Limerick, and others imitated the example of the Primate, and left the Quaker and the Sassenach to The O'Donoghue, Sir Colman O'Loghlen, and a few other Irish members of lesser note. "The" O'Donoghue—a patrician by the *The*, which is his popular title, and which the few families who affect it before their names seem to consider as good as a barony, or a baronetcy at the very least—was chairman of the banquet, and introduced Mr. Bright to the assemblage in a speech which must have been delightful to the ears of a man who has so high an opinion of himself as the member for Birmingham:—

"In the name of our country," he said, "we wish John Bright—the matchless advocate of freedom, the champion of the English people, our tried and trusted friend—a thousand welcomes to the shores of ancient Ireland. We welcome him for his own sake as a public man whose career has been as stainless as it has been consistent—for the sake of that vast majority of his countrymen of whose political views he is the exponent, to whom in his person we offer the hand of friendship and fraternity: with whom we are anxious to form a holy alliance, offensive and defensive, for the overthrow of class legislation, for the annihilation of oligarchical misrule, for the extension to the toiling myriads both of England and Ireland of those political rights which will make their position one of right and power, instead of being what it is at present, one of sufferance and submission. We welcome him as a great and good man, in whom his countrymen have unbounded confidence, for whom they have unbounded regard, as an Englishman in every sense of the word; and though last not least, we welcome him as a true friend of the Irish nation."

The "true friend of the Irish nation," the man in whom the "vast majority" of Englishmen have "unbounded confidence," after receiving whole volleys of such laudation as this from the too enthusiastic

"Knight of the Glens," rose when the fire had ceased, and made his first bow to the middle classes of the Irish people. His appearance before the working-classes, and the *oi polloi* was reserved for a future occasion. The orator seemed to have a dim consciousness that he ought not to have been there, and took pains to explain that he was rather coerced into coming, than a voluntary agent in the business. This matter settled, he sprang at once into his subject, and, quoting the inquiry made by some fabulous parliament of Kilkenny five hundred years ago, "Why the king was never the richer for Ireland?" proceeded to give his reasons for the permanency as well as the pertinency of the query, and what, in his opinion, were the remedies to be applied before the king ever could be the richer for the possession of that island. At the very outset he fell into his old and apparently inveterate mistake about America. He denied that, as a race, the Irish Celts were inferior to the English and Scottish Saxons and Scandinavians; and proved their equality, as well as the fact that there must be something wrong in Ireland, because the Irish always got on well in America, and never got on well in their own country. He forgot the great question of *elbow-room*. He forgot that the Celtic Irish are not a manufacturing or mechanical, but an agricultural people; that they love the possession of a bit of land; that they cannot procure it in Ireland, for the simple reason that Ireland is too small; and that a considerable proportion of its acreage is much better fitted for pasture than for corn; and that pasturage requires but a scanty population to attend to it. He seemed, however, to think that there was quite enough, or more than enough, of land in Ireland to maintain as agriculturists the whole of its teeming population, provided the estates of the great proprietors could be broken up, and either sold cheaply, or given gratuitously to the people. He went on to show that the land laws in England were about as bad as those in Ireland, "and that but for the outlet for the population afforded by our extraordinary manufacturing industry, the condition of England would have been as bad as that of Ireland." If this be so, one remedy for the evils of Ireland, which Mr. Bright has not suggested, is within his power to try. Let him erect as great a mill in Ireland as he possesses in Rochdale—let him urge his brother manufacturers to imitate his example; and he and they will perhaps discover, what they ought already to know, that manufactures are not easily forced; that an agricultural people like the Irish are not easily to be converted into artisans; and that if such a people *will* be agricultural, when they might become something else, the New World is ready to receive, to welcome, and to encourage them; and that the more of them who leave the little isle, the better for those who depart and the better for those who remain. Mr. Bright, however, is all in favour of the subdivision of land, and would, it is to be presumed, divide it and redivide it, after the French fashion, not only until "every rood maintained its man," but, as somebody has said, until every "clod" has its own proprietorial "hopper." Mr. Bright among Irishmen could not be expected to remain silent, either on the Irish Church question, or on that of tenant-right, and said his say upon both of them, uttering sentiments in which many persons less prejudiced than he is will be found to agree with him, but reserving the whole weight of his artillery for the one great question of the land. "The grand evil of Ireland," said he, in approaching the remedy which he desired to hold up to the British Government and people as the sole thing need-

ful, "is that the Irish people are dispossessed of the soil."

"What we ought to do," he continued, "is to provide for and aid their restoration to it by all measures of justice. Should you tolerate in Ireland the law of primogeniture? Why should you tolerate the system of entails and long settlements? Why should the object of the law be to accumulate land in great masses in few hands, and to make it almost impossible for persons of small means and tenant farmers to become possessors of land? If you go to other countries—for example, to Norway, to Denmark, to Holland, to Belgium, to France, to Germany, to Italy or to the United States—you will find that in all those countries those laws of which I complain have been abolished, and the land is just as free to buy and sell and hold and cultivate as any other description of property in the kingdom. No doubt, your Landed Estates and your Court of Titles Act were good measures; but they were good because they were in the direction that I want to travel further in. I would go further than that—I would deal with the question of absenteeism. I am not going to propose to tax absentees; but, if my advice were taken, we should have a parliamentary Commission empowered to buy up the large estates in Ireland belonging to the English nobility, for the purpose of selling them on proper terms to the occupiers of the farms and to the tenantry of Ireland. Now, let me be fairly understood. I am not proposing to take any of their property from them; but I propose this, that a Parliamentary Commission should be empowered to treat for the purchase of these large estates, with a view of selling them out to the tenantry of Ireland. Here are some of them. The present Prime Minister, Lord Derby, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Marquis of Hertford, the Marquis of Bath, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Devonshire, and many others, have large estates in Ireland. Many of them, I daresay, are just as well managed as any estates in the country; but what you want is to restore to Ireland a middle proprietary of the soil; and I venture to say that if these estates could be purchased, and could be sold out farm by farm to the tenant occupiers in Ireland, it would be infinitely better in a Conservative sense than that they should belong to great proprietors living out of the country. I have said that the disease is desperate, and that the remedy must be searching."

The middle-class people at the banquet did not seem to think very highly of this notable scheme; so Mr. Bright, three days afterwards, at a meeting of the working classes, attended by no other member of Parliament but the faithful O'Donoghue, unfolded and expounded it again:—

"There are, as you know," he said, "many large estates in Ireland which belong to rich families in England—families in England not only of the highest rank, but of the highest character—because I will venture to say that there are to be found among the English nobility families of as much perfect honourableness and worth as some of those to whom my plan would be offered. Therefore I am not speaking against the aristocracy, or against the families, or against property, or against anybody or anything that is good; but I say this, that if Parliament were to appoint a Commission, and give it, say at first, up to the amount of five millions sterling, and power to negotiate or treat with the great families in England who have large estates in Ireland, it is probable that some of these great estates might be bought at a not very unreasonable price."

Somebody in the meeting at this point, either seriously or ironically, inquired "*whether the land could not be had for nothing?*" If the question were serious, there can be little doubt that there are millions of people in Ireland who would like to have it answered in the affirmative. If it were ironical, it ought to have caused Mr. Bright to reflect a little more deeply on the tendency of his teaching—as, indeed, it appears to have done, for he took occasion to add that he proposed no confiscation; and that he would undertake to give, "if he were the Government, to any one of those landlords, ten per cent more for his estate than it would fetch in any market in London or Dublin; and that the plan would produce a most marvellous change in the sentiments of the people and in the condition

of Ireland." It is scarcely worth while to discuss a proposition like this—one so absurd that the most Radical of the Radical newspapers, as well as all the moderate-Liberal journals which are inclined to give Mr. Bright a general support on the Reform question, combined with the Conservative press in holding it up to ridicule. None but the "Morning Star" found courage to support a scheme so preposterous. All saw what Mr. Bright, with the fervour of a theorist loving his newest theory, had failed to perceive, that it was utterly impossible that the Imperial Parliament could consent to tax the British and Irish people for any such purpose; and that if such Quixotic folly and stupid extravagance were, by some unaccountable delusion acting upon the minds of men, to be decreed by the Legislature, nothing whatever could come of it but one huge, gigantic, unsurpassable job. Why an Englishman has not as much right to buy and hold or inherit land in Ireland as he has in England, has never been stated; and why, if Mr. Bright's plan were carried into operation in one part of the British dominions, say in Cork or Tipperary, it should not apply, for equally valid reasons, to Lancashire, Yorkshire, or Middlesex, or the Lowlands or Highlands of Scotland, it would puzzle Mr. Bright or any one else to explain. Supposing the estates of great English land proprietors in Ireland were sold, and subdivided on this very Bright and original plan, and that the purpose of the plan was, as it seems to be, to get Englishmen out of Ireland, would there be any security that the new proprietors, whether they paid or did not pay for the lands into the possession of which they had entered, should not, if ever they became involved, or desired to exchange the business of farming for that of shopkeeping or manufacturing—or if, by the purchase-money of their ten or twenty or a hundred acres in Ireland, they could purchase ten or fifty times the superficies of good soil in the United States—re-sell them to Englishmen? And the questions also suggest themselves, If Englishmen are not to be considered good enough for Ireland, are Irishmen to be considered good enough for England? And if, for so-called purposes of public advantage, a man, whether he be English, Scotch, Welsh, or Irish, is not to be allowed to hold and cultivate an estate without ethnological and geographical reason for confiding such a privilege in his hands, are manufacturers in a different condition in these respects from landowners? A landowner manufactures food by himself or deputy, and Mr. Bright manufactures carpets and other textile fabrics by the same right and by corresponding agencies. Is one manufacture to be more restricted than another? The Irishmen may believe that Englishmen have no business to manufacture food in Ireland. If this principle were allowed, Protestant or Roman Catholic (say in Rochdale) might, if they were numerous enough, declare that no Quaker had a right to a mill or other factory in their borough; and that Mr. Bright's business, instead of being left in his own hands, ought to be shared among all his workpeople. How a man like Mr. Bright should ever have propounded a notion so crude and puerile, is a marvel, unless there be something in the atmosphere of Irish politics as effective to make men fools, if once inhaled by any but an Irishman, as that Magic charm which, in 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' put the head of an ass upon the broad shoulders of Bottom the weaver.

Mr. Bright's visit to Ireland has not, however, been unproductive of good. It has proved to the great bulk of the British people, more conclusively than ever it was proved before, that Mr. Bright is not a safe guide; that his notions on the subject of land are wild, impracticable, revolutionary; and that if they were not impracticable and revolutionary they would, if made the basis of legislation, be productive not alone

of spoliation as regards the present race of proprietors, but of misery to the peasant proprietors whom he would instal in their places. It has also proved that between ultra-Liberalism in England and ultra-Liberalism in Ireland there is a wide gulf, and that Parliamentary Reform, however necessary some modicum of it may be in England, and however much or little of popular support it may command among the masses of the people, is not the object on which the Irish have set their hearts. It is but too apparent that "Fenianism," and the hatred of rent, are the ruling ideas at present in the Irish mind; and that even the repeal of the legislative union between the countries, which Mr. Bright seems to regard with almost as much approval as the late Daniel O'Connell, is not the panacea which charms the imagination and excites the passion of the Irish multitude. His address to the working classes was constantly interrupted by Fenian cries and allusions; and must have convinced him, if he be as truly attached to the throne as he declares, and as we are willing to believe, that American and Fenian emissaries have done their work but too well in Ireland; and that the best thing that can happen to the country is, that every Fenian should get out of it as fast as possible, and acquire land in the Far West of Illinois, Iowa, and Indiana at his own expense, which he can do very easily, rather than acquire land in Ireland at the expense of the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl Fitzwilliam, or the taxpayers of England and Scotland.

John Bright, in the flesh, is undoubtedly an Englishman, and, physically, a capital specimen of the breed; but in the spirit John Bright is essentially an American. Were he to go to the country of his love, remain there for a twelvemonth (two years would be better), and patiently study the people and the working of their institutions, it is possible, and probable, that before the end of that time he would become as English in character as he is in blood, return a sadder and a wiser man, with greater respect for his own country and its institutions than he has ever yet entertained or manifested.

VICTOR HUGO.

"Religion, Society, Nature; such are the three struggles of man. These three struggles are at the same time his three necessities; he must believe, from whence comes the temple; he must create, from thence the city; he must live, from thence the ship and the plough. But these three solutions contain three wars—from the three united comes the mysterious difficulty of life. Man has to encounter the obstacle before him under the form of superstition, under the form of prejudice, under the form of element. . . . In 'Notre Dame de Paris' the author has denounced the first: in 'Les Miserables' he has pointed out the second; in this book he indicates the third."

Such is the preface with which M. Victor Hugo sends into the world his latest, and in some respects most perfect, work. Either because it was his original plan, or because the thoughts of a man approaching the decline of life naturally turn towards that rounding off and completion which is in most cases imperfectly accomplished by the hand of Time alone; he sums up, as it were, the labours of his life and genius in his three greatest productions. It is thus not three novels, however powerful, but the exposition of his deepest sentiments in respect to the three great principles and difficulties of human existence, which he expects to be considered in these books. A similar idea moved Wordsworth to speak of his own works as of a Gothic cathedral, in which every part bore some reference to the whole, and where the reader progressed from quaint porch, and lateral chapel, and solemn nave, up to the sacred chancel and the master altar—the Sanctuary of Sanctuaries. The Frenchman, as might be expected, is more logical than the Englishman, and adheres much more closely to his plan of construction. His three books fit reasonably well into their places, and play their parts a little as if they meant it. The two latter, indeed, we have no doubt, do mean it, and were the offspring of the idea. Society on the one hand, and nature on the other, stand forth with powerful and terrible prominence in 'Les Miserables' and the 'Travailleurs de la Mer.' If both these huge abstractions have, to a certain extent, that air of sitting for their portraits which it is so difficult for the most experienced painter to avoid, it is scarcely sufficient to impair the effect. They loom up before the reader silently, conscious that they are being painted, but indifferent to the result. In 'Les Miserables' the author portrays the struggles of a man who has once outraged and wronged society, to win reputation back and redeem his lost place. In the second he brings before us one whose happiness hangs upon his ability to confront and overcome nature, to contend with the storms and the sea, and to accomplish a feat which seems impossible, notwithstanding all the resistance of heaven and earth. Society, which refuses and crushes on the one hand, and on the other Nature, which fights and struggles, yet yields, are almost as sharply individualised as are Jean Valjean and Gilliatt. They are, if there is any fault, too clear. Nobody can mistake the *motif* of the tale in either case. The ingenuity of the reader is more severely taxed in the first work of the two, which discusses, or professes to discuss, the first and greatest of the "struggles of man." Religion does not stand up for its portrait in 'Notre

'Les Travailleurs de la Mer.' Paris, 1866.

Dame' with the same distinctness. The plan, so far as can be judged from the outside, must have been made only after the first storey of the building was completed; and the exact attention to its details shown in the remainder of the edifice, does but exhibit more clearly the vaguer aim of the beginning. It is fatality, destiny, an incomprehensible and irresistible fate, and not the antagonism of forces, which is embodied in that extraordinary romance. Its first effect, which, according to all evidence, must have been prodigious, has faded now into the calmer glory of a classic. To the present generation of English readers, Victor Hugo has come out of the general world of fame into individual acquaintance rather by 'Les Miserables' than by any of his previous productions; and La Esmeralda and her wild protector are known to the great mass rather as traditions than as actual realities. Why the author should have associated a work so distinctly belonging to another period, and full of an entirely different inspiration, with the two later productions of his genius, it seems difficult to divine; but he has done so, however the critic or reader may protest against the classification; and it is at least satisfactory to receive from his own hands what he evidently considers his most important works, thus linked together by a meaning, real or supposed. M. Hugo has gained for himself such a position as entitles a man to believe his conception of human affairs to be interesting to the race; and three romances more powerful and eloquent have perhaps never come from a single writer. They are not bound by any rules or restrictions of art. They are full of the most capricious digressions, philosophies, and theories without end; neither probability nor consistency, nor any other of the gods of legitimate art, have been regarded in their construction. They are calculated to drive all rigid critics wild, and to work up the Academy into frenzy. Nevertheless they are instinct with life and interest, and bear their load of irrelevancies lightly as a flower. Such a result could not be produced except by the existence of the highest qualities of the writer—a power which defies criticism, and sets in its own right, except so far as may please it, every law and restriction aside.

We receive, and indeed are compelled to receive, such a writer on his own conditions. It is useless to apply an abstract standard to him; and the reader, though he may make a wry face, becomes docile ere long, and swallows page upon page about the Paris sewers or any other delectable topic which may come in M. Hugo's way, with a meek and admirable submissiveness. There are things more objectionable even than the *grands egouts* which have to be swallowed in their turn. We may not approve of the taste which makes a hero of a galley-slave, or a kind of miserable heroine out of the "unfortunate" Fantine. It seems an unnecessary extreme to rush to, and it offends, though it is hard to say why, our moral sentiments and delicacy of thought. But the fact is, and must be acknowledged at the outset, that M. Hugo is not restrained by the bonds of a scrupulous propriety, and is not thinking of what is delicate. According to his own conception of what he has in hand, it is something infinitely more important than good taste; and there seems no reason to conclude that he does not perfectly know what he is about. We cannot dictate to him the manner in which he is to evolve his views; what we have to do is to accept or reject them under the form which is natural to the mind of the author. Still more absurd is it to turn from these remarkable books with that commonest and most futile of all objections that they are *French*. Of course they are French. Instead

of being a reproach to them, it is their great glory. The words which the English journalist pronounces as a sentence of doom, are in fact the highest compliment that can be paid to M. Hugo. His works could not have been produced by an Englishman; many of his sentiments, uttered by English lips, would have been simply monstrous; but he does not pretend nor attempt to regard the world from an English point of view. His ideas, feelings, and convictions are all coloured by his nationality. He thinks as his countrymen think, sets forth their ideal, prefers their way of looking at everything, and not ours. Thus he does us far better service than if he were a thousand times English: for he reveals to us a mind differing from ours in all that is secondary, identical with our own in most things that are primitive and essential, which is one of the highest offices of literature. The continual repetition of its own point of view, its own sentiments and ways of thinking, may be very satisfactory to the uninstructed mind which knows and wishes for nothing out of its own limited orbit; but to a mind which has been trained to know that its own immediate surroundings are after all but a trifling corner of the world, it is the greatest possible advantage that the French writer should be French and the German truly German, as well as that the English should be English. The advantages of travel are a favourite subject of disquisition in the present travelling age; but an acquaintance with the literature of other countries is a still more effectual way of enlarging the mind; for there are multitudes of travellers, as every body knows, who go abroad only to air their prejudices, and for any good the process does them would be ten times better at home. Accordingly, it may be difficult for the insular mind to believe, what is nevertheless the case, that the verdict which with us condemns and crushes, is across the Channel an author's highest commendation; and that French critics fondly comment upon the perfectly French temper and character, upon the well of French undefiled, upon the profound nationality of their writers, just as we make our boast of the Englishness of ours. M. Hugo is French—he desires no better. Paris is to him all, and more than all, that London ever was to an Englishman—much more, in fact: for an English writer of equal powers would not in all probability feel any particular attachment to London. Never English imp of the streets was so dear to literature as the gamin of his native soil is to the author of 'Les Miserables.' And he is as French in those points wherein we perceive extravagance and exaltation as he is in the purely natural distinctions. When his bishop receives the benediction of the revolutionary whose deathbed he had gone to admonish, he does what the wildest stretch of imagination could never dream of being done by an English bishop under such circumstances. What then? Monseigneur Bienvenu is not English: neither is Victor Hugo. Let them expound their own ideal of goodness, their own manner of thought. If we could but see it, there might be in that manner of thought and ideal of goodness something which, by pure diversity and difference, would enlarge and correct our own.

'Notre Dame,' the first work of the trio which M. Hugo thus offers to public consideration as his system of philosophy, is a work very different, as we have already said, from the other two. There is no trace of an artificial purpose in it; it does not look as if it had been written to illustrate anything; and the general reader, after going through it, will find it difficult to tell how it manifests the struggle of man with religion. The struggle in it, so far as there is a struggle, has nothing of the noble charac-

ter which characterises the conflict with society and nature which the author embodies in his other works. It is no fundamental struggle with great religious principles, no rising up of the soul against divine laws or government, no struggle with the mysteries of Providence, such as might be supposed to precede and complete the other two. Religion has a merely artificial meaning in this wonderful romance; what it represents is not anything essential or spiritual, but the technical "religion" of the Roman Church, the conditions of a priestly caste. Claude Frollo, the archidiacre, whose struggle against his love for Esmeralda is the only struggle in the book, is not a devout priest to whom the temptation is a horror. He loves wildly, madly, and passionately, with a blind absorption which the author contrasts with the light loves of men of the world; but the conflict in his mind is much more that of a philosopher and dignified personage of mature years against the meaningless passion for a dancing gypsy which has seized upon him, he does not know how, than any spiritual distinction between the pure and the impure. The complication of his priesthood is a conventional horror, which adds to the external but not in the least to the spiritual difficulty. Indeed, there is no spiritual difficulty, so far as we can discover, or spiritual apprehension at all, in the character of the priest, who is a churchman because his author wills it so, but of his own nature is only a blameless, learned, and up to a certain point bloodless, individual until the beautiful Egyptian crosses his vision, and the magician, philosopher, student, and dignified personage falls prostrate under the enchantment. A man of middle age and supposed lofty pursuits could scarcely succumb to such a power without some shame and a certain amount of mental conflict. Even King Cophetua probably had to fight it out with himself irrespective of his courtiers, before he took that decided step about the beggar-maid. But Dom Claude shows small symptoms of any conflict until the demon of jealousy rises in his dark bosom, and his struggle then is to get his rival out of the way, not to reconcile his love with religion, or vanquish passion by duty. To kill or put out of the way any one who comes between him and the object of his passion; to overcome anyhow her repugnance and resistance; to set all sorts of agencies in motion for her destruction, with the forlorn hope that at the last moment, finding her case desperate, she may permit him to save her, or, even failing that, may perish out of his way and leave him at last alone—these are the impulses that move the priest. He strives furiously and blindly, and entirely without success, to win the attention, the notice, the love of Esmeralda; then with equal fury he strives to destroy her as a witch and sorceress. When he is foiled in this, he stirs up all the vagabonds of Paris to rescue her from the sanctuary and the protector who holds her safe from all his assaults. Finally, he himself delivers her over into the cruel hands of superstition. All this is attended by a wonderful whirl of passion, fluctuating from adoration to denunciation, from miserable prayers and entreaties to pitiless wrath and revenge. But in it all there is no sign of religion. It is because his heart has been repressed, his life bound in the icy bondage of the Church, that he takes the matter in such a serious light. Such, at least, is the author's explanation of it. Had he been an ordinary lay mortal, he would have taken or left the Esmeralda lightly enough, for she would not have been the sole passion of his life; but being a Churchman, all the force of his nature, chilled and frozen up by the restraints of his position, is concentrated into this one channel, and bursts into misery, crime, and destruction. If M. Hugo is right in

saying that his theory of the three great struggles of man has been in his mind for so long, and that 'Notre Dame' is his demonstration of the first and greatest of these difficulties, this is all he can give us by way of religious conflict. And there is no religion whatever in it, no conscience even apparently to curb the man, nothing but unsuccess which makes him more and more wretched, and a deadly fascination which draws him further and further on, and dark fate which entangles his guilty feet and weaves its meshes round him. But we do not think M. Hugo is guilty of this want of insight. Our belief is that he never thought of the conflict of man with religion until a generation later, when the idea of that other conflict which 'Les Miserables' maintain against the world came into his mind. He formed his theory thirty years or so too late, and availed himself of Claude Frollo to give a certain colour to the announcement of that abstract purpose long conceived and clearly held by, which is dear to the nation which fights for an idea: so that the fault is in the rash construction of a plan after the partial building of the edifice, and not in the conception of 'Notre Dame.'

Its real principle may be more truly gathered from the preface of the work itself, in which the author explains that it was suggested by a word which he found cut in the wall of some obscure corner of the Church of Notre Dame—the Greek word *ανανγχη*, *Fatalité*, Fate. This has been at all times a favourite inspiration of dramatic genius, and it is needless to say with what power and effect it has been used by older and greater poets than M. Hugo. But even Fate, as he conceives it, has no religion in it. Nothing of that solemn idea of retribution which makes Orestes fly before the Furies and erects in Nemesis a goddess of recompense for the guilty, exists in the fatality which destroys the creatures of M. Hugo's fancy. Here there is no prior guilt to be religiously punished. The priest in the ripeness of manhood, with a disciplined mind and an occupied life, is struck suddenly as if by lightning with that wild passion for the beautiful dancer which is to procure his own ruin and hers. She in her turn in the same wild and unaccountable way loves the *bel officier* and seals her doom; but all this misery and destruction are, as it were, gratuitous, a mere freak of fate rather than the lofty and inevitable retribution which in Greek hands made the idea of Fate in itself a religion. The wonderful height of tragic power to which the author rises in some of the later scenes—notably in that, the darkest twist of his sombre web, in which the wretched recluse, who has been one of Esmeralda's chief persecutors, discovers at the last moment that the hated Egyptian is her own lost child—does not redeem in point of art this fundamental mistake. So far from being religious, it is a fatality worse than pagan that sucks these victims down into its whirlpool; and instead of making any effort against it, or attempt to free themselves, they yield blindly to the impetus of the horrible current, and allow themselves to be swept away. There never, perhaps, was a book which left a more painful impression—as few can have left a more powerful—upon the minds of its readers. At no point of the tale does there seem any hope or possibility of salvation; the sweep of the tide is downward, and there is no reflux to bury the fatal proclivity; and the agency at work in the whole is not only an inexorable, but a capricious and meaningless Fate.

Perhaps one cause of this is that the author does not seem to be moved by any feeling of affection for the creatures of his fancy. The book is written with a curious, almost Biblical straightforward-

ness, with little attempt to rouse the sympathies of the reader. For the author's own sympathies are little awakened; he is a historian, and impartial; there is no softening in his eyes to any of the personages of his drama; he loves none of them. Each individual is set forth boldly against the light, without any of those tender shadings which subdue the harshness of an outline. Esmeralda herself is not dear to her maker. She is not even individual, but only a lovely apparition, a kind of wild type of woman. She is a wandering gipsy, it is true, and surrounded by the rudest conditions of life; but there is no sort of human character in the fair creature. She is like what that creature might be supposed to be, whom some curious philosopher, investigating the processes and developments of creation, should catch and lay hands upon at the moment when it emerges out of the lower animal life to become in pathetic semi-development a stepping-stone between the wild creatures of the wood and the rational man. Such a stepping-stone would be infinitely convenient to the theorist; and it is indeed astonishing that it has never been openly suggested by any enthusiastic philosopher. There seems a general idea running through M. Hugo's plan of the universe that woman as a distinct creature does occupy this place; but naturally he does not formulate his theory, if it has come to the rank of a theory in his mind. La Esmeralda is woman impersonated — a wild, proud, fantastical, fair creature, innocent rather by perversity than from any better reason, loving and loathing by instinct, inspired by air and sunshine and youth into wild gaiety, yet bursting into snatches of unintelligible song which touch by moments the deepest pathetic chords in the hearts of her hearers. She is a creature "moving about in worlds not realised," such a being as the Faun of the classic imagination, an unreasoning irresponsible thing with which religion could have nothing to do, but which it is sufficiently natural to find struggling aimlessly and blindly in the entanglements of overpowering fate. The women in M. Hugo's other books are, as we shall find, of very similar nature; but there is something in the wildness of Esmeralda's surroundings which suits better with this conception than do the tamer circumstances of modern life. Her sudden witless foolish passion, her blind hate and horror of the priest who follows her about, her stupified despair when things go badly with her, the wild sacrifice of her last hope, which she makes by her appeal to Phœbus at the moment when her mother's distracted eloquence has all but baffled her pursuers, are in perfect consonance. And so is her little *moue* of disdain, and her instinctive pity, her horror of cold and darkness and her delight in the air and light, and her friendship for the goat, who is her closest companion. The conjunction of these two is a subtle point in the picture; the reader, like Gringoire, "les confondant presque dans sa contemplation; pour l'intelligence et la bonne amitié, les croyant toutes deux jeunes filles; pour la légèreté, l'agilité, la dextérité de la marche les trouvant chèvres toutes deux." La Esmeralda is thus the first primitive feminine type—the Faun made into a woman.

As for the *bel officier*, Phœbus, he too is distinctly typical. He is about as unspiritual as the beautiful creature who loves him with such wild devotion; but, at the same time, he is the *bel officier* all the world over, the hero who loves and rides away, the handsome soldier whose gold lace and epaulettes, and fine mustache and jingling spurs, make up to him for the want of such an insignificant accessory as a soul. The repressed and passionate priest is not a new figure in literature, nor was it new when Victor Hugo's wonderful romance

first appeared; but Phœbus is as fresh as he is perfect, and his author's complete impartiality and severe simpleness do full credit to every detail. M. Hugo has no modest reserve to restrain him, nor does he fear a prudish audience; what he has to say he says plainly, with a calmness which, as we have already said, is almost Biblical. The *bel officier* is not spoiled by the interpolation of any feelings into his healthy and vigorous constitution; his animalism is too genuine to admit of any sense or consciousness of shame. It is scarcely wickedness, for the man has no soul. Why should he not enjoy himself after his fashion? He is as little respectful of his betrothed bride as he is of the gipsy dancer. They are both women—the one less, the other more, guarded from his pursuit; but the one just as little as the other surrounded by any natural defence of honour or love, which, indeed, are words which have no meaning in Captain Phœbus's mind. The handsome captain is, in short, so purely brute, that he is not even subject to the bonds of fate which entangle and whirl the others to their ruin. He is not worth the while of destiny; his spurred foot disengages itself without any trouble from the mesh; he is the instrument, but is too mean to be in his turn the victim. Thus the author secures that contrast which intensifies every real event in the world, and which is necessary also to the effect of fiction. While we see the fatal wheel turning, and the dark threads winding round and round the feet of the doomed, here is the one who goes trampling through and through in a brutal accidental way and is never caught: contempt could go no farther. Perhaps M. Hugo meant, perhaps he never thought of, the morality conveyed in this stroke of art. Anyhow it is as true as the art itself, which is saying much.

The two chief characters in 'Notre Dame' remain, however, unnoticed. These are Notre Dame itself and Quasimodo, the hunchback, the grotesque, deformed, unearthly being who inhabits, inspires, and takes inspiration from the Church which has been his only mother. Nobody who has read the book needs to be told how large a part in the tale is played by that noble sanctuary itself, nor how it gradually grows upon the reader out of a name and local place into a great silent spectator, almost actor, in the drama—helpful, consolatory, cruel, giving refuge to the innocent and the guilty, sheltering impartially as nature herself the schemer and his victim, the poor crushed butterfly in her innocent despair, her saviour half-imbecile and half-divine, and her enemy impelled yet paralysed by passion. Over these figures the calm turrets rise, the old walls circle round, the great silent presence broods—not the medieval Madonna so much as some great old goddess, some vast earth-image, giving to all who seek her an impartial succour. It is into her arms that Quasimodo carries the escaped victim—it is within a dark nook of her capacious bosom that Claude Frollo sits and weaves his cruel web—such are the words that occur naturally to the reader's mind. The place becomes individual and personal, and possessed of a large, silent, passive, yet not powerless existence of its own. And with this great immovable spectator is associated the wild being who has no life apart from that of the vast temple which is his home. Quasimodo is the nursling of Notre Dame; he is a deformed, hideous, one-eyed monster—in body as in soul a marred sketch of a man. "En effet, Quasimodo, borgne, bossu, cagneux, n'était guère qu'un *à peu près*." He is the bellringer, and that occupation has deafened him—"rudely closing for ever the only door which nature had left to him fully open upon the world." Such are the actors in the wonderful drama which more than thirty years ago

M. Hugo set forth enclosed in the thronged streets of medieval Paris, before the world. And what throngs are these!—what a great hum and rustle of the wonderful living crowd! —what foolish, cheerful, chattering, frolicsome companions!—what good-hearted simple gossips!—what *naïf* and honest self-seekers! The whole scene is alive and astir with such a flood of rich and various existence as we know not how to equal out of Shakespeare. The reader feels himself hustled and pushed about by the crowd; he catches its utterance in a great hum and suppressed roar, with a few words distinct by chance here and there; the current sweeps him into places where he has no particular mind to go, and makes him privately, as it were, scarce willingly aware of Jehan Frollo's freaks, and of the perplexities of Gringoire. From the gloomy Place de la Grève, where, pushed about as he is by a throng which knows no history beyond the fifteenth century, he is yet conscious always of the tragedy of the eighteenth, he is drawn by the wizard to the turrets and galleries of Notre Dame, where he still and always looks down upon that inexhaustible crowd. We know no book in which there is such a hum of unlimited population. Shakespeare's crowds in the historical plays are the only things we remember at all like the thronged streets of Paris as they appear in the pages of 'Notre Dame.'

But the only divine touch in the book is in the character of Quasimodo. His is the only soul capable of any kind of spiritual influence. To him alone does this strange passion, which is the mainspring of all, come with any elevating power. The love of Claude Frollo, though it becomes devilish and eats into him, gaining utter empiry over his intellect and ambition and all his powers, is still nearly as much an affair of the flesh as is the inclination of the gallant Phœbus towards the beautiful creature in his power. Quasimodo alone is moved by the heart. To him the dancing-girl is an angel of light, and that not for her beauty's sake, but, first of all, because of the tender charity in her—the gleam of the divine through the human. Moved by this, and not by impure passion, the hunchback watches over her from his towers, rescues her in her extremity, hides her in the dark recesses of Notre Dame, sleeps at her door like a faithful dog, fights and almost vanquishes, singlehanded, the besieging mob. Fate, which sweeps away all restraints of justice, self-restraint, pride, and even custom, from the mind of Dom Claude, cannot master the primitive religion in Quasimodo's confused bosom—the wild loyalty, faith, and love of which he alone is capable. He is only a man *à peu près*, and yet he is the sole character which has it in him to triumph over circumstances. When the blind Fate seizes her victims, it is Quasimodo alone who has reason or will of his own in the catastrophe. Fate can affect him only so far as that in destroying all whom he loves it takes from him all motive to live; but it does not take from him a man's command over his own actions. Thus, if there is a lesson in 'Notre Dame,' it is perhaps a higher one than the author himself thought of. It is not the struggle of man with religion, but it might be a delicate demonstration of the manner of human spirit which can be influenced by that wild combination of circumstances which it is legitimate enough to call Fate. Esmeralda and her mother and Dom Claude are all under the sway of an intense all-absorbing selfish passion—a passion almost sanctified on the part of the mother by the mere fact that it is maternal, innocent in Esmeralda, and not even utterly abominable in the priest; but in all three utterly unreasoning and supremely selfish. The handsome Phœbus extricates himself cheaply from the

maze by the undivine but unquestionable right of having no heart nor capability of passion in him; but the hunchback is the only victor. Fate cannot draw into its wildest vortex the man who has no thought for himself. If this was the meaning of 'Notre Dame,' then it would be the triumph of the noblest elements of religion over all the powers of darkness which M. Hugo would set before us; but we do not feel justified in giving him credit for so lofty an intention. The book was probably written out of the exuberance of his youthful powers spontaneously and without any purpose, as in most cases it is best for a book to be written, and its natural power and splendour are such that it needs no justification. But if it were possible to imagine that so many years ago, in the heyday of existence, the young philosopher had embodied in his romance so grand a conception, then it must be added that his present statement of it is in the highest degree flat and poor. Here is no struggle of man with religion; here is, in short, no religion anywhere in the true sense of the word, except in the hunchback, who is the only creature in the book who triumphs over Fate. So that its lesson would be: Ignore God and all that is of God in you, and Fate will catch you in her fatal mesh, and crush you, innocent or guilty, with an awful pagan indifference to your struggles. But—Be godlike in the farthest-off degree—touch the divine by that link of self-forgetfulness and generous love which is the soul of all religion, and you are superior to Fate. It would be one of the noblest sermons ever written if this were the meaning of 'Notre Dame.'

But at the same time we repeat that we do not think this is its meaning. We believe simply in M. Hugo's declaration made at the time of its first appearance, that the idea of Fate exercising an irresistible and capricious fascination upon a little circle of human victims was the only abstract idea in the book; and that it was the unerring instinct of the true artist, and not the judgment of the moral teacher, which led him to discriminate and vary as he has done, its action upon the different personages of his drama. The soulless trifler who by right of his inanity escapes the deadly whirl of destiny, and the confused and dim but loyal and generous spirit which is above its power, were necessary to a full perception of the frightful sweep and rush of the whirlpool, and the doom of the helpless wretches engulfed in it. But it was the requirements of art rather than the exigencies of philosophical truth which produced these contrasts, and 'Notre Dame' to our thinking is to be considered above all as a work of art. As such, most of our readers are aware, it stands in the very highest rank of imaginative literature; but it is no exposition of any struggle between the powers of religion and the soul of man.

'Les Miserables,' on the other hand, entirely fulfils its purpose. It is the narrative of a struggle with society and its prejudices, such a struggle as it is perfectly possible might be made in any country at this present era of the Christian world. Its hero is, as we have said, a repentant thief, a galley slave, upon whom, at the age of forty-six, goodness in its sublimest form dawns for the first time in his life. He is in the last stage of misery, brutality, and desolation when he is first introduced to the reader; but after a brief interval, in which he is still subject to the lingering habit and instinct of crime, the man grows into everything that is most lofty, pure, and generous. Hunted like a criminal, driven from place to place, never at rest save for a moment, obliged to change his name, to live always on the alert, ready to fly or disguise himself with the ready art of the guilty, but the heart of a martyr under his different sem-

blances, Jean Valjean maintains a hopless conflict with the organised mass of his fellow creatures. Society knows certain facts in his career, and knows nothing of, nor will believe in, the change which has taken place in him, the noble qualities which have developed in his mind. Even those who ought to have been capable of appreciating the grandeur of his sacrifice remember above all his generosities the certainty that he has been a *forçat*, and is thus hoplessly incapable of re-admission into the world. He makes a long, weary, dauntless fight against his fate. He is even happy, seizing upon a flower by the way, and gaining for himself in the love of a child whom he has rescued from misery a certain recompense of comfort for his many sufferings; but even this has to be snatched away from him. It is very evident that M. Hugo has not yet given up the idea of Fate, though he presents it under a different form; and the reader feels from the beginning that the penitent is a predestined victim. But it is not Fate which pursues him—it is Society, the civilised world against which in his days of ignorance and misery he had sinned. Here the struggle is distinct and unmistakable. It becomes apparent from the moment at which the reader rediscovers the miserable *forçat* in the person of the benevolent and rich manufacturer whose enterprise has given employment to an entire town, and whose bountiful heart is the Providence of the place. He is modest, humble, seeking no distinction, content to live honestly and do good to all about him, asking no notice nor favour from society; yet the eye of the law which he has once defied watches unsatisfied, ready to pounce upon him; and the man lives, as we have said, continually on the alert, not knowing what day or hour the end may come, and the fabric of his honour and prosperity melt away from under him, and the galleys be again his portion. It is impossible to imagine a situation more striking; and though the change from such an abyss of misery and crime to the sad and lonely heights of self-abnegation on which the penitent is found, when he emerges out of the darkness, is violent, and may be objected to as extreme, there is nothing unnatural in it. Jean Valjean, as he is first presented to the reader, is not a malignant criminal. If there is a weak point in the narrative here it is, that his initiatory offence is too slight: a man whose only crime was that of stealing a loaf for the starving children dependent on him, was scarcely like to have violated the hospitality of Monseigneur Bienvenu, notwithstanding the corrupting influences of fifteen years in the galleys; and the radical character of the change is accounted for by the unawakened condition of the man's heart and intellect up to that moment. The stupor of ignorance and wretchedness, the despair of the horrible convict life, the dense stupidity and indifference into which human nature falls when hope and possibility are taken from it, and nothing but the brutal conditions of existence in its hardest and most miserable form are left, had never been broken, until this dull and awful creature called a man, yet only a man in his capacity of suffering, was brought face to face with the good bishop. And no doubt M. Hugo was right in judging that it was needful to bring a goodness so resplendent to pierce through a darkness so miserable. The contact amazes, stupifies, even irritates the unhappy wretch, and it is not until the instinct of crime has returned upon him, and he has taken without meaning it Petit Gervais' little piece of money, that the sudden illumination takes place. Then he bethinks him that Monseigneur Bienvenu has said, "Je vous achete votre âme." Then he becomes aware of the horrible gloom in which he has been living; then his heart awakes, and his

mind, and humanity rises in him out of the brute; it is, in short, his conversion, that wonderful crisis in life which, perhaps, does not come to all, or is not necessary to all, as Low-Church theologians say, but which, is a utterly impossible to doubt, is a historical fact in many existences, and a perfectly valid reason for any revolution. Jean Valjean undergoes this change. He is as different a man afterwards as any of those heroes of religious biography with whose lives we are all more or less familiar. M. Hugo has found this wonderful possibility as true in art as it undoubtedly is in fact; and we cannot but think he is entirely justified in using it. Jean Valjean is converted. He puts off the old man, as Scripture says. He is utterly changed, not so much in the foundation of his character, which has been only stupidly, wretchedly, not willingly and cleverly, wicked, but in all the habits and traditions of his life. The *bagne* at Toulon is swept away from his mind, except as a horrible shadow at which he shudders. The change is thus accounted for, and becomes no longer impossible.

Various exceptions have been made by English critics to the good bishop, who appears in 'Les Miserables' for the sole purpose of converting this unhappy convict. He has been been denounced as a sentimental vision, a dream of impossible virtue, a type of indeed almost undesirable perfection. Far be it from us to insinuate that an English bishop, with a large family to provide for, and the exigencies of society to consider, is not the loftiest ideal of clerical goodness. But yet if the institution of a celibate clergy has its drawbacks, it may be allowed to have also its possible excellence. Monseigneur Bienvenu is French—French all over, as his critics say. So much the better for us. He is a priest, not a clergyman. He is the kind of saintly soul which, let Protestant objectors say what they will, may, has been, and probably ever will be, in distant and highly exceptional cases, produced by the conditions of the Roman priesthood. There is nothing unnatural about his goodness. It is the goodness of a man detached from the world, deprived of all personal aims, and possessed by such a love of his fellow creatures as his Master had. He is old and mellowed by age. He is a man of much experience, in whom long encounter with the world and all the vicissitudes brought about by the Revolution have produced that indifference to externals which is always more or less, in a large and noble mind, the result of experience. Thus his personal character aids and enhances the beautiful goodness which no candid reader can be but grateful to M. Hugo for portraying so exquisitely. Let who will gainsay, we are the better for Monseigneur Bienvenu—the better for the imagination of an excellence so surpassing and yet so human. Probably the author of 'Les Miserables' is not considered in clerical circles a very good Catholic, but he has done better service to the priesthood by this sketch than a score of Ultramontane enthusiasts; for the fact is that his bishop is an ideal priest. He is the kind of man whom it is the aim of the institution of celibacy, and the separation of the priestly caste, to produce; and if such success often attended the attempt, then it would be hard to say that the means were not justified by the end. Our ideal of goodness is of another complexion, perhaps; and even the poorest curate much less a bishop, with, as we have already said, a family to provide for, could not, without folly and even sin, emulate Monseigneur Bienvenu. But then it is not a married clergy with large families which M. Hugo has to deal with; and he sets forth in his priest an example of all that a priest ought to be, according to the fundamental

idea of his character as conceived in the Roman Catholic Church. Such a man, when he happens to appear, blots out a multitude of sins, and the possibility of his occasional development is as strong a plea in favour of the celibate priesthood as any we remember against it. It may have been sentimental and extravagant to give his candlesticks to the ruffian who had stolen his spoons. That, too, is one of the things we are apt to describe as French; but we suspect that few good men would really hesitate even about a pair of silver candlesticks if they devoutly believed that the sacrifice of them would "buy a soul" and win over a life from evil to good. The thing that stands most in the way of such sacrifices is the extreme hesitation of the ordinary mind as to the good to follow. The criminal might still continue a criminal, and why sacrifice candlesticks, or indeed anything else of value, for so very doubtful a gain? But for his part Monseigneur Bienvenu believed in the good he purposed. He uttered no perhaps; he said, "Je vous achete votre âme;" and the bargain was after all not a bad one. But the beauty of the character altogether is that it is beyond and above the standard of ordinary and comfortable goodness. It is goodness absolute; it is the picture of a man doing all and whatsoever he thinks it right to do, limited by no bonds of expediency or even possibility, making no calculations, doing absolutely in the most perfect way the one thing immediately before him, as if he had not another hour to live, and no consequences to contemplate. Such a man would doubtless do very extraordinary things—things wonderful in themselves, as well as utterly incomprehensible to those who surrounded him, yet explainable enough when the purpose of his life comes to be considered. Such is M. Hugo's bishop. The chances are, in our humble judgment, that it is a sketch made from the life; and to have come in contact with such a man, even in the pages of a romance, is, we repeat, good for us and good for the world.

And Jean Valjean is converted by him—as distinctly converted as if Monseigneur had been a zealous Low Churchman or even a revivalist. Without this the book would never have been written, since nobody can charge the author with choosing the *Miserables* solely for the sake of their misery, as if that supplied the want of all intellectual or spiritual charms. M. Hugo has, however, an amount of profound and tender pity for the confused pathetic stupidity of the poor man, and specially of the peasant—a stupidity built upon a long foundation of hereditary ignorance and want, such as we scarcely remember to have met with before either in French or English authors.* He has no heart to condemn the muddle-headed uncomprehending clown. Few people have set forth the wordy explanations, rambling, irrelevant, and confused, of the poor and ignorant, with such singular power and vividness, and few men have the same tenderness for the half-articulate speaker. It is worth while to contrast the explanations which Mr. Dickens's pet poor people make occasionally in correct provincial dialect and much to the point, with the long rambling speech,

* We are not sure that this tenderness for the peasant and sense of pathos in his inarticulate condition is not more French than English. *We* are fond of making impossible preachers out of our poor men, and expounding all the wrongs of civilisation and mistakes of government by their means. But that vivid sense of their limited horizon and confused mental vision which distinguishes even the republican soul of M. Hugo, and which has found expression in some of the remarkable novels of M. M. Erckmann-Chatrain, is at once more true to humanity and to fact than the curious delusions entertained by many English writers about this difficult and complicated question.

not the least to the purpose, which is now and then delivered by one of M. Hugo's clients. That of Champmathieu, who is falsely accused of being Jean Valjean, and who strays in his defence into the discomforts of his daughter's occupation as a washerwoman, and her husband who beat her, and the time she went to bed of nights, is as good an instance as we recollect. Champmathieu has had the narrowest escape from being sent off to the galleys, and he is saved by an incident striking enough to electrify the assembled audience; but he goes off without understanding what it all means—"stupéfait, croyant tous les hommes fous, et ne comprenant rien à cette vision." And his Maker, instead of casting him aside as a clod and lout, melts over the sad spectacle. He is tender of the dull, rambling, infinitely clouded soul. The darkness in it fills him as with a compunction. Through the cloud that hangs over it he sees everything softened; and before the dumb plea of hardship and ignorance becomes silent and makes no accusation. Perhaps even his profound sense of the power of that plea makes him oftentimes disposed to qualify crime as misfortune. The *Miserables*, by that very title, make a claim upon him which he cannot ignore. And yet it is not on account of the *Miserables*, as such, that this book is written. On the contrary it is the history of the least miserable and indeed grandest effort in the world—of the struggle upward out of the depths of a soul and a life. The conversion of Jean Valjean is the true *point de depart*, and without it the book could never have come into being.

The other *Miserable* who at the outset seems intended to share with Jean Valjean the honours of the tale, the unhappy Fantine, seems rather to have been created fantastically by way of deepening the horrors of the earlier part of the work than with any intention of giving a permanent double action to the book. Her introduction must always detract from its popularity in England, where all books are expected to enter the family, and where the introduction of such an unfortunate may be the means of shutting one of the noblest works of modern times to many innocent readers — though, indeed, they are plenty of books now publishing in English a thousand times more likely to dim the purity of the inexperienced mind than this happily short, though terrible, episode. We do not say that there is not both bad taste and false sentiment in some particulars of this tragical sketch; but it is a part of the book on which, either in reading or reviewing, we have little inclination to linger. It is unfortunate, and, what may seem even stranger, it is unnecessary; and the author himself recognises the fact by dropping Fantine, and confining himself to the life of the more hopeful penitent. The only good obtained from her presence in the story is to be found in Cosette, her daughter, to whom Jean devotes himself, and who becomes at once the light and comfort *of his* existence, and the instrument of his most bitter suffering. Cosette is, like Esmeralda, a lovely apparition. She is a modern French girl, and not a wandering gipsy. She is sweet, gay, caressing, playful, and affectionate—what the philosophical critic calls "a pretty piece of instinct;" but in her different way she is as witless, as impulsive, as much absorbed in her own love and will, as is the poor little dancing Faun of Notre Dame. It is, it appears, M. Hugo's ideal of woman; and, indeed, strangely enough it seems an ideal of woman very acceptable to a great many men of genius; though the existence of such an appalling creature, unthinking, soulless, and self-absorbed, able to inflict suffering, but blind to perceive it, with instincts that blossom only in the matter of love, would much complicate the already embarrassing state of affairs in this hampered world, were

it full of nothing feminine but Cosettes and Esmeraldas. But she is beautiful in her way; and her love-play with Marius is as pretty as if they were two kittens or two birds, and she is the cause of much charming disquisition, and of some of the sorest of her adopted father's struggles. Indeed it is evident that her character is adjusted to the necessities of her position, and that, with a being a trifle more elevated, Jean Valjean's martyrdom could not have been so satisfactorily accomplished. Thus Cosette is duly accounted for, and her limitations become excusable; while there are few tales of neglected childhood more touching, few Cinderellas whose story goes more simply to the heart, than this of the little maid of the auberge, cold, forlorn, and desolate, regarding the dolls in the fair as something divine, and carrying her pail through the darkness with many a terrified pause from the fountain in the wood. She is charming, indeed, all through the book; even in her self-absorption and forgetfulness of everything in the world, except herself and Marius—which indeed seems the orthodox state of mind for a young woman in most works of fiction.*

It is apparent from the beginning that the conflict with society of which Jean Valjean is the hero, can have for him no successful issue; but yet M. Hugo has very clearly marked the difference between the man dragged down to destruction by fate, and the man who, after long patience and bravery, succumbs at last to an adverse combination of external circumstances which have no spiritual effect upon him. Jean is vanquished, but he is victorious. After a life of the purest self-denial—after the most wonderful devotion, courage, and generosity—he is yet abandoned and permitted to sink into solitude and sorrow, and to all but die, without the succour of the only creature he loves; but withal the penitent is the victor. He conquers by pure goodness the deadly opposition of Javert, who has been his inveterate and unappeasable enemy, and he likewise brings to his knees in shame and self-abasement the proud Marius, to whom he has given his child and his fortune. He dies of desertion and a broken heart, and yet he dies triumphant amid honour and praise unbounded. This is how the problem is solved. Nothing the man could do—not the supreme grandeur of self-sacrifice—could set right with the world, or secure in comfortable possession of its esteem and friendship, a man who had spent fifteen years of his life in the galleys. He might have been smuggled into credit under false pretences, but the truth at all times must have lost him. But he can die, making tardy justice into a kind of worship, and the lingering punishment of long-repented guilt into a crown of martyrdom. And this is how the author finishes the noble tragedy. Society, as hard as Fate, pursues to the last moment, and hunts to the uttermost corner, the man who has offended against its laws. With it there is no place for repentance—its memory is everlasting, and its heart impenetrable; but it cannot pass its own fixed limits—it can neither prejudice heaven against him who goes to seek justice there, nor shut the eyes of individual men to the goodness once made manifest to them. The sufferer cannot redeem his name, nor win a new position in the world; but when the truth is

* While speaking of Cosette, we cannot but remark the very lovely impersonation of her by Millais, which the publishers of the English translation of 'Les Miserables' (which is, on the whole, a satisfactory piece of work, and has already had a large circulation) have affixed to the pretty volume into which, by means of suppressing M. Hugo's brilliant irrelevancies, they have managed to reduce his work. The picture is charming.

known, he can reclaim here and there an individual heart, and he can die and set all right. It is a sad, but it is not an ignoble conclusion. Neither pity nor charity, much less justice, are to be had from the world; but beyond the world there is another tribunal, and a higher Cæsar, to whose judgment a man can appeal. This is the burden of the 'Miserables.' The conflict ends in a defeat, and yet it is a victory. After trial of every kind of ingratitude and cruelty, the truth makes itself known to one or two, and the sweeter cup of thanks and praise comes like sacramental wine at the last moment to the dying lips. This is the best end that can come to the struggle; all that is not this is failure and defeat. Such is M. Hugo's view of the relation between the supposed virtuous world and the penitent. The very soul of sadness is in the conclusion; but, as we have already said, it is not an ignoble one; and hard and bitter as it seems, we may acknowledge it not only as the sole way of solving the problem, but even as the highest and best.

We cannot enter into the details of the struggle, which most of our readers are, no doubt, as well acquainted with as ourselves, nor into any discussion of the wonderful dramatic devices by which Jean is now and then extricated out of his difficulties, in a way which somewhat recalls the magnificent successes of Dumas's Mousquetaires; but there are some other characters in the story which it is impossible to pass without notice. Of these Javert is perhaps the principal. He is a type of policeman new to the insular mind, which has so revelled in detectives. Javert is no detective: he is a bloodhound, sure of scent, and impervious to fatigue. He is no more like the good-natured individual who hunts down a criminal or a secret in an English novel in a genial sympathetic way, than a magpie is like a vulture. For Javert the fact that a man obnoxious to justice is free, is a fact against which heaven and earth cry out, and what is still more important, is a special slight upon his own zeal and ability. The suspected person may have done no immediate harm, rather may have done a great deal of good, but that makes no difference. Whenever he is within the inspector's reach, a fever takes possession of the officer of justice. At all hazards and at all consequences the man who stole Petit-Gervais's *quarante sous*, and who maintains the prosperity of the town he lives in, and is its Providence, must be brought to justice; and not even the destruction of the victim's career, the awful change wrought on his life, or his supposed death itself, can turn the mind of Javert away from its pursuit. When he is handed over to Jean Valjean at the barricade to be shot, the inspector recognises at once the fitness of the retribution; *c'est juste*, is all that he says. The man he has hunted remorselessly for years has a right to take his life. When his victim frees him and lets him go, a thrill of astonishment and dismay comes for the first time upon his rigid soul. *Tuez-moi plûtot vous m'ennuyez*, he says. He is disconcerted and put out of his reckoning for the first time in his life; and when on their second encounter on the same eventful night, Javert shaken to his heart by this unexpected convulsion, lets his prey go when it is in his hands, the effect upon him is supreme. He is no longer the man of one idea, rigid, exact, and undoubting. Something has occurred to him which has set at defiance all his ordinary rules. He has let his prisoner escape, and he is petrified by the fact, overwhelmed by the unaccustomed conflict in his mind, where never before has any conflict been. To let Jean go is to contradict his whole life, sacrifice his honesty, make himself a liar, yet to take him—— The end of the self-controversy is, that Javert solves the difficulty by plunging into the river, the only logical act that remains to him

after his strange departure from his beaten track. He is almost the only return to a type which M. Hugo makes in this book, and the species which he represents is one unknown, at least under this tragical form, to the English reader. With us the genus of the irreproachable is seldom capable of anything tragical. Nor does the terrible concentration of the inspector—his ruthlessness, which has no relation with cruelty—the absolute direction of all his faculties into one channel—his tenacity, which savours more of the bloodbound than the man—and that intenseness of the narrow nature which makes his first mental struggle fatal, bear any resemblance to the fine and punctual exactitude which is our ideal of the blameless official. But the awful force of such a blind yet clear-sighted instinct of justice, could not have been shown with greater distinctness and power.

We will not attempt to consider any of M. Hugo's philosophies nor his views about Waterloo, nor his history of the *grands egoûts*—though he can make even the last wonderful subject interesting, which is as great a proof of his eminence as a writer as it is possible to conceive of: yet these disquisitions are not necessary, either to the story he tells, or the struggle which his story embodies, or to the great mass of living creatures who move and breathe and come and go upon his crowded pages. Even in his extravagance and exaggeration—or at least in what appears exaggeration and extravagance to us—there is a sense of the real which seldom fails us. The story of the barricade could only have been written by one who knows what such a tragic, frightful, aimless episode in a popular movement is. The excitement that goes on increasing and intensifying every moment within the little extempore fortress—the sense of doom in it all—the feeling that every moment is a year, and that a long life is spent in the stratagems and changes of the hopeless battle—and withal the vague consciousness on all sides, that there is no use in it, nor result to be gained,—make up one of the most striking pictures that has ever been drawn. And above all Gavroche; Gavroche, too, is a type. He is a little innocent criminal, a demon-angel, a creature forsaken of God and man, and yet grown up of his own energy, as it were, into something between heaven and hell, but nearer heaven than hell—as brave as a paladin, as generous as a prince, as tricky as an ape. M. Hugo is not indifferent in the 'Miserables' to the creatures of his fancy as we found him in 'Notre Dame;' on the contrary he has come to be a partisan, to take side with Jean Valjean against the world, to weep tears of fire over Fantine, to adore the good angels, the good bishop, the innocent nuns. But he loves Gavroche. This creature is the favourite child of his fancy; he lingers over him with tender detail, notes every movement he makes, watches his every step over the hard pavements which are his only home. We know not where to find in fiction anything more charming, more humorous and pathetic, than the hospitality afforded by the *gamin* in the bowels of his elephant to the two little lost babies, the *mômes*, whom he entertains with a happy mingling of the experienced sage and the grand seigneur. That sense of the spiritual being as disjoined from the intellectual, which M. Hugo so largely possesses, comes here into the fullest evidence. It is easy enough to give some representation of what a clever man or even a clever woman may be thinking or meaning, and to embody the sensations of the educated and sensitive; but to enter into the mind which is barely intellectual at all, to gain its inexpressible meaning out of the confused soul of the wretched vagrant, to divine the depths of childish forlornness and desolation, to interpret that union of ignorance and experience, innocence and crime, simplicity and

audacity, which make the child of the streets so wonderful a phenomenon, is a gift bestowed upon a very few. This is what M. Hugo does almost whenever he touches upon the inarticulate mass; and he has nowhere done it with more marvellous skill and tenderness than in the personation of Gavroche.

We do not hesitate to qualify 'Les Miserables' as the greatest of M. Hugo's works; it is, in our own opinion, one of the greatest works of modern times. It is in some parts disfigured by false sentiment, and it is burdened by irrelevancies of all kinds, and there is to be found in it by times a confusion of right and wrong, as if wrong might, under certain circumstances, be turned into the highest virtue, which even the necessities of his subject do not excuse. But the general scope of the book is as lofty and pure as its conception is wonderful and its wealth of character and scenery unbounded. The character of Jean Valjean, throughout, is in its way perfect. It is the picture of a man unintellectual, uncultivated, open to few influences save those of the heart and spirit, but tenacious of every impression which once takes hold of him—a man obstinate in well-doing, going at it doggedly, as he might have gone at crime had no bettering influence come over him; full of an almost fantastic humility, yet not so broken as to let himself be taken if skill or strength can save him; and bringing with him out of his guilt and misery a thousand resources unknown to innocence—the resources of the criminal brought to the service of the penitent. And it is a singular and touching feature in the whole, and one which the author never loses sight of, that the hero of M. Hugo's book is a man who has already attained to middle age before he gets converted from evil to good. He is thus incapacitated for any great mental development; and in the latter portion of his career, in which the reader is disposed to find him too meek, too ready to accept undeserved contumely and resign his last hope of happiness, he is an old man, travelling rapidly towards the end of all, and naturally indisposed for further conflict; and he is always a peasant from beginning to end of his history. An ordinary artist, or, we fear, an English artist of any description, ordinary or otherwise, would scarcely have failed to make him feel his downfall and take it to heart a little when he sinks into the humble post of gardener at the convent after having been M. le Maire and the leading personage in the town which his enterprise had enriched; but it comes natural to Jean Valjean; even then it is better than what he was born to; and he settles into it as a matter of course without a sigh. The passiveness of the peasant appears also in his submission to Marius, and meek endurance of all the wrongs that hot-headed young hero pours upon him. Goodness alone could scarcely have accounted for so entire a surrender of all a father's and benefactor's rights; but when it is remembered that he is old, that he is of the lowliest class, that he is conscious of having spent the best part of his life in crime, or at least in punishment, the *abandon* with which he makes his sacrifice grows clear, and the old man, in his loneliness and simplicity, and steadfast good faith, grows almost sublime. This effect is produced without any attempt to give intellectual elevation to his character. M. Hugo does not forget that his hero was forty-six before he was so much as roused out of his savage state; his talents are those of a man trained to the wiles of "evasion;" he knows how to seize every loophole of escape, how to scale walls and glide through half-invisible openings, how to hide his lawful earnings in the earth and recover them like a thief, how to double and change about, and throw his pursuers off the scent. Also he knows how to work, how to succour the miserable, how to live silent

and patient, and bear all things, and look to the better world for a different issue; but that is all Jean Valjean's knowledge; he himself enters into no philosophies, makes no pretensions; he is more interesting to the reader than Marius or Cosette, than the good bishop, or even than M. Hugo himself, who plays his own part in his book; and yet at the same time he remains unintellectual, unlettered, passive-minded, old, and though not poor, yet with a poor man's habits. It is in such an impersonation that genius has its highest triumph.

But for 'Les Miserables,' the theory of man's struggle with religion, as manifested in 'Notre Dame,' would, we feel convinced, never have been invented; and what is more, but for 'Les Miserables,' we are equally convinced there would have been no 'Travailleurs de la Mer.' This last book of all springs from the plan as clearly as the first has been forced into it. It is only in 'Les Miserables' that it is spontaneously and naturally evolved. And yet, in some respects, the last is the most perfect work of the three. There is nothing to break the unity of its conception. With a skill as great as that which he has hitherto displayed in calling up crowds everywhere at his command, and in hanging every kind of eloquent digression on to the main thread of his subject, M. Hugo in his present work confines himself to the narrowest scene and the most limited range of figures. Landscape, atmosphere, inspiration, all are different. He has left Paris and its throngs behind; he has left behind vice and crime and passion, and all the dark depths of extreme civilisation. He does nothing to distract the mind of the reader from the severe and simple action of his piece. The scene includes only one little round of sky, and rocks, and sea. There are not more than five persons who can be called actors in the intense but almost silent melodrama. This from Victor Hugo, whose mind is, like Roderick Dhu's hillside, crowded with human creatures, ready to rise at a word from behind every bush and stone, is of itself a marvel; and not less strange is the tale it tells. It is unbroken in its unity, severe and distinct as an old marble, as free of impure passion or suggestion as the meekest domestic tale; yet when the reader has once fairly plunged into the seeming smoothness of the tide of narrative, which scarcely appears to move at first, he will find himself by degrees drawn on more and more quickly, till at length he is swept along insensibly by the rising stream. Gilliatt's struggle with nature does not come to an awful climax half-a-dozen times, cutting our breath short and making our heart beat, like the conflict of Jean Valjean; but in the silence, in the midseas, on the peaks of his rock, the reader encamps with him, and gets to hear the ocean roar in his ears, and to note afar off the indications of the coming storm. The fight may be unreal and unreasonable, the victory as unlikely as a fairy tale, but that makes little difference. For sea and sky are true — true to themselves and nature — and so is the solitary human creature set up between them on his span of rock. And though Gilliatt is not an attractive hero, by the time he gets that length we have cast in our lot with him, and become oblivious, as love and kindred are, of his defects. And Nature has fair play, and struggles stoutly, though it is evident she must give in at the last. All this struggle is for the sake, not of overcoming nature, but of winning Dèruchette, another trifling female creature of the type of the Cosettes and Esmeraldas, who goes and throws her silly heart away upon a fair curate, while the man is doing battle for her. For this is how M. Hugo brings back his sterner, purer, simpler romance to the ever-tragic conclusion which he seems to consider the inevitable end of all earthly story. Gilliatt alone, of all his fighters, openly and in the face of day wins his battle; but the victor

is brought to nought after he has done all, by that caprice of the foolish human heart against which all struggles are unavailing. Thus the author proves to us that he has no faith in success any more than in any other endowment of man, when put in the scales with that strange wilfulness of fancy which so often chooses the inferior and leaves the higher nature. The forces of the sea and the elements can be computed, and, by infinite human toil and patience, possibly met and subjugated; but who can provide against, or account for, or make any successful struggle with, the fluctuations and caprices of the heart? Thus the tragic element in 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer' is more intense by becoming more common and universal. Everybody cannot enter into or appreciate the struggles of a man who has once been a galley-slave; but almost everybody has known what it was to see another preferred to themselves, to suffer by the unaccountable caprices of love or liking, and to stand aside in mortification and amaze while somebody who has done nothing for it, is elected to the place for which they have struggled. Many men undergo such a trial, and there is little doubt that it is one of the severest trials of which human nature is capable, even when, as often happens, the creature who thus for a moment seems to preside over the destinies of another life is in reality a very trifling creature, and utterly unworthy of the position. In our opinion, Gilliatt's way of escaping from it is a cowardly and mean one, unworthy of so courageous and patient a spirit; but then we are English, and M. Hugo is French. And we do not deny that a similar injury has turned, for a time at least, light into darkness, and made the sweetness of existence bitter for multitudes of men and women who have not wrought so hard as Gilliatt, nor concentrated their lives, like him, on one sole aim.

The scene of this book is Guernsey — Guernsey not in its smiling and fertile aspect, a land of corn and apple-trees, and milk and honey — but the island with its boats, and rocks, and universal seafaringness, and surrounding ocean. Of Mess Lethierry, the adopted father of Dèruchette, sailor, pilot, shipowner, and retired *gentleman*, it is said, "Il avait naviqué dans les grandes mers, dans l'Atlantique et dans le Pacifique, mais il preferait La Manche. Il s'ecriait avec amour, *C'est celle-là qui est rude!*" This roughness of the vexed and limited ocean, which has reduced so many of us to despair, made it dear to the islander; and his idea of excellence was centred in the man who knew how to manage, or rather to *menager*, this rude companion — to humour, and coax, and coerce it, as he himself had done in his day. Lethierry's wealth is all invested in a steamer trading from Guernsey to St. Malo, which, by the profound deceit of its captain, the Sieur Clubin, a very mythical personage, is cast away on the Douvres rocks. Cast away, yet so singularly caught and fixed among the rocks, that the machinery, the most valuable part of it, might still be saved if a man could be found capable of risking his life in such a dangerous enterprise. Here is the moment which decides this question—

"The skipper of the Shealtiel shook his left hand with that carelessness which expresses a conviction of impossibility, and resumed: 'If there was such a man——'

"Dèruchette raised her head. 'I would marry him,' she said.

"There was a moment of silence. A man extremely pale came out of the little crowd, and said, 'You would marry him, Miss Dèruchette?'

"It was Gilliatt.

"At the same time all eyes were raised. Mess Lethierry had raised himself into an erect position. There was a strange light under his eyelids. He seized his sailor's cap with his clenched hand, threw it on the ground, and then, looking out solemnly before him, without seeing any one present, he said—

"'Dèruchette should marry him. I give my word of honour to God.'"

This was his favourite and final asseveration, "J'en donne ma parole d'honneur au bon Dieu." Upon this slight foundation, Gilliatt, without saying a word to any one, sets out for the fatal rocks. Gilliatt is the character in the book upon which most care has been lavished. It is to him that the author attaches himself as to the hero. And he is carefully prepared for the practical but visionary part he plays. He is a stranger of unknown origin, and yet he has been trained from childhood on the island, and knows the sea and all its passes and evil corners by heart. He has lived a solitary life alone in a haunted house since the death of his mother, who had been his only friend. Like her, he is supposed to deal in magic, and to gain success by black arts and unholy alliances. He has "some books" on his table, and many thoughts in his head. He ponders upon his simple affairs while his neighbours get through them without any thinking; and the consequence is, that Gilliatt has tasted success in various enterprises, and won a certain amount of respect, though not of popularity. And the love of Dèruchette has come into his solitary and loveless life, as happens to most dreamy young men; a little childish coquetry having attracted him in the first instance, and then the perfumy, sweet, careless presence of her, seldom seen, yet watched and waited for, though without a word between them, or a single preliminary in the way of common courtship. This dreamer, half fisher, half husbandman, wandering silent about the land and sea, contriving, finding out the best way, exercising his skill in a desultory fashion, calling no man master nor servant, with only his own wants to provide for, and no sort of ambition to get rich or call upon him for labour, is clearly the sort of man to take up such an enterprise, and to accept simply such terms. That same night his boat steals out of its mooring, and is traced in the moonlight doubling capes and threading passages where nobody else ventures. Then he disappears, and no more is known of him; he disappears into the very heart of the angry Channel; into the recesses of the Douvres rock, where, henceforward, the reader takes up his abode with him. There he climbs to the naked heights, where the sea-birds dispute his dwelling, and descends into the wild and solemn magnificence of the sea. Such pictures of a world below water were never before made. They are given with a wonderful detail and reality, which compels a certain belief in them. There are rocky straits and passages—*ruelles* (wynds, as we might call them)—in one of which the wreck is fixed. There is a cave, marvellous as the azure grotto of southern seas, but still more mysterious in its silent splendour, as becomes a secret place never profaned by the entrance of man. All these are described minutely with the most curious particularity, and with a swell of eloquence and graphic beauty which is sometimes almost rhythmic, and which we would fain quote. It is all made as clear to the reader as are the streets and lanes of Paris in M. Hugo's former works; and the question on his lips as to the possibility of encamping, as Gilliatt does, in this fortress of nature, and all his Crusoe inventions there in the heart of the sea, to defraud the ocean of its prey, is silenced by the steady reality of all the author's arrangements. There are two in that strange scene:—the man, a hungry, weary, drenched, shivering creature, yet indomitable, succumbing to darkness and fatigue at night only to spring up again with new energy in the morning, exploring caves, rocks, fissures, awful solitudes unknown to man, with the practical purpose of finding bits of wreck that may help him in his work, or corners where he can arrange his materials and set up his forge; and Nature, assailed and indignant, not disposed to relinquish her prey. The weather is fine

and calm, and all the preliminary steps are taken in safety, but it is apparent that this tranquillity is delusive. "The blue of the sky, the gentle undulations of the vast expanse, the serenity of noonday, seemed to shut out the thought of any evil meaning. The sea was gay in the sunshine. A caress to begin with gives flavour to treason. The sea is not sparing of such caresses. In dealing with this woman we must beware of her smiles." And in the silence M. Hugo makes us feel and hear the low far-distant sigh of the coming storm. The condition of Gilliatt becomes more and more desperate. Food fails him, water fails him, everything fails but will. His clothes are torn and drenched; he cannot sleep for cold; the rain rains only to penetrate his scanty garments, not to relieve his thirst. His features grow hollow and haggard; his beard grows. The quiet night and dark oppress him. The illimitable space, with all its sounds and silences, weighs upon his soul. But yet he holds head against all. At last, when he has all but accomplished his work, nature, who has been watching him with a sleepless eye, stirs up all her forces and does battle. The battle is as exciting as if it was a throng of men that assailed his fortress. He and his boat, and the precious burden of the saved machinery, which he has just, by incredible labour, got into his boat, are in a defile of rocks—one of the narrow *ruelles* already mentioned—when suddenly the sea rises upon him like an army.

"The sea was soft and splendid. It deserved all the madrigals addressed to it by landsmen whom it has treated kindly. 'A mirror'—'a lake'—'a sea of oil'—'a lamb.' The deep blue of the sky answered to the green of the ocean. The sapphire and the emerald could there admire each other; they had no mutual reproach to make—not a cloud above, not a speck of foam below. Amidst this splendour the April sun rose glorious. It was impossible to see more lovely weather. On the extreme horizon a long black line of birds of passage covered the sky. They went fast, directing their course towards the land. Something like flight was in their speed. . . . Noon is the critical hour of the day. . . . The sea was more than tranquil—it was stagnant; not a sail was to be seen; the sky was limpid everywhere, only its blue had become white. This white was singular. Towards the west, on the horizon, there appeared on it an unwholesome little spot. This stain continued in the same place, but grew larger. Near the rocks the tide murmured softly.

"A storm approached. The abyss had made up its mind to give battle."

It is, we fear, impossible to give any idea by the limited quotations we can make of the tragic grandeur of this storm, upon which M. Hugo lavishes all his wonderful powers. He gives such time and space to it as only the fact that Nature is one of the leading characters in his drama could permit; and he not only impersonates nature, but gives to the waves and the wind, the thunder and cloud and foam, a kind of distinct individuality, so that the reader feels that it is indeed an army which threatens the solitary invader of that awful and furious sea. This is how the hurricane comes on:—

"The aspect of the west was amazing; out of it rose a wall. A great wall of cloud, barring the expanse from one side to the other, rose slowly from the horizon to the zenith. Without a break in its height, without a rent in its form, it seemed built by line and square. . . . This wall of air rose all of one piece in silence, without an undulation, without a fold or salient point to displace or deform it. This immobility in motion was terrible. The sun, shining wan behind some indescribable and unwholesome transparence, lighted up that apocalyptic vision. The cloud already invaded almost the half of space. It might have been supposed the frightful precipice of the abyss. It was like the rising of a shadowy mountain between earth and heaven. It was the ascent of night through the midst of day.

"In the air there was the heat of a furnace: a cloud of vapour detached itself from that mysterious mass. The sky, which from blue had become white, now changed from white to grey. It was

like a great slate. The sea below, dull and leaden, looked like another slate. Not a breath, not a wave, not a sound. As far as the eye could mark, the sea was desert—no sail was visible on any side. The birds had hidden themselves. In the infinite there was a sense of treason. . . . The moving mountain of mist which directed its course towards the Douvres, was one of those clouds which may be called clouds of battle—evil-eyed clouds; through these dim masses an oblique gaze regards you. The approach was terrible.

"The wall of cloud changed its aspect. It lost its unity. . . . The forms of the tempest grew visible as if by sections. The bed of the rain and the lair of the hail became distinguishable. There was no lightning, but a horrible illumination. . . . The vague breath of the storm was heard. The silence palpitated darkly. Gilliatt in silence watched all those blocks of vapour grouping themselves over his head, and settling into different clouds. Upon the horizon there weighed and stretched out a band of brown fog, upon the zenith a band of lead; livid rags hung down from the clouds above upon the fog below. The background, which was the wall of cloud, was dull, milky, earthy, gloomy, indescribable. . . . There was a sensation as of something advancing, vast, and heavy, and savage. The darkness thickened. All at once there came a great clap of thunder. . . . No electric gleam accompanied the discharge; it was black thunder. Again all was silent; there was a sort of interval, as when an army takes positions. Then there appeared slowly, one after the other, great flashes of lightning without form. These lightnings were silent. No roar accompanied them. At each flash the whole scene was lighted up. . . . The pause of the shadow was at its height. The first peal of thunder had moved the sea; the second cracked the wall of cloud from top to bottom. Through this opening all the suspended deluge poured. The rent became an open mouth full of rain, and the outcome of the tempest began. The moment was frightful. Torrents of rain, fulgurations, fulminations, waves up to the clouds, foam, detonations, frantic contortions, cries, roars, hisses, all at once. The monsters were unchained. . . . All immensity in commotion threw itself upon the Douvres rock. Numberless voices were heard. Who, then, cries thus? The antique panic of terror was there. By moments there seemed a sound of speech, as if some one gave orders. Then noises, trumpets, strange trepidations, and that majestic roar which sailors call the call of the ocean. Undefined and flying whirlwinds hissed and twisted the water; the waves, rounded by these contortions, were dashed against the rocks like gigantic quoits thrown by invisible athletes. The immense spray covered the rocks; torrents above, foam below. Then the noises redoubled. No tumult made by men or brutes could give any idea of the commotion of sound which mingled with these convulsions of the sea. The clouds cannonaded, the hail discharged its grape-shot, the surge scaled the walls. At some points the air seemed motionless, at others the wind made twenty fathoms in a second. The sea was white as far as the eye could reach. Fiery doors opened; clouds appeared burned by other clouds, and on the mass of red mists which resembled embers they rose like smoke. . . . Water immeasurable rustled everywhere. Fiery balls exploded in the firmament. In the centre of the shadowy roof was a sort of great basket overturned, from which fell pell-mell whirlwinds, hail, mists, gleams of colour, phosphorescence, night, light, thunder. Such were the formidable issues of the abyss."

After all, Gilliatt wins the day. But even after the storm, another notable danger, a terrible encounter with the pieuvre, a monster of these seas, first, we believe, introduced to literature by our accomplished countryman, Mr. Campbell of Islay, in his 'Life in Normandy,' has to be got through. The pieuvre is horrible even in the sober narrative of its extermination on the sands of Granville; but, dramatised in M. Hugo's potent hands, it is something to shiver at. Yet worn, wounded, famished, half-naked, Gilliatt wins his victory, and carries home in triumph the saved machine. Poor Gilliatt! He has not known what has been passing in the meantime in the island, where nobody is aware of his enterprise, and where most people have forgotten him. Déruchette, who is a mere trifling Cosette—a bird, a flower, a creature from whom nothing is expected but "de la charme"—has all this time taken no thought of Gilliatt. Her eyes have been fixed, on the contrary, on a fair

young "Rector" of the parish, whose life Gilliatt had once saved. M. Hugo evidently does not understand much about the English clergy. His High Churchman, whom he declares to have been born to figure in Papal processions, presents to us a curious mixture of the Evangelical parson and the Covenanter; and the laws of marriage in Guernsey, if they are according to his interpretation, must have been framed upon the liberal code once in use at Gretna Green. Probably it is by way of apotheosis to the popular belief (a belief, we believe, like so many others, less true than popular) in the influence of curates in general over English ladies, that Dèruchette, who is half English, gives up her foolish heart to the young "Reverend." When poor Gilliatt comes home, worn out with toil and suffering, it is his hard fate to hear the explanation, and witness the betrothal of these two. Again he says nothing. He has set his all upon this cast, and he has lost it. And when Lethierry wakes and finds the funnel of his lost steamer beneath his window, and overwhelms his saviour with transports, Gilliatt stands silent among the throng of neighbours that pour in, in the early morning, to congratulate and inquire. They surround him with praise and applause, but he takes little notice of them. Next day, having Lethierry's warrant for his marriage with Dèruchette in his pocket, he substitutes the young rector in his own place, and, standing by, sees them married; a sacrifice which the heartless wretches accept with many pæans from M. Hugo over their blessedness and love, but a mighty desire on the part of the reader to strangle the abominable little couple. Then poor Gilliatt makes a pathetic speech to the little enchantress who has broken his heart—a speech full of that wonderful simplicity, the plainness and pathos of the peasant, for which M. Hugo has a special gift. He thinks, he says, that it is necessary to explain: the poor brave fellow speaks hoarsely, and with a scarcely audible voice.

"'The day that the misfortune happened you were in the lower room. You said a word; you do not recollect it—it is quite natural. One is not obliged to remember all the words one says. Mess Lethierry was in great trouble. No doubt it was a good boat, and did good service. The misfortune had happened at sea, and the whole country was troubled. These are things naturally that people forget. He had nothing but this boat that was lost on the rocks; but people cannot be always thinking of an accident. Only what I want to say is, that as they said nobody would go, I went. They said it was impossible; it was not *that* that was impossible; thank you for listening to me a little. You understand, madam, if I went there it was not to offend you. Besides, the thing goes far back. I know that you are in a hurry. If there was time one might talk—one might call things to mind; but it would do no good. It goes back to one day when snow was on the ground. And then once when I passed I thought that you smiled. This is how it is explained. As for yesterday, I had not time to go home; I came from my work; I was torn and ragged; you were afraid of me; it made you ill. I was wrong; one ought not to show one's self so; I beg of you not to be angry with me. This is almost all that I had to say. You are going away; you will have good weather, the wind is in the east. Adieu, madam. You think it reasonable that I should talk to you a little, do you not? This is the last minute.'

"'I am thinking of this box,' said Dèruchette; 'why do you not keep it for your wife when you marry?'

"'Madam,' said Gilliatt, 'it is probable that I will never marry.'

"'That would be a pity, for you are good — thank you.' And Dèruchette smiled. Gilliatt responded to her smile. Then he assisted her into the boat."

And while the heartless little wretch goes off with her lover, Gilliatt seats himself on a certain chair of rock within reach of the tide. He watches the vessel that conveys them to England gliding past, while the water rises to his breast and his lips. When their ship is out of sight the sea has passed over his head. Such is the end of the tragedy. After the awful moments when the hero, coming out of his toil and agony, out of the heart of the seas, victorious over the

elements, with his salvage, to look at Dèruchette's window and realise to himself that she is his, hears all at once the words that cut off all his hopes, a dead silence seems to fall on the narrative. Gilliatt's mind, hitherto fully expounded, is henceforward closed to the reader. We hear nothing of what is going on within him; quiet and silence have fallen upon him—the silence of despair. We have to glean what his thoughts are from his actions; and but for the words just quoted he makes no utterance of his burden. "One is not obliged to remember all the words one says. People cannot be always thinking about an accident. You do not recollect; it is quite natural." This is the only cry of his great, awful, unthought-of disappointment. Such work, such danger, such patience and courage!—and yet "it was not *that* that was impossible." This is the whole. A lesser artist would have told us all about it as he had told us what Gilliatt's thoughts were on other questions. M. Hugo knows better; his hero is struck dumb even to himself; his thoughts are quenched in his breast. "They said it was impossible; but it was not *that* that was impossible." This is all he has to say.

And, to be sure, we do not approve of Gilliatt's suicide. It would have been shabby of him to do it had he been the hero of a mere everyday romance, built upon probabilities and with an instructive moral. He ought to have seen the unworthiness of Dèruchette, and given her up without so much ado. But then it is not an everyday novel, but a great tragic poem, of which Gilliatt is the hero; and M. Hugo is French, and perhaps slightly pagan, and does not think badly of such a step; and, above all, Gilliatt is young. In this point there is a fine discrimination. Dom Claude at his darkest depths of despair never seems to have dreamed of putting an end to himself—nay, even struggled hard for his life. Jean Valjean at his worst never thought of this refuge. It is reserved for the young, impatient, intolerant soul that cannot bear its limitations to take this wild step. Gilliatt is young, absolute, simple, with no mass of secondary considerations to make him think of himself. His life is worthless to him. It comes natural to throw it away in the magnificent anguish of youth; and so he does, choosing a certain passive form of self-murder which is not without its significance too; not taking his own life violently, but submitting, as it were, to the sea, with which he had fought so bravely—yielding to it with a kind of dismal contempt. All its horrors could not move him so long as he was sustained by hope; now he sits still and lets the soft waves rise over him, and suffers the ocean to avenge itself. The reader looks on with a pang while the tide rises silent and soft over the brave man's head; but it is with a thrill of something vindictive and diabolical in him that he thinks of the lovers who are left to be happy. Is it thus always in the world? Is it the principle of selection which pleases the philosopher's fancy that carries the slighter creatures into the sunshine, but leaves the noble soul to loneliness and darkness and silence? Is it the awful award of Nature, that, when a choice has to be made, the worse is taken, the better left? This seems to be the sad lesson of M. Hugo's philosophy. Experience gives it too much support to warrant any observer in dismissing it lightly as untrue. Yet it is too complete and definite to be received as a rule; for it is but just that philosophy should recognise that one of the profoundest principles in human nature is its uncertainty—that power of being moved at the last moment by some unthought-of influence, that susceptibility to the unforeseen; in short, that faculty of stultifying itself, and doing in the end exactly what it had purposed in its heart not to do, which keeps it as a race from supreme wickedness as well as from

supreme goodness, and in most cases from supreme wretchedness too.

This is how the third struggle comes, like the others, to a tragic conclusion. Nature in the sea and storm bows to the man's courage and perseverance and wonderful wealth of resource; but Nature in the woman, careless of such particulars, defeats him in the moment even of his victory. The drama is grand in its unity and simplicity, and is conducted to its ending with the highest skill of art. There are no doubt many readers who will find a certain tediousness in that part of the book where the sea and the elements are the chief actors; but few will be able to contemplate poor Gilliatt's silent overthrow, his bitter downfall from the heights of hope, the contrast between his victory and his defeat, without that emotion which it is the object of tragedy to produce. The book is not full of multitudinous life and vivid effects like 'Notre Dame;' it has not the broad and splendid humanity of 'Les Miserables;' but it is perhaps grander in its absolute simplicity and the unity of its conception than either; and the magnificence of its scenery and landscapes, its storms and calms and sea-changes, are not surpassed by anything in modern literature.

But it will be seen that M. Hugo's philosophy of the universe is a very sad one. Leaving 'Notre Dame' out of the question, in which there is no religion to be struggled with, but only Fate, and that not retributive or solemn, but simply capricious and deadly, it is clearly his conviction that, let a man struggle as he will, however stoutly, however bravely, with whatsoever patience and steadiness and long-suffering, he must be worsted in the end; by society in general leagued against him, by the treason of his nearest and dearest, by awful combinations of accident, by the blindness and petty souls of those for whom he has toiled and struggled—anyhow, every way, it is defeat that awaits him. It is a world full of dumb and blind forces ranged against the human race upon which M. Hugo looks out; or rather, not so much upon the human race as upon the man who distinguishes himself among his fellows by the more sublime qualities. Hell and its depths are moved against this man; to crush him, to put him to scorn, to drag him down from his height of nobleness, is the continual effort of all the powers of darkness, and all the fluttering fickle demons of chance. And in the end it is he who must succumb—not in his soul, but in his life, in his happiness, in all that a man desires in this world. So the great problem of existence appears to M. Hugo; and so, with difference of expression, it has appeared to many a religious thinker professing a very different creed. Nor is it easy to find any effectual argument against this view of human affairs. Happily its influence is counteracted in every individual by that almost inexhaustible hope in something better for himself which every man cherishes, and in a fortunate incapacity to perceive the dramatic progress of his own particular tragedy, and the exact moment at which it ought to be wound up. So long as a man lives and breathes it is hard for him to see that he is altogether beaten. Perhaps that certainty may arrive more easily to the French mind, which is more logical, than to the English, which is more irregular in its development. But it is certain that we in this country at least are apt to stray into incoherent fourth and even fifth acts, after the correct limits of the story, according to all true canons of art, have been reached. And this inartistic practical treatment of the question makes us all, more or less, optimists; and not only optimists in theory, but disposed to quarrel even with the artist who does not

foist in a supplementary and post-scriptal happiness into his picture of life. We have enough trouble in the real world, we say; let us at least have poetic justice and the reward of virtue in the world of fiction. M. Hugo is too great an artist to suffer this natural prejudice to stand between him and the higher truth of life, which, after all, *is* a tragedy and not a comedy, all happier vicissitudes notwithstanding.

Yet we cannot fail to remark what M. Hugo is practically aware of, whatever may be his theory on the subject, what a wonderful power in Art, to speak of it in no higher light, is that Religion which he discusses as one of the necessities yet struggles of man—not the Religion which binds Claude Frollo in a bondage contrary to nature, but the Religion which makes Jean Valjean victor over the world and his sorrows. The greatest of M. Hugo's books is that in which he recognises the power of the unseen. 'Les Miserables' contains few orthodox sentiments, and no special profession of faith; but it is, from beginning to end, a tacit testimony to the influence of the supernatural, to that real and unspeakable force of Christian faith which is the only power capable of supporting a man through a long and tedious fight against evil and obloquy and injustice, and which, with its sublime and continual reference to a higher tribunal and a better life, is the only theory which puts true meaning into the world. He has shown, with a force all the greater that the testimony comes from an unexpected quarter, that it is the man of true religion who alone triumphs in the bitter conflict. The priest of Notre Dame is to a great extent a manufactured man, a creature of costume and theory, and therefore not to be considered as an exponent of his author's philosophy. And Gilliatt represents the purely pagan natural element. He is a man trained to the encounter with nature, to conquer her and be conquered by her, and to stop arbitrarily and lay down his arms when he has no more heart for the fight. But the world is different in 'Les Miserables.' It is no primitive study of nature—no reproduction of the past—but the present living, aching, suffering world, with good in it and bad in it; dismal wickedness, and goodness half-divine; with one great thread of light and meaning which runs through it, and which leads up to a higher judgment-seat and a purer world. By this alone, according to M. Hugo's deliberate testimony, is any victory to be got over darkness and misery; and it is a victory won in tears, in suffering, in infinite anguish, and exultations. So all the preachers of the faith have assured us for eighteen hundred years; so the saints have taught us, and the prophets of every kind and degree. And this is the lesson which, in the midst of a world given to much doubting, and from the heart of a society very far from saintly, a man, whom many religious persons hold in horror, has with the most touching force and impressiveness given to the world. Perhaps he meant it; perhaps it was half unwittingly, half unwillingly, truth and art both demanding it from him, that he made this testimony. But still there it stands, the homage of Genius to a power which is above all earthly powers. "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom." If this is, after all, the conclusion to which one of the richest imaginations and most mightily-endowed minds of modern days is brought, by dint of long contemplation and much study of men and facts, and the actual phenomena of life, the weakest believer in a miraculous and spiritual religion may take comfort, even amid all the doubts and rebellions of a critical age.

WHAT IS, AND WHAT MAY BE.

TWELVE months ago the great Liberal party professed to have one common object in view, with, perhaps, considerable variety of opinion among its members in regard to the means best adapted to effect that object. They were not, nor did they pretend to be, revolutionists in any sense of the term. Their purpose extended no further than to perfect and confirm the work in which they had for thirty years and more been engaged. They had given to the country, or they assumed that they had done so, religious liberty, a large and beneficial change in its system of taxation, a measure of parliamentary reform, which, if it deserved no higher praise, was at all events a vast improvement upon that which it had superseded, and a popular education. They were desirous of rendering trade still more free, of still further lightening the weight of taxation, of removing from Roman Catholics and Dissenters whatever semblance of religious inequality might still annoy them, and of going forward in the improvement of the electoral system by conceding the right to vote for members of Parliament to a considerable, though by no means to an overwhelming, number of artisans and working men. These were their objects, of which, in and out of Parliament, they made vehement and ostentatious profession. They harboured no design of trenching upon the just prerogatives of the Crown. Far from it. They were as averse as the Tories themselves could be to invade the privileges of the Peerage and the rights of property. They perfectly understood the value of the Constitution which had made England what she is, and desired to maintain it by wisely popularising that particular element in it which lies at the root of the whole. This was the real end of all their policy. And if, as they could not deny, there were difficulties in the way of getting the various sections of their party to agree as to the best and safest means of attaining that end, still the end was there; and good sense as well as statesmanship were exhibited in every act of forbearance and mutual concession which tended in any degree to break the neck of these difficulties and bring the disputants together. At last they succeeded—or persuaded themselves that they had succeeded—and their Reform Bill was launched. Alas for the shortsightedness which could not discover in time that all this was a delusion! There was no unanimity among them, after all, respecting either the means or the end. The Bill was resisted, wrangled over, and thrown out, mainly through the opposition of some of the ablest men on their own side of the House; and the truth became apparent, that whatever one section of Liberals *might* think of the proposed end, they distrusted and abhorred the means, while the other section, however heartily they might approve the means, had no relish at all for the restricted end which the Government proposed to accomplish. The great Liberal party was rent in twain on the night when Lord Grosvenor gave notice of his motion of amendment. It broke up and fell to pieces when Mr. Gladstone, bowed down in health, or spirits, or both, made the announcement that the Cabinet had withdrawn their measure, and retained office only till their successors should be appointed.

The constitutional history of England may be said to have been elaborated principally out of the rise and fall of rival Administrations. By this process our laws have, for the most part, been made and mended, our institutions re-

cast, and the political influences which dictate its policy to the Crown brought to the condition in which we now find them. But only thrice before, since what may be called the Constitution attained its full growth, has an entire and absolute severance occurred of one segment of a great political party from another. And complete as in 1792 and 1829, and again in 1846, the dissolution of parties seemed to be, it was infinitely less so than that to which the Liberals are now subjected. In 1792 the hurricane of the French Revolution alarmed, as it might well do, all who had anything to lose. Whig noblemen and gentlemen (for the two parties were then called Whigs and Tories), a very few hot-brained politicians excepted, at once crossed the floor of both Houses, and, without sacrificing one iota of principle, gave their support to a Government which represented, in their eyes, law and order. Most of these gentlemen, but by no means all, continued to vote with the Tories during the continuance of the war, and were confirmed in their allegiance to Mr. Pitt's immediate successors by the failure of All the Talents to construct, in 1807, a stable Administration. Even these, however, never ceased to be Whigs. They retained all their antipathy to new men, all the hereditary antagonism of their clique to the middle classes, which yielded only in the end to the bitter conviction that their rivals had beaten them with their own weapons, and that if they continued the fight at all, they must find or forge fresh instruments wherewith to wage it. The counties, which they had long controlled, fell off from them, one after another. Nabobs and rich West India merchants bought up the nomination boroughs on which they used to reckon. The hope of recovering their authority in the State by means which had never, till of late, failed them, died out; and then, and only then, they learned to cast about for some other and more favourable combination, wherewith to mount again into power. The Granvilles and their adherents, under the pressure of imminent danger, might vote with Mr. Pitt's successors, and occasionally speak in their favour; but they were no more converted to Toryism, as it became under Lord Liverpool's manipulation, than the Greys and the Russells. They only bided their time, and took advantage of the first favourable opportunity which presented itself to fall off in a body from their new allies. Thus the Whig party, though shaken by the French Revolution, still survived. It survived, so to speak, through twenty years of apparent dislocation, and then not only came together again, but gathered strength by attaching to itself politicians with views more advanced than its own, and becoming what it was till the other day, the great Liberal party.

In like manner the Tories broke to pieces in 1829. They received a considerable shock at Lord Liverpool's death, and scarcely relished passing, as they expressed it, under military control; nor were they reconciled to the new order of things by the policy which, however honest and straightforward it might be, separated for ever from their camp such men as Huskisson, Lord Dudley, and Lord Palmerston. Even this, however, they might have survived. But by-and-by came the measure of Catholic Emancipation, and with it chaos. The Duke was a great man, and rendered to his country services which cannot be overestimated. He would have been greater still had he adhered to his original determination never to accept the first place in the civil administration of the country. The probabilities are that in 1829, or soon afterwards, Catholic Emancipation would have been carried. Ireland was become unmanageable under what remained of the Whig policy

of 1688; and the Protestant spirit of England and Scotland, though as strong as ever in the middle and lower classes, had, among the rising generation of educated men, ceased to find vent in shouts of No Popery. It is pretty certain, therefore, that by whomsoever the Government was directed, their political disabilities must have been removed from the Roman Catholics sooner or later. But perhaps any other Tory Minister than the Duke would have taken care, by resigning, to throw the odium of carrying that measure on a rival; in which case his own party, after submitting to what they felt to be inevitable, would have lifted him back again into power, amid the acclamations of the whole country. This, however, the Duke considered it both honourable and expedient not to do; and the consequences are well known. Outraged personal feeling was too strong for the exercise of sound judgment. The necessity of Reform in Parliament began to be argued by those who had heretofore been the stoutest opponents of change; and the Duke's uncalled-for and therefore injudicious declaration against all Reform, put the coping-stone to the fabric of his personal unpopularity. The rest is matter of comparatively recent history. The Tory party dissolved itself, and the Whigs came into power.

It was believed on all hands that from this state of dissolution the Tory party could not possibly recover in less than a generation; and the Whigs, by the management of the question of Reform, converted, as they persuaded themselves, faith into certainty. How they acted on that occasion, and with what views, we shall take an opportunity presently to explain. Meanwhile, in reference to the subject immediately before us, it is to be noted that events entirely falsified general anticipation. In spite of the passing of the Reform Act, and the results of the first general election under it, the Tory party came together again in such force that within three years' time its chiefs were constrained against their will to accept office; and seven years afterwards formed a Government the strongest and the most numerously supported in the House of Commons of all which had managed the affairs of the country since the days of William Pitt. Had their leader been more genial or truer to the principles which he was lifted into power to support, every beneficial change for which the Liberals claim credit might have been brought about; yet the party continued to assert its proper place in the State. Unfortunately, however, Peel again went away from old pledges, without, as before, making the slightest effort to convince his adherents that it was necessary to do so; and the same disastrous results followed, only to an exaggerated extent, which had come to pass on the settlement of the Catholic question. Was this second dissolution of the party final? By no means. Under the wise management of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, angry personal feeling softened down by degrees, and if longer time was required to consolidate a fabric twice shaken, the work when accomplished has proved to be more solid and compact than ever. The Tories may not be numerically so powerful as they were in 1846, either in the House of Commons or in the country, but they are far more united, far better instructed. Every cause of internal division has been removed out of their way. There can be no more disputes among them on the subjects of free trade, equality of religious privileges, national education, or the extension of the franchise. What they themselves did not propose on each of these important heads, they have long ago accepted; and whatever principles they once accept, the Tories do their best honestly to

carry into practice. It appears, therefore, to us that their influence in and out of Parliament goes far beyond the direct power of determining how a division shall go. They cannot as yet, perhaps, reckon upon votes enough to command a certain majority when the House divides. But, considered as a party, they are, out and out, the most powerful even in Parliament; and beyond Parliament there is nothing capable of measuring swords with them.

Compare this state of things with the condition to which the Liberal party is reduced. The loss of their measure, the manner of its loss, the bitter spirit of personal as well as political animosity which these things awakened in man towards man, the agitation which has gone on since the defeat was consummated, with the very peculiar circumstances connected with that agitation—all these indicate an extent of dissension in the ranks to which there is no parallel in the history of factions. When the Whigs broke asunder in their alarm at the French Revolution, one section of them made no attempt to raise the country in their own interests, far less held up in their written and spoken addresses leading men of the other section to public odium. When the Tories parted in anger, first in 1829, and afterwards in 1846, though the outraged portions of them were not very guarded in the style of their vituperations addressed to the men whom they regarded as traitors, they neither held them up at public meetings as fit objects of mob-violence, nor endeavoured to revolutionise the country in revenge for the slight which had been put upon themselves. And, above all, there was on both occasions complete abstinence from that sort of political warfare which leaves no room for compromise or after-reconciliation; no announcement of views and principles of action directly antagonistic to everything which those from whom they had separated were ever known to advocate, or could be expected to advocate. How stands the case now? The lines of demarcation between Radicalism and Whiggery, which it used to be the great endeavour both of Whigs and Radicals to conceal, are thrust forward for all living men to gaze upon; and we defy the most ingenious sophist that lives—we defy Mr. Gladstone himself—ever again to throw over them the slightest veil of obscurity. Consider this matter for a moment before we go farther.

The Whigs know too well what tends to advance the interests of their own party to desire more than a very moderate lowering of the franchise, guarded and fenced in by such a judicious redistribution of seats as shall restore to them that command over the hustings which they have lost. The Radicals, with Mr. Bright and his satellites at their head, will be content with nothing less than manhood suffrage and vote by ballot. The Whigs profess to believe that Ireland would be more easily governed were the Established Church curtailed in its proportions, and the revenues of suppressed benefices applied to purposes of general education. The Radicals will listen to no terms of treatment for the Irish Church, except total and immediate abolition. The Whigs believe, as we do, that all landlords, English not less than Irish, act wisely towards themselves, as well as justly towards their tenantry, when they compensate the latter for permanent improvements effected on farms which they are about to vacate. They are scarcely prepared with their Radical allies to enact laws which shall give to tenants, either in England or in Ireland, a joint property with the landlords in the soil of the country. The Whigs may be of opinion, with many excellent Tories, that absenteeism is an evil

everywhere, and especially in Ireland. But they are not ready, we should think, to sanction the interference of the Legislature in such cases, far less to vote in favour of enactments which shall make residence on lands essential to the proprietorship, either in Ireland or in England. The Whigs are doubtless willing again, as they were ready in the days of the Anti-corn-law League, to make use of combinations among the people with a view to force through a reluctant Parliament any measure which they persuade themselves shall tend to restore or keep them in power. But a working-man's League, such as that of which Mr. Beales is at the head, and to which Mr. Bright appeals, in the hearing and with the concurrence of his Radical followers, is scarcely the instrument on which Whigs could care to depend for success in any undertaking. This is clearly shown by the studied absence from Reform demonstrations everywhere of all except the lowest section of the late Liberal Government; and by the exceeding care of the few members who attend to separate themselves and their opinions from the opinions expressed by the great English agitator.

Again, it is probable enough that, among the Whigs *pur et simple*, there may be some who patronise and promote the growth of co-operative industrial institutions among the working men of the country. The industrial partnership of clothiers, for example, which Mr. Thomas Hughes inaugurated the other day, is plausible in its objects, and against it, and others like it, not a word should be said rashly. But it is impossible that any man, not steeped to the chin in Radicalism, can make common cause with trades unions, which exist for the purpose, among other things, of setting the men above their masters, and will certainly lead, if they be persevered in, to the destruction of the trade of the country, by the transfer of capital to other lands where it can be used to a profit. And, finally, it cannot be that noblemen and gentlemen, the inheritors of princely territories and historic names, can desire to see the masses roused into hostility towards their order on the ground of wrongs put upon the poor. Yet to this the great Liberal party has come. We have a crusade preached by one of the most eloquent of the leaders of that party against the law of primogeniture; against the too great concentration of land in the hands of a few persons; against the neglect of all their social duties by the titled and untitled aristocracy. And in his train are found members of Parliament, patronising, flattering, supporting the man, at the same time that most of them take care to enunciate mild dissent from the doctrines which he is there to teach. Can men who move in circles so distinct be spoken of as component elements in the same party? Is it possible to imagine any common ground on which they could reunite—any policy which, when reunited, they would so much as profess to follow up for a common end?

We have no hesitation in saying that, for this most discreditable state of things, and for the impediments which it throws in the way of good government by any constitutional party, the Whigs are a thousand-fold more to blame than the Radicals. The Radicals are, in their own way, perfectly honest men. They consider the state of society in the United States of America to be the very best at which a people can arrive, and they are honestly and earnestly bent on bringing, if they can, society in England to a like state. They might tolerate for a while a hereditary chief magistrate, even if the right of succession happened to devolve, as with us it has done, upon a woman. They would not tolerate for a day longer than could be helped the existence of such an institution as a senate composed of

hereditary senators. They demand universal suffrage and vote by ballot for purposes which they frankly avow. Property has accumulated too much into lumps: it must be divided and redistributed. Capital and labour are opposed to each other; they must be brought into concord by the process of division of profits. Established Churches are public nuisances; and endowments for religious purposes public robbery. The establishments must cease, and the endowments be escheated, in order that the people may receive a good secular education, free of expense, and each man be free to choose his own form of religion for himself, and to pay for the public performance of its ceremonial. This is their political creed, and they will work up to its acceptance as the national creed by any process and through any instrumentality which shall be brought within their reach. Why did they support Lord Russell's Government in trying to carry the Reform Bill of last summer? Because they regarded it as a means towards an end. They accepted it as an instalment of very much more, and were persuaded that in so regarding it they took a right measure of its importance. Now that the Bill is lost, and the Ministers who framed it out of office, the Radicals throw off what little disguise they once wore. It is as well to fly high as low under existing circumstances. The round of the ladder on which they hoped to stand has broken under their feet. They must find another with fewer intervals between its two extremes, and try to hurry the ex-Government with them at one bound from the bottom to the top. This is intelligible logic of its own kind. But what are, have been, and are likely to be, the objects of the Whigs? Let us see.

The history of Whiggery is the story of an effort begun, continued, and carried on through wellnigh two centuries, for the single purpose of securing to a few great families a monopoly of the government of the country. The Whigs are the authors of all the laws which had for their object the establishment and maintenance of exclusiveness in religion, in civil government, and in commerce. They passed the enactments in the reigns of William III. and George I. which rendered penal the exercise of his religious duties to a Roman Catholic in Ireland and to a Protestant Episcopalian in Scotland. They restricted the right of succession to the throne by their Act of Settlement, and made themselves masters by so doing of the conscience of the sovereign. The oaths of allegiance and supremacy which they required from all persons seeking seats in the Legislature, and office either in boroughs or under the Crown, were such as closed the doors to advancement against Protestant Dissenters as firmly as against Roman Catholics. They were the authors of the Test and Corporation Acts. They committed the country to commercial treaties which hung for generations like shackles on enterprise and talent, and they guarded native industries of all kinds by enactments which became at last intolerable. Even poor Ireland was by law prevented from establishing factories such as might rival those established in England, and in the wealth poured in from the colonies she was not allowed to participate. Strictly and sternly were the rights of the forty-shilling freeholders guarded in counties, because from the Revolution down to the latter years of the eighteenth century Whigs were the great landowners of England. And in boroughs they ruled supreme by influence and corruption. Where the towns returning members were populous, Tories had a chance; but over most of the smaller boroughs Whig agents threw their spell. The ownership of the soil on which the little town stood, with the pulling down or building up of houses as the occasion required, secured the influence

of the patron, pretty much as the influence of the Duke of Somerset is secured at this day in Totness, and that of the Marquess of Lansdowne in Calne. Thus for a hundred years or a little less the Whigs ruled England, keeping it bigoted in religion, narrow in politics, and the very hotbed of protection to English as against Irish and foreign industry.

The Whigs were never the leaders of the English people. They were their masters, by the process just described; but the people's affection they could not command, for they did nothing to earn it. By-and-by, when India and the colonies proved mines of wealth to adventurous spirits from the middle classes, a change began to be introduced into the relative strength of parties. The great Revolution houses would have nothing to say to retired nabobs and planters, and these naturally sought and found their friendships among the Tory squires—the lesser gentry and landowners of the country. But the great Revolution houses, though too proud to admit nabobs and planters to their tables, were not indisposed to sell to them portions of their land at twice its actual value. With the land came the proprietary right over many small boroughs sending members to Parliament, and the nabobs and planters, gaining the suffrages of their new tenantry, went into the House of Commons and sat with the Tories. By little and little the scales, which had hung so long in favour of the Whigs, thus changed their balance, till, in the end, the younger Pitt inaugurated an entirely new order of things. The country was with the Tory party. They relaxed the commercial code. They opened a trade with Ireland. They repealed the penal laws against Scottish Episcopalians; and did their best to readmit Roman Catholics to all the privileges of the Constitution. Unfortunately the prejudices of good George III., brought up in the sectarian notions of his family, stood in the way of this latter relaxation of a stern code, even when his faithful Tory Minister proposed it. And so, out of respect for the personal wishes of the King —which they were the more inclined to gratify because their rivals had systematically, and sometimes cruelly, thwarted them—the Tory party came to adopt as their own views on the Catholic question which properly speaking were of the purest Whig growth. As a matter of course, the Whigs went at once into the opposite camp, and the removal of disabilities from Dissenters and Romanists, which used to be urged in vain upon them ever since the Revolution by the Tories, became their party cry. There soon followed a clamour for enlarging the representation of the people, till the people learned in time to believe that the Whigs were their real friends, and the Tories their real enemies.

It is not worth while to trace up, step by step, the progress of this new coalition between ultra-oligarchs and the masses. The *French* Revolution can hardly be said to have done much towards its advancement. Not at any time was more than a despicable minority of the people of England infected with the madness of French anarchists; and with that minority only a small section, as we have stated, of the leading members of the Whig party threw in their lot. Still, between that small section of Whig noblemen and members of Parliament, and the minority among the people who were hostile to the institutions of the country, a close alliance was struck up, which year by year, when the fever of the Revolution had worn itself out, became more warm. Long after Lord Grey had ceased to correspond with the "friends of the people," Earl Russell, then Lord John, spoke and wrote to them about their outraged privileges, and agitated feebly for Parliamentary Reform. And at last, by the force

of circumstances, into which we are not called upon to enter here, he found, what he had long sought, an opportunity to introduce, as a Government measure, into the House of Commons itself, a Bill for revolutionising the constituencies by which it was returned.

If our readers desire to inform themselves in regard to the spirit in which the famous Whig measure was concocted, the best thing they can do is, get an electoral map of Great Britain and Ireland, such as it was in 1825, and compare it with the electoral map which was laid upon the tables of the two Houses in 1831, with a view to enlighten members of Parliament on the subject of the changes about to be wrought in the political influences of the country. The first will show that previously to 1830 successive statesmen had as much as possible kept the Constitution within the groove along which it had worked from time immemorial. The forty-shilling freeholder was still, as he had been under the Tudors, and even the Plantagenets, the great instrument of electing knights of the shire. Men might be worth enormous sums of money, inhabiting hired palaces, and making them scenes of luxurious hospitality, yet if they were not possessed of a freehold bit of land of the value of forty shillings annually and upwards, they had no voice whatever in choosing members to represent them in Parliament. In like manner new towns had arisen wherever business was carried on upon the largest scale; yet, because they possessed no charter, nor the record of writs addressed to them from age to age, they were without a voice in determining by whom the laws should be made or unmade. On the other hand, old towns, some smaller some larger, enjoyed by right of immemorial usage the privilege of electing each its couple of burgesses, and sending them to the House of Commons. And that right was exercised in one place by the mayor and corporation only, in another by persons called freemen, in others by all who contributed in any way to the borough funds, in others by every one who lighted a fire in a room and boiled a pot. Thus it came to pass, that the political influences were wielded almost exclusively by two classes. The aristocracy, through themselves and their freehold tenants and dependants, returned all county members—the people, as represented by borough magnates, by freemen, their sons, and their daughters' husbands, by scot-and-lot payers, and by householders, however humble their tenements might be, returned all the borough members. There is no denying that this was class government. The governing classes were either the heads of old county families, or gentlemen enriched by commerce, or servants of the East India Company retired upon their pensions, or wealthy planters. The first order of men sat for the most part for counties, and the other order for boroughs. And they represented well and truly every interest of the state—the land, the shipping, the commercial, and the colonial. All that could be said against the system was, that it failed to engage in its favour the sympathies of the middle classes, farther than as these might be represented by corporate bodies. It undoubtedly sent to Parliament members well acquainted with the needs of every department of the state, who took their seats in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred rather to protect the interests of that particular department with which they were connected than to promote by any improper means their own views in life. Still the system was liable to corruption, and it became corrupt. Particular families, themselves perhaps lords of half a county, not satisfied with the power which large possessions conferred, went in for much more, and secured, in some degree, the control of Governments by buying

up four, six, and, in one instance, as many as seven boroughs each. These places sent to Parliament the nominees of the proprietors, and jobs were from time to time perpetrated. A great deal more was made of these jobs than the truth warranted. That was only natural, and it was equally natural that the benefits secured by a system which kept the King's Government going, and attended to the wellbeing of outlying as well as home provinces, were overlooked. Few persons not themselves interested in the prosperity of the colonies ever thought of the advantages which England derived from her great and flourishing colonial empire; and fewer still among those engaged in manufactures took into account the gain of a thriving carrying trade. Hence when a series of temporary blunders in politics, commerce, and social relations made the nation discontented with itself and its rulers, designing statesmen stepped in, and turned the circumstance to their own advantage. The cry for Parliamentary Reform which angry Tories had raised, self-satisfied Whigs took up, and, the constituencies going with them at the general election consequent on the death of George IV., the ball was placed at their feet. They did not turn away from it.

If the Whigs had been what they professed to be, the friends of the people, they would have used the opportunity thus brought within their reach in the people's favour. Instead of this, they tried to use it as a means of restoring to their own clique the ascendency which had gone from them. They substituted one kind of class government for another, and established, or flattered themselves that they had done so, a perpetual alliance between themselves and the class to which all political power was transferred. They divided counties entirely with a view of recovering their lost influence in county elections; and the better to secure that end they took care to throw multitudes of freeholders, resident within Parliamentary boroughs, into the county constituencies. Nothing whatever was done or attempted in this respect with a view to give to the masses any voice in the matter. It was a sop to the forty-shilling freeholder that the franchise was restricted, so that mere tenants or occupiers, however extensive their holdings might be, were, equally with the whole body of the labourers, cut off from giving a vote for their knight of the shire. Here, then, was a display of indifference to what is called the rights of the people which should never be forgotten. And when Lord Chandos moved for a clause giving the suffrage to occupiers of fifty pounds rental, the Whigs, as a party, resisted the motion. The motion was carried, no doubt, and a class of farmers, at least as respectable as ten-pound tradesmen in boroughs, were admitted within the pale of the constitution. But they owed their admission not to the Whigs, but to the Tories. A Tory member fought their battle, Tories backed him up, and the Whigs were beaten by the defection from their ranks of a few independent men wiser and more patriotic than their leaders.

Look now to the manner of their proceeding in regard to boroughs. Whatever of the popular element pervaded the electoral system in these places was by one fell swoop carried away. Corporations lost their peculiar privileges. Freemen, scot-and-lot payers, pot-wallopers, were all extinguished; and in their room a constituency was set up of which all that can be said is, that it is just as far from being a popular constituency as it is from being an aristocratic constituency. Every man of full age, occupying a house, whether as tenant or landlord, of which the value fairly taken gave a rental of ten pounds per annum at the least, was entitled to a vote. Every man not owning or

occupying such a tenement, whether he were a lodger or a householder, was denied a vote. The doctor in his furnished apartments, the half-pay officer in his lodgings, were, equally with the mechanic, the artisan, the operative, and street-sweeper, passed by, and excluded from rights for the wise exercise of which their intelligence and education qualified them at least as much as his shop qualified the tallow-chandler and his public house the dealer in beer, gin, and the decoction which passes under the head of wine. The doctor and the half-pay officer might think little of this at the time, because there was at least a fair chance before them of achieving some day, by success in their profession, what the Legislature had refused to their intelligence and education. But the poor freeman, whose only legacy to his children might be the electoral privilege, which he had inherited from his forefathers, the scot-and-lot payer coming and going, the pot-walloper, or humble occupant possibly of a single room —all these were ruthlessly disfranchised, and every chance cut off thereby, from what Mr. Bright is pleased to describe as "the people," of ever taking any share in the management of the affairs of the country. If legislation such as this deserve to be spoken of as liberal legislation, then we must acknowledge our inability to understand the meaning of the expression. It seems to us, on the contrary, to have been class legislation, even more restricted, because more clearly defined, than that which it superseded. It deprived the aristocracy of the influence which property ought to give. It deprived the lower classes of the rights which the Constitution had conferred upon them. And it threw all power into the hands of a class composed chiefly of small shopkeepers and publicans, certainly not the sort of men whom either their own habits of life and thought, or the respect in which they are held by their countrymen at large, point out as those most entitled and best qualified to choose legislators for this great and wealthy empire.

Consider next the order which these professing Liberals adopted in the redistribution of seats, and the consequent revolutionising of all the political influences throughout the country. They gave members to large manufacturing and trading towns. This was right. It was, indeed, the only really good and wise arrangement in their measure. It ought not to have been left to them to do this; and the Tories of 1818–29, by their neglect of such an obviously just and becoming piece of legislation, deserved all that overtook them. Had they, and only they, suffered for their own folly, we, Tories as we are, would have had no compassion for them. Unfortunately, however, their shortsightedness, by furnishing their rivals with the only argument which could not be refuted, furnished them at the same time with a plausible pretext for placing the country upon that incline of which the final gulf is democracy. Had the Tories seized every opportunity as it occurred of disfranchising corrupt places, and transferred their members to large trading and manufacturing towns, we should have heard nothing of the Reform Bill of 1831, nor, consequently, been in the mess in which we now find ourselves. The Tories would have done it on every occasion handsomely; not creating anywhere an entirely new class of voters chosen from among, perhaps, the least intelligent and most venal members of society, but, following the old models, by creating corporate bodies, freemen, scot-and-lot payers, and pot-wallopers everywhere. The Tories, in their blind perverseness, missed the grandest occasion that ever occurred of renovating by degrees the vigor of an old and somewhat crazy Constitution. The Whigs,

rashly, eagerly, and for the most transparent party-purposes, threw it entirely down, and set up a new one. Their main argument—against keeping the political influences cribbed up in decayed places while towns and cities were unrepresented which counted their populations by tens and hundreds of thousands—was irresistible. Thoughtful people might, indeed, understand that, irresistible as it was, or was said to be, there was yet nothing in it. They held to the principle that the end of all is good government; and that inasmuch as each member sent to Parliament is charged with the interests, not of his own county or borough, but of the whole empire, so it matters very little whether the places which elect members be flourishing or in decay, populous or the reverse. But the multitude, who never reflect, could not see the matter in this light; and they were confirmed in their hostility to it by the happy use of slang terms, not one of which was without its recognised significancy. "Borough-mongers" were real living characters; "borough-mongering" was a well-known branch of trade; and the right of knocking that on the head, and robbing the "borough-mongers" of their ill-gotten gains, weighed with the unrepresented quite as much as any vague and general anticipation of benefits for themselves which were destined never to reach them. Hence the burst of applause with which the Reform Bill was greeted, and the untiring efforts of all the rabble, a considerable portion of the educated classes, and a majority of the newspapers, to cram it down the throats of the King and the aristocracy. Hence its unprecedented popularity. It was the general effect to be produced, not the details through which the effect was to come, that the people looked at. And so the Reform Act became law, under the delusive persuasion, that in securing that they had secured a lever strong enough and long enough to upheave the world, should the world not wag exactly as the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland desired.

How different were the views, objects, and expectations of the authors of the great measure! They had lost their hold upon the classes at either end of society. The Tory aristocracy beat them in the counties, and in most of the smaller boroughs; the democracy favoured them but indifferently in the larger boroughs. They would enter into close alliance with persons heretofore overlooked in Parliamentary tactics—they would give the franchise to the great middle class, and could not fail to receive in return the support of that class at the day of election. In particular, they counted upon the new boroughs—Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Preston, and suchlike—as true to the backbone; and for a time they were right. But the Whigs were too prudent to stop there. In order to enfranchise it was necessary to begin with disfranchising; and to the work of disfranchisement they gave, to the full, as much attention as to enfranchisement. No mercy was shown to Tory boroughs. A line of population was drawn with such consummate skill, that while places which sent to Parliament Tory members went by the board in heaps, places which sent to Parliament Whig members, though equally venal, escaped disfranchisement either wholly or partially. Boroughbridge ceased to be. Calne remained. From Chippenham and Cirencester, one of the two representatives were respectively lopped off. Totness was still permitted to send its two members to Parliament. It was to no purpose that the Opposition of that day pointed out the injustice of this legislation. The legislation was meant to give to the Whigs a decided command of a certain amount of influence apart from the great towns; and the people, intoxicated with the ideal prosperity which the

measure, as a whole, placed before them, shut their eyes to the grossness of the job, and carried it through. Thus the Reform Bill became law, the people believing that it had put absolute power into their hands, the Whigs flattering themselves that things had been so adroitly managed as to secure to them, for many generations to come, the undisputed possession of place and power.

We should be sorry to accuse the most rabid of the authors of the Reform Bill of any designs beyond this. Earl Grey was no democrat; neither is Earl Russell. Neither of them entertained the remotest thought of dethroning the Sovereign, abolishing the House of Lords, or disestablishing the Church either in England or in Ireland. They meant only to keep the governing power in their own hands, and to carry on public affairs much as public affairs had been carried on for the last ten or twelve years. They were free-traders, just as Mr. Huskisson and Sir Robert Peel had been free-traders. They were willing to go further than Peel had gone in conciliating Roman Catholics and Dissenters; but they were not going to hand over Ireland to Daniel O'Connell, nor to allow Political Unions to dictate to them how England and Scotland were to be managed. When further reforms were asked for, especially a further lowering of the franchise, Lord John Russell answered like a statesman, that England could not afford to go through a revolution every ten years. Things must, therefore, remain essentially as they were, and the people be content to be governed by those whom they knew to be their friends. But one essential ingredient in this contract was, that the Whigs should continue to govern. If the constituencies for which so much had been done showed impatience with their benefactors—still more, if they presumed to pass over to the rival faction—then steps would surely be taken to restrain or reprove them. The Whigs had allied themselves with the middle classes for the benefit not only of the country but of themselves. If the middle classes chose to forget this latter clause in the paction, they must take the consequences. Parliamentary Reform must always be a popular cry; and nothing could be more easy than for the Whigs, driven from office or threatened with expulsion, to raise that cry, and convert it, if need were, into a stern reality. The Whigs were driven from office, by members returned at a general election by their own constituencies, and they never forgave the outrage. The ten-pounders had proved false. They were not the pliant creatures of Whig will which Whig statesmen had expected them to be, and Whig statesmen, in order to secure their proper place in the State, must try some other combination. Their base was widened, slowly indeed, and reluctantly, so long as Lord Palmerston lived; but immediately on his decease, with a wrench which had something ominous in it, steps were taken to achieve that object. Why was the Government strengthened by calling in more Radicals to fill vacant places? Why was Mr. Bright consulted and flattered, except in order to ascertain by what minimum of concession to a factitious desire of change a new constituency might be created on which the Whigs might depend? Observe that we by no means charge Mr. Bright, or even Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster, with having been deceived or hoodwinked by Whig blandishments. They knew as well as Lord Russell and better than Mr. Gladstone what they were about; and in accepting the £7 and £14 franchises, they stipulated for and obtained that peculiar order of introducing a bill to the House which proved to be at least the proximate cause of its failure. But a failure, in spite of that grievous blunder, neither they nor the late

Government counted on; and both had their respective ends before them, to which, when successful so far, they proposed to work up. The Whig end was the old end — Whig ascendency. This they meant to secure by a judicious manipulation of their second bill. They had the hearty support of Mr. Bright and the Radicals in pressing forward the first bill; and they could not anticipate any desperate resistance from that quarter to the second bill. We suspect that in this they deceived themselves. Mr. Bright and his section of the Liberal party did not vote for lowering the county franchise to £14 rental and the borough to £7 in order that by judicious grouping of places partially disfranchised, the Whig aristocracy should still be able to put a stopper on the democratic advances of themselves and their friends. On the contrary, their idea of redistribution was to transfer the political influences of the south to the north; to leave the land virtually unrepresented; and to make mercantile and manufacturing towns the exclusive hotbeds of growing statesmen. Which of the two sections of the Liberal party would have prevailed, had Mr. Gladstone got his first bill fairly through Parliament, it is not very easy to say. But of this fact we entertain no doubt, that Mr. Gladstone, Lord Russell, Lord Granville, the Duke of Somerset, Lord de Grey, and the representative of the great house of Devonshire, calculated on being able, with the help of the Tories, to keep the Radicals down, and, passing their second bill — with perhaps a few Tory amendments — to insure for themselves during their natural lives the continued possession of those Treasury benches which they had learned to regard as their own by right of prescriptive possession. The results are before us. The first bill got through a second reading in the House of Commons; the second, forced prematurely into existence, overtook it there; and they both died a premature and simultaneous death, involving the resignation of the Liberal Cabinet and the breaking-up of the Liberal party.

From that time to this, public business has been carried on under difficulties. The Radicals, furious at their defeat, have rushed into agitation. Hyde Park has been stormed and carried by a mob. Mobs less disorderly have assembled in the provinces to hear Mr. Bright. The Reform League has taken its ground of manhood suffrage and vote by ballot. What are the Whigs about? Holding aloof; giving no utterance; withdrawing from the very kingdom in the persons of their leaders; and here and there promising to their rivals a fair hearing. Does anybody believe in the sincerity of this promise? No one. Why does Mr. Forster show himself at any gathering of Mr. Bright and his friends? Is it in order to indicate that between these extreme politicians and the more cautious members of the defunct Government a line of communication is still kept open? and that, when Parliament meets, if they can agree upon no other point, they will be of one mind in striving, by fair means or foul, to oust the present Ministers from office? What then? If they succeed in forcing an entrance to Downing Street, can they hope to remain there without going all lengths with the men over whose shoulders they shall have again walked to place? And is it certain that, among their own friends, there are not prudent men, more than sufficient in number to prevent them ruining the country in order to gratify their own wretched ambition? We hold that, under any circumstances, the reconstruction of a purely Liberal Government is next to impossible. We are confident that, if constructed, it would not last, with the present House of Commons, six months.

To be sure, there is the extreme measure of a dissolution to fall back upon, which Mr. Bright assures us he advised and urged on a late occasion. But a dissolution in the present temper of the constituencies is by no means a sure card to those who dissolve for the express purpose of swamping them. Between masters and men in every branch of industry there is scarcely such a good understanding as would lead the former to sacrifice themselves in order to increase the political power of the latter. Again, therefore, it appears to us that the reconstruction of a purely Whig Government is next to impossible, and its continuance in power, either with the present or any other House of Commons elected to carry a bill of Mr. Bright's proposal, altogether out of the question. What, then, are we to do?

That is a question more easily asked than answered. Lord Derby's Administration will, of course meet Parliament, and succeed, as we trust, in winning the confidence of the House of Commons. But how this great end is to be achieved must depend very much upon circumstances, concerning the probable bearing of which it would be unwise to speculate too deeply. One or other of three courses is, however, obviously open to them; and we should think that, having carefully considered them all, and made the choice, they will so play their cards as to make manifest to the whole world that they are seeking, not their own ends, but the best interests of the country.

In a former paper we expressed the opinion that any Government, whether composed of Whigs or Tories, would, in the existing state of public feeling, act unwisely if it met Parliament with a cut-and-dry Reform Bill. To a certain extent we are of the same opinion still. It must, however, be allowed, that within the last month matters have a good deal changed their aspect. The feelings of the multitude are easily worked upon by such eloquence as has of late been addressed to them; and though the better informed among them may see that much of what was said is false, and a great deal more the merest clap-trap, still a residue abides of power enough to stir them into that state of dogged determination which leads to violence.

Now, nobody desires either to submit to violence or to shed blood in repressing it; and if it be quite certain that violence is intended—if arrangements are made for mobbing members as they go down to the House, or trying to overawe Parliament by the demonstration of numbers—then it may be a question with Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli whether they will put down such demonstrations at once with the strong hand, or avoid the painful necessity of doing so by making Reform one of the first questions to which they shall draw the attention of the Legislature. Let us not be misunderstood. With Parliamentary Reform, Lord Derby, if he remains in office, or the Minister who shall succeed him, be he who he may, must deal, and deal decisively, before the present Parliament arrive at its fourth session. It does not, however, follow as a necessary consequence from this, that the Reform question must be taken up in any shape and dealt with immediately. For our own part, we are satisfied that the country would gain immensely by delay; because legislation, or the attempt at legislation, must go forward next spring, if it go forward at all, under excitement, which is not favourable to calm discussion—which is indeed quite incompatible with it. Still, circumstances may constrain Lord Derby and his colleagues to take the lead at once in a measure of Reform. Is there anything in our past or present history to forbid this, or stamp the proceeding as self-contradictory? Far otherwise. The ten-pound constituency was not of Tory crea-

tion. We disliked it when first proposed—fought against, and did our best to modify and improve it. It was not we who disfranchised freemen, scot-and-lot payers, and pot-wallopers. All these we struggled to protect, and so far succeeded that to such as already possessed the franchise on these conditions the privilege was reserved for their lives; though we could not prevail upon an adverse Cabinet to take any account of the claims of their descendants. To speak of us, therefore—we mean the great Tory party—as wedded to an arrangement which was forced upon us, is to speak without thinking. But this much we will say for ourselves and for the leaders of our party, that not being impressed with the conviction that the empire cannot thrive except under our guidance, we are entirely indisposed to aim at retrieving a lost party-battle by again revolutionising the political influences of the country. God knows, the ten-pounders have never behaved too well to us. They sent our chiefs about their business in 1832, and with the briefest possible intervals have ever since kept them, except from 1842 to 1846, in the cold shade of opposition. Why should we be anxious, if we are anxious, to keep things as they are? Because we prefer the mortification of personal ambition to the rousing again among our countrymen of that passion for organic change which, once inflamed, can never be soothed down till every institution in the country—the Church, the House of Lords, and the Crown itself—shall be legislated away. Compare this with the Whig principle of action. The Whigs, the very authors of our present Constitution, no sooner find themselves thwarted in some project, however crude, than they begin to talk about the necessity of lowering the franchise;—as if political wisdom were to be found most abundantly and in greatest perfection in classes which have had the least opportunity of acquiring even the elements of political knowledge. Is it not astounding that men who act on this principle should be able to persuade themselves, far less to persuade others, that any higher motive of action is present with them than spite towards their rivals and an inordinate craving for place? One would have thought that the Whigs, and especially Earl Russell, would have preferred dying in the last ditch to witnessing the destruction of that settlement of which he was once ambitious of being considered the author. But not only is the reverse the case, but he and his followers charge us with bigotry to old customs because we contemplate a change, even from his crude and ill-constructed machine of government, with considerable alarm. Nor is there in the past history of Tory management, since the leadership of the party was assumed by Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, anything to justify this charge. What do the Liberals say now of the measure which Mr. Disraeli submitted to them for consideration in 1860? Who in the recent debates sketched out with the greatest clearness and effect the outlines of a plan which should at once meet the not unnatural desire of the working classes to attain the franchise, and guard the Constitution against the hazard of shipwreck? Was it not the leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons? We repeat, then, that there is nothing, either in their past history or in their present position towards the country, to prevent Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli from proposing to the next session of Parliament a Reform Bill, if such be their desire. Suppose, then, that such should be their desire. Suppose they find, as it is quite possible that they may, that their rivals have so complicated the machinery of the State as to prevent its working to any good purpose till the question of Reform shall be settled—suppose this to be the

case: what then? Why, then, the present Government must go with the current. It is useless to say, in such a case, leave the task of laying the storm to those who raised it. It is equally idle to ask for delay; and even to prove what nobody doubts, that nothing can be lost, that much may be gained, by postponing legislation till we better know what is really wanted—what the people truly expect and desire. If the Government cannot be carried on without a reform or change in the constituencies, why, then, the constituencies must be changed or reformed. And now comes the question, how may this end be best attained—attained, that is to say, with the least possible delay, and the smallest measure of inconvenience and danger to the great institutions of the country? Let us see.

The first course which we ventured to recommend to the Cabinet last month—viz., a policy of absolute abstention—is, we will say for argument's sake, rejected. It will not do for the Minister to meet Parliament with the declaration that he cannot see his way, in the existing state of parties, to any arrangement which is likely to satisfy a majority of the House. It will not do, so expressing himself, to state at the same time that any measure which independent members may bring forward shall receive his best attention, but that he must decline to deal with it as a Cabinet question, or, as a necessary consequence, to stake the existence of the Government upon its success or defeat. This course, we assume for argument's sake, will not be taken. There remain, then, two others — either the Government must meet the Houses with a measure of its own to stand or fall by, as other Governments have done; or it may express in the Queen's Speech a desire to have the question settled, and move at once that the House of Commons proceed by resolution to consider the principle on which such settlement shall be based. If this latter alternative be adopted, we shall, at all events, know what the mind of the House of Commons really is. The question will cease to be, as it ought never to have been, a mere party question. The House is far more deeply interested in determining on what conditions it shall hereafter exist than any Minister, whether he be Whig, Tory, or Radical, can be. The House collectively —the members composing it individually—must know better than any six or eight noblemen and gentlemen, however able and well instructed, can do, what the real requirements of the country are—not merely the wishes of this or that group of persons, but the arrangements best adapted to keep England great and free, yet subject to a government strong enough to prevent freedom from degenerating into licentiousness. And the House must have learned, from the experience of the last twenty years, that if these points are ever to be determined at all, they must be determined on higher grounds than a mere fight for place between Lord Derby and Lord Russell. It appears, then, to us, that there would be nothing unreasonable or unworthy in asking the House itself to consider and determine what ought to be done before any bill shall be submitted to it, or any Government undertake to carry it, even into Committee. For the question of Parliamentary Reform stands quite apart from all other questions. It is specially and markedly one with which the House of Commons is concerned. It ought never to have been used as a means in the hands of a party, either of acquiring or of keeping power. In leaving the House to settle it, the Cabinet, whether it be Whig or Tory, by no means abrogates the functions of Government. The business of the Government is to guide and direct, if it can, the House of Commons, in all questions of detail—to say what shall

be the national system of finance, of taxation, of law, of religious culture, of popular education—to determine the amount of force to be kept up for the defence of the country—to dispose of fleets and armies, and to manage the relations of England with foreign states. But to determine how it shall come together—what the qualifications of voters shall be—whether any and what extent of change shall take place in the manner of voting at the hustings—these, and other matters like these, cannot be said to come within the province of Government properly so called. They affect the popular branch of the Legislature exclusively, and by the popular branch of the Legislature they ought to be determined strictly upon their own merits. There could be nothing derogatory, therefore, nor unbecoming their position as the Queen's Ministers, if the present Cabinet or any other Cabinet were to follow this course. And if they do, the nation will see that the fullest measure of justice is done, because the nation, acting through its representatives, determines for itself the process by which, in all time coming, the popular branch of the Legislature shall be chosen. What the results may be to the Ministers who act in so liberal a spirit, is a matter of very secondary importance. They may retain office, or they may lose it. If they retain office, they will have the satisfaction of feeling that the country, not a faction, accepts them as its leaders; if they lose it, they will lose like patriots and men of honour. Our own persuasion is that no Ministry would lose office, but, on the contrary, that any Ministry would find themselves stronger from following this course. For if the House cannot agree upon a plan of Reform, then they are clearly exonerated from the duty of preparing one. If the House do agree upon a plan, their duty is at once easy and direct: they must exercise their influence in the management of details; and it will say little for the House if, having had so great a work committed to it, it fail to be guided in smaller yet not unimportant matters by the men who gave to it their own and their royal mistress's unlimited confidence.

Even this course may not, however, be approved, and then all that remains is for the present Ministry to bring in a Reform measure of their own, and to stand or fall by it. What shall it be? We do not know—we do not desire to know; but this much is certain, that unless it be more honest than the measure of last year, more wisely put together, and more popular in the best sense of the term, it will not stand the slightest chance of success. What have we to fear from giving the franchise to the people? Give it fairly to all classes, and we shall gain immensely. The county population stands towards the town population in the proportion, we believe, of 12,000,000 to 8,000,000. If this be so, or the proportion be even a little less, and if the occupation of a house confer a vote, we, the Tories, shall be able to muster at least as many voters as the other side. But in this case care must be taken to draw a clear line between boroughs and counties, and to limit the exercise of each man's franchise to the place within which his qualification lies. We must neither have county people voting for parliamentary boroughs, nor the inhabitants of parliamentary boroughs voting for county members; and in the redistribution of seats, the power of swamping a rural majority by an urban minority must be taken away. Nor will it do, while admitting operatives and labourers to the franchise, on the ground that they are householders, to shut out that large and intelligent class of persons who, for their own convenience, or because circumstances decide for them, live in lodgings

chambers, and suchlike. If we are to have household suffrage, let us have the suffrages of intellect, education, and professional status at the same time. But we need not pursue this part of our subject further. We write at an interval of wellnigh three months from the earliest probable date of the meeting of Parliament. Three months in these days count as three years used to do a quarter of a century ago. There is no foretelling what may come to pass between this date and February next, to qualify, if not to upset, the whole of our speculations. But, come what will, the Government as it is has our entire confidence, and will retain it till they show, which we hold to be out of the question, that, having had the cares of government thrust upon them, they are incapable of making great sacrifices, not of place only, but of prejudice, rather than deliver over the country to anarchy and misrule.

And now, before laying aside the pen, let us say one word about the demonstrations which have taken place of late in various parts of the kingdom, and are threatened in more. Far be it from us to underrate their importance or their significancy. A gathering of many thousands of men is a grand sight. It speaks to us of power, moral as well as physical; and whatever may be thought of the purposes of the individuals who have brought the thousands together, no man possessed of his reason will affect to despise the crowd as he gazes upon it. But no man possessed of his reason gives the crowd credit for understanding what either they or their leaders want. Take the late procession through Edinburgh and the gathering in the Queen's Park as a fair specimen of Scottish feeling. Nothing could exceed the good-humour and geniality of the throng. From the sixty mounted carters who led the van, down to the mass of labourers who brought up the rear, all engaged in the demonstration behaved in the most decorous and becoming manner; and if, after the business of the day was over, whisky and its concomitants had their swing, this was no more than might have been expected, looking to the specialities of the national character. Such a scene of placid drunkenness has not, we are assured, been witnessed in Edinburgh since it became a city. Body after body was carried to the infirmary dead—but only with drink; and a frequent application of the stomach-pump worked wonders, giving back to their country and their families many patriots who, without such appliance, must have been lost to both. As to the meeting in the Corn Exchange, the less that is said about that the better, having regard to the feelings of the Liberal party. Mr. Duncan M'Laren, M.P., appears, in his own proper person, to have represented on that occasion both the late Government and the House of Commons; and how much of political force and unanimity of sentiment in the Liberal party was by such an exhibition made manifest, we leave our readers to judge for themselves.

In like manner, the meeting of Reform delegates in Manchester, though in some respects more pretentious, was certainly not more indicative of political force and unanimity of purpose than the gathering in the Corn Exchange. Mr. Bright, to be sure, was there, so were Lords Teynham and Houghton. What they must have thought of themselves in such curious companionship we cannot pretend to guess. Besides these, not fewer than twenty-four members of Parliament sat down to the "Banquet," and spoke as might have been expected from gentlemen dissatisfied with things as they are, but by no means of one mind as to what they ought to be. But what does all this teach? That the late Government has unsettled everything, without, in the most remote degree, indicating how anything is to be settled; and that the

people—perplexed, agitated, and not knowing where to look for leaders—toss to and fro, noisy yet harmless, waiting till wiser heads than have yet considered their wants shall deal with and supply them. We say nothing of the Irish demonstrations, except that they fully bore out the characteristics of the country. Their only result was to convince lookers-on that neither did Mr. Bright understand the Irish people, nor the Irish people understand or put any value on Mr. Bright. So, also, of what may come to pass in London on the 3d of December, it would be idle to speak by anticipation. But this much we will venture to predict, that the whole affair will pass over with perfect quietude; and that, when all is done, the opinion of thoughtful men will remain as it is—that the most hopeless of all efforts is that of those who think of carrying political measures by violence; for neither would the Legislature yield to violence were it offered, nor can the working men of London or the provinces be induced by any amount of blandishment or flattery to offer violence to the Legislature, and disgrace themselves in doing so.

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Miscellany.

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BY JENNIE JUNE.

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